



Araby

ARABY

BY

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*

"As a weed

Flung from the rock, on ocean's foam to sail

Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail."

Byron.

I

A MARMOSET

“A STRING. At one end of the string Fluffy Daddies, at the other end Araby!”

T. H. Howard Bax-Drury looked down his long nose and smiled. Mrs. Copeland looked up her short nose and smiled, too. What a difference there is between one smile and another! Bax-Drury ‘s drew his thin, rather well-cut lips neatly back over a row of even white and gold teeth, hardly deranging his heavy mustache. Mrs. Copeland’s smile was a flash, a glimpse, a pair of dimples, a shiver of eyelids a thing over in a second, but long to be remembered.

They stood leaning on the rail, behind them Genoa, opalescent in a sea-mist; before them the usual uninteresting crowd of fellow-passengers, fellow-sufferers worst, fellow-feeders. Coming by the Southern route had been a freak of Mrs. Copeland, and a minute before, as she viewed those with whom she was to be thrown into a certain amount of contact for the next ten days, she had regretted it.

“That man with the duck compress about his wrist is going to sit opposite me,” she had grumbled, “and he eats with his knife.”

“Ever seen him before?”

“No; but he eats with his knife. And there’s a woman who makes waxy gray pills of her bread, and leaves the table and hasn’t the grace to stay away, but comes back pale—bah!”

Then Bax-Drury had made the remark about the string, Fluffy Daddies, and Araby, and they both laughed.

Araby, for her part, looked as if she never had laughed, never could laugh. Her mouth was drawn into a firm line, the corners deep cut; her heavy, straight brows hid half her upper lids, her soft hat half her forehead. Fluffy Daddies sat by her, his scarlet ribbon limp with the fog, his hair out of curl.

“Isn’t she funny!” Mrs. Copeland said, after a pause, during which a fat woman

in a sweater photographed the harbor and the city with a six-by-six kodak.

“Uncommon. What’s the row this morning?”

“You, me, Fountain, the Lord, Fluffy Daddies in a word, toute la boutique”

“I see! A bad day!”

“A bad day! Good heavens, Baxy, look at that man! What has he in his pocket?” She broke off excitedly and took a few steps forward, her hand on his arm.

“Which man? The boulder in the bowler?”

“No, the big man—oh, his hat’s overboard!”

She burst into a loud laugh of childish glee, and kept on laughing with the insouciance of the fashionably vulgar, as the man in question turned and looked at her.

The hat was gone, and the closecropped yellow hair, yellower than one often sees on a man, looked very striking, high up above the other heads in their more or less conventional coverings.

Bax-Drury watched with lazy amazement the approach of the hatless one, and the leisurely contemplation by him, through his gold-mounted single glass, of Mrs. Copeland.

“He’s going to speak to me,” she whispered, a husky excitement in her voice.

And he did. “It’s only a marmoset,” he said, stopping, and still smiling.

“Only a what? Your hat?”

“Oh, no; not my hat. That’s a rag by this time. What I have in my pocket. I heard you ask.” And putting one hand in his pocket, he drew out a wee, blinking monkey, which he held out for Mrs. Copeland’s inspection.

*

“Journeys end in lovers meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.”

Shakespeare.

II

YELVERTON IS REMEMBERED

MRS. COPELAND laughed again, but the faint pink in her cheek deepened a little, as Bax-Drury noticed with amusement. She was used to laughing when amused, and never modified her mirth out of consideration for her fellows; but she had never before been met in quite this way.

The yellowhaired man was as much at his ease as she, and stood holding out the monkey with every appearance of expecting her to take it.

“Oh! Does it bite?”

“Not often. He is a vegetarian.”

The monkey screwed up its face and gave a sudden, comprehensive shiver.

“He feels the fog. His name is Joe C.”

Mrs. Copeland put out one finger and stroked Joe C.’s head, gingerly.

Bax-Drury watched.

“And mine,” went on the yellowhaired man, “is Yelverton. You seem to have forgotten.”

Mrs. Copeland started, and buried her hands in the pockets of her ulster.

“Good gracious! did I know it?”

“Evidently not, Mrs. Copeland. But how good-natured of you not to snub me when I came up to you!”

“Oh! Does it bite?”

Bax-Drury had known her for years, but he had never before seen her utterly at a loss. She blushed scarlet, bit her lips, and then, with a helpless laugh, owned up.

“I didn’t know I’d ever seen you before, but I thought if you could see it through, I could and then there was Mr. Bax-Drury.”

Yelverton bowed to Bax-Drury, and put the shivering Joe C. back in his pocket. “It was going over the Bremen, two years ago. It snowed fearfully, and I got your luggage through at Kiefstein. You were smuggling a lot of old snuff-boxes.”

“Oh, yes; of course I remember. How kind you were! And we ate a nasty veal-and-porky meal together at some horrible place. I wonder,” she added, with a sudden change of tone, “how I happened to forget you?”

“Don’t flatter, Allegra,” Bax-Drury put in. “It’s a bad habit, and it grows on you.”

Yelverton laughed. “I had a beard about two feet long then. I was coming from the Caucasus. Also, I wore glasses inflammation caused by the glare on the road. Ever been to the Caucasus?” He turned to the other man.

“Yes, I’ve been most places.”

“The snuff-boxes. Now what did I do with those snuff-boxes?” mused

Mrs. Copeland. “I remember showing them to Anthony in Rome, and then I’ll be blessed if I can remember what became Araby, what did I do with my snuff-boxes?”

Araby, the frown, and Fluffy Daddies crossed the deck. “You gave ‘em to the Duke.” “Oh, yes; so I did the Duke of Tackleton,” she explained to Yelverton. “He’s my husband’s cousin very nice, but quite mad. His wife ran away from him because he made such awful faces at her and insisted on having garlic in all the dishes. What did he give me in return, Araby?”

Araby straightened her hat, thus revealing a strip of fine-grained, white forehead.

“Two hundred and fifty.”

Yelverton stared, while Bax-Drury laughed.

“Two hundred oh, yes. I remember. I bet with Lorrimer Bentley that the

Spaniards wouldn't get out of that harbor where was it? And they did, and I had only fifty, and owed that. Let's go and get something to eat. Araby, give Fluffy to Fountain and tell her to make us some Bovril. Do you like Bovril, Mr. Yelverton?"

"Bovril is my one vice. Will you not present me to your friend?"

"My cousin, Miss Winship; Mr. Yelverton."

Araby bowed sulkily, and picking up the dog, strode down the deck.

Yelverton stood looking after her for a few seconds, and then, putting his big hand to his head, remembered the loss of his hat.

"I must go and look up a cap of some kind. May I join you in a few moments?"

"Of course. We have the captain's rooms on deck. Poor Araby has to sleep on a sofa-bed as wide as a knifeblade, and there's a bust of the Kaiser; but there is at least air. Just look at that woman! Baxy, did you ever see such a figure in your life?"

*

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,

And most divinely fair."

Tennyson.

III

OF ARABY AND MRS. COPELAND

ARABY'S eyes, deep-set under the heavy brows, were gray-blue, somber, sullen, tiger eyes, with violet marks under them. Her nose, straight and short, had delicate, slim, transparent nostrils, on one of which was a small brown mole. Her mouth, full in the middle and curved daintily, was interesting, for it meant, or was going to mean, much. Yelverton watched her quietly while he flirted with Mrs. Copeland. He saw that she was very young, not more than nineteen; that she considered herself a disagreeable and bad-tempered person, and that she was neither the one nor the other. He noticed, with the keenness of men of his stamp, the curve under the arm, at an age when curves are rare, the line from the hip to the knee, the bend in the throat as she turned her head. Meantime he learned that the party was on its way to Newport, where it was to be entertained by Mrs. Knickerbocker Hare and shown the international race from the deck of the second largest yacht in the world. Mr. Bax-Drury, Yelverton was informed, had a pot of money on the race, and Mrs. Copeland herself a few pounds. He learned that there was a Mr. Copeland, but that he and Mr. Bax-Drury didn't get on, and as she couldn't get on without Baxy, who was her oldest and dearest friend, Mr. Copeland had stayed at home, which was much the best place for him. He learned that Araby was the daughter of Mrs. Copeland's mother's step-sister, and a very decent sort not as bad as she looked. Araby had no money, but she lived with Mrs. Copeland, who would be a duchess sooner or later, and it was to be hoped that some title-loving Yankee might marry her for the sake of the connection.

Yelverton learned also that Mrs.

Copeland loved pearls and hated diamonds; that she was crazy to taste terrapin because it would be so like eating a snake; that she liked sweet champagne and adored sausage; that Madame Lorraine, of Regent Street, made her clothes, but that she never paid for them, as the said Madame Lorraine charged outrageously. He learned that Mrs. Copeland was really thirty-one; that she always told the truth about her age, as she was proud of looking four years younger than she was; that she had stopped dyeing her hair when it became so common; that she went to Cowes every year; that she hated hunting, and loved china and small

dogs; that she flirted, and saw no earthly harm in it, as she knew when to draw the line; that she didn't believe in any church, but said her prayers; that she had no children; that she loved Tosti's lovesongs and the "Symphonic Pathetique"; and that, on the whole, there were worse sorts in England.

Mrs. Copeland was most communicative in her own way. The second day out she even told him Bax-Drury's life-history in her own way. According to her, Bax-Drury had loved for years a cousin of her own, a Miss Phyllis Cone. Phyllis flouted him, and he sought the plain joys of friendship with Mrs. Copeland, who loved him devotedly. "Of course, people say that he is my lover, but he isn't; and after all, it really matters so little what people say, doesn't it?"

Yelverton agreed. It mattered particularly little to him what she might say.

