

THE FULFILLING OF THE LAW

BY

ALVIN CAVALA HALPHIDE

Author of "Mind and Body," "The Psychic and Psychism"
Etc., Etc.

"LOVE IS THE FULFILLING OF THE LAW."—Paul.

FIRST EDITION

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No.

Mrs J. B. Stoddard

From

Alic Halphide Everett

Dec 1926

A NOTE

To The Reader:—

My story is ended, the last letter is finished, and having gathered the letters and verses together into a package I am sending them to you, believing that you will know that they were really intended for you although addressed to and signed by fictitious names. When you read them all, one after one, I think that you will understand without any extended explanation why they were written and sent to you. In any case, let the story find a place in your heart, as a memory, to be recalled again and again as often as it may serve to entertain or help you. I have attempted to portray the evolution of the tender passion in the life of a person of above average intelligence. "Love is the fulfilling of the law," not only the religious law, but the law of life as well, and the fulfilling is in the nature of an evolution. The letters and verses are such as would naturally come from such a source, and are offered for what they are worth.

A. C. HALPHIDE.

Bear Lake, Penna.,

April 15, 1907.

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My Dreaming Time.

Words by
Dr. A. C. HALPHIDE.

Mus. by
RAYMOND S. BRADWAY.

Moderato.

Intro.

The introductory section consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 9/8. It begins with a whole rest followed by a series of chords. The lower staff is in bass clef and features a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes.

The first system of the main piece features a vocal line in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The vocal line starts with a quarter note followed by eighth notes. The piano accompaniment includes chords in the right hand and a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand.

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has a melodic contour with some ties. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern with chords and a consistent bass line.

The third system shows further development of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features more complex chordal textures in the right hand.

The fourth system concludes the piece, with the vocal line ending on a final note and the piano accompaniment providing a concluding rhythmic and harmonic structure.

First system of musical notation, consisting of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs).

Second system of musical notation. The vocal line includes the lyrics "So my" and "Cen - do." with dynamic markings "Cres", "cen", "do.", and "Accel. ff". The piano accompaniment includes the marking "Cres" and "ff".

Third system of musical notation. The piano accompaniment includes the marking "A tempo.".

Fourth system of musical notation, consisting of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment.

(See words to above music pp. 13, 81, and 193.)

PART I.

The Prelude.

*My dreaming time is any time
When I may dream of you;
Some days I dream, some nights I dream,
And would my dreams were true;
I see you stand with hat in hand,
Returning from our stroll;
Your face so fair and eyes so rare
Make havoc in my soul.*

*High on the hill, the wooded hill,
Where we said our last farewell,
As friends oft do in words so few,
Words feelings cannot tell;
So my dreaming time is any time
When I may dream of you;
Some nights I dream, some days I dream,
And would my dreams were true.*

See Musical Score, (pages 11 and 12)

A FINDING OF A FRIEND

I.

OMAHA, NEB., JULY 3, 19—.

Leola, Dear Friend:—

I left town last night without a good bye to you, or receiving your God speed, but you may be sure that I did so unwillingly. Indeed I called twice at your house during the afternoon, but you were out both times. I am revisiting the scenes of my single romance, which I promised to relate to you some day. The time has come when it is most convenient to fulfill that promise, for I shall find time in the intervals between my business engagements to visit the places hallowed by old associations and they will help me to recall and record the events of that happy experience in their proper setting. As I live those beautiful summer days over again in memory, doubtless some sparks of that ancient flame will be rekindled in my heart, but they will only be the expiring embers of a dying sentiment. However, you must read the facts and judge them for yourself.

I am obliged to stay here for two or three weeks and shall write as often and as much as

opportunity will permit, so if my letters are few and short, you may be assured that my thoughts of you are many and long. I am anxious for you to know the story in its simplicity and entirety, so shall devote my letters wholly to that and you may preserve them if you will. Anything else that I may wish to say will be written on separate pages.

The plan of my story will be very simple, including three parts, as follows: Part first will be a prelude dealing with the beginnings of our friendship; part second will be an interlude consisting of the package of letters written during the friendship; and part third will be a postlude relating the conclusion of the friendship and the end of the story. This arrangement, although it is somewhat fanciful, will prove helpful; helpful to me as I write, and helpful to you, dear friend, as you read. I want you to feel that I am telling a real story, even if it is not very romantic—some plan was necessary to that end.

Your friendship and sympathy are very dear to me and I hope that they may long continue to prove mutually helpful to us. I hardly realized how much I have depended upon your advice and counsel until I came away, and now I am counting the days before I can come back to you. I am very glad to be, Your friend,

VAL DE WALD.

II.

OMAHA, NEB., JULY 6, 19—.

Dear Friend Leola:—

The story that I am about to tell will appear poor, even too commonplace, when compared with the highly colored, sensational romances so common now-a-days, but I shall relate it in a simple, straightforward manner, even at the risk of being too "matter of fact". I shall try not to be so prolix as Samuel Richardson, the inventor of the modern novel, who commonly prolonged his stories through many volumes, or so concise as the Great Caesar, who compressed the account of a whole campaign into the three words, "I came, I saw, I conquered." My effort to give an unbiased account of the events may render it necessary for you to read between the lines sometimes, for I am sure that words will fail me often to fully express the exact truth. Trusting that your woman's intuition will enable you to understand my meaning I will proceed without any further preliminary remarks.

Did I tell you that I was here attending the American Medical Institute? Well, that was the occasion and it was some years ago. I had not planned to attend the Institute that year but at the last moment I was informed that I had been delegated to represent our college at the meetings, so I closed my office and went.

It was my first visit to this city and I remember that I had some trouble in finding suitable living quarters, but finally found comfortable accommodations in a private home through the introduction of a friend. The city was full of visitors who had come to attend the Trans-Mississippi Exposition, of which I shall have something to say in another letter.

Having found a place to live I hastened out to find the Medical College building, where the Institute was holding its meetings. I wanted to register before the morning session. The Institute had already convened, having had a preliminary meeting the evening before. I found the college decorated and fitted up for our convenience and in our honor by the young ladies of the city. There were Information Bureau, Postoffice and Stenographic departments conducted in a business-like manner by young lady volunteers who spared no pains to make themselves useful and us comfortable.

The college building was commodious and well suited to the needs of the Institute, having plenty of small rooms for the sectional and committee meetings. The halls and every available space were occupied by booths prepared by the usual contingent of representatives of the manufacturers of physicians' supplies. There were the electrical men, instrument men, rubber goods men, prepared foods men, and prepared drinks men, with their burdensome samples. The free

drinks men did the most business, for they served anything from distilled water to distilled rye, and even doctors are weak in temptations of that sort in dry weather. The sessions of the Institute were interesting and many of the discussions of vital questions were well worth mention, but they, like the college building, must be passed with this simple notice, for you are doubtless anxious for me to get on with my story.

At the Bureau of Information, at which I was obliged to appeal frequently, being a stranger in the city, I met Miss Elga Grace Tutel, with her sweet, sad face and her low-pitched, musical voice, never to be forgotten. I wish that I could portray her to you as she appeared to me in those days. If she was not really beautiful, at least she had good looks and perfect manners, and she was a lady. The erectness of her carriage made her appear rather tall, although she was really below medium height and of slight build. The color of her eyes was elusive; at a distance they appeared black, but they were brown, deep but not so dark as her dusky hair, which was almost black. To these details add small, regular features, a clear complexion, and a dress simple almost to plainness, and you will have but a faint idea of what I saw at the college that morning, for it will lack the subtle charm of life.

During the day of my arrival, Friday, I saw Miss Tutel several times in her official capacity,

but I did not see her at the reception in the evening, although she afterwards informed me that she was there. This indicates to me that I was attracted but not deeply impressed by her on the first day; if I had been I should have certainly sought her out on that occasion. The reception was given to the visiting physicians by a prominent citizen, Mr. Dinegen, who opened his palatial home and beautiful grounds with generous hospitality to his unknown guests. Fairy-like little misses flitted about the grounds and house with baskets of flowers, decorating all who came unadorned with flowers, and the belles of the town served refreshments of the daintiest sort, out under the stars. The thing was properly done; no one's comfort was overlooked; the lovers of the "filthy weed" were supplied with fragrant importations, and the meissen with bon bons. Soft sweet strains of music came to us from a string band hidden away somewhere in the shrubbery. Of the house I shall say nothing except of the art gallery and the curio room and only a word about these. When the evening was far spent and I was thinking of going, in my aimless wandering about I came upon a young lady sitting alone, resting. It was Miss Edith Hyde, an art student and the caretaker of the gallery. I sat down beside her and we talked, or to be more exact, she talked of her beloved art and I listened, filled with admiration for her splendid

ambitions. Presently she conducted me to the gallery to show me the picture that she had been describing. It was a picture entitled "The Brothers," representing the return in the disguise of a beggar, of the brother who had been supplanted and banished by intrigue.

"I always feel so sorry for the wronged man," she concluded with a little sigh, as she turned to another picture.

"It is a sad story," I assented, following her.

The charm of her presence comes over me as I write and I see her again, as I saw her that night, kneeling before a picture of the crucified Christ. I do not think that the attitude was so much one of devotion as of habit and convenience, for the picture was hung very low and she had made a copy of this, her favorite picture. The reverence expressed upon the girl's face was beautiful in the extreme and I felt that I was in the presence of holiness. She was a great soul and would have been a great artist. She showed evidence of genius even at that early age, but it was not to be; her ambitious soul was too great for her body, and it broke away from that fragile member which several years ago began its last, long rest. I do not now remember a single feature of her sainted face, but this I know, that I was entertained by an angel unawares.

I met many nice people at the reception, all interesting in their several ways, but I shall

mention only one more at this time. The Reverend Andrew Thompson, an old college friend of mine, was a member of the reception committee and recognized me upon my arrival.

"Well, as I live, it is de Wald!" exclaimed the reverend gentleman, grasping my hand cordially.

"Yes, it is I right enough," I admitted, returning his friendly hand-pressure and manner.

"Where are you preaching, old fellow?" he asked.

"O, I am not preaching, I am practising," I answered laughingly.

"Not preaching, but practising?" he inquired, not understanding my little joke.

"I am practising medicine, not theology. You know I took a course in medicine after we left the Seminary," I explained.

"No, I did not know, but that explains how you happen to be among our medical guests. Well, you are more than welcome, old fellow, and I shall see you after a little while," he said, as I moved on to make room for other guests.

Later in the evening we had a little visit, the outcome of which was that I was booked to occupy the pulpit of the Central Church on the following Sunday morning. A sight-seeing drive was planned for the next day which was not so bad. Of the drive and the pulpit experience I shall write in my next letter.

I am amazed at the way revisiting places

brings back the past. Past years are brushed away and events of the long ago seem to have occurred but yesterday. So it was with me to-day as I sat for a few moments in the art gallery and as I stood by the gate overlooking the lawn. Edith Hyde was not dead, but present with me there, although another occupied her place; the voice of the pastor of Central Church seemed still to vibrate in my ear; and the perfume of the flowers was the same as last night, years ago. Time and space are nothing to the soul; for it there is no past, no future, but an eternal present, an everlasting now.

