A DAUGHTER OF THE CAVALIERS.

By Marian V. Dorsey.

THE Copleys were spending the winter in Munich, so that Bert might go on to Heidelberg and Ethel pursue her musical studies under good masters.

There was another reason, too. Their income was not what it used to be; and having decided that a sojourn in this German city was the most economical plan, they were soon busy settling themselves in a quaint old house on the Carolinen-Platz. Margaret found it quite possible to make the rooms look familiar and homelike. The same pictures, books and bric-a-brac were placed as they had been in the colonial mansion on Mount Vernon Place, in far-away Baltimore; and it is the household gods, after all, that reconcile us to inevitable changes.

It was for her own room that she kept her father's portrait, the unopened brass box bequeathed to her in his will and the musty books which she alone found interesting.

Here everything showed age but the reflection in the toilet mirror. The windows were draped with the tapestry brought from England by Sir Lionel Copley, the first governor of the Province of Maryland. Over the fireplace, immediately under her father's aristocratic profile, her revolutionary ancestor's sword was crossed on its scabbard. A valance of much mended Cluny lace, the gift of Queen Anne to a maid of honor who was of Margaret's name and lineage, festooned the mantel edge, and on the wall, framed in relics of "charter oak" hung the original grant for Bonny Venture, their homestead in Cecil, bearing Lord Baltimore's seal and signature.

Only in such a fitting environment was this fair descendant of the cavaliers content to dream her dreams and see her visions; and now they were not always glorified by vanished greatness; youth and love were striving for mastery over the hereditary tendency to sacrifice the living present to an errant veneration for the past.

People invariably called Margaret Copley a distinguished looking girl, and yet her beauty was far from being that assertive type which usually wins this expression of admiration. She was as fine, fragile and polished as one of her grandame's Sévres tea cups, but an analytical observer would find himself baffled by the resisting power that sometimes shone in her soft brown eyes and was indicated in her delicately firm chin. Her full, curved lips, like those of a bas-relief, would have laughed to scorn the idea that she was "classifiable." She held herself to be something distinctly different from all other young women in that she was a self-styled, progressive, conservative, and that rara avis, a feminine antiquarian.

The months passed pleasantly and quickly while the Copleys were making acquaintance with the city of cathedrals and palaces, and their daily mail left them nothing to complain of in their friends across the seas.

Paul Harcourt, the good comrade of Margaret's childhood and girlhood, had begun by writing her letters filled with enthusiasm for his profession and for the work he had planned to do as a scientific specialist at the great Johns Hopkins Hospital, where he had already won distinguished recognition for the successful operation of his advanced ideas in the department of clinic. He was intensely, eagerly modern, and held precedent in veneration only in so far as it gave the clearest reasons for the infallibility of its why and wherefore.

As Margaret Copley's absence lengthened he no longer tried to restrain his pen from gliding into personal allusions which should convey some intimation of the hope he now held dearer than fame.

One day she had been many hours at the Pinacotheca, drinking in the beauties of Rafaelle, Rembrandt and Fra Bartolomeo, and threw herself, tired and aimless, upon the lounge in her mother's sitting-room and lay there in calm enjoyment of Ethel's skillfully executed fantasy when their rosy cheeked maid brought in the letters.

There were two for Margaret and several for her mother, who was returning calls.

"One from Paul," she said to herself with delightful anticipations, "and one from Bert," with much less interest.

From the next room the melody still rippled forth, and on a table close beside the couch a bunch of Parma violets breathed an exquisite fragrance which, with the music and the words of overmastering love on the written page, blent together in a soul-subduing minor trio.

"He loves me! He loves me! O, dream of my life!" she cried, burying her face upon her folded arms as if to hide from unseeing eyes its supreme exaltation. A new glory had come upon the earth, the glory that crowns but the one moment of hope's fruition.

She knew now that the rich promise, all the possibilities of Paul Harcourt's earnest, noble manhood were hers to share and encourage. She knew now that achievement and fame were less dear to him than her answering love.

The Chopin fantasy rippled on, from faintest sounds to silence.

Presently Ethel came in and picked up the paper that came with their mail. Scanning it over, she said suddenly: "Here is something that will interest you, sister. It's about the Historical Society. It offers a thousand dollars for some old records. Margaret, are you asleep?"