That afternoon he pumped Bax-Drury about Araby. Bax-Drury let him pump, and told next to nothing. Araby had no mother, which was sad a motherless girl was always to be pitied; it was very lucky for her that Mrs. Copeland liked her. Mrs. Copeland was very charming oh, yes, and a very good sort. And would Yelverton give him a light? And would he have a whisky and soda?

Yelverton had a very fine profile and rather a disappointing full face. Bax-Drury thought him stunning. Yelverton thought Bax-Drury clever and dull.

*

"O love! O fire! once he drew

With one long kiss my whole soul through

My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew."

Tennyson.

IV

IN THE STEERAGE

“WHY are you always so?” Yelverton hesitated.

“So what?”

“So savage.”

Araby, under the shadow of her capuchin, laughed. He had not seen her laugh before, and he drew a sharp breath.

“Savage? Because I hate it all everything.”

“The whole bag of tricks?”

“The whole bag of tricks.”

Yelverton watched her a few moments in silence. They stood aft, looking down at the steerage, where a man had been singing “Marie, Marie!” in a tenor worth listening to. It was halfpast eight and a clear night. Araby wore a red silk blouse with an edging of pink round the collar. Pink looked Palais-Royal on Mrs. Copeland, Yelverton reflected, and barbarous on the girl. She might, so far as personality went, be a savage princess of some southern island.

“Did you ever have a fan of eagle feathers?” he asked, suddenly, as much to his own surprise as to hers.

“Eagle feathers? No. Why?”

“I wondered. It would suit you.

And pomegranate flowers in your hair. Who taught you to wear your hair in that loose knot?”

“No one. What queer things you say.”

He looked at her, somberly. “The things I say are nothing to the things I—feel.”

Her face did not change. It was curiously immobile for so young a face, and yet Yelverton knew that it had the power of infinite expression.

The man in the steerage was singing again. He sat on a barrel, one knee drawn up to support his guitar. His dark face was thrown back in an ecstasy of delight in his own voice.

“That fellow has a million dollars in his throat,” said Schimmelbusch, a poker-playing passenger who talked to every one, as he passed by the two.

“Has he?” Araby questioned, uninterestedly.

“He’s got a high C that Reszke ain’t got. Reszke’s only a high baritone, anyhow. That fellow’s a tenor.”

“You seem to know a lot about most things,” said Yelverton, rather offensively.

“You bet yer life I know a lot about singin’. I run the Thalia Music Hall in Milwaukee. That boy’ll be singin’ there next year, too.”

Araby walked away without a word. Schimmelbusch bored her. A few minutes later she said to Yelverton, “That little girl in the yellow blouse is his wife.”

“The singer’s?”

“Yes. His name is Gaetano, and hers is Carm. They are Sicilians.”

“How do you know?” asked Yelverton, surprised.

“I watch them, and I listen. I have nothing better to do.”

“You know Italian?”

“Yes. My nurse was an Italian; she stayed with me until last year. Allegra sent her away.”

“Why?”

“Because she lied. As if that made any difference! I loved her.”

Yelverton laughed. “Is Mrs. Copeland such a stickler for the truth?”

The girl looked up at him sharply. “In other people, you mean? She doesn’t lie any more than the rest, I suppose.”

“No doubt. But you don’t lie.”

“No; because I’m not afraid of being disagreeable. Do you lie? I mean outside lies of honor?”

“Lies of honor?”

“Yes; lies about women. Every man tells them, I have heard.”

Yelverton was about to express his amazement, when something happened in the steerage.

The tenor was striking the opening chords of another song; the girl of whom Araby had spoken, conspicuous in her yellow blouse, stood beside him, nodding her head in time to the music and smiling. Suddenly, as the man’s lips parted to the first note, a woman darted from the crowd. A flash of light fell swiftly, a scream rose above the music, and the girl in the blouse staggered and sank till the singer caught her.

For a little there was uproar. Women shrieked, men clamored wildly, the crowd swayed to and fro. But soon the wounded girl was carried away, and the doctor was summoned to her, while on the scene of the tragedy the third officer held the would-be murderess prisoner. Near by stood the singer, staring blankly down on the slowspreading stain at his feet.

The prisoner had held a shawl drawn concealingly over her face. Now she loosed it, and it dropped.

“Carolina! Thou!” cried the man in horror.

“As I promised thee, Gaetano!” she replied, coldly.

Her face, now clearly revealed, declared its story of long suffering, of sorrow beyond endurance, ending in relentless hate. Now her emotion was veiled by the apathy of achievement.

When the captain appeared and questioned her she made no answer, but stood

silent, drooping. The captain addressed the singer and asked the name of the woman.

“Carolina Sampestri, my wife!”

A hush of interest fell on the crowd. But now the woman spoke. The captain, unable to understand her Italian, made a gesture of hopelessness, but Araby, leaning over the rail, spoke distinctly :

“If you wish, I will translate to you.”

The captain nodded, and Araby continued :

“They stole her money the wife’s money and ran away together with it. The girl was his mistress. The wife wanted to kill her; she hopes she has. She says nothing more.”

The captain gave courteous thanks to Araby, and went away. Immediately the prisoner was removed, and the hum of many voices sounded once more.

“I hope she’s dead!” said Araby, readjusting her capuchin and staring sullenly at the people who had come up behind her. ” Women are such beasts!”

Yelverton the impression of her being a savage princess lost in the wilds of civilization stronger than ever on him drew her hand through his arm and led her away.

“You think she did right in trying to kill her rival?”

“Right? No, I suppose not. But I’m glad she did it.”

“Would you do it?”

Something in his voice startled her, and she turned away. “Yes,” she said, after a pause; “only, I should have to care a lot first.”

“You could care a lot. Most women can’t, but you could.”

She turned and looked at him.

The crowd was still aft; no one was in sight. Yelverton took the girl in his arms

and kissed her.

*

“But love is blind, and lovers cannot see

The pretty follies that themselves commit.”

Shakespeare.

V

“PADDY”

“JUST look at Araby, Bax. What can be the matter with her?”

Mrs. Copeland set her lemonade glass down beside her and took up her embroidery. Her maid was very clever at embroidery, and a strip of needlework is pleasing to men, even if the work is done behind the scenes. Bax-Drury looked down the deck. The matter with her?” “Why, yes; she’s laughing.” There was no doubt that Araby was laughing, and what was more, she was laughing with Schimmelbusch, to whom she had been systematically rude ever since they sailed, four days ago. Schimmelbusch’s offensively good-natured face was red with surprised pleasure. He was one of the men who look as if they were built of balls of dough, each ball melting shapelessly into the next. He used a toothpick mounted in gold; he cleared his throat; he smoked German cigars. Yet there stood Araby, smiling into his eyes, her cheeks pink, apparently with the pleasure of the interview.

“I have often thought her a little touched, and now I am sure of it,” observed Bax-Drury, jerking his deerskin pillow to the small of his back. “She looks very pretty this morning insanity and Schimmelbusch evidently agree with her.”

“Araby is not pretty,” returned Mrs. Copeland, “but I sometimes think she is going to be a beauty. She has features, Baxy, and features are nearly extinct these days.”

“There’s an idea, now!”

“It’s true. You have a nose, but well ” she burst out laughing “it’s hardly a feature. Don’t be hurt, but it’s more like a limb.”

Bax-Drury laughed, lazily. “You are unpleasant this morning, Allegra. Well, about your own nose, for instance?”

Mrs. Copeland shook her head and laid down her work, in which she had been pricking holes with an unthreaded needle. “My nose is a mere mistake, not to be considered. I am pretty, but, as I say, Araby may turn out a beauty.”

“A beauty in disguise.”

“You can’t see it because she dislikes you, but it’s true. And really, Baxy, you oughtn’t to be so hard on her. It’s her idea of loyalty disliking you. She was always fond of Anthony.”

Bax-Drury yawned. “So am I fond of Anthony, but that doesn’t make me dislike Araby.”

“All of which is beside the question.

And to go back to our ba-ba’s, Araby is evidently flirting madly with poor Schimmelbusch. There are hopes for her yet. No woman can get on nowadays without knowing how to flirt, and up to this she has looked at men exactly as if they were trees or women.”

Araby certainly was treating Schimmelbusch to a series of glances like anything rather than those bestowed by one woman on another. She wore a white duck blouse, with a leather belt and a red silk cravat. Her cheeks were pink, her lips mobile, as she talked to the obviously bewildered Teuton-American.

Two youths, both of whom had made pleasant tentatives and been ruthlessly snubbed, stared frankly as they passed. The fat woman, on her perennial prow with the kodak, hesitated, aimed her weapon, and then, mindful of earlier witherings, withdrew noiselessly on her round-soled feet.

It was eleven o’clock, and the deck was full of horizontal mortals, enjoying the lethargy induced by lemonade and cheese sandwiches. A girl from Harbor Beach, Michigan, and an aged-looking boy from Elizabeth were playing shuffle-board to the strains of “The Stars and Stripes Forever,” done into German by the band. A girl with a common-sense figure sang as she walked up and down.

As the march ended with a crash and a belated high note from the singer, Yelverton came out of the cabin, his rug over his arm. He turned to the left, bowing perfunctorily to several people, one of whom was Araby, then drew a chair up beside Mrs. Copeland.

“Welcome, little stranger!” said the lady, holding up a small white hand. Yelverton kissed the hand, a practice of his since she once lamented, in his hearing, the neglect of that charming custom in England.

“I dreamed of you last night,” he said, “but I sha’n’t tell you the dream before Mr. Bax-Drury. I am afraid he might tell your husband.”

“Cheeky beggar!” returned Bax-Drury, laughing. “I’ll clear out. Either of you like a cocktail?”

Mrs. Copeland ordered two, and settled back in her chair with a little wriggle of contentment.