Before I write more I must visit the Medical College building, the park, and the Central Church, for they are the places where the events occurred which I shall next relate to you.

Now, my friend, I will bid you good night.

Faithfully,

VAL DE WALD.

III.

OMAHA, NEB., JULY 8, 19—.

Dear Leola:—

It is good of you and quite like you to say that my letters will be waited for with great impatience by yourself. However, I fear that your interest may wane after you have read two or three of them; nevertheless I shall go on with my story. I was out gathering material for it to-day.

Saturday morning I went to the Institute building rather early, for no special reason except that I had nothing else to do and thought that there might be something in my mail requiring attention. As I entered the accommodation room, I noticed that Miss Tutel, who was acting postmistress, had a pained expression upon her face as if suffering physically.

"There is no mail for you, Dr. de Wald." she announced, as she smoothed out her face and tried to appear composed, the tears glistening on her eyelashes all the while.

"What is the matter? Are you ill? If you are you ought not to have come out. Surely they should spare a sick person," I said with more feeling than was necessary, for I felt a keen interest in this unknown lady.

"O no, I am not ill; that is, not physically. Some of these men are so rude they hurt my feelings, that is all," she explained.

"It is too bad; such men are brutes," I declared, warmly.

"I am not used to being ordered about like a slave, but I suppose that I ought not to mind it. Perhaps I shall get used to it," she concluded, making a wry face at the thought.

"I sincerely hope that may not be necessary," I said, and wishing to change the subject, but partly for another reason, I asked: "Do you know all of your applicants' names, Miss Postmistress?"

"No, indeed," she replied, and then went on with a pretty confusion of manner, "I heard some one call to you yesterday and your name being a strange one to me fixed itself in my memory. There was nothing occult about it."

"Do you not think that it is unfair for you to know my name and let me remain ignorant of yours?" I asked, seriously.

"I am not sure that it is. Many persons know professional people who never know them—it is the price they have to pay for distinction, you know," she returned, evasively.

"Let's be polite and exchange visiting cards," I pleaded, persuasively, producing and offering her mine.

"I have none here," she said taking my card, "but I will write you one," and she wrote, "Miss Elga Tutel, 2019 Capital Avenue, Omaha, Nebr.," upon a card and handed it to me.

"Now we are acquainted and shall be good friends I am sure," I said.

"We shall see about that," she said, tentatively, as she put her hand into my extended palm.

After that brief conversation which occupied but a few moments of time, there is no doubt but that she had made a lasting impression upon me and that if we had both attended the same reception thereafter I should have sought her out. You are a woman, so I need not tell you that it does not take long to form attachments which last throughout the years of a

long lifetime. I saw Miss Tutel several times during that morning, for it is easy to find an excuse for doing the things that we want to do and she regularly greeted me with a friendly smile. Now you know how our friendship began, but it remains to be told how it grew.

Immediately after luncheon according to appointment, Rev. Andrew Thompson came and took me for the promised drive. The drive proved immensely enjoyable, for the day was pleasant and the scenes new and attractive. However, the drive was not a long one, and I soon learned that the pastor's objective point was Hanscomb Park, where he had a Sunday School picnic to superintend. Upon our arrival at the park the conviction was instantly forced upon me that the reverend gentleman would have no more time to devote to me for the present. The dear pastor was besieged. Attacking parties came upon him simultaneously from all quarters, he was forced to capitulate and was carried away prisoner of love, by the merry marauders, to parts unknown to the writer. The confusion incident to the capture furnished me an opportunity to make my escape unobserved, and taking advantage of it I went off to explore the distant parts of the park. Now, if you expect me to describe the bits of beautiful scenery that I happened upon in my stroll through that park you are doomed to disappointment, for I could not do

it if I would. Besides are not all parks much alike? A little water, a few trees, a stretch of green grass, arranged into hills, dales, groves, and miniature lakes. Close your eyes a moment and from these materials your imagination will construct a park full of scenery incomparably more beautiful than anything that I saw there. And yet, Hanscomb Park is beautiful to me by reason of the pleasant memories I have associated with it which I shall soon write to my little friend who is waiting impatiently to hear.

The attack upon the pastor reminds me of what one of my lady patients said to me. What strange things you women sometimes say to us men; doubtless they are simple enough to you but to us they are often too mysterious for our comprehension. The lady was recovering her health after a serious illness, the joy of living was upon her, flooding her soul with its birth-right, a boundless capacity to love, and she said: "Doctor, now I understand that we women must love three men: First, of course, we must love our husbands; then, we should love our pastors; and lately I have learned that we must also love our doctors."

I made no effort to reply. What was there to say? I knew that it was true to her, because she was a woman. It is woman's nature to love, and the love she gives is innocent and pure until it is contaminated by evil suggestions. Far be it from me to condemn women because

their natural affection and trustfulness are imposed upon by weak or designing men.

The picnickers were having the merriest of times when I returned to the rallying point. The pastor saw me while I was yet afar off and led his host out to meet me and escorted me back to camp with great pomp and ceremony. I was presented to them all, small and great, and when it was known that I was the pastor's friend and was to preach for him on the following day I was received into full fellowship and shared his place in their hearts. The spirit of the occasion took possession of me; I became as frolicsome as any of them and joined heartily in their sports. I had not had so much fun for years, since I was a boy in fact, and I was sorry when the games were called off and the supper was called on. But not so with the youngsters, for their young appetites having been sharpened by the exercise, were more than ready for food. Beside, had they not longed for this hour for days? I shared their supper as I had their sports and I confess that it was good to be a boy again just for a little while.

Supper over, there was a little more playing, a little more eating, and a good deal of falling asleep of the tired little ones, then the packing up preparatory to going home. It is much the same after a picnic as it is after a ball, only more so. All were tired and I joined the pastor in his sigh of relief when the last bus was safely off on its homeward journey.

The picnic ended with the day, and in like manner, I shall end my letter with them both, saving my account of Sunday for my next epistle. Do not be discouraged; we shall get on faster presently.

Trusting that you are interested and that you will become more so as my story progresses, I am,

Very truly your friend,

V. DE W.

IV.

OMAHA, JULY 10, 19—.

My Dear Leola:—

Your praises are sweet and your appreciation spurs me on to greater efforts. However, I had already resolved to do as you suggest, namely, to write more of myself, so that my story will be "more like a book story." What a quaint little thing you are, but I fear you may find me an unheroic hero.

The events of Saturday did not end with the closing day. When I returned from my outing, tired and dusty, I learned that an evening session of the Institute had been announced, at which some important matters were to be passed upon. I thought that it was my duty to attend, so after sprucing up a bit I went. Nor was I sorry that I did so when I found, not that the matters were important to my constituents, as you may imagine, but that my newly-made friend, Miss Tutel, who was faith-

fully at her post; was inclined to treat me with marked friendliness. She was gone when the session closed, but I caught myself thinking of her more than once before falling asleep that night; perhaps I also dreamed of her. At any rate, the impression she had made was surely deepening. What do you think—was I dangerously near falling in love at that point? Yes, I think so too, but whether I really did or not you shall have the opportunity to judge later.

Sunday came, bringing all of the beauties and comforts of a perfect summer day. Perhaps it would be well to add here that all of the five days that I spent here at that time were ideal summer days. However it should be mentioned that the wind and heat contribute to the spice of life, occasionally, in these parts. The church, not far distant, I readily found, going early enough to familiarize myself with the premises and to become acquainted with the sexton before the congregation assembled. The pastor also came early to arrange the details of the service. It was arranged after some persuasion on my part and a like amount of protestation on his that he should conduct all of the service and introduce me at the proper time to deliver the address. The dear fellow wanted me to offer prayer, as if my task was not hard enough without any addition. The church, a commodious wooden structure, plainly furnished, has

since been replaced by a nobler pile, but I doubt if its grandeur offers a more acceptable place in which to worship than the old one did in its simplicity that morning. I noticed that the congregation, which was rapidly filling the church, was made up largely of common people, so-called. Grandeur, and the churches are not exceptions, does not attract the poor. It is too great a contrast to their poverty; it makes them self-conscious. So they instinctively avoid it, seeking instead places where they feel comfortable.

The organ prelude began, the pastor laid his hand significantly upon my arm, we mounted the pulpit together and faced the congregation. I was startled, almost frightened, at the prospect, for a considerable number of my medical brethren were entering the church in a body. They filed right and left, filling tier after tier of the front seats, evidently having prepared a little surprise for me. It was neither an optical illusion, nor was I at a meeting of the Institute, presently to be addressed by a nestor of medical wisdom. No, there they were—bald-headed, gray-bearded seniors, and I thought that I detected wicked twinkles in some of the eyes looking up at me. I suppose that one should feel safe in the presence of such a company of eminent medical men, but I, on the contrary, felt very unsafe and sick at the knees; so much so, indeed, that I almost failed to observe,

what you, dear reader, are probably very anxious to know—that is, if she was there. No, she was not there, and I was disappointed. Are you? The rest of the congregation was made up chiefly of small family parties, the thrifty poor, as I have already intimated.

The effect of the knock-out blow that the surprise party gave me did not fully wear off until the pastor's voice brought me to my senses with a start. It was saying that he had the honor, the pleasure, he might say the great joy, of introducing his very dear friend and class-mate, Dr. de Wald, who would now address them upon the theme: "The Master Influences in the Formation of Character." I looked around, apparently bewildered, like one suddenly awakened from a trance; then, as the pastor turned to me, I grasped his extended hand and was led to the front of the platform. A moment's silence followed. It seemed much longer to me, for I felt my sick knees shaking under me; it was like the last moment to a drowning man; in that brief space of time I was distinctly conscious of every event of my whole life. During the silence I tried to scan the audience casually and then began: "Ladies and gentlemen." But I cannot tell you what I said in a letter; it would fill several letters like these. The best I can do is to send you a copy of what appeared in the paper as a report of the address the next morning. Although it is fragmentary

and unsatisfactory, it will, at least, tell you that I did not utterly fail. I will copy it below:

THE MASTER INFLUENCES IN THE FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

Dr. Val de Wald of the Chicago Medical College occupied the pulpit of the Central Church yesterday morning, delivering a scholarly address on the theme: "The Master Influences in the Formation of Character," to a large and appreciative audience. A large number of physicians attending the American Medical Institute, now holding its session in this city, were present. Dr. de Wald said in part:

"Every well written biography is divided into three parts, dealing with as many forces having a more or less formative influence upon the character of the subject of memoir. The writer first turns his attention to the subject's ancestors, going back several generations and carefully studying the characters and lives of his grand-parents. He lets no form or physical peculiarity escape his notice and as carefully notes every idiosyncrasy of character of each progenitor. Then still more carefully, he studies the immediate parents of the subject, observing every physical form and mental condition. In the second place he observes the conditions and circumstances into which the subject is born, noting every smallest detail. He considers the home atmosphere, its harmony or discord, and the treatment that he receives at the hands of his parents. The location of the home is observed, whether it is in the city or the country, whether the child has made his playground in

the narrow alleys of the city or in the wide fields of the country. His associates are considered, all of them, as are also the religious and political conditions of the time. The third formative influence to be considered is, namely, the power of mind, or the power of self-direction that enables the subject to become different from and greater than his ancestors and rise above the conditions and circumstances of his life—the power that makes him feel the dignity of manhood and fires his ambition to be and do something good and great. These are the things that mark the character of the man.