But no answer.

"Gracious," said Ethel, tiptoeing away, "I thought she would wake from the dead if anyone mentioned old records."

When her sister was out of hearing Margaret raised herself on her elbow and reached for the flowers.

"Ah," she said, laying them against her flushed face, "I don't want to think about the dead past just now, but about—about—the radiant future!"

It was not her habit to mention getting a letter from Bert till after she had read it, for fear it should contain some confidence not intended for any eye or ear but hers. He had promised to confess to her if he should be guilty of even "gentlemanly peccadillos," as he termed his waywardness; so it was not until she had kissed her mother and Ethel a happier good-night than usual that she sat down by her own lamplight to read this one.

Bert had been very complaining of late, and it was always money, money. She had been sending him nearly all of her own allowance and did not see how she could do more; but the first few lines showed her that there was something worse than a renewed demand for money, and that disgrace, open disgrace, would be the penalty if it were not forthcoming.

With white lips and eyes aflame with indignation she read on; each word branding shame upon her heart and brain. It ran:

My Dearest and Best of Sisters: Do you remember what you said to me on the ocean, about helping me out of a scrape? Well, I'm in the worst one you could imagine, and, Margaret, you *must* help me or our good name, Papa's good name, will be

blackened forever. While half crazed with wine I took eight hundred dollars from my room-mate, Simpson—you recollect him—and a dozen of us went on a ten days' spree. I didn't know what I was doing, sis, indeed I didn't; and that cad says he always despised our pretensions and will certainly give me over as a scoundrel unless every cent is refunded in a month.

I feel more for you and Mamma than for myself.

Yours, in everlasting regret, BERT.

She sat like one to whom the death sentence has just been read—wide-eyed, dazed. Slowly the reality of it all, its horrible truthfulness, left its outward sign of her inward conflict.

The letter fell from her trembling fingers to the floor, where it lay with its flippant announcement of a great crime flaunting itself shamelessly; a crime whose consequences were so brutally thrust upon her.

She drew back the folds of her long, clinging gown from contact with the miserable sheet, and pushing it from her with the toe of her slim, arched slipper, stood looking down on it with no trace of pity about her eyes or mouth; only scorn unutterable.

"This is a mere 'gentlemanly peccadillo,' I suppose," she said, in a harsh, unnatural voice. "A Copley!—a Copley! O, my father; that a child of yours should have done this thing!" and she threw herself prostrate before Alec Copley's unresponsive effigy. "Help me to keep disgrace from your dear, dear name. At any cost to me, O, my father, it shall be kept unsullied!"

She lay there till the great cathedral clock struck one, trying to make a way out of this terrible difficulty, yet finding none. She knew that their quarterly income was not due for weeks, and besides, she had breathed a vow to her father, whose spirit she felt to be a real presence, that her sweet, timid mother and Ethel should be spared all knowledge of Bert's sin if she alone could prevent its exposure.

Suddenly, like an inspiration, she thought of what her sister had said about the notice in the Baltimore paper when she had been so wrapt in love's young dream that she scarcely heeded her. She took her night candle and cautiously made her way down stairs. There lay the paper. All was still, the quiet sleepers unconscious of the tragedy being enacted under the same roof that sheltered them.

Back in her room once more, she sought the paragraph with feverish eagerness, till at last it caught her eye. A long account of the Maryland Historical Society wound up by saying: "And these old records, dating from about 1635 to 1700, have never been found. Among them is supposed to be a list of those who emigrated to the province at that time; and for the sake of important work to be completed the society offers a thousand dollars for such information from an authoritative source."

"The brass box!" she cried, hysterically.

From the secret drawer of an antique escritoire in the corner of the room she took a tiny key with a bit of black ribbon tied to it, and hastily fitted it into the curious lock which she had studied and wondered about from toddling infancy. In all her imaginings she had never dreamed that, like Pandora's box, it held her own woe.

There were dozens of parchments, some of which dated back to Claiborne's time; and there, tied together with personal letters of Sir Lionel Copley's, was the long-missing list.