“I’ll take off my cap, that you may enjoy my curls,” Yelverton went on, reaching for Bax-Drury’s pillow. “Turn this way, so I can see both of your eyes at once.”

She turned. “You are a cheeky beggar, as Baxy says. Are you going to make love to me?”

“I am, as soon as I’ve had a cocktail—Baxy having been so obliging as to clear out.”

“I wonder whether you could make love? I mean, not to me, but seriously.”

Yelverton had reason to think he could, and said so.

“How old are you? And what is your first name?”

“I am thirty-six, and my sponsors in baptism named me Patrick.”

The steward brought the cocktails, and they drank them leisurely.

“Then I suppose your friends call you Pat?”

“Pat.”

“I shall call you Paddy. Do you mind? I have names for all the people I like all the dear, sympathetic souls, you know.”

It was not the first time he had been dubbed Paddy, but he said nothing of this. The beauties of silence were understood by him.

“Well, then, Paddy you may make love to me.”

And Yelverton made love to her the love that is made under the circumstances.

Schimmelbusch meantime passed with Araby, but Yelverton's eyes were fixed on his empty glass, and he did not look up.

"Araby is having a fine flirtation this morning," Mrs. Copeland said, laughing softly.

"Surely you don't grudge her that?"

"My dear man, I never grudge anybody anything. I only wonder at her choice. The admirable Schimmelbusch's charms are not obvious to Allegra's little eye."

"Allegra's little eye will please fix itself on my charms. As I was saying "

And the love-making went on.

*

"The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,

A savageness in unreclaimed blood."

Shakespeare.

VI

TWO ON DECK

YELVERTON was determined not to make an ass of himself. His self-control was as strong as his passions, a combination rare in man, and when added to a certain amount of charm, nearly irresistible to women of deep feeling.

Allegra Copeland found no man irresistible, because in her there was neither strength of will nor strength of passion, and hence no answering chords. She could be mulish, but mulishness is not strength, as everyone knows except the mulish. A four-legged mule plants his feet firmly and lowers his ears and refuses to budge, because it lies in him to do. Even the most optimistic of animal lovers, so insistent in the life of to-day, can hardly assert that a mule has a logical reason for balking. And thus with the great run of biped mules. Anthony Copeland had in old days tried to content his wife, but soon gave it up and returned into indifference and Sussex, where he delivered himself to the study of entomology. Scientist as he was, he knew the world and saved himself much utterly useless worry by realizing that that world, so limited of late years, would forgive much more than T. H. Howard Bax-Drury to the future Duchess of Tackleton.

Yelverton, bent on not being an ass, called together all the strength he had and made love to the charming mule.

And Araby raged. Yelverton had read her aright. He knew that it would have been impossible for a man of his character and experience to fall in love with a woman lacking passion. He had fallen in love with Araby's sullen, dark face the day he first saw her; and he knew that Araby was capable of the strong feelings he loved. She could hate, she could love; doubtless she could go to the savage length of loving and hating the same man at the same time. Yet Yelverton flirted with Mrs. Copeland, and knew, without looking up, every time the girl came near him.

He held out all day. Then the stars got the better of him, and he met her eyes. After all, in spite of the anger and pride in them, there was a look of childish bewilderment that hurt him, and he rose with a sudden disregard of appearances.

“Come and take a walk, Miss ” he had forgotten her name. She was Araby to him.

“Tell me,” he said, abruptly, as they fell in step, “why you look so angry?”

“You know why I look angry why I am angry.”

“No, I don’t, my dear child, or I shouldn’t have asked.”

“Then I’ll tell you. Because all day you have treated me like a dog.”

This form of savage directness rather embarrassed him. “Like a dog? No; if you had been a dog I could have patted you and been with you. You wrong me.”

“Perhaps I do. Your monkey is treated kindly enough. Where is he?”

“In my pocket. Want him?”

“Yes,” returned the girl.

They stopped in the light of the smoking-room while the transfer from his pocket to her arms was made, and Bax-Drury, seeing them from his corner, came out, still smoking.

“Where’s Allegra?” he asked.

“In her chair, alone.”

Bax-Drury laughed. “Then I may perhaps be allowed a few minutes’ conversation with her? You have finished, Yelverton?” His manner was that of a rather nattered, half-bored husband.

Yelverton, who knew the manner, was amused by it, and answered in kind. “I’m afraid I bore you stiff. You’re awfully kind, Bax-Drury.”

Araby watched them.

“Anthony is worth him and her and you, all put together,” she said as they crossed the bridge leading to the deserted second-cabin deck.

“I am convinced that Anthony is, of all mortals, the most admirable. Only, he is

not here. I am, so please be nice to me.”

They sat down on two steamer-chairs in the shadow, and he lighted a cigar without asking her permission. He was a courteous enough man in the rude way of modern Anglo-Saxons, but his nerves were queer and he forgot.

“Why did you behave like that?” went on the girl. “Tell me, what had I done?”

“Done? You? Nonsense! If I had done as I wanted to, I’d have brought you out early this morning and kept you for myself all day.”

“Why didn’t you?”

His cigar did not burn. He lighted a match and held it up to her face. “Would you have come?”

She looked unblinking across the flame. “You know I’d have come.”

And then the thought of Schimmelbusch came to him like a guardian angel. “That’s all very well, “but what about Schimmelbusch?”

“Schimmelbusch?”

“Yes. You were flirting like the deuce with him when I came up this morning, and this afternoon you and he disappeared.”

“Mr. Yelverton!”

He heard her straighten up in her excitement. “You didn’t think I was with that that beast?”

“Of course, that’s just what I did think,” he answered, deliberately, but giving up the cigar.

There was a short pause. Then she said, her voice singularly hoarse : “I will tell you where I was. I was in my cabin, howling! I howled all the afternoon.”

Yelverton drew a deep breath. He would not make an ass of himself again. “And why did you howl?”

“Because you were with Allegra.”

The flap of Yelverton's chair fell with a bang as he rose. "Then it was a misunderstanding all around, wasn't it? I'll forgive you for flirting with the alluring Schimmelbusch if you'll forgive me for being with Allegra."

She rose, too, and came out into the light. Her face was as white as stone, her eyes looked sunken. "Let us go back; I am tired."

"Araby! Hang it, you know I'd rather be with you than with Allegra or anyone else. Don't you?" He spoke so rapidly that she hardly understood him. "Don't you?" He took her hand and held it close, watching life come back to her frozen face.

And not only life came, but beauty, hope, triumph and humility. "Then nothing matters," she said, putting her arms about his neck.

A minute later he was alone, sitting on the end of her chair, his face in his hands. He couldn't tell whether he had been an ass or a demi-god.

"Then nothing matters," she said, putting her arms about his neck.

*

"Free love free field we love but while we may.

The woods are hush'd, their music is no more;

The leaf is dead, the yearning past away.

New leaf, new life the days of frost are o'er;

New life, new love, to suit the newer day;

New loves are sweet as those that went before.

Free love free field we love but while we may."

Tennyson.

VII

AT GIBRALTAR

La nuit porte conseil generally bad. Yelverton woke with the full conviction that there had been little godlike, much asinine, about him the previous evening. While he dressed he counted the women he had loved with his whole soul.

There were six, omitting the Cuban in Matanzas, as to whom he was somewhat doubtful. They had been dark, without exception. Brunettes evidently had some curious occult influence on him. Most of them, thank God, had been married. It is so much easier to be whole-souled with those already appropriated. Araby was, unfortunately, not married, but there was no earthly doubt as to her being number seven. As he brushed his hair he acknowledged that he was madly in love with her.

And she was madly in love with him. He wished that she was older, that he knew something of her way of taking great loves. But she was nineteen and on deck, no doubt, lying in wait for him.

At noon they were due in Gibraltar. She had never seen it, and was sure to go ashore. He had spent a month there with number four, and would stay on board. If it weren't for the race he would clear out altogether at Gib, but he couldn't give up seeing T. lift the cup.

They were dropping anchor when he went up, Joe C. on his shoulder. Joe C., too, had visited Gibraltar, and now gibbered ecstatically at the view. Araby was nowhere about, but Mrs. Copeland and Bax-Drury stood at the rail, each with a glass.

"Go away, faithless one!" she said. "I am watching for the beautiful hotel tout who gets on here and lures the unsuspecting and susceptible female to the most awful hotel in the world. Anna Vanowski told me of him. He is the handsomest man she ever saw and that's saying a great deal."

"Do you know Anna Vanowski?" asked Yelverton, faintly. Anna Vanowski was number six, a rose of yesterday.

“Know her? Well, I should rather think I did, poor girl. Do you know her, too?”

“Slightly. She is very pretty, don’t you think?”

“Very,” returned Mrs. Copeland, flattered, as he meant her to be, by this subtle appeal to her vanity.

“She’s been in Switzerland this summer with an aunt, and I rather fancy she had some thrilling experiences. In fact, I know she had. The aunt has a heart, and can’t walk a step, so Anna has to go about alone.”

“I see.” What he saw was Anna Vanowski’s dark face against a background of vivid-green leaves, the back of Anna Vanowski’s neck in a low gown, the curve of Anna Vanowski’s red mouth. He drew a long breath and turned to the view.

And then suddenly he realized that Anna Vanowski’s dark face had been leathery, the back of her neck a bit scrawny, that she would soon have a mustache for Araby stood beside him.

“Been seeing Schimmelbusch, my dear?” asked Mrs. Copeland, pleasantly, looking at the young girl with benevolent eyes.

“No. Why? What have I to do with Schimmelbusch?”

“Only that you are so radiant, as you were yesterday when you were with him. ‘Lesbia hath a beaming eye, but who can tell on whom it beameth?’ Perhaps on you, if it wasn’t on the lovely Schimmelbusch!” She turned to Yelverton, who laughed and expressed a wish that he might have such luck.