“It is plain that biography is simply a study of natural history, in which the subject is one of the higher instead of one of the lower animals. Therefore, what is true of one is true of the other, so I may be pardoned if I ask you to follow me for a few moments while I review a couple of chapters in Biology to illustrate the laws of Conformity to Type, and Variation. These laws correspond to the laws of heredity and environment respectively, which are laws of necessity. Conformity to type, or heredity, account for most of the physical resemblances to our ancestors, while surrounding conditions, or environment explain most of the mental and moral likenesses.

“Let us examine a specific example. Here is a family of four, the parents and two children, a boy and a girl. For the purpose of our illustration, let us suppose that the boy is an exact copy of his father, and the girl a similar reproduction of her mother. It might be otherwise; the boy might resemble the mother and the girl the father, or each resemble both parents, or they might resemble more remote ancestors.

Why is the boy a "chip off of the old block" and the girl "her mother all over again?" The answer is at hand. We have observed the workings of two powerful influences which satisfactorily answer our query, namely: Conformity to type, or heredity accounts for most of the physical resemblances, while the law of variation, or environment explains most of the mental and moral likenesses. The children are born like their parents in form, face and complexion. The boy got his angular, ungainly frame and rugged, irregular features from his father; and the girl got her petite, graceful form and regular, classic features from her mother. They received their copper skins from both parents, for they were children of the red race. Their mental and moral characteristics have been copied from their parents and other associates. Children always think their parents the most exalted examples in the world and, as the parents form most of the environment of early childhood they are more likely to copy them than others.

These influences are not limited in their effects to childhood, but continue throughout life, from the cradle to the grave. For instance, it is well known that old married people who have lived long together show the effects of this law. They not only grow to think and act alike, but actually grow to resemble each other in physical likeness.

"What has been said will suffice to illustrate the potency and far reaching influences of ancestry and conditioning circumstances, and they deserve to be dignified as master influences in character formation, for they are influences which make us what they will and not what we will. Their fated influence none can escape unless there is some other influence by which

they may be modified or overcome. If we were obliged to stop here, if I could utter no other word, our condition would be hopeless indeed, and I might as well conclude here. I can say another word, however, that will give hope. There is a way of escape that comes from within. In every human being there is a power sufficiently strong to resist the evil tendencies of heredity and to overcome the unfortunate influences of environment.

“Everyone has a mind, a soul, an ego, a power of self-determination, a will to choose. It is the choice of this soul that determines the character. Therefore, the power of self-determination is the last and chief master influence which I wish to emphasize, for it is the means of salvation and regeneration from the unsatisfactory results of inheritance and environment. It is able to strengthen and improve the physical tendencies of heredity and make the body a tower of strength.”

I was glad when it was all over, the address finished, the benediction pronounced, and the congratulations offered. The knowledge that I had succeeded in presenting my message acceptably was pleasant, as were the congratulations also, but to a modest man praise, whether it is merited or not, is always embarrassing. Fortunately for me there was little time for bouquets—mine were made up of the flowers of speech—for the Sunday School immediately followed the other services in the same room. The older people were hurried out to make way for the children, who quickly assembled, arranging

themselves into small groups or classes. Many of the bright faces smiled me a greeting, and some of the braver ones came and spoke to me in a shy, childish way. I remained to Sunday School and taught the adult Bible class, whose teacher insisted upon my taking his place, for I was to take dinner with the pastor's family, all of whom attended the school.

The pastor lived in a neat, frame cottage in the midst of his people, which in my judgment is the proper place for the shepherd of a flock. After a pleasant time in the dining room, where the pastor's good wife served dinner, and a little general conversation in the parlor, the pastor took me into his study to show me his library and to talk over old times. We had a good visit and I went away an hour or two later with the conviction that, although he was not wealthy, the pastor was blessed with a minister's legacy, a wagon-load of books and a cart-load of children and should be happy.

Now, little reader, I have done with ministers and the ministry. Henceforth you shall read of secular things, as my next move plainly indicates, for it was toward the Exposition grounds. From prayer to pastime is a long leap, but it is one which is often made, and why not; do they not both minister to human happiness and growth? It was the Sabbath, you reply. True, but the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. The Exposition grounds were

open but most of the buildings were closed, for the fight for Sunday closing was at its height; later, it was run wide-open every day in the week. I shall not commit myself upon this question, even to you, further than to say, if expositions are educational institutions keep them wide open, for we cannot have too much education; but, if they are breeding places for vice they would be better closed altogether. In the grounds I met a party of my medical colleagues, and I had a delightful stroll with them, enjoying beautiful conceptions that were there realized. Of these things I shall write in another connection; I will only say that they were exquisitely beautiful, feeling that it is a weak expression to represent them, especially the illumination at night, for which we waited. The moon and stars were outshone by the myriads of electric lights which blazed like a brilliant gem upon the bosom of mother earth.

A few words more will suffice to finish my account of this day, and only two days will then remain of my visit; but the two most eventful ones, for I left early Wednesday for Dakota, where I paid my dear parents an unexpected visit. I spent what remained of the evening after returning from the Exposition, writing letters, one of which was to my brother to announce my return home after an absence of fifteen years. Of this visit you will read in due time in letters written to another. They

were written to the lady who made the following two days memorable to me, and, doubtless, you will be glad to know that my next letters will be full of her doings and sayings.

Well, my little lady reader, do you find any occasion for complaint in this letter because I have omitted any opportunity to write of myself? To me it is egotistic, but if it suits you I am satisfied, for it is written solely for your beautiful eyes to read. Hoping that I may soon have the pleasure of looking into them again, I am,

Truly,

VAL DE WALD.

V.

OMAHA, JULY 12, 19—.

Leola, dear:—

Your letters go far toward making me contented with my enforced stay here, they are so charmingly frank and encouraging that I cannot help trying to merit your rare praise. I do not mind your complaint that my letters "are as exasperating as a serial story in a magazine," for in it I scent a compliment. Confess that you are interested, wanting the installments oftener, and I will hurry them along; but please notice how much better I have been doing for my dear reader than the magazines do for theirs.

The next morning found me early at the col-

lege building for two reasons, namely, to get my mail, and to visit the Information Bureau, as Miss Tutel sometimes styled herself. Now, if honest confession is good for the soul, that should make my soul feel good for it is honest and true enough. Disappointment awaited me in neither particular. I received a number of letters from the Post Office and a wreath of smiles and a friendly handshake from the Information Lady. The cordiality with which she greeted me was most flattering and pleasant to me; it fairly captivated me.

"You have had to pay more for your distinction, I observe, Dr. de Wald," said Miss Tutel, banteringly.

"Have I, how is that?" I asked, not understanding.

"Do not pretend ignorance, for you know very well," she said reprovingly, "that your name is in the newspapers this morning."

"Eh, what's that, name in the newspaper?" broke in a voice from behind me. "What has the rascal done? He is one of my men and he shall have to answer me if he has been up to any pranks." It was the president of our college, a man old in years but young in the spirit of fun.

"O, he has done nothing bad," she explained, "on the contrary, he lectured at the Central Church yesterday and the lecture is reported in the newspapers."

"O, is that all?" he said, immensely relieved, but there was an amused twinkle in his eyes as he scanned the paragraph that she indicated in the paper, then having noticed that his beloved college had been properly mentioned, he placed his hand upon my shoulder in a fatherly manner and said: "That is all right my boy, let people know that we are still upon the earth," and as he turned to go he fired a parting shot at my companion. "You girls need not make eyes at him for he is already wedded—to science," and he went off chuckling at his own wit.

"You are a horrid tease," she called after him and then turning to me she said: "I should have liked to hear your lecture, I think it must have been very interesting and instructive; but don't you think you should have told your friends that you were going to speak?" The word friends was significantly emphasized.

"Yes, I plead guilty to a serious sin of omission, but it shall not occur again, for I mean to be thoughtful of my friends," I answered, with the emphasis upon the last word.

"Very well," she said, understandingly, as Miss Good, the post mistress approached, "I will clip it out for you, for I know that you men like to preserve the paragraphs which appear in the papers about you."

"Don't be sarcastic, Elga," advised Miss Good, misunderstanding, as it was intended that she should. "It isn't nice; besides, papa attended

the lecture and he said that it was splendid."

Miss Tutel did not answer her critic, but handed the clipping to me with a we-understand-each-other expression that was quite intelligible to me, and that silent exchange of confidences sealed our friendship more than spoken words could have done. It was an understanding too deep for words—direct communion of souls in tune, occurring instantaneously."

"Are you going on either of the excursions arranged for to-day, Doctor?" asked Miss Good, desiring to make amends for her friend's supposed curtness by being nice to me herself.

"I had not thought of it. What are their objective points?" I inquired.

"One is to the Smelting Works, the other to Swift's Packing Houses," she replied sweetly.

"A luncheon is to be served at Swift's for the visitors," added Miss Tutel, maliciously.

"Not even a luncheon would tempt me to go to the packing houses; suffice it to say that I am from Chicago," and I bowed to the ladies.

"Why not take a trolley trip across the river to Council Bluffs? It is a fine ride, and there is a pretty little park over there," suggested Miss Tutel.

"I should enjoy that I am sure," I said, adding dejectedly, "but it would be no fun to go alone." She shot an inquiring glance at me.

"I should be pleased to go with you, but I

cannot leave my duties," she said politely.

"Why, Elga, you can go just as well as not," chimed in the accommodating Miss Good, "I will attend to your work for you." Miss Good was engaged to be married, and like all engaged girls, wanted her friends to go and do likewise.

"I should be delighted to have you go with me," I said eagerly, fearing lest she might not go.

"Very well, then I will go with you," she said, with the emphasis upon the last word.

"Thank you, you are very kind to me," I said gratefully, emphasizing the me, for I was greatly pleased. So we arranged to go to Council Bluffs immediately after luncheon, starting from the college building, and I went off to find a quiet place in which to read my letters and think over my good fortune so soon to be realized. How much the companionship of a little lady like yourself, for she was much like you, dear reader, contributes to the happiness of a man like me!

The Institute work being unimportant and less interesting than usual, I spent a large part of the morning in an inspection tour to the booths advertising physicians' supplies. I took an electrical treatment, the static machine making my hair stand on end, literally; I examined the improved surgical instruments and chairs; I peeped into the latest medical books, finding several that I needed in my library;

I tasted the various prepared foods until I was in danger of ruining my digestion; and I sampled the potables until I was fully convinced that of mixed drinks there is no end. Occasionally, while on my inspection tour, I passed the Post Office and Information Bureau, and on one such occasion Miss Good hailed me.