The old fascination came over her in full force. She set books, paper weights, anything on the curling parchment, flattening it out on the table before her. There were many familiar names; those of her life-long friends and many of which she had never heard. Low down the list her eye fell upon the words, pale, dim, but legible—*Paul Harcourt—valet.*

Minutes ticked off into hours and she still sat gazing till all the page seemed covered with *valet, valet,* and presently the odious word began to move upon the time-worn document. It had legs, arms—a periwig!

It was bowing servilely. Now it is brushing a pair of top boots, and—ah, look! it is bringing towels and the bath.

All the cavalier blood in her veins seemed beating, beating in an angry surge against her throbbing temples, and misery, the like of which she had not thought it possible for mortal to suffer, laid hold upon her soul. The shame of Bert's conduct was nothing to this shame—nothing.

"Oh, Heaven!" she groaned in agony of spirit, making a groping effort to find the window, "I am going mad!"

She got the sash up and let the damp, refreshing night air blow in from the dark, echoing square.

"This trouble of Bert's has been too much for me. It is only my crazy fancy. *That* is not there at all."

Still moving unsteadily, she opened a cabinet near by and took out a finely-finished photograph.

"No, no," she said, sternly; "that brow, those thoughtful eyes, that patrician nose, that sensitive mouth did not come of a valet's stock. But why am I trying to convince myself? Don't I *know* it was all an optical illusion?"

Replacing the manly presentment of the modern Paul Harcourt in the cabinet, Margaret Copley stood irresolute, and then, as if moved by an irresistible impulse, dragged herself back to the table and leaned against it, toying with its contents while delaying the moment of sure conviction.

A small bronze statuette of Clio, with recording quill in hand, weighted one corner of the record. She snatched it up and flung it through the open window.

"Break into a thousand pieces, liar!" she cried passionately, "break as you have broken my heart," and stooping quickly she once more saw the—*towels and bath.*

"Father," she sobbed despairingly, her vehement emotion having spent itself and left her benumbed with pain and bewilderment, "father, I loved him so, and—I love him still. I would give my life to keep the world from seeing this blasting word; but I am your daughter: I will save the name of Copley. That day—you went away—you said 'do what is best with them.' Oh, is it best to sell this thing to save ourselves, or best to destroy it for Paul's sake——?"

She fell heavily, closing down the lid of the brass box with a metallic crash that brought her mother and Ethel running, panic-stricken, to her room.

They hurriedly got her into bed and sent for a physician.

"She has worn herself out over those musty papers," Mrs. Copley complained, resentfully. "My poor dear child will kill herself worrying over such things."

In the delirium of fever which followed, she talked so incessantly about Bert that the doctor ordered him home.

"I shall certainly send it, Bert, never fear," she whispered to him when he bent down to kiss her one day. She thought he had just come, but he had been there a week.

"My head is quite clear now. Go get that parchment on the table. You will see a list of names on it. Yes, that's it. Seal it up and direct it to the Maryland Historical Society, and enclose a note telling the librarian

it was among papa's papers; he'll know. And tell him he must telegraph payment to our bank on the day of its receipt. Send it now, and please don't ask me any questions; I'm tired"; and she turned her quivering face to the wall.

Some days later, Margaret, pale and sad-eyed, was lying once more on the sitting-room lounge. Her own room was a horror to her. For the first time in her life its antiquity seemed naught but ghostliness, and she felt that its atmosphere would stifle her feeble efforts toward regaining health and strength.

Bert sat beside her, waiting to take his mother to a choral service in the cathedral.

"By the way, Sis," he said, carelessly, "whose name do you suppose I saw on that old list, or whose ancestor's, rather?"

"Whose?" she answered faintly, deftly holding a large feather fan at a screening angle.

Bert leaned back in his chair and gave one of his dare-devil laughs.

"Why, I happened to lay my magnifying glass down on your table one day, when I first came, and going to pick it up later I saw under it '*Paul Harcourt and valet*' as big as primer letters."

"*And* valet?" she queried, below her breath; "no, that was not there."

"O, but it was," Bert insisted, "I swear by my eternal gratitude to you, I saw the 'and' as plain as day through the glass, but it was too faded to see without; so I traced the letters in pale ink and made them look just like the rest. It wasn't any harm, was it?"