Araby wore a blue gown; there were two flames in her cheeks; her eyes, from which the cloud had lifted, were full of something wonderful. Oh, the wonder that a woman with such dimples rarely laughed!

“Are you going ashore?” Yelverton questioned, determining to ask her name on the first occasion.

“Oh, I forgot to tell you,” returned Mrs. Copeland, putting her glass back in the case and fastening the strap. “We are all going you, too. I’ve never seen the galleries, and the woman with the very green black hair tells me we can get tea served somewhere.”

“It’s going to be scorching hot in that white dust,” persisted Yelverton, without hope. But she paid no attention to him, and the health-officer and the famous tout appearing at that minute, she rushed down the deck toward them.

“Vile place, Gib,” observed Bax-Drury, and Yelverton loved him for the saying.

“Awful! And as for the hotels!”

He remembered number four’s remarks about the eggs at their hostelry. Number four had possessed a ready tongue.

But arguments were powerless against the feminine fiat, and they went on shore, wandered through the galleries, looked at Queen Isabella’s Seat, picked dusty bluebells in the rocks, and left untasted the infusion of hair served to them at a hotel.

Mrs. Copeland’s star was in the ascendant. She met a youthful and weary-looking officer on the way up, whom she called Toodles; and he in return called her Lollipop, a playful corruption of her name. Toodles on one side of her, Yelverton on the other, she led the way, followed by Bax-Drury and Araby.

Araby’s color had gone, but Yelverton saw with satisfaction that she believed him to be wax in her cousin’s hands, a victim to politeness, and therefore to be pitied as much as herself. Once in a dark place he managed to take her hand for a minute. He was ashamed of himself for doing it, but somehow he couldn’t help it.

They bought some laces, some coppers, and some inlaid boxes. Yelverton was allowed to present Mrs. Copeland with a souvenir of the day in the shape of a tortoise-shell and lace fan.

It is to be hoped that she liked it, as she chose it herself.

A wind had come up while they were on land, and the dirt}” little launch bounded so that several people were sick, notably the fat woman with the kodak, who wept and laid her head on Bax-Drury’s arm, which afflicting attention he received stolidly. When they reached the ship, word went round that Carme, the victim of the stabbing affray, had died that afternoon.

“Poor thing!” said Araby, softly, her eyes full of tears.

Yelverton stared at her. "I thought you hoped " he began, but she interrupted him, laying her hand on his arm, in the crowd.

"That was before!"

*

"The sky is changed, and such a change! O night

And storm and darkness! ye are wondrous strong,

Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light

Of a dark eye in woman!"

Byron.

VIII

MAL DE MER

“HASEL-HUHN!” said Mrs. Copeland, reading the menu, an hour later. “What on earth is * hasel-huhn ‘?’”

The doctor smiled nervously at her over his spectacles. “It is a baird a domestic baird. We have eaten him before.”

“We have. We have eaten him many times before. He is tired of being eaten. He is growing old, very old.”

The doctor was troubled. “Does the gnadige Frau, then, not like him?” he asked innocently.

Bax-Drury answered, fearing one of Allegra’s hopeless impertinences. “No, doctor. We don’t care for hazel-hen. As ah a matter of fact, we don’t find it quite right. It is a little high, don’t you think?”

The doctor, if distressed, was hungry, and partook of the maligned bird with relish. He ate gravy with his knife, but his heart was excellent.

Araby sat silent. Her place was between Yelverton and a schoolmistress from Connecticut, who had been all over Europe with five hundred dollars and black-silk underclothes.

It was very stuffy in the low-ceiled cabin, for, as usual, all the enemies of air were placed, by some malign ingenuity on the part of the head steward next the port-holes. The band was playing selections from “Die Fledermaus.” The third officer, at the head of the next table, sang a few bars from time to time. A pleasant excitement prevailed, owing to the death of the woman in the steerage, but the ship was rocking ominously and several chairs were empty.

Yelverton was not hungry; he was not a particularly good sailor and dreaded rough weather. No one suspected him of this weakness, however, and as the ship gave one lurch, causing a discordant blast of dismay from a French horn, he blessed his sunburn.

Mrs. Copeland rose toward the end of the meal. "Pax vobiscum!" she said, "my turn has come. Fresh air or death!"

"Poor Allegra!" murmured Araby, taking some striped green and pink ice, made in New York.

"She'll be all right. She'll have some champagne, you know. She's never very bad," answered Bax-Drury. "Even in the Bay of Biscay she was laid up only about an hour." Seeing Yelverton smile under his mustache he added, without moving a muscle of his face: "Anthony I mean Copeland was too bad for description. I don't believe he uttered a word for thirty-six hours besides 'My God!' lean hear him yet."

The school-teacher from Connecticut helped herself to a large plateful of almonds. "I have a gentleman friend who tried to jump overboard once, in seasickness."

"Fancy!" said Bax-Drury, in his most English voice, for she was a very good woman who roused hatred on all sides.

Two more women fled from the room.

"Let's go up," said Yelverton to Araby. "It's vilely stuffy here, and you are pale."

"I'm always pale," she laughed, rising, "but it will be nice on deck."

As he helped her upstairs he asked her, abruptly: "What the dickens is your name?"

"My name? Araby Arabella, really; but don't you ever call me that."

"I mean your family name. It is absurd, but I don't know it."

She turned and smiled at him. "Winship. Do you like it?"

"I like it, and you, and everything about you," he answered, in an undertone, "and if you look at me like that I'll kiss you."

"Do." Her face was grave, her voice deep.

Yelverton forgot the motion, he forgot the old youth from Elizabeth who was going down the opposite stairs and watching him. "Heavens, what a woman you are! What a woman!"

"Good evening, Mr. Brannigan," called the girl, suddenly, in a high, cool voice. "Are you ill, that you go so slowly, or is it only interest in me?"

Mr. Brannigan nearly broke his neck in the hurry of his descent, and Yelverton laughed at the evidence of her unconscious assimilation of smart London cheekiness.

"A regular Paul Pry," he commented, as they came out into the cool evening air.

"Yes. But well, you were worth looking at for a moment," she returned, pulling her capuchin over her hair and ruffling it into a soft disorder by the act.

"Was I? How did I look?"

The steamer was turning, making for the outside ocean as he spoke. It had begun to rain; the lights of the town were blurred in the gray darkness.

Araby hesitated. "You looked as Adam might have looked when he first saw Eve; as if you had never seen a woman before, and as if you weren't sure that she wasn't something to eat."

"I'm not. I'm not sure of anything. Araby, will you come out to the forward deck with me?"

"Yes, when I've looked after Allegra a bit. Wait here."

He stood in the blowing rain until she came back. "It's pouring. Do you mind being drenched?"

"Not I. Come. She had to go to bed, poor thing. Fountain is with her."

They crossed the bridge and made their way cautiously among the capstans and coils of rope to the peak. The rush of the water below them made it almost impossible to talk, and after shouting a few moments they were silent.

Yelverton held her close to his side, her head against his arm. Only once he

spoke, and then with his face close to hers. "Do you love me?" he said.

She drew his head down and almost whispered her answer, the words falling into his ear with a curious distinctness. "I love you with every bit of me. I would die for you, steal for you, kill for you. This is what I was made for. I have wondered; now I know." He held her closer and gazed into the driving rain.

*

"And there's a lust no charm can tame
Of loudly publishing our neighbor's shame;
On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born to die."

Niphur Harvey.

IX

ROCK ISLAND CURIOSITY

“THERE is only one consolation; the beastly storm is blowing us in the right direction.”

Mrs. Copeland lay in her berth in a pink dressing-gown, and Araby, beside her, held the champagne glass until she should feel up to another sip.

“Yes. The stewardess says we’ll be in almost twelve hours ahead of time,” returned the girl, absently.

“Many people sick?”

“Oh, yes; almost all the women and lots of the men. Father O’Brien crawled up the day before yesterday to see the Azores, but said they made him sick. I’ve not seen him since. The man who has crossed seventeen times is perfectly abject. The deck isn’t at all pleasant, Allegra; you needn’t pity yourself too much.”

Mrs. Copeland laughed, faintly. “I know. What about Paddy, by the way?”

“Paddy?” The girl’s face hardened.

“Yelverton. Gie me a wee drappie internally, please.”

“Mr. Yelverton is as bad as the rest. He’s not been up since we left Gibraltar.”

“Years ago.”

“Years ago. Why did you call him Paddy, Allegra?”

“Because that’s my name for him. His name is Patrick, so what could be more natural?”

“Do you mean you call him Paddy to his face?”

“Of course I do. I’m not one of those people who say things behind people’s backs. Oh, give me some champagne, and don’t chatter.”

“I wasn’t chattering. Allegra, the sun’s coming out and the barometer’s leaping out of its skin. It will be fair to-morrow.”

“Thank the Lord! It is getting smoother. How do I look?”

Araby regarded her with attention.

“You look rather yellow and there are bags under your eyes.”

“Oh, rub a little cold cream into me, like a dear, will you?”

Araby massaged Mrs. Copeland’s face for half an hour, and then went to look up Fountain, who had done a great deal of very audible dying in the last few days, and had subsisted chiefly on chocolate.

Fountain dispatched to her mistress, Araby took a walk with the girl of the common-sense figure, and learned what a perfectly elegant time young ladies have in Rock Island. Araby, who did not possess much sense of humor, listened gravely.

“You’d ought to come out there and see for yourself,” the girl informed her, cordially. “The boys would give you a splendid time.” “What boys your brothers?” asked

“My brothers! Heavens, no! All of the fellows, I mean. Say, your sister’s a widow, isn’t she?”