"Dr. de Wald, Elga is giving your pictures away to the passers-by promiscuously," she said, mischievously. I looked at Miss Tutel inquiringly.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Nora, for it is no such thing," declared the accused, covered with confusion, notwithstanding her denial. I looked from one to the other questioningly, quite mystified by their manner.

"Tell the Court," and Miss Good assumed a judicial air, "Elga Grace Tutel, have you or have you not, given this gentleman's pictures away to unknown parties? Look at him, well remembering that you are under oath, before you answer."

"Nora, you are tiresome, not to say foolish," retorted Miss Tutel, impatiently.

"Really, ladies," I said, observing that things were likely to become serious, "I admit that the matter is too deep for me, will one of you kindly explain?" and I looked at my friend for the solution of the mystery.

"There is really nothing that needs explanation. It is some of Nora's nonsense," she said

looking at her tormentor scornfully, then going over to the table which was piled full of information supplies and reading matter intended for general distribution she took therefrom a magazine, "The Magazine of Medicine," and handed it to me. The magazine contained a halftone cut of myself accompanying an article I had written on "The Blood in Health and Disease." Now I understood.

"So the height and front of your offense is that you did your duty," I said approvingly, as I returned the magazine to its place.

"Nora saw the picture when I was reading your article," she explained simply, then added: "It must be very fascinating to study things with a microscope, it reveals so many of the hidden mysteries of life."

"Yes," I responded, pleased that she was interested in my pet subject; "the microscope opens the door into another world, the world of infinitely small things, where the glory and handiwork of God are declared and shown as really as by the heavens and the firmament."

"You are enthusiastic. I shall ask you to tell me about it some day." she said, impressed by the burst of eloquence.

"They say that I am wedded to it, you know, and it is a contemptible bridegroom who is not full of his bride's praises. I shall always be pleased to talk to you of my science," I replied, and continued on my way upstairs.

The morning soon passed. The gong sounded the luncheon hour and we trooped down the stairs, although I had little desire and less room for a meal. In the lower hall I met Miss Tutel just setting out for home. As I joined her an idea struck me and I thoughtlessly acted upon it.

"Will you take luncheon with me, Miss Tutel?" I asked, my brilliant idea being nothing less than a *tet -a-tet * luncheon at a little French cafe of which I knew.

"O, no, I thank you," she answered quickly, evidently surprised, "I must go home, mamma is expecting me." Our ways being different, we parted at the corner.

The invitation, thoughtless, but well meant, might justly have been resented, I knew, and felt condemned, both by my conscience and her gracious manner. Men are much alike and we all make the same mistakes in our treatment of you women; when you grant us one favor we selfishly not only expect, but demand more. The promise to spend the afternoon with me should have satisfied any reasonable man, but I wanted her to devote all of her time to me, apparently. The excuse goes, but it is not sufficient, when we tell you that it is because we are so fond of you. How credulous you are and what slaves you make of yourselves to us men. The shortest way to your freedom is to turn us down when we make such blunders as I did in my invitation.

I thought I should be able to complete the account of the whole day in this letter, but I shall do well if I do it in two letters, for the afternoon and evening, which were full of events still remain to be recorded. In the afternoon we went to Council Bluffs and in the evening we visited Hanscomb Park by moonlight. I will reserve my account of them for my next installment, for the present letter is already long enough. In a series of letters which you shall soon have to read, they were written to another, I used to limit myself to about ten pages. This one contains twice that number. Behold how highly I honor you, my dear reader.

I find it rather difficult to recall complete conversations after the lapse of years and hope that I do so well enough to make my story full enough for you to understand. Any suggestions that you may see fit to offer will be religiously followed, for I am writing expressly for you. I am sincerely,

Yours to command,

VAL DE WALD.

VI.

OMAHA, JULY 15, 19—.

My Very Dear Friend:—

I notice that you write just as often as I do and wonder if your letters are offered as a reward of merit, or as a bribe to tempt me to write often. In either case they are fully appreciated

and thoroughly enjoyed. The thought that you could use any but the purest means to secure a desired end is impossible to me, Leola, for I know and admire your pure, high-minded, frank nature, which is as far from meanness as Heaven is from Hell. The statement that Miss Tutel must have been a lovable character is generous and quite like you, for it leads me to believe that what I found in her was not all imaginary and I am confident that what remains to be said will justify your intuitive judgment.

Promptly at the appointed hour, one-thirty o'clock, my fellow excursionist arrived at the college building, the trysting place, where I was awaiting her in a spirit of repentance, having made a resolution not to repeat the blunder that I had made before luncheon. If she had been offended by my invitation she showed no sign of it now, for she was as gracious as you would be under the same circumstances, my dear reader.

"Here am I," she announced, smiling pleasantly, "do I look like a professional guide?"

"I am not so sure about your looking like a guide, but you certainly look very charming," I said, looking her over admiringly. She moved toward the door, indicating that she was ready to go, apparently not displeased by the compliment, for she, like the rest of us, liked to be admired. Understanding her meaning I fol-

lowed, willing at that moment to go wheresoever she might lead.

"Have a good time, Elga, I'll attend to everything here," called Miss Good, sweetly, as we left the room.

Presently we were upon the trolley car speeding away East toward Council Bluffs. Doubtless the landscapes visible from the car windows were beautiful to see, but I remember very little of them, probably because I saw very little of them, for I was attentively looking into a pair of windows turned up towards me. However, I am dimly conscious of passing over a muddy stream, the Missouri River, my guide told me. When I repeated the excursion the other day for the purpose of recalling its incidents for my letters to you, it might have been the first time that I had passed that way, judging from the newness of the scenery to me. Her monopoly of my attention was complete. The challenge she made to me to look at her when she entered the room in the college building was still upon me and I ceased not to feast my eyes upon the vision of brownness she presented. Evidently brown was her favorite color, for she was dressed in browns from the tip of the spray of autumn leaves upon her summer hat to the toes of her neat tan shoes, except her shirtwaist, which was white, figured with tiny sprays of rosebuds tied with brown bows. The charm of her presence, or the ex-

hilarating motion of the car, went to my head like new wine, made me throw off all restraints, and give myself up to her and happiness. I know not if I talked nonsense, but this I know, I talked as I felt.

"Miss Tutel, you strongly resemble a character that I found in a story one day," I said among other things, most of which are lost to memory.

"Do I? What was she like?" she asked. "Tell me about her."

"I do not recall her name or the name of the story in which she played her part, but the sweet character, like the air of a song has not been lost although I have forgotten the writer. She was not the principal character in the story, but she was contrasted with the heroine who was characterized as ambitious, designing and vindictive. And while the details of the story have been forgotten, I remember that the heroine hated the little lady for two reasons, first, by contrast; she emphasized her unlovely character, and then, what was far worse, by her winsome, gentle womanliness she had unconsciously won the love of the man that the other considered her exclusive possession. Altogether, she was a splendid character," I concluded.

"I do not see any resemblance. I am not at all like that," declared my listener, "describe her appearance."

"O, I cannot do that," I said, shaking my head ruefully. "All that I can remember about her

appearance is suggested by the heroine's characterization of her as "a little brown mouse," which probably also applied to her character. She made a wry face at the characterization, evidently doubtful of its complimentary nature.

"I do not see the likeness," she protested.

"Well, you are modest, attractive, and win the confidence and the affection of your friends," I ventured, judging from my own experience with her.

"On the contrary, I am unattractive, my friends consider me cold and unsociable," she replied, earnestly.

"Then it must be because they do not understand you, for you are neither," I insisted, warmly.

"Possibly," she said, a wistful expression coming into her face. I had struck a sensitive chord; she was misunderstood and consequently misjudged.

"Moreover," I continued, "you cannot deny that you are brown, for that is self-evident," and I looked her up and down from toe to crown.

"Yes, I am fond of browns and I wear them most of the time," she admitted, her smiles coming back again.

"I do not blame you, they become you mighty well," I said gallantly.

"Do not flatter me or I shall not like you," she said, decidedly.

"I am not flattering you, it is God's truth," I declared, honestly.

"When men flatter they are insincere, and I hate deceit," and there was finality in her voice.

The guide was on the alert, announcing in due time that a transfer must be made to a Council Bluffs' car, which would take us to the park. The transfer was made in the business center of the city, and after a short ride we dismounted at the entrance of Fairmount Park. The park consists of a wooded dale among the hills, and its chief beauty is its naturalness. It appeared like a cluster of hills and dales that had been brought from another country and set upon the prairie by a gigantic gardener. The park was evidently a familiar place to my guide, for she unhesitatingly conducted me to a picturesque, grassy glade where we found a rustic seat cozily situated under the trees. It was a beautiful spot whose influence, together with that of the perfect day and my charming companion, made me supremely happy.

"I think this rather a pretty place," said my guide, as we seated ourselves so that we could look down the glade through a vista of trees and shrubs.

"It must be Fairyland that you have brought me to," I responded, "and you must be in league with the airy sprites since you know their haunts."

“No fairies have ever ministered to me, although I sometimes read fairy tales and wish they would,” she said wistfully. It was plain that some of the hopes and longings of her soul were still unsatisfied.

I asked her what else she read, and she told me that she read much—nearly all of the time—that books were her best friends and the reading of them her chief pastime. The books that she loved were very many and she talked of them freely and intelligently, manifestly she had read them to some purpose. Many of her favorite authors were also favorites of mine, many choice passages from them had been admired and not a few memorized by us both, and we recited them to each other and became closer friends by reason of our common love for them. The hours flew by like minutes as we held this conversation, asked and answered questions, first of books and their authors, then of each other; it was a season of soul communion, the like of which it has seldom been my good fortune to enjoy. It seemed perfectly natural to talk of ourselves; we were friends, and friends should know about one another. No wonder that the shadows grew long as we talked, for the thoughts of books are long, long thoughts, and the thoughts of life are longer still.

The westering sun reminded my guide of her office and she proposed to take me upon a high

hill and show me the kingdom of the world, to be seen therefrom. We went farther up the glade, past the pond with its playing fountain, then climbed the steep hill overlooking the country to the southward. The prospect was sublime: in the foreground almost at our feet lay the city of Council Bluffs, with its burr of business and its moving trains. Beyond that were farms with their fields and pastures dotted here and there with little patches of color, the buildings and cattle; beyond them the unbroken prairie stretched away until in the far distance it blended with the sky in the hazy horizon; overhead arched the hazy, blue vault of the heavens, in the midst of which hung the fiery orb of day; and on the summer breezes the scent of new mown hay was wafted to us. On the brow of the hill, under a scraggy little tree we sat down to enjoy the scene at our leisure. The immensity of the prairie grows upon one like the vastness of the ocean until it becomes awful, giving one a feeling akin to fear, for it is so tremendous as compared with our insignificance.