On the instant the great bell rang out its first jubilant note and she was left alone, with more music in her heart than was pealing from the throats of all the choristers in Munich.

THINK!

NOT only before you speak, as the proverb advises, but before you act—thereby saving yourself the great waste of energy which goes on daily because people act first and think afterward.

As we approached the transfer station from Fourteenth Street the other evening, when coming home so late that moments were precious, it seemed to our fancy that catching the green car—then just ready to start for Georgetown—was the immediate and pressing necessity of life. So I tumbled off the car with what haste and grace I could, without Jack's assistance, while he ran for the transfers. A moment later I saw sthe green car beginning to make speed around the curve, while, presently, Jack began to make greater speed after it. I stood still, amused at his useless chase, till I saw him make the car and go sailing off, I waving forlornly and frantically after him as I stood in the middle of the car track, with curious sensations running down my back when I realized the time of night, the fact that I had no money, not even a car ticket, and was a mile or more from home, in shoes that were not chosen for their walking qualities. Fortunately for me, if not for the sensational result of this tale, Jack, secure on the back platform of the car, concluded to take notice of his surroundings, and discovered me in the fast-receding distance in time to return in scrambling haste. Whereupon, I had more sensations down my spine, arising from my anxiety as to what the people standing about the crowded thoroughfare must think, first, of me alone; second, of my manner of seeming to get an escort.

What steps we waste and what apparently useless efforts we make is one of the marvels of this century. This mania in particular for running after street cars is strange enough to a thoughtful observer, yet so common! As I look sometimes at the men and women who pant over the accomplishment of one of these racing feats, I am amazed to see my otherwise dignified friends often among the number.

Why this waste of vital force? With all our American brightness I have noticed so often that the person in action is not the thoughtful person. You know how it is yourself, with the sharp speech you might have made and have at your tongue's end *now* to make to Mr. B——, who was so cutting to you yesterday!

A few days ago I saw two bright-looking young women get on an elevated train in New York and discover as the train began to move that "Jim" had not been quick enough to follow them. Instead of going on to their destination, where I pictured Jim's wits taking him by the next train, they got off at the next stop, intending, as I judged from their conversation, to go back to the station where Jim had been left. The troubles of that trio I pictured as endless, and their plan to do anything together impossible—unless the trip were one that might take a fresh start from a common meeting-point on another day.

We must establish a chair in our colleges, the object of whose training shall be to develop quickness of thought in our young men and women—perhaps I mean women in particular, only I feel a delicacy in saying so. There *must* be means to sharpen our wits in some such school as that where the proverbial Yankee learned his excellent lessons. We want with all our nervous force to be a people ready for emergencies, to see our chances for great things and for small, and to seize them with such a firmness and sureness that we will develop a power that will make us brighter and stronger for regular work as well as for every day's emergencies.

Wool-gathering and day-dreaming may make poets, but the person of consequence and accomplishment today is the practical one, who neither wastes his forces over foolish efforts nor wrong turns.

The dear girl, our guest last week, who hemmed the selvage of one napkin and the other wrong side out is no less my dear friend since I made that discovery; but I am oppressed with the duty devolving upon me to see that she has a scholarship in the college where thinking, and thinking quickly is to be taught. Is it not possible to anticipate many of the mistakes of everyday occurrence? What is going to teach our young people to avoid them? Let us see, first, that they learn to watch others, and second, to be critical of themselves.

H.

SHELLEY.

OH, thou whose heart of hearts didst wildly beat
Unto the clear, sweet tones of Nature's strain,
Though dead, thou livest in thy songs again,
Which wing through Time fore'er so wildly sweet.
Oh Shelley, in thy songs I deem doth meet
That union of the soul whose earth's disdain
Doth melt to mingle with the clay and pain
Of mortal life—thou kneel'st at Nature's feet!

E'en now, unseen, unmarked by finite eye
Thou singest, while we scan the clouds on high
To search, but vainly, for the singer's form;
Like that sweet skylark which while soaring sings,
Though we may mark not the unceasing wings
Which beat the air above earth's calm or storm.

CHARLES MILTON BUCHANAN.