“She’s my cousin. I suppose you mean Mrs. Copeland. No, she’s not a widow. Do you know what time it is?” she added, hastily.

“After five, some time. I thought she must be one. Or perhaps he’s her brother,” she added, vague but hopeful.

“Mr. Bax-Drury? You are rather curious, aren’t you?”

The girl stared. “Well, yes, I suppose I am. But where’s the harm? Is he?”

“No; Mr. Bax-Drury is no relation.”

“Then why in kingdom come is she trailing round with him?”

Araby turned on her like a tigress, and then was silent for a moment. She was nineteen, and the girl from Rock Island was twenty-three or four, but Araby felt all the bitterness of world-worn experience as she looked into the unsuspecting face beside her.

“We have known him for years,” she answered, quietly, choosing her words, “and he is a great friend of

Mr. Copeland.”

Araby had lied to spare that bony face a blush.

The blush was on her own cheeks as the girl nodded, sympathetically. “I see. You’re in his care sort of.”

“I am going in now. I am tired,” returned the younger girl, her voice very kind. “Aren’t you glad it’s going to clear?”

The sun came out only to go down, but it went down in a glow of determined glory, scattering the last of the clouds and bringing gleams of hope to lusterless eyes.

Araby established Allegra just outside the door, ordered her dinner, and then started down-stairs.

As she went in Yelverton came out.

“Good-evening; how are you?” he asked, with a dumb show of utter weakness. “I am a wreck, a poor worm.” He was embarrassed, and carried it off by flippancy. It is very irritating to have been seasick for four days.

“Come and lean your head on my shoulder and let us mingle our tears,” called Mrs. Copeland, new life in her voice. “We will share each other’s sorrows and extra dry.”

He sank down by her, still feigning the utmost helplessness, kissing her hand.

Araby went down to dinner, gnawing her lip. There are moments when health is not all in life.

*

“Doubt them the stars are fire;

Doubt that the sun doth move;

Doubt truth to be a liar;

But never doubt I love.”

Shakespeare.

X

ARABY ASKS A QUESTION

SCHIMMELBUSCH, too, made his appearance the next morning. The fat woman, apparently fatter than ever, reappeared in another sweater red, this time in which she looked like a peripatetic tomato. Tales were told, notes compared, and the man from Mars, had he been there, and simpleminded, would have believed that seasickness consisted of violent headache and a lack of sea-legs.

Yelverton lay back in his chair all day and talked to Mrs. Copeland and Araby. Once in a while he looked at the girl, which was enough for her, but not for him. Something about her upset him as he had never been upset in his life. He could not see her without wanting to kiss her. He dared not be alone with her. He loved her, but he had no intention whatever of marking her. He was not the man to make a husband. He was a grand amoureux, and a grand amoureux he believed himself destined to die. Now it may be possible, but it certainly is not advisable, for a grand amoureux to marry. Yelverton knew that Araby transformed into Mrs. Yelverton would pall on him after a certain length of time, and that was bound to be hard on him and harder on her. He knew that she loved him in a way that would last. He could trust her, he realized, with a half-audible groan, but he could not trust himself.

Araby pitied him. She believed that he was too weak to walk; she waited on him and, he knew, longed for the moment when he could take her in his arms. Curiously enough, this did not bore or irritate him. She was anything but unmaidenly, yet hers was a primitive, straightforward maidenliness that charmed him.

In the afternoon Mrs. Copeland went in for a nap, and Araby and Yelverton were comparatively alone.

“I wish I could put your head on my shoulder and rest it,” she said, promptly.

“My poor head would like nothing better, but think of the poor sensibilities of all these dear souls!”

“Yes. I think Miss Babbitt would die.” Miss Babbitt was the girl from Rock

Island. Araby laughed as she spoke. "She believes," she went on, nibbling a bit of candied ginger, "that Allegra and I are traveling in Bax-Drury's care. First she thought he was her brother."

"The deuce she did!"

"Yes. She is very simpleminded.

Patrick, do you wish I were simpleminded?"

She had never called him by this name before, and no one on earth called him Patrick. He started.

"You? No. You are, in a way, dear child, as far as that's concerned."

"But I mean in her way," insisted the girl.

Yelverton shuddered. "God forbid that you should resemble the excellent Miss Babbitt in any way!"

"I am glad. Still, it would be nice not to know things."

"Ignorance isn't innocence," plitudinized the man, at a loss.

"No. And knowing things hasn't hurt me. I know it hasn't, because I hate it all. Oh, if you knew how I hate it the lies, the false charity, the deliberate unseeingness! Do you think I'd have come at all, if he hadn't asked me to?"

"He? Who?"

"Anthony, of course. He said I was better than no one, to keep up appearances. Anyhow, I don't think appearances matter. No one minds what anyone else does, because they all do it themselves."

She was incoherent, but he understood, and sighed. He pitied her for her poor little half-knowledge, which she believed so comprehensive.

"The worst of it is," the girl went on, sucking the sugar off another piece of ginger, and speaking as calmly as if the subject had been the weather, "that I don't believe they either of them care a straw. It has been going on for years, and

they are used to each other; that is all. The girl in the steerage that the other one killed was better than she, in one way, because she did love the man. She died in his arms. The doctor told me. It made the doctor cry.”

“Ah, he looks rather tearful, the doctor.”

“Don’t laugh, dear,” she said, solemnly. “It was a tragedy. And he loved her I mean Gaetano. He promised to send me the papers with the account of the trial. They will let her off, the doctor says. They always do, in Italy, for a crime of passion.”

“Poor devils! But I thought you were glad that the wife arranged matters as she did; and here you are pitying the other one!”

Araby looked up at him, that glow in her eyes which always bowled him over. “I do pity her. What if someone should stab me, and I had to stop loving you.”

“You won’t stop?” he asked, the words coming of themselves.

“Shall I stop?” That was all she said, but it was enough.

*

“The moods of love are like the wind;

And none know whence or why they rise.”

Patmore.

XI

LOST LIBERTY

THE next night there was a dance. The girl from Rock Island appeared in a muslin frock, cut low and adorned with rosettes of green ribbon, in which she looked, unfortunately, more sensible than ever. Schimmelbusch was in evening clothes, and wore a checked silk handkerchief tucked coquettishly in his waistcoat. Mrs. Copeland, Araby, Bax-Drury, and Yelverton sat together and watched the dancing. Mrs. Copeland wore a pink gown, and Araby yellow. Yelverton had bought a stiff fan of some kind of quill-feathers, mounted in ivory, at Gibraltar, and then refrained from giving it to the girl. When he saw her in the yellow gown he went below and fetched the fan.

“Carry this,” he said, carelessly, thrusting it into her hand. “It suits your gown. Doesn’t it, Mrs. Copeland?”

Allegra laughed. “It does more; it looks like her herself, somehow.”

“Brown and stiff, eh?” suggested the girl, laughing. “Thanks, Mr. Yelverton.”

She looked older to-night. He had seen but little of her all day, and she showed her resentment in a prim, grown-up way. She was good-humoredly indifferent to him, and he hated it.

He danced twice with Mrs. Copeland, and then asked Araby, who refused.

“May I ask why?”

She looked at him. “For no particular reason only, I’d rather not.” And Schimmelbusch making his bow just then, she finished the waltz with him.

Yelverton was furious. What had got into her? How dared she treat him in that way? He put it down to childish caprice, ignoring the fact that under his guidance the girl had grown into a woman, with a woman’s instinctive ruse. Araby, seeing the anger in his eyes, was delighted, and danced indiscriminately with everyone. At length Yelverton could stand it no longer, and going up to her said, shortly, “Dance with me.”

She obeyed without a word, still smiling. The waltz was from “The Singing Girl.” He never forgot it.

“How dared you treat me that way?” he whispered.

“Didn’t you like it?”

“For a tuppenny-bit I’d punish you this minute. You deserve it. Do you know what I’ve been enduring?”

She looked into his eyes. “Yes, I know. That’s why I did it. I wanted you to know! Why do you make love to Allegra?”

“Do you call that making love? If that is, then this isn’t. I can’t get you talked about. Don’t you understand that?”

Her face darkened. ” That’s not the reason. I don’t believe you.”

“Then what is the reason?” He thought that perhaps she could tell him, for he was beginning to doubt whether there was any reason, after all.

“The reason is, I think, that you are half-sorry you love me. You are afraid of something afraid!”

They stopped dancing as the music ceased, and passed out from the curtained space into the open.

“You are right,” Yelverton said, slowly, his hands in his pockets, his head bent. “I am half-sorry, and I am afraid.”

The girl watched him, the old frown settling again on her face, darkening her eyes.

“Then now’s the time to end it. I suppose, in plain English, you’re not a marrying man. Very well, goodbye.”

He was startled by her measured voice, by her curiously keen insight. She was right; now was the time to end it. He could be offended with her lack of faith, or he could own up frankly. Which was the better way?

In silence he tried to decide, while she stood and watched him. Either might be the better way, but neither of them was possible.

“I love you!” he said, suddenly, catching her head and holding it to his heart.
“You are crazy!”

“Say that again.”

“I love you! You know it. Feel my heart beat. I can’t touch you without changing color. You are mine and I am yours, Araby!”

She gripped his hand, fiercely. “I wish,” she said, hoarsely, “that all those people were dead, that I might kiss you and kiss you “

Schimmelbusch, with a shawl, was an anti-climax. Araby walked off with him, without trusting herself to speak, and Yelverton, after a few minutes of staring at the stars, went back to the dancing.

It was done, then. He, Pat Yelverton, aged thirty-six, grand amoureux and wanderer, had engaged himself to a miss of nineteen. He did not consider her lack of fortune, though he was not rich himself; he thought only of the great fact that his liberty, after numberless hair-breadth escapes, was gone. He was not sorry. His objections to a future Mrs. Yelverton were gone with the freedom, and he was happy. Only, he was dazed as well.