Presently we were obliged to start on our homeward journey in order for my guide to be on time at dinner for papa must not be kept waiting. The hill was very steep and several times I aided her in making the descent; but when we were near the bottom she gave me her hand and with a "Let us run," led me a chase

down the incline to the pond, where we fetched up, laughing like the happy children that we were. At the pond we tarried a little to feed the geese with crumbs which the thoughtful guide had brought, explaining that it is such fun to watch them splash and to hear them scold. The dear girl made a beautiful picture as she, with childlike glee fed the geese, her brownness, the park's greenness, the pond's blueness, and the whiteness of the geese, each contributing its proper share; and added to this were the motions and the sounds of life which no painter could portray. Proceeding more sedately on our way from this point, we soon found ourselves on the car speeding homeward, if not like lightning, at least by lightning. "I like to be your guide," she remarked artlessly, as we neared home, "for you understand and appreciate the things that I like."

"And I like you for a guide," I said, looking deeply into her honest eyes; "you have given me the happiest day of my life and I have nothing to give you in return but empty thanks."

"The pleasure it gave me is reward enough," she said frankly; then continued: "I should like to take you to our Hanscomb Park sometime. I am sure you would enjoy it, especially by moonlight."

"How would to-night do—could you go?" I asked timidly, ashamed of my selfishness.

"If you wish to go," she replied, simply.

So it was arranged that we would go and we parted on the street corner to go to our respective dinners and to meet again at eight o'clock at her home; but, dear reader, I must pray your indulgence and reserve the account for my next letter. If you knew how hard I have tried to condense the story, I am sure you would praise the effort, if not,

Your devoted,

VAL DE WALD.

VII.

OMAHA, JULY 17, 19—.

My Very Dear Leola:—

Your letters are so much like you that they tempt me to give up and forget all else. Nevertheless, I must hold firmly to my purpose to write the story first. The thoughts of you that breed so fast in my mind shall be written later when your thoughts are not of other things and they can have your whole attention.

Promptly at eight I presented myself at Miss Tutel's home, finding her upon the porch where I seated myself near her. It was a cozy, vine-covered place where she spent much time reading. While we sat there a middle-aged lady came to the door to speak to her daughter, and I was presented to Mrs. Tutel, who chatted pleasantly with us a little while. When she went in Elga accompanied her, returning almost

immediately with her hat on and carrying her gloves, ready for our excursion.

The street car line, which was not far off, quickly conveyed us to Hanscomb Park, which we entered by an approach that was new to me. The park seemed strangely different to me, but whether it was a strange part of the grounds or the different circumstances under which I went that made the change, I never knew. The daylight had not faded when we arrived, and we made use of it to visit Lovers' Lane, without which no self-respecting park is complete. It is a pretty vine-covered walk, cool, leafy, and secluded, in which are placed a number of rustic seats that are well patronized. Near the end of the lane we found a bench upon which we seated ourselves to watch the evening shadows gathering under the trees along the little lake. The twilight comes late and slowly in the West; I have been able to read the face of my watch as late as nine-thirty in the evening. We sat there for some minutes in silent companionship.

"Waters on a starry night are beautiful and fair," I quoted from Wordsworth, breaking the silence.

"The reflection of the sky in the water reminds me of du Maurier's description of a Welsh lake; he said that it was like a bit of sky that had got unstuck and had fallen into the landscape, shiny side up," she responded, feelingly.

"By the way, did you look up that poem that you composed?" I asked, remembering her promise of the afternoon.

"Yes, but I shall not repeat it to you until you have recited something of your writing to me," she repeated, positively.

"My dear—friend!" I protested, "I am a man of science and have written nothing poetical."

"But you said that you had tried, and with you that means that you succeeded to some extent," she insisted.

"You are a tyrant! a real Queen Bess!" I said, mocking her imperious air. "I only tried in autograph albums, and they do not count."

"They do count," she declared, with mock vehemence, "and you be serious and say one of them to me, or I shall take you home immediately!"

"I am conquered," I said, submissively and recited solemnly:

AN ACROSTIC.

"Always do just what is right,
"Never ceasing till the night,
"Nor forget God's perfect love,
"And thy home prepared above;

"Giving thanks to Him each day,
"Remembering that in His way,
"All's right and evermore shall be,
"Full well, you know, He loveth thee."

"There, you have my sole production," I concluded.

"It sounds very religious," she said, thoughtfully, "and it spells a name, Anna Graf, who is she?"

"O, she was an old schoolmate of mine, years and years ago, and she kept an autograph album," I answered, indifferently.

"Mine was written a long time ago, also," she said, musingly.

"Yes, a long time ago," I echoed, "now say it to me."

"It is sentimental," she said, "perhaps you will think it silly."

"No, I shall not; I like sentimental things," I urged.

"Well, I will tell it to you, because I promised," she said, resignedly, "but please do not laugh at me," and she recited in clear, musical tones:

ONE SUMMER.

"Ah, those were the dear, happy days, sweetheart,

"Those days in the long ago,

"When all was sunshine and brightness, sweetheart,

"Before winter's gloom and snow.

* * * * *

"Oh, I shall never forget them, sweetheart

"Of life they are the best part,

"But I locked the door and lost the key, sweetheart,

"When I placed them in my heart."

The poem was beautiful to me; it touched a chord in my heart and seemed to recall memories of a far distant past. My hand unconsciously found hers, which lay at her side as she spoke, and my fingers closed around it, making it a willing prisoner, for it made no effort to escape, but lay contentedly or unconsciously in mine. Her soul spoke to my soul of another past life where we had known each other better, as she recited the poem, I should say, if I were a Buddhist, and believed in reincarnation, but as a plain man of science I know not what to say. I am able to reproduce only the first and last stanzas of the poem from memory, but you shall find it all in another connection, in the letters to which reference has before been made.

"Your poem is very beautiful," I said, with feeling, when she had concluded, "but why do you write as if you were old, with all happiness behind you? I asked, wondering what had caused her habitual sadness.

"O, because I feel that way, I suppose," she answered, with a sigh.

"Well, you shouldn't feel that way, for you are young and have everything before you: life, love, happiness, and the rest of them," I declared, honestly, then added gaily: "We can make our lives what we will and I mean to make mine a joyful one, so I will paraphrase your words, and sing:

“Ah, these are the dear happy days dearheart,
“These dear days so bright and fair,
“When all is sunshine and gladness, dearheart,
“Before life’s sorrow and care.

There! behold what I can do under the inspiration of your muse,” and I gave the little hand in mine a friendly squeeze which caused it to be taken away quietly.

“You are a man and that makes a difference; men should be happy at their good fortune,” she responded.

“Not a bit of it,” I said, “I am praying to be a woman in my next incarnation, for I think that a woman is the sweetest and best thing in the world.”

“I like your paraphrase,” she said, changing the subject, “it is better than mine.”

“I like the tense because it describes the present but your words are more beautiful. Will you write me a copy of it?” I asked.

“Perhaps,” she answered, slowly, “if you will promise to rearrange it all for me.”

“I promise,” I returned, quickly, glad to obtain it so cheaply.

The twilight having merged into the darkness of night and the electric light with its glare of light and black shadows having been turned on, my guide conducted me to a seat by the edge of the lakelet, where we could see the moon and its reflection on the water. How inky black the water looked! all save the pathway toward

the moon, made by the wavelets throwing back the moonlight. There was no one near; we were alone in the woods at night, seeing nothing save the trees and their fantastic shadows, made by the natural and artificial lights, and hearing nothing save the songs of the frogs and the other voices of the night. The solitude suited our moods; my hand found hers again and held it, and we sat in silent communion, the communion of perfect companionship.

"A penny for your thoughts, Miss Elga," I said, presently.

"I am thinking that we must soon go home," she said, evasively, "but we have not been about the park much, you will not feel paid for coming."

"I prefer sitting and talking with you to going about," I said.

"I fear that you show poor taste in so doing," she said, modestly.

"I shall read you a lecture on self depreciation if you do not stop belittling yourself to me," I said, seriously.

"I am a good-for-nothing girl! there, now lecture! but you are so kind and good natured that you could not get cross," she said, banteringly.

"It is not necessary to be cross to be serious, and I am serious and in real earnest, for you have honored me with your friendship, which gives me the right to advise you; but whether

you act upon my advice or not is another thing. The expected thing is what happens to us, the old adage to the contrary notwithstanding. If we expect little happiness we will get little, and if we expect a low rating we shall receive that; and the converse is equally true. If we expect much we shall receive much, whether it be of riches, respect, honor, or Heaven. The reason for this is simple and scientific, namely, the expectation gives one a self-confidence that is well nigh irresistible and renders success easy. The men who startle the world by their achievements are the men who believe in themselves."

"You talk as if you really care whether I succeed or not," she said, surprised by my earnestness, "no one else cares. I have always been discouraged or ridiculed when I have wanted to be or do something worth while. I was advised not to get foolish notions into my head and to be satisfied to be and do as other women, which means mediocrity or worse, so I have learned to keep my ambitions to myself or not to have any. I believe that women ought to do things as well as men." She spoke vehemently. I had stirred the hidden fire; manifestly her ambitions were not quenched, but smouldering fires.

"Bravo! little friend, practise what you preach and we shall be proud of you," I said, rising and making my best bow, as she arose, preparatory to going back to town. She smiled and took my proffered arm and we were off.

"Are you tired?" I asked when we were nearly home. "You have worked overtime to-day and deserve extra pay. Which shall it be, bon bons, or flowers?"

"Neither," she answered, decidedly, "I shall be angry if you offer me anything; as if one must be paid for being hospitable. You are our guest, sir."

"Pardon me, I had forgotten, but I shall seek some acceptable way to requite your matchless hospitality," I said, humbly.

"Take it as it is offered, freely," she said, as we reached her home and she offered me both of her hands to say goodnight.

The evening had been the proper ending for the day, I thought, as I slowly went home, feeling that I was exceedingly fortunate to have found such a friend. Everything was changed for me by that find; it was as if I had found the pearl of great price; the world and its affairs had new meanings to me, and living meant larger, holier things. Do you understand what I mean, Leola dear? I believe that you do and I am glad; for it is good to be understood. Women complain at being women, saying that they have no chances in life, when, if they but knew it, they influence every great work that is accomplished. What man does, he does for woman. You should be glad that you are a woman if you are the inspiration which gives hope, and courage, and success to a good man. In like

manner, he should be a happy man who has the loving inspiration of a good woman.

"A book story," which you wanted my story to resemble would have contained more descriptive details of the parks, doubtless, and more minor incidents and conversations, but they are non-essentials, so for the sake of brevity, they have been omitted. When I return to my dear reader I will take her to the neighboring park any day, or by moonlight if she prefers, and explain, or illustrate any of the omitted details upon which she may want further knowledge.

Hoping that this will meet with your approval and that I shall soon have the pleasure of seeing the little bunch of womanliness to which I am writing, I am simply,

Your story-teller,

VAL DE WALD.

VIII.

OMAHA, JULY 20, 19—.

My Dearest Friend:—

The temptation is strong upon me to call you names, dear names, you are so appreciative, kind and charming, but I fear the consequences. I am reminded of a certain lawyer, who in a fit of feeling said to the court:

"Judge, what would you do if I called you a fool?"

"I would send you to jail for contempt of court," replied the Judge.

"Well, then I will not say it. I will just think

it," concluded the wily lawyer. I shall follow the lawyer's example and not say that you are the dearest, sweetest, and best little lady in all the world, but I will just think it. Now, lest I should yield to temptation, I will get on with my narration.

The last day of my visit came all too soon, time waits not when one is happy, although it is as slow as an errand boy under other conditions. I arose early, which was unusual for me and, to fill the interim before the college building with its attraction was visited, I went for a stroll. On my return I passed Mr. Dingen's residence where we were so royally entertained a few evenings before, and observing that the Art Gallery was open I went in and found Miss Hyde alone. The visit was opportune and she devoted a half hour to me, showing and talking of her treasures. The girl's reverential manner gave the place the air of a sacred shrine, and I went away feeling as if I had been to a devotional service. I never saw her again, but she sent me a letter and some of her sketches in exchange for some prints that I sent her and later she did a commission for me.

The bustle of the day's business had begun when I arrived at the college building and appeared at the Post Office, where I received my mail and friendly greetings from the Misses Tutel and Good. The latter was especially cordial, suspiciously so I thought.

"What time did you return from your excursion last evening, Dr. de Wald?" innocently.

"O, about dinner time," I replied, with simple candor. Miss Tutel shot me an approving glance. "Why?" I asked, indifferently.

"It is so pleasant over there that I thought you might have been tempted to stay and spend the evening," she answered, sweetly.

"Well, it was all so beautiful that we were sorely tempted to remain," I admitted, frankly, "but we remembered the admonition to yield not to temptation, and came home as I have told you."

"I thought you had stayed, Elga, for I called last night and you were not at home," she said, quite disarmed of her suspicions.

"Nora, you really must not think so much, you will injure your health," advised Miss Elga, with apparent concern, and I went off to look over my mail.

The morning offered an opportunity or two for me to stretch my legs and it happened that each time they carried me past the Information Bureau, where I regularly stopped to chat a while. On one such occasion I tarried after the gong had announced the reading of a paper, preferring the chat to things medical, but I was not allowed to waste my time.

"You must not miss the lecture," she said, kindly, but firmly, "you played truant yesterday so you must be very faithful to-day."

"Shall I receive a reward if I am very faithful?" I questioned.

"Perhaps," was all that she said, but there was a promise in her expression as I obediently went up stairs.

On another such occasion I was greeted with the usual pleasant smiles which were so marked that one of my colleagues who was sitting there bantered me about it.

"Anyone could tell that you are an unmarried man, de Wald." he said.

"How could they tell that?" I questioned.

"Why, by the way the ladies smile upon you," he answered, chuckling.

"I will wager that neither of these ladies know whether I am married or not," I said, making a bluff.

"Really, I thought he was wedded," said Miss Tutel, seriously, "I heard the president of his college say something to that effect."

"So did I," chimed in Miss Good, "it was yesterday morning."

The case was strongly against my bantering friend, so he sauntered off to a more congenial companionship.

"Those horrid old fellows make me tired," remarked Miss Good, impatiently after he had gone.

"Why Nora! You ought not to say such disrespectful things," said Miss Tutel, reprovingly.

"Very well, Miss Propriety, if it hurts your

sensitive soul I will not do so any more," replied Nora, sweetly.

"You are a dear girl and I know that you do not mean anything by it, but it sounds dreadful," explained Elga.

"There is nothing good about me but my name, and I am going to change that," was the response, then she added: "Get on your hat and go to luncheon, Elga. Dr. de Wald is waiting for you and is getting impatient. He has looked at his watch twice within as many minutes."

"Miss Good, you are a mind reader," I confessed, as Miss Tutel obediently prepared to go with me.

"It does not require any mind reading to tell what is the matter with you," she responded, confidentially, when Elga was out of hearing.

The walk to the corner, extended by permission a block or two up Davenport Avenue, was on account of my reward for being very faithful to the proceedings of the Institute. However, the walk, like most of our experiences in this world, was made up of both joy and disappointment, as I shortly learned. The joy of her company was so great that it made me selfish, which sharpened the edge of my disappointment when I was deprived of her companionship.

"There is to be a session of the Institute tonight," remarked my companion, carelessly, as it seemed to me.

"But you will not have to attend," I exclaimed, in alarm.

"I fear that I shall," she said, evenly and left me on the corner to my thoughts. The thoughts that I indulged in for a few moments were, to say the least, unpleasant, for I had dreamed of spending one more evening with her as a guide before awaking from my trance. Doubtless you will smile as you read it, but I went to luncheon utterly disconsolate, feeling that I was dreadfully abused. How very much like spoiled children we are at times! I said we, my dear reader, but I suppose that you would bear disappointment better.

I was hard hit, but my philosophy forced me to make as much as I could out of what remained, so I went about as if there was nothing but happiness in the world. Early in the afternoon I found my way to the Information Bureau seeking writing materials, which were generously furnished, together with an invitation to use part of her table as a desk. It was such a generous offer and so graciously made that I could not decline it, so I seated myself and began to write diligently. After a little while my diligence waned, my writing became fitful and I joined in the general conversation. So, writing a little and talking a good deal, I spent the best part of an hour which might have been spent more profitably in the lecture hall above. All of the writing that I had accomplished was the following brief note:

OMAHA, JUNE 28, 1898.

My Little Brown Mouse:

My letter-writing is a hoax, it is just a scheme by which I may spend my spare time near the little mouse. It is rather a foolish thing to do, but it is as pleasant as it is foolish. If I did not guess myself welcome I'd stay away, but you have shown yourself so friendly that I have been quite charmed, and it would be a hardship if I were compelled to go elsewhere. I shall long remember and often think of your bright eyes and pleasant smile when far away from you. And I look forward with pleasure to the fulfillment of your generous promise to write to me sometimes.

In a former incarnation it may be that we were acquainted. If so, it must have been a pleasant friendship and it is quite the proper thing to renew it. These friendly attractions are very beautiful and the common sympathies strange and interesting. It is these things that strengthen the bonds of lasting friendship.

I shall want the daily papers of Thursday and Friday morning and shall trust to your kindness to send them to me.

You will be lenient and forgive my little scheme and continue to be my little brown mousie, I most sincerely hope.

I am faithfully,

VAL.

Having deliberately folded the note, placed it

in an envelope, and carefully sealed the same, I thus superscribed it: "Miss L. B. Mouse, Addressed," and made as if I was about to go.

"Dr. de Wald, let me stamp and mail your letter, I am going to the box directly," said Miss Good, who had been eyeing the letter suspiciously.

"Thank you but it is not going by post," I replied, pleasantly, "it is for a party in the building and I am leaving it at the Information Bureau," and I pushed the letter across the table carelessly to Miss Tutel. That young lady having read the superscription, quietly took possession of the missive, shooting me a glance of inquiry the while. Under her breath she asked:

"Is it for me, shall I read it?" but aloud she said, politely, "I shall attend to it for you, Doctor."

"Yes, I thought you would," I said and went up-stairs.

The remainder of the afternoon I was fully occupied with affairs of the Institute, having to read a paper and discuss another, so it was not until the close of the session that I saw my friends below stairs again. I will not tire you with reports of my paper or my discussion, for they would be tiresome to you, dearest reader by reason of their technical characters, besides they have been published in full in the Transactions of the Institute, where you may find

and read them at your leisure. A pleasant surprise awaited me when I went below. I saw it first in the eyes of my guide, and then heard it from her lips. Whether my note had any influence in bringing about the change of her arrangement I know not, but I imagine that it had considerable. At any rate, after leaving directions with Miss Good for the disposal of any mail that might arrive after my departure, I went over to the Information Bureau, knowing that she had something pleasant to communicate.

"I have arranged so that I need not come down here this evening," she said simply, but I knew that she had done it for me, that it was my reward.

"And you will be my guide again?" I asked, delighted at the prospect.

"Yes, if you want me," she replied, honestly.

"I certainly want you and shall call for you at eight o'clock," I assured her and hurried off to arrange for my departure northward in the early morning of the following day. How pleasant was the prospect of another evening with her!

The evening was as pleasant as the prospect, as will appear from my next letter which will be the last of my prelude. A package of old letters which will continue my story will accompany the letter. I will give you a few hints about reading them.

With great respect, I am, dear Leola,

Devotedly,

VAL DE WALD.

IX.

OMAHA, JULY 22, 19—.

Leola, Dearie:—

I am to be detained here ten days longer, and not even the dainty missives you send quite make up for the disappointment that I feel at being away from the charming specimen of the noblest work of God whom you know better than I do, but do not admire so much. The delay will enable me to complete my narration in writing, which is doubtless the best way, although I had expected latterly to finish it by word of mouth, for good and sufficient reasons which I dare not write to you at this moment, however, you shall know them in due time.

The town clock was striking the hour as I approached the Tutel residence that evening, and found the daughter of the house in her favorite chair on the porch. She was hatted and gloved and ready to start, so we set out immediately on our excursion of sight-seeing, so-called, but it would better have been called by another name, which I shall trust you, dear reader, to supply as you read.

"I have an errand to do while we are out," said my guide, displaying a book that she carried, "let us go to the Public Library and leave this book first, it is not far away."

"Very well, I shall be pleased to see the home of your friends, the books," I said, gaily, but it

made little difference to me where I went provided only that it was in her company. The building proved to be a substantial, commodious structure of which she was justly proud.

"I am very fond of this building," she said, sincerely as we entered it, "for I have spent so many happy hours here."

"It is a handsome building," I said, looking about admiringly as she went off to deposit her book. A further inspection only served to confirm my first impression. I was most interested when she pointed out the place where she was accustomed to sit and study, for the same reason that makes me care about things that you do and say, dearie.

After an extended stroll, during which my guide faithfully pointed out palatial residences and public buildings of special interest, she proposed that we should go to Capitol Hill to a pretty place on the brow of the hill overlooking the Exposition grounds. No objection being offered, the proposition was acted upon and presently we preempted the pretty place under the trees. The guide seated herself upon a grassy seat, the back of which was formed by the trunk of one of the trees. I essayed to do likewise, but the tree was too small for two unless we sat back to back, which was out of the question, so I sat and leaned my face against her sleeve. Seated thus, we viewed the Exposition outlined in fire a mile or so to the north,

the lights of the city lying nearer and overhead the dark vaulted heaven spangled with countless stars. Long at the scene in silent contentment we gazed, nor marked the flight of time until the town clock pealed out the hour of ten. Nor did I spend all of the time on distant scenes, for there was a near-by object, whose hand I held which was to me more attractive by far. I placed the palm against my cheek and I kissed the pretty prisoner a dozen times, surreptitiously, for fear that I should frighten the dainty thing away. What my companion thought I do not know, Leola, you are a woman, and, doubtless can imagine. I shall ask you to tell me some day. How would you have felt?

"Is it so late? I shall have to go home in half an hour," she said, sadly I thought, as the hour was tolled.

"Yes, I know," I said, "and we have made no plans, except to write."

"I shall be your guide to the Exposition," she volunteered, hopefully, "you will enjoy visiting that when you return."

"True, you are my guide and shall have full charge of my entertainment," I said, pleased with the prospect of being much with her.