In the smoking-room, where he went for a drink, he met Bax-Drury. “Miss

Winship is an orphan, isn’t she?” he asked, abruptly.

Bax-Drury stared. “No; worse luck, poor girl. Her father’s mad. Been shut up somewhere for fifteen years. Thinks he’s a mule and kicks everybody.”

“Disagreeable for his attendants, I should say,” returned Yelverton, absently.

*

“Drink to-day, and drown all sorrow;

You shall perhaps not do ‘t to-morrow.”

Fletcher.

XII

CHAMPAGNE FOR ONE

YELVERTON sat down at a table in a corner and ordered a cocktail.

When he was a child of ten his mother had married for a second husband a stock-broker named Clancy. This man Clancy made a fortune, settled it on his wife, and they bought a home in the country and prepared to enjoy life. Instead of enjoying life, however, Clancy went mad slowly, decorously, a trifle madder each day. Yelverton remembered the horrors of the three years at "The Anchorage," before the day when Clancy caught him in his strong arms and held him out of a second-story window, trying to teach him to fly, the mother seeing all from the garden below.

"Spread your silry arms, my dear, and go through the motions of swimming," the madman had said to him, kindly enough, for he was fond of the boy. "When I let go, you'll be off like a bird!"

Yelverton could feel the warm summer breeze blow his hair back as his stepfather swung him gently to and fro, and encouraged him to make the attempt. He could see his mother's rigid upturned face, and hear a distant gardener whistling over his work.

He drank the cocktail absently and ordered another. He rarely drank, and was by taste a temperate man, but this was an occasion, he decided, when he must get very drunk.

He remembered his mother's scream when, by some strategy, his old nurse induced his stepfather to postpone the flyinglesson, and he was laid on a sofa just within the window.

A week later Clancy was taken away. He had never seen the man again, as the poor wretch killed himself before the year was out.

The smoking-room was empty save for himself. A ship was passing, and most of the men were out watching the signaling.

“Look here, steward; bring me a bottle of dry champagne.”

“Ja whol, sir.” The man obeyed, and then he, too, went out on deck. The smoking-room steward on an ocean steamer grows very blunted to surprise over the drinking capacity of the passengers. Julius put Yelverton down as making up for the time lost during his two days’ seasickness.

Yelverton remembered his mother’s face after her periodical visits to the asylum. That face was one of the things he could never forget. Then came the worst. His half-brother was born Cecil, they called him. Cecil was never quite right, and the mother and the brother knew it, but never acknowledged it even to each other, until the day when Cecil set the house on fire, when he was twelve, by way of celebrating Guy Fawkes’ Day. Fire was his passion. Twice he tried to burn down the house, and then, at fourteen, soaked his own clothes in petroleum and set fire to them. It killed his mother as well, and the tragedy was the direct occasion of Pat Yelverton’s first leaving Europe. He went to India, and, joining an exploring party into Thibet, was absent about two years. Coming back, at the age of thirty, he had met Mrs. Carberry, the second of his great loves, and to be near her he had wandered about through Europe and America for months, following her and her invalid husband.

He poured out another glass of champagne. It was going to take a great deal to make him as drunk as he felt it necessary he should be. His hand was as steady, his brain as clear, as before the first cocktail. He had retrograded a good deal morally since the days of Hilda Carberry, but physically he was perfectly fit.

“I’ll jump overboard rather than marry her,” he said, under his breath.
“Hereditary insanity has no charms for me.”

Some of the doctors had attributed

Cecil’s madness, not to heredity, but to his mother’s terror over the flyinglesson, and to her general nervous condition before his birth, but Yelverton had never believed this.

He sat for an hour drinking and dreaming, and then, rising, looked at himself in a mirror. He was pale and looked ill, but he did not look what he was drunk.

The steward came back and took away the bottles and glasses, and Yelverton paid him, counting the change deliberately.

“Solitary spree, eh?” a man said to him, laughing, as he reached the door.

Yelverton was surprised, for he had not seen the poker players come in, but he announced quietly, turning up his collar: “One bottle of champagne. The other bottle someone left, and that Dutch steward neglected to take it away.” Then he went out.

Mrs. Copeland stood at her cabin door, saying good-night to some people. It was eleven o’clock.

“Come and walk,” Yelverton began, abruptly. “It is too fine to turn in.”

“I’m game!” She turned to the open door as the sleepy women left. “Araby, chuck me out a cloak, will you? I’m going for a walk.”

Araby pulled back the curtain and looked out as she handed her cousin the cloak.

Yelverton did not look at her, and as he wrapped the shawl about the older woman’s bare shoulders he bent and kissed her ear.

“You beast!” cried Mrs. Copeland, dodging away and laughing. “Are you mad?”

“Perhaps I am. Come, let us walk.”

Araby had seen, and he was glad. He had no conscience, no remorse. It had made him glad to hurt the girl who hurt him. Marry a woman with a mad father? Not he! He had had enough of lunatics in his life.

They paced up and down the deserted deck. Mrs. Copeland let her cloak slip back on her shoulders. She was very animated and exceedingly pretty prettier by far than

Miss What’s-her-name, the girl with the mad father.

A sailor turned off the electric light, and it was dark.

“This is vile. I can’t see you,” Yelverton said, and Mrs. Copeland laughed.

“When the saloon is dark I must go in. Araby would slay me. Poor, dear Araby is so proper.”

“Send poor, dear Araby to bed.”

Then he told Mrs. Copeland that he loved her, that she was driving him mad, that he wished to God he'd never seen her. He did it well, for it was not the first time.

Her manner was perfection. She did not snub him beyond the point of peace-making, for there were still three days to New York, but she told him he mustn't talk that way. She said that she, at thirty-one, was far older than he at thirty-six; that he must find some nice young girl and marry her. By way of encouraging him to find the nice young girl, she let him kiss her once. And she halfacknowledged that her life was not all roses, and that, perhaps, had things been different which they were not. And then he kissed her again, without being allowed. He slept, without stirring, until noon.

*

“But I love you, sir:

And when a woman says she loves a man,

The man must hear her, though he love her not.”

Mrs. Browning.

XIII

ADVICE TO JOE C.

WHEN he came up on deck about four o'clock Yelverton thanked the gods that he had had the courage to offend Araby the night before, as he could not have done it to-day.

She was pale and fierce-looking, as she sat holding Fluffy Daddies on her lap so pale and so fierce that poor Yelverton almost went down on his knees then and there and told her that he didn't care if all her forebears had been gibbering idiots almost, but not quite. And he had not the courage to go to her and tell her why he wouldn't marry her.

It was Thursday, and Saturday they would reach New York. For that length of time he could keep away from her, and a little wholesome anger on her part would help them both to get over it more quickly. He hoped she would be most unpleasant that would harden him. So he passed her with a bow, and sat down by Mrs. Copeland, who smiled sadly at him and then looked down. He could keep away from Araby, but he really was not equal to love-making, so he took refuge in a very effective, gloomy silence. He was pale, and Mrs. Copeland enjoyed his pallor. She called him her poor boy, and gave him a powder to cure the headache.

"I didn't sleep much myself," she admitted, in a low voice.

Yelverton did not move from his chair until dinner-time, and after that meal, at which the hasel-huhn was more reviled than ever, and the unhappy doctor was made to confess that they had run short of ice three days before, he took a walk with Mrs. Copeland.

Bax-Drury watched them with an amused expression in his pale eyes.

"Seems to be rather bad, doesn't he?" he asked Araby.

"No. It looks to me as though she were leading him on to amuse herself."

"That doesn't in the least prevent his being rather bad, my dear."

“I wish you wouldn’t call me ‘my dear’! I’m not your dear, and I hate it!” retorted the girl, furiously.

Bax-Drury studied her. “What a brute of a temper you have! It’ll make you old before your time. Look at Allegra, thirty-one and not a wrinkle. And why? Because she never was angry in her life because she has no temper.”

Araby looked at him, her face suddenly calm. “And no heart and no feelings. Besides,” she went on, “she has the inestimable advantage of possessing you.” Then she turned and left him.

An hour later Yelverton found her, coiled on a rug in a dark corner of the deck.

“What are you doing there?” he asked, surprised out of his self-possession.

“I was asleep,” she lied.

“Araby you have been crying.” He sat down in a chair by her.

“I have not,” she answered, shortly. “I never cry. I howl and shriek sometimes. I wish you’d go away and leave me.”

He was silent. He was tired out, and afraid to speak lest he should say words he did not wish to say.

“You must think me & beast,” he began, at length, lighting a cigar.

She laughed. “No, my dear man; not a beast.”

He paused, the lighted match, halfburnt down, still in his fingers.

“Then?”

“Since you ask me, I think you a fool,” she returned, promptly.

“A fool!” He tossed away the match with a flirt of the wrist.

“Yes. Even you can’t resist Allegra. You love me, and yet you must make love to her because she chooses to have you.”

“So that is it you think I can’t resist Allegra. At least, you must own that Allegra

is very seductive.”

“But you love me!” she sobbed suddenly, rolling over and hiding her face in her arms as a child does. “Me, me, me!”

He was glad she cried, for tears made him angry. They would stiffen his moral backbone.

“If you’re going to howl and scream,” he said, rising, “I shall clear out.”

Scraps of a poem of Hugo’s came into his mind as she clasped him about the knees, so fiercely as nearly to throw him down

Va, laisse-moi te suivre,

Je mourrai du moins pres de toi;

Je serai ton esclave fidele

“No, no; don’t go! Don’t leave me alone, or I shall die. What have I done to you? I have only loved you!”