"The Institute will have closed and I shall be able to devote more time to you," she added, thoughtfully.

"You are a generous little friend," I said, patting her cheek playfully.

"I like to know that I am of service to someone," she said, and I knew that she was thinking of the emptiness of her present life.

"You have been of great service to me and I am sure your future will be full of usefulness," I assured her.

"It is good to be understood and encouraged," she returned, gratefully.

"I am very glad that you have given me the opportunity, to do so," I said, earnestly.

"No one else has ever tried to understand me; it has not been worth while, so I have never made any confidants," she continued, seriously.

"It has been well worth my while," I confessed.

"You are so good, strong, and wise that it is easy to talk freely to you, besides, you appreciate my ambitions and aspirations," she explained, simply.

"Yes, our friendship is very pleasant and helpful to me, really I feel as though we had been friends for years instead of days," I admitted.

"It seems that way to me also and I have wondered if the incarnation theory were true in our case," she mused, but half aloud.

"Evidences such as these are the best that are offered in its defense," I said.

"Doesn't it seem strange that we perhaps, were once friends in the long ago," she continued, musingly.

"In that case your poem would refer to that old friendship?" I asked.

"Perhaps," she assented.

"I felt that it was addressed to me when you repeated it for me last night, that is why I objected to the use of the past tense," I declared.

"It was not addressed to anyone, I just felt impelled to write it that way," she said and then added, thoughtfully, "I cannot understand such things."

"No one fully understands them, my dear—friend," I stated, "they are too deep for us to fathom."

"I feel so hemmed in,—it is so disheartening," she said, raising her arms above her head as if to throw off some restraint, "I want to know and do things."

"You shall know and do things, dear friend," I prophesied, encouragingly, "no ambitious soul can be wholly restrained from accomplishing its aspirations. Be ready when the opportunities come to you." The clock tolled the half hour.

"Let us be going," she said, rising.

"Let us say farewell here," I suggested, "perhaps you will kiss me here under the trees, but you would not at the gate." As I spoke my face was close to hers and my lips lightly pressed her cheek, as she said:

"No, don't you think I have been pretty good to you?"

"You have been an angel of goodness, little one," I murmured, as we went homeward under the trees, hand in hand.

The walk home which was not far was accomplished almost in silence. The last words had been said, for the most part, so our habit of silent companionship asserted itself. What need was there for words where there was a harmony of thought? A little pressure of the hand spoke volumes. I have observed, dear reader, that when the heart is fullest we say the least; so silently we reached the gate. Here she turned her sweet, sad face toward me, the electric light falling full upon it, and said:

"We might sit for a little while upon the porch, it is not eleven yet," but she said it simply to be polite. The expressive face whose likeness I still carry in my memory said that she was sorry to lose her new friend.

"No, I had better go now," I said simply, but I saw that she knew what I meant and I was glad.

"Then good night," she said, heartily extending her hand; in the other hand she carried her hat and gloves.

"Good night," I echoed, grasping the extended hand, taking a last, fond look into her upturned face, which I longed to cover with kisses, then I left her and walked slowly away homeward. Little thought we that last happy night that the days would grow into years ere we met again. And the meeting, how different! Fortunately the future is hidden from us, shielding us from many a heartache.

So we parted, dearest reader, and here ends the first part of my story. The second part will be told to you by a little package of letters which were written to Miss Elga Grace Tutel, from the places and at the dates indicated thereon and which are sent to you herewith. They cover a period of nearly two years, for me, years of mixed feelings ranging over the gamut of the human heart. As you read, your sympathetic soul will feel the joy and sorrow, the surprise and disappointment that I felt when I wrote them. Read them as though they were written to you, dearie, so that you may know, and some day tell me how a pure-souled, large-hearted woman would feel at receiving them. Where these letters leave off I will take up the story and write the third part, the Postlude.

Am I not very good to my little reader? Notice how often I have written—I mean—sent installments. Count the pages and pages of this installment. What magazine treats its readers half so well? And my generosity is not yet exhausted; some day I mean to do more and better. Can you guess how? Perhaps you can. I know that you could if you were as wise as you are pure, good and winsome. Time solves all riddles.

I wish that I might watch your face as you read, for it would tell me what your soul thinks of your

Admiring,
VAL DE W.

PART II.

THE INTERLUDE.

*How real they seem as now I dream
Those dear days o'er and o'er,
I see each place and your fair face,
Just as in days of yore;
Would we regret, if we had met
When I went back again,
Hoping to find—ah, love is blind!—
Who knows what might have been?*

*I see you still upon the hill
Where we said our last farewell,
As friends oft do in words so few,
Words feelings cannot tell;
So, my dreaming time is any time
When I may dream of you,
Some nights I dream, some days I dream,
And would my dreams were true.*

(See Musical Score, page 11)

LETTERS WRITTEN TO A FRIEND

A.

MITCHELL, JULY 1, 1898.

Dear Little Brown Mouse:—

Three long, hot days have passed since we said "good bye," but no word has come from you. Do you miss your new-found "comrade of a former life"? The days have seemed long to me. I went to the Post Office, hoping, and tonight fully expecting to find some word from you, but my hopes were vain and my expectations fell to the ground, causing great disappointment. The disappointment has grown into a strange loneliness and to ward it off I have thought I would write and talk on paper to you, while the wind dashes the rain against the windows.

Long, very long, I shall remember the pleasant chats we had together, while I was in your enterprising city. I am glad that I am soon to go back there, for I find it exceedingly dull here. To be sure I am most happy to visit my parents and brother, but I miss the noise and bustle of the large city. It was pleasant to find them all well, but the passing years have fallen heavily

upon my parents and I can but realize that they are "old folks" now. It was a pleasant surprise to them to have me walk in unannounced and I feel well paid for all of the effort it has cost me to come and is costing me to remain. They have never heard me deliver an address, so it has been arranged for me to speak on Sunday night in the church; also to lecture some evening next week. I wish that you also might hear me, for then I could see you. You see that I am selfish in the matter.

It now looks as though it would be impossible for me to get back to Omaha by Wednesday as planned, for the trains all run in the day time out of this burgh, and I cannot well leave earlier than Tuesday, for I am obliged to stop over to see my brother who lives in an adjoining county. So I have decided to cancel my date at Chicago, for I want to stop over on my return to Omaha, for a day or two. I remember that you have an engagement for next Wednesday evening and that has influenced me in my plans, for I am dependent on my former guide.

The journey here was long and monotonous and required the whole day for its completion. Only one or two incidents were worthy of recording or recounting to others. One was taken as an omen of good fortune. A bridal party entered the car at a little station in Iowa. They occupied the seat next behind mine, and as the train pulled out a shower of rice was thrown

through the window by the friends outside, of which as much rained on me as upon the happy pair. I would like to share my good luck with you so I enclose a few grains of rice which I picked up and saved for the purpose. May it act as a charm to protect you from harm and bring abundant happiness to you.

Many thoughts crowd into my mind and seek place in this letter but I refrain from writing them. Other days may offer ample opportunity for their expression.

'Tis bedtime and the gusty wind keeps on but my loneliness is gone. While talking to you it has taken its flight. I'll go to bed now and sleep, and perchance I'll dream of the Little Brown Mouse.

Good night, may He who loves us watch over you.

Sleepily, but heartily,
VAL DE WALD.

B.

MITCHELL, SUNDAY, JULY 3, 1898.

My Dear Friend:—

Need I say that your letter was gladly received? I think not; but I must confess that I am not a little puzzled by some things you say in it, especially by your request not to call upon you when I return. However, you have not told me not to write, and possibly you do not mean all that your letter implies, so I shall write you a little letter and ask you to be plain

and frank with me. You may be sure that while I prize your company and friendship greatly, I would rather make any possible sacrifice than cause you the least annoyance. There is a mysterious sympathy between us, that to me is helpful and pleasant. I hoped that it might grow into a lasting and mutually helpful friendship. The fear that some unknown reason exists which renders this, to me most desirable result, impossible or unwise has made me very blue, or as you say "solemn." I cannot imagine whom you have offended, nor do I know of any mistakes that you have made. To me you have been, and I sincerely hope always will be, all that is good, gracious and womanly. I am naturally something of a recluse, thinking more of my books and study than of society; only rarely have I found a person whose tastes and habits have drawn out my best qualities. You are such a one, and so our meeting was exceedingly pleasant, to me at least. My great loss was that I never had a sister of companionable age to share my thoughts and encourage my ambitions. I believe the companionship of a pure, noble minded woman to be the greatest power on earth to uplift and ennoble man. So do not blame me if I have appeared over anxious to secure your highly valued friendship, and done or said anything unusual or unwise.

My promise to speak to-night still holds, but I do not feel in the mood to say comforting

things to others. Indeed, I am needing them myself more than any to whom I expect to speak, but they must not know it.

A poet asks the following questions:

“Is it true, O, Christ in Heaven, that the strongest suffer most,

“That the noblest wander farthest, and most hopelessly are lost,

“That the mark of rank in nature is capacity for pain,

“That the anguish of the singer marks the sweetness of the strain?”

MONDAY A. M.

Father wanted me to go with him for a drive so your letter was left unfinished.

My appointment at the church was duly filled and now I am glad that I had self-denial enough to do as my parents wished. They sat and listened with wet eyes and glad faces as I spoke and afterwards said that they were proud of me. God bless them! I may not have them long to please, so must do so now.

Your “mascot” is sorry that your luck left you and hopes it has returned, if not of itself, with the grains of rice that brought a promise of future happiness to me. I feel that somehow I was the cause of some of your troubles so I am glad you tell me of them; but it pains me deeply to think that any thoughtless act of mine caused you trouble.

Many thanks for the paper containing the reports of the closing of the American Medical Institute. I hope your bureau accounts bal-

anced and you received the thanks of your patrons which you merited.

My plans are as follows: To-day we drive into the country; to-morrow night I lecture here upon a medical topic; Wednesday we drive across the country to my brother's, some seventy miles and I shall leave his home for Omaha Thursday morning, hoping to arrive there in the evening.

I should like to see you before I return to Chicago, if it is possible, for I have some things to say to you that it would be difficult to write. So will you kindly write your wishes in the matter and command me as you will, knowing that I will do as you wish. I shall probably remain in Omaha until Saturday night so if you plan anything I am at your service.

Address me at the general delivery, Omaha, and I will call for your letter Friday morning.

Hoping to see you at least once more, I am,

Your friend,

VAL DE WALD.

C.

CHICAGO, JULY 14, 1898.

My Dear Friend:—

Say "au revoir" and not "good bye," for it is impossible that fate should be so cruel as to keep us apart forever. I have read and re-read your letters, hoping to find that, after all, I had mistaken your meaning: but no, they are

too fatally plain to be misunderstood. The drowning man catches at a straw, so do not be surprised that I look eagerly for and strive to lay hold of something—anything that may prevent my loss of your helpful influence. I want to obey your instructions, but it is too much to expect me to give you up without a protest and an effort to avert the gloomy prospect of forever losing my dear friend.