Her voice was not the voice of a child, childish as was the action. It was deep, rough, husky, as if it hurt her throat such a voice as the savage princess would have had and the light, as she moved, fell on her face.

“For God’s sake, get up, Araby!” he said. “Someone will come. And don’t don’t be so excited. After all, I can’t be rude to your cousin.”

She rose obediently, and stood before him with quaintly folded hands again as the savage princess might have done at a kind word from her master.

“Forgive me. Tell me I am a fool, and that it is I whom you love.”

“You must know that,” he answered, roughly.

She recognized the sincerity of his voice and drew a deep breath. “Then it is all right. Sometimes I think I am going mad, when I see you with her.”

He had laid his arm across her shoulders, but, as she spoke, drew back as if she had stung him.

“What is it?”

“Someone is coming. I’ll go this way.” He rushed through the narrow passage to the other side of the steamer and went below at once.

He was behaving like a cad and a brute, and he knew it, yet he could do nothing else. He took Joe C. in his arms and sat for an hour on the edge of his berth, thinking and abusing himself. He loved the girl more than he had ever loved before, but as he could not marry her there was a certain relief in the thought that, after all, his freedom was not gone. He loved her for her beauty, her strength of feeling, her firm character, but fierce passions easily grow to be manias; moreover, they are not to be sought in one’s wife. He would love her madly for a year or two; then some day he would fall in love with another woman, and Araby would lead him a horrible life; she would be jealous, exacting, insufferable.

He rubbed Joe C. against his cheek and groaned. He was not proud of himself, and he disliked the mood, for as a rule he considered himself, not without reason, rather a good sort.

“Never fall in love with a young damsel, Joe,” he said aloud, as he rose; “it’s fatal.”

*

“Nor jealousy

Was understood, the injured lover’s hell.”

Milton.

XIV

HIGH WORDS

“WHY do you insist on Mr. Yelverton’s making love to you?”

Mrs. Copeland looked up from her book and stared. ” Insist on Mr. Yelverton’s making love to me! My dear child, you are dotty.”

“I am not dotty. Why do you want to have every man you meet? Why do you?”

“Why do the heathen rage and the geese imagine vain things? You grow rather vulgar when you are vehement, Araby. You know, I have told you that before.”

Araby had gone at once to the cabin when Yelverton had left her, and with the savage directness that characterized her, spoke straight to the point.

Mrs. Copeland had put on a dressing-gown and sat with her high-heeled feet on the edge of the divan. The girl stood before her, her hands hanging by her sides.

“I don’t care whether I’m vulgar or not. I want you to let Mr. Yelverton alone.”

“Oho! So we are to have a scene de jalousie! Poor Bax, I wish he didn’t have to miss it!” Then she added, kindly enough, for she had a good heart of its kind: “Sit down, child, and don’t excite yourself. What’s all this about my Paddy?”

But Araby did not sit down. “I am not excited, and I won’t have you call him your Paddy. Paddy is not his name, and he is not yours.”

“You are right; he’s not mine. Good old Anthony is mine, and no other. As to Yelverton, I hope to goodness you haven’t fallen in love with him, Araby.”

The girl was silent for a minute, then she sank into a chair, as if too tired to stand.

“Yelverton is charming, and, I should imagine, a very decent sort,” went on the older woman, “but he’s not a man for a girl to fall in love with.”

“Why isn’t he?”

Mrs. Copeland watched her with a certain amount of concern in her blue eyes. Araby was queer and uncomfortable, but Araby was her cousin, and useful as well.

“Why? Because a girl should never fall in love with a man she can’t marry.”

“He isn’t married.”

“Then you are in love with him. Poor little thing! Never mind, dear, we land the day after to-morrow, and you’ll see lots of men at Newport.”

“I’ll see him,” the girl answered, defiantly.

“See Yelverton? But he’s not going to Newport at all. He’s going to be in New York with a lot of the racing men.”

“He will come to see me. He loves me. He is going to marry me.”

Mrs. Copeland stared. “Yelverton loves you? My dear, don’t you believe it. What makes you think he does?”

“He told me so. He kissed me.”

“Then,” exclaimed Allegra Copeland, rising, with a flash of indignation in her eyes, “he is a beast, and ought to be tarred and feathered! Are you sure?”

The girl laughed. “Am I sure? Am I a fool? Of course I am sure. And you needn’t abuse him.”

“I don’t wish to abuse him. It is my fault, I suppose. Only, I am so used to having you chaperon me that it never occurred to me to chaperon you.”

“I didn’t need to be chaperoned, thanks,” retorted Araby, shortly. “A man has a right to love a girl, and to tell her so.”

“Oh, you idiot! He has the right if he means to marry her, but not unless he does mean to. Yelverton has no more idea of marrying you than he has of marrying “

“You, perhaps!”

Mrs. Copeland hesitated for a moment. She knew perfectly well that

Yelverton was not seriously in love with her, but she knew, too, that he had no intention of marrying Araby. Had he had such an intention his tactics would have been quite different. She was distinctly sorry for the girl, in whom she vaguely felt there was a capacity for suffering that she herself had not, and here was a knife put into her hand by the man, with which she might possibly operate in time.

“Listen, Araby,” she said, laying her hand on the girl’s roughened hair, “and don’t bite my head off. Yelverton is a very charming and agreeable man, and I like him. But, like a great many charming and agreeable men, he’s a hopeless flirt. He can’t help making love to every pretty woman he meets. Lots of men are like that Bertie Ailing, for instance, and Lord Carstairs.”

“Bertie Ailing!”

“Yes. Oh, he isn’t a splendid blond giant like Pat Yelverton, but they’re the same inside. Now, just to prove to you that I am right, I’ll tell you that Yelverton has been making love to me, too.” She paused.

“I know it,” answered the girl, with a laugh. “Isn’t that exactly what I said in the first place? He makes love to you because you are prett}^ and attractive, and because you like it.”

“I may have an unregenerate fondness for being made love to, but if

Yelverton loved you he wouldn’t care a hang what I wanted! Can’t you see that?”

“I can see that he loves me, and that you tempt him!”

Mrs. Copeland burst out laughing. “Tempt him! My dear, your language is something classic! You make me feel like Ninon with her grandson. Pat Yelverton tempted!”

“Yes, tempted,” persisted the girl, doggedly. “Perhaps you think I don’t know enough of the world to understand. Well, I do. He loves me, and yet one side of him can’t resist you.”

“Rot! The man makes love to me just as he’d make love to any attractive woman who happened along. He can’t resist me because he doesn’t try doesn’t want to.

After all, why should he? I sha'n't do him any harm, little woolly lamb. He'll never think of me again when we've parted, probably with a few appropriate tears and that is perfectly satisfactory. Only, you would better realize at once that he'll never think of you again, either."

Araby caught the speaker's arm with both hands and held it tight. "That is not true! Not a word of it! I know; I've seen him struggle. He loves me whether he wants to or not, and I mean to have him. All I ask of you, Allegra Copeland, is to let him alone and not work against me."

"Have you no pride?" asked the older woman, curiously, watching her.

"No; where he is concerned, not one bit. I will fight for him, and I'll win him, for the best of him is on my side. If you weren't blinded by your own conceit, you'd have noticed long ago how his voice changes when he speaks to me, how his eyes " She broke off, giving Mrs. Copeland's arm a little jerk. "Will you let him alone in the future? You don't care for him. You have Bax-Drury. Will you promise?"

"I wish you'd go away and leave me in peace!" retorted Mrs. Copeland, a little crossly. "You look like a perfect demon, and yet I can't help being sorry for you. I never heard a girl talk so in my life."

"Will you promise?"

"I'll promise nothing, and if you have any sense you'll forget all this nonsense as soon as possible. Let go my arm!"

Araby dropped the arm and stood staring at the older woman for a moment.

"You're much worse than that poor girl the woman stabbed. You don't care for anything; you couldn't if you tried. I can; I can love and I can hate. Once more I tell you to let Yelverton alone."

She turned away abruptly and went out.

"Once more I tell you to let Yelverton alone."

*

"I pray thee cease thy counsel,

Which falls into mine ears as profitless

As water in a sieve.”

Shakespeare.

XV

FOUNTAIN CONSULTED

ALLEGRA COPELAND had been really amused by Araby's onslaught, and the girl's evident fear of her charms both flattered and surprised her. She was vain, but she had a sense of humor, and knew perfectly that she was no siren of the gigantic proportions attributed to her by Araby's jealous mind. She was sufficiently clear-eyed to see that Araby herself contained more of the material from which modern sirens are made and the material has changed since Ulysses's day. The modern siren has no tail, and wears rather more clothes than her old-fashioned sister, but she must possess mysticism and a certain depth of nature. Arab} 7 had both, while Mrs. Copeland considered herself, not without reason, a very attractive doll. Bax-Drury's attachment had lasted, to be sure, but had settled long since into a sort of married affection, and that Yelverton was not in love with her she knew quite well. She had meant kindly in telling her that Yelverton had made love to her. She believed in heroic treatment for heroic patients. She was sorry the thing had happened, and determined to avoid further trouble. Araby's row would be a hard one to hoe if the girl were going to take every little flirtation seriously. It was a pity, for flirtation, as an art, is so instructive and agreeable.

As she dressed the next morning, Mrs. Copeland pondered the subject between remarks to Fountain and fleeting caresses bestowed on Fluffy Daddies, and decided that everything would turn out well things always did. Only, she wished there hadn't been a look in the girl's eyes that reminded her of Mrs. Patrick Campbell in her tragic roles. She wouldn't mention the matter to Baxy. He had a trick of scolding her once in a while, in a way that good old Anthony never ventured on. If Anthony had been there she would have told him.

"Fountain," she said, "I've just read such a funny book!"

"Indeed, mum."

"Yes. A man in it makes love to two women at once that is, to a young girl and to her friend, who is married. The girl, takes it seriously and well, cuts up rough."

"Indeed, mum." Fountain was afflicted with a perennially red nose and a broken

heart. She was not sympathetic, but she could dress hair, and she never talked.

“The friend there’s where I left off doesn’t know what to do; whether she ought to speak to the man or ignore him. I wonder what she’ll decide? It is a very well-written book.”

“Indeed, mum.” Fountain, whose one folly was novel-reading, knew perfectly that there was no such book in the party, for she had read every one there was, but she said nothing further.

“I think she will speak to the man,” went on Mrs. Copeland, rubbing her nose with a bit of chamois skin. “What do you think?”

“I should say it depends on her character, mum. If she likes amusement, she will. Particularly, if he’s a fine man.”

Mrs. Copeland laughed. “Oh, yes, he’s a fine man. You see, she is puzzled as to whether it would be quite fair to the girl.”

“Indeed, mum.”

Mrs. Copeland decided that she must really give Yelverton a piece of her mind, and in order to do it effectively she put on a gown that he did not know, a rather demure brown gown, suitable to a serious interview. It was sure to be a very serious interview.

She found him with Joe C. in his arms, reading ” Reflets sur la Sombre Route.”

“I have it in for you, young man,” she began, frowning and smiling at him.

“For me?” He rose, pocketed the marmoset and Pierre Loti, and gave her his whole attention. “I think, however, that I have behaved very well.”

“Oh, do you?”

They had reached the end of the promenade deck, and now went over the bridge to the second cabin.

“Oh, do you?” she repeated. “Then what about Araby?”

Luckily for Yelverton she was in front of him. “Araby?” he asked. “Don’t slip there. What do you mean?”

“I mean, you wretch, that I’m sorry you’ve been making love to her.”

They found the chairs where he and the girl had sat a few nights before, and sat down. Yelverton took Joe C. from his pocket and held him to his face. “Did you hear that, mudder’s pudgums?”

“I never call Fluff mother’s pudgums!” exclaimed Mrs. Copeland, with a superior sniff.

“And I never said you did. So you think I’ve been making love to Miss Winship? Also to the virgin from Connecticut?” He looked at her narrowly, under his cap, as he spoke, and saw that she required no emotionality from him at present. “And I was under the impression that I’d been trying, in my humble way, to make love to you,” he went on.

She laughed. “Oh, me! Yes, and I must in justice say that you’ve done it very well. Only, I’m in earnest now. I suppose it never occurred to your worship that it was hardly fair to whisper soft nothings in such a youthful ear?”

“I’m being asked my intentions, Joseph,” he murmured, confidentially, to the marmoset.

“No, you’re not,” she retorted, promptly, “for no one knows better than I that you have none. But let me tell you that I think it was rather nasty of you.”

“May I ask whether you confided to Miss Winship your intention of blowing me up?” he asked, suddenly, plunging the marmoset into his pocket and turning to her.

She was a little frightened, as he meant her to be. “No; certainly not.”

“Then let’s call it off. I’ve had enough, and it would surely be most offensive to her. As far as that’s concerned, she strikes me as being perfectly capable of taking care of herself. You may be sure that if she had found me presuming, she’d have known how to turn me down.*”

Allegra was disappointed. “I’m sure I hope so,” she said, rising, “and no doubt I

was mistaken.”

“No doubt you were. Shall we drink the cocktail of peace together?”

“No, thanks. I must look up Mr. Bax-Drury and finish our arrangements about landing.”

He looked down at her with an amused smile. “Don’t be so fierce. When you are fierce you are too delicious.”

“I don’t feel in the least delicious, I assure you.”

“You are, nevertheless, and in one minute I shall lose my head. Going, going...”

*

“I hear a voice you cannot hear,

Which says I must not stay;

I see a hand you cannot see,

Which beckons me away.”

Tickell.

XVI

AND THE LAST

YELVERTON passed a most unpleasant afternoon. It never occurred to him that Mrs. Copeland's attack was due to anything more than a formless suspicion, touched with a little jealousy; but it had annoyed him, and the thought of leaving the girl the next morning and never seeing her again was almost unendurable. He went below immediately after dinner and tried to sleep anything to pass the time. But he could not sleep, and went through a very creditable amount of mental pain, considering his capacities and the unheroic role he had adopted.

"I'm behaving like a scoundrel," he told himself, "but I'll be blessed if I see any other way out of it. If I tried to explain to her, and she looked at me, I'd be lost."

It was some slight satisfaction to him to see that he looked ill.

What he wanted was Araby. He couldn't have her without forfeiting not only his liberty and his pecuniary comfort, but also the determination, which had grown with his growth, never to marry a woman in the remotest danger of insanity. It was absurd, the strength of his love for the girl. She bowled him over completely, made fiddle-strings of his nerves, and could wind him round her finger, when he was with her. But once away from her and the places associated with her, he would be all right. He told himself this, but it changed nothing. He was wretchedly unhappy; he had never been so unhappy before. It was unbearable, he told the unsympathetic Joe C.; and it was.

At about five the steward brought him a book, with Miss Winship's compliments. The note within it was short:

Allegra says that I am a fool to believe you; that you do not wish to marry me. Is she right? I know you love me, but you must tell me in so many words whether I have misunderstood you.

ARABY WINSHIP.

Yelverton rose and swore. So they had been talking it over! The girl was impossible. Who ever heard of a girl writing such a note? Yet he kissed the paper

frantically then threw it out of the port-hole. It was another chance. He tore a sheet out of his memorandum book and scribbled on it:

God knows I love you with all that is decent of me. But I can't marry you. I shall never marry anyone. Forgive me.

P. Y.

He sent the note in another book.

Afterward he lay down and wished he might die. If the steamer would only go faster! A man can distract himself in a big city. She had the note now she had read it she He buried his face in his pillow.

Araby read the message quietly, out on the forward deck. Then she tore it up and dropped the bits into the writhing foam under the prow.

They were due at Hoboken the next morning at ten o'clock. The voyage was over; everything was over.

The girl sat, her chin in her hand, her wide, dry eyes fixed on the sunset into which she seemed to be flying. She looked like some uncanny figurehead, a figurehead of ill-omen. And she did not move until the first bugle-call for dinner startled her. Then she went and dressed. It was the captain's dinner, an unusually long, unusually bad repast, ending with speeches and illuminated icecream. Yelverton did not appear.

At last it was over. As they reached the deck Araby left Mrs. Copeland, to whom she had not spoken during dinner, and went up to Yelverton, who was smoking by the rail.

"Thanks for your note," she said.

He groaned. "There's no use in my trying to explain but you may pity me."

"Pity you?"

Yet, truly, he was to be pitied, possibly more than she.

"Yes," he answered. "Please go."

She looked at him for a second. "You think that I don't understand," she said, slowly, "but I do. It is not your fault."

"Then in heaven's name, whose fault is it?"

She laughed a little. "Allegra's."

"It isn't her fault. She is perfectly innocent. Please go," he repeated, turning his face from the passers-by to the sea.

"Yes, I'm going." And she left him, going to her cabin.

Mrs. Copeland joined him shortly afterward, a cigarette between her lips.

"Oh, what ails you? Seasick?"

"No."

"Ah, then it's conscience. Have you seen Araby?"

"Yes. She tells me that you have been meddling. In God's name, what was it to you?" He turned on her fiercely, and, before she could answer, left her.

She was a little frightened. She loved making mischief, though she was not malicious; she detested being found out. Araby was a clumsy idiot to reveal her part in the affair. Araby might have known that she meant well. She only hoped neither of them would tell Bax-Drury.

She walked for an hour with a man she had discovered that morning, played cards for another hour, then walked again. Araby was nowhere about, and Schimmelbusch was looking for her. He had the wishbone of a hazel-hen for her as a keepsake.

Mrs. Copeland began to yawn. The fat woman insisted on exchanging cards with her. The girl from Rock Island wanted her picture. Then the lightship appeared far off, low down against the horizon. The crowd drew to the rail. Mrs. Copeland watched for a moment, and, having found it like any other light, walked round to the other side, with a view to getting into her cabin without tiresome good-nights.

Yelverton came out as she appeared. She stopped, and he came up to her, his face white, his hair ruffled.

“Where is she?” he said, roughly. “I can’t do it. I’ve got to tell her. Go and fetch her.”

“You mean Araby?” she stammered.

“Yes. Send her to me here.”

“I won’t. I don’t believe you’d make her happy.” She was really frightened and conscience-stricken.

Someone passed, and he drew nearer to her, laying his hand on her arm. “Come, be kind to me. I’ve had enough of this.”

There was a whirr of skirts, a hurry of footsteps, a flash in the light from the saloon window; then, an instant later, someone a woman leaped over the rail, down into the coil of waters.

There was a splash, a cry. At the same moment Allegra Copeland fell heavily to the deck.

“She has stabbed me!” she screamed.

Yelverton asked no question. He understood all the truth. Silently he let them carry the wounded woman into her cabin; silently he watched the throwing of the explosive buoy, its lurid receding, the lowering of the boat. He heard the regular splash of the oars, felt the throb of the engines as they were reversed. He heard someone saying with a strong German accent :

“Only a slight flesh wound. She is conscious.”

Bax-Drury came out of the cabin, half-fainting, and leaned over the rail beside him.

“No use,” he said, thickly. “Araby was sucked under immediately. They always are.”

Yelverton nodded.

The boat was coming back; the buoy, miles away, went out; the ship was still. Something soft touched Yelverton's cheek. He put up his hand to the mute caress of sympathy. It was Joe C.

FINIS.