If this must be my last letter to you it will of necessity be rather long, for so many things crowd into my mind that I ought to say before my final “good bye” and “God bless you!” However, I have not lost hope that you will write to me sometimes and let me know where and how you are. I know that you who were my guide, so faithful and trustworthy, once, will not leave me utterly if it is possible to avoid it. You have said you are my friend, and friendship is not a meaningless term. It is born of God, nor time nor circumstances can change it to a lessening. It must be mutual growth, increasing trust, widening faith, enduring patience, forgiving love, unselfish ambition, and an affection built before the throne, which will bear the test of time and trial.”

Your self-sacrifice and loyal obedience to your nameless advisor is most beautiful to see and I am proud of you, my friend, for it; but we do not live unto ourselves and we have duties that are real obligations, to more than one individual.

Beside, it is possible for one who is very conscientious and wishes to be self-denying to go too far. You have a beautiful, strong and competent mind and are capable, nay are bound to think for yourself. You are no longer a child. Put away childish notions! It is a sin and a shame for you to keep your ideas and thoughts to yourself and try to crowd yourself into the narrow limits prescribed by one who still considers you a child and may never discover that the great miracle worker, Time, has metamorphosed the child into a glorious woman, with all of the sublime possibilities appertaining to that exalted state. If I speak strongly it is because I feel deeply and it is no selfish interest, but a true friendship that prompts me to care about you and your affairs, and protest against what appears to me to be unfair and detrimental to your welfare and happiness, not to say usefulness.

In the name of all that is sacred I beg of you to make the most of yourself. Be broad; be noble; be true; and do not circumscribe or limit any of your God-given powers. I wish you might know all that is in my heart, but words fail me. Even you would not believe how deep the roots of our friendship have struck down into my soul, and how much I care for your future welfare and happiness.

It is true you have your life to live, but not necessarily there, in the present quiet, unevent-

ful way, for as water finds its level so do we find our places in life. In all probability you will some day, somewhere meet one whom you will delight to love, and with one of your whole-souled character no distance will be too far to follow, and no sacrifice too great to make for him.

Let me say with the poet:

“May the one you choose for life,
“Be as true-hearted as his wife.”

I am glad to know that it was not your father or mother who objected to our friendship, for I have such a pleasant memory of your gracious, friendly mother as I saw her in the gloaming, and beside, you told me such nice things about her. It is just as well that I do not know who the objector is, for I might misjudge and wrong him, for it is impossible to quite put one's-self in another's place. I now think it is unselfish and supposedly for your good that he has passed the sentence. Let us measure each other with the Golden Rule.

What more shall I say? What has time to do with friendship? It cannot be measured by the ticks of time; it is the gift of God, and like the regeneration of the soul, by His interposition, does not take long to make us “new creatures.” I am glad that we both know what it means. Dryden says:

“Friendship, of itself, a holy tie,
“Is made more sacred by adversity.”

So let it be in our lives.

You ask what it is impossible for me to do. I would not if I could let you fade from my mind. If I should live as long as the patriarchs of old, I could never forget that once I met a woman after my own heart. We have ideals, many of which are never realized, but in this instance mine has been and naturally I treasure it up as a beautiful memory, to be recalled again and again in my rather lonely life. A picture of the "Little Brown Mouse" has been hung upon the walls of my memory, and it shall never be willingly removed or replaced; none can take that from me. This with the knowledge that you would be my friend if you could shall be my valued possession until—who knows the end?

Had an opportunity offered I meant to have told you many things, among them the story of my life; an uninteresting but rather sad story; it would have shown you why I so gladly welcomed your sympathy and friendship, and have explained how much it meant to me. Now you will never know, but I hope you will, nevertheless, let your woman's intuition supply what is wanting.

After all these words I am in despair of making myself understood. It was so cruel that I could not have held your hand and looked into your bright eyes and said farewell. Then you would have understood, and there would have been no need of this attempt to say what cannot be said in written words.

My plans were carried out as stated in my letter from Mitchell. I lectured Tuesday night, drove to my brother's Wednesday, and arrived in Omaha Thursday at eight-thirty in the evening. I spent an hour on Capitol Hill, by the tree where we sat that last night and about ten o'clock passed by your home to the hotel and turned in. In the morning (Friday) I got your letter, and—I shall not try to tell you how I felt and what I did and thought. I am very human, as was shown, and the details would only distress you; and may God do so to me and more also if I ever willingly cause you pain! You are a sensitive woman and know how I felt. It seemed as if all the world had changed while I was in the post office those few minutes. I went to the railway ticket office and found that there was no train that would take me home until five P. M., so I spent the longest day that I have known wandering about your city. Near noon an idea struck me that was not a little comfort, and I carried it out by visiting all of the places that you and I went to together. I went to Council Bluffs and sat upon our seat in the park, climbed the Bluff and sat under the scraggy tree upon its side. I went to the library and then to Hanscomb Park. It called up many memories of you, and those memories, together with a little experience I had made me almost happy. I sat with closed eyes upon the old rustic seat near the pond in the park,

when suddenly you appeared to me and smiled upon me as in a vision. It must have been that you were thinking of me and I felt it—was it so? We know that telepathy is a reality and that explains my experience, for,

“Thoughts need not the wings of words,
“To fly to any goal; like subtle lightning’s
“Not like birds, they speed from soul to soul.”

Enough of this, suffice it to say that I was on the train a half hour before time for it to start. At last it started and brought me safely into Chicago Saturday morning. Since then I have tried to keep too busy to think, but sometimes thoughts come unbidden and now and then a sad, sweet face, with deep, brown, serious eyes appears before my mind’s eye. So here I am at home and have gotten back richer than when I left; richer in experience.

At first I thought I would not write, but somehow I have gotten to feeling that you expect me to, no doubt, because I want to. Before I have done I must claim the fulfillment of your promise; that you would send me your photograph when taken; that you would write out and send me some of your writings, including those verses you recited to me; and that you would sometimes write to me if possible. In return, I shall keep my promises; (do you remember our talk about promises?) to send my photo, story books and a dog; to write to you and send any papers and journals in which appeared any

of my writings. You must advise me about my promises, else I dare not send them, lest they cause you trouble. What kind and how large a dog do you want? Shall I get a puppy so that you can train him? If you do not write I am to send the parrot as a punishment. Your mother was witness to this last arrangement, and it would be just; so beware. The Bible says, "Beware of dogs," but I say, "Beware of the parrot."

One word I have not said. (I'll think of many more after the letter has gone). The only objection urged against our friendship was time. Time flies, so he will soon remove that and then—? I shall continually thank God that he made woman next to the angels and that you are one of them. I have always held woman in great respect, as beings above us men, because I honor my mother and sister—now I have another reason.

How shall I say farewell? You know how I said it once, and now let the memory of that be my farewell. You will understand what I cannot write. How can one write down a hand-clasp, and an aching heart?

God bless and keep you till we meet again, and after that may he keep us both.

Once and always

Your friend,

VAL DE WALD.

D.

CHICAGO, AUGUST 15, 1898.

My Dear, Dear Friend:—

What shall I say to make you understand how happy your letter has made me? I am sure you would feel fully justified in breaking your unwilling promise, if you knew. To myself I've kept repeating the beautiful words of the sweet singer of Israel, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I have read and reread your letter until I've almost felt your presence, and I have closed my eyes and looked at the picture I have of you in my memory, and then I have understood and have tried to appreciate the thoughts and feelings which prompted your letter. I do not pretend that it was wholly unexpected, for that would be untrue. I felt that, with a person of your loyal character, sooner or later, you would speak out if you had formed an abiding friendship for me. I confess that I tried to doubt you but I could not. Ever, deep down in my heart, I knew you were worthy and loyal and you have proved it; and now from the depths of my heart I thank you, my sweet little friend, and I shall try to be worthy of your confidence and trust.

I do not fear for my ideal, I simply recognized it when I saw it. It will not vanish into thin air as you suggest that it may. It is a realized ideal—a fact. I do not look for per-

fection in this life; if I did I should not find it, for all things here are transient and perishable. Perfection is eternal. It is true that I have a high opinion of you and that I expect much of you, but it is simply because I have understood and appreciated you. We all learn to love and respect those whom we know to be good and noble. Those whom we look up to. Sometimes we make mistakes and set up idols of wood and stone and they are likely to fall upon us and crush us; but we are created worshippers, and happy is he who finds an object worthy of his devotion!

It is pleasant to know that you too feel that our friendship is worth cultivating and find it hard to give it up. God bless you for saying so! Yes, I can and do have for you this enduring patience and forgiving love of which you speak, and trust that sometime our friendship may prove to be all we hoped and expected. But I confess that I do not like that word "sometime," it is too indefinite. Why may the friendship not at least *begin now*, and then if it is true, as some one, (George Washington) has said, "True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shock of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation," it will sooner reach the hoped and expected. The plant has taken root in my heart and I mean to watch and care for it and let it grow.

That my words have touched and helped you

is pleasant to know, but it could hardly be otherwise in your case, for your sensitive mind would be sure to recognize the deep feelings that inspired them. You call my poor letter "beautiful." Perhaps there were glimpses of beauty in it, for there are times in our lives when we become eloquent as when we feel that we are about to lose some precious object. That was one of those times with me and words failed me to make myself fully understood. I feared it was my last letter to you else I should not have written as I did and what I did. I wanted you to know how I felt. It is very likely that I shall not write any more beautiful letters, but I shall write the best I can and hope that will suffice. The knowledge that you are to write to me when you feel like talking to me is very precious, and I have caught myself several times hoping that you might very often feel like doing so. Your letters will be impatiently waited for. Humour me as often as you can.

Do not be careless of your promises, you can not do that and be true to yourself; and if you are true to yourself you cannot be false to anyone else. Where the fault lies in most broken promises is in their making. We have not comprehended what they involve, and to fulfill them we must do what is impossible. I have not blamed you for breaking your promises to me, for I know I had no right to ask them of you; and yet I feel that it is due me that you

should at least break one to some one else to favor me, especially when that one was quite as unreasonable as any that I exacted. You'll find I'm just as quick to condemn a fault as to praise a virtue. However, I shall try to be fair with and helpful to you and hope you will be so with me.

You will doubtless soon master the art of stenography, and become expert in it, for it only requires faithful work to succeed. No one can deny the practicability of knowledge in that direction, whatever they may think or say of other kinds which we value highly. I have noticed a disposition in many people to belittle what they have failed to attain, and it is doubtless because they do not appreciate its value. The best thing about such knowledge is that it makes us more self-reliant and renders us self-supporting when necessary, and so I think you wise in your choice.

Yes, I do really want those poems you promised me, and I think I shall have to scold you if you persist in belittling yourself and your writings. The idea of your "amounting to so little!" You amount to so much that I am proud to call you friend, and assure you that I know no woman of your age, who is more highly cultured. I bow before you, not only as my equal, but as my superior in many respects, and I am glad to have a friend to whom I can look up.

A lady patient and friend of mine has promised to give me a very fine dog, a thoroughbred Cocker spaniel, (see his picture in the Standard Dictionary), and I hope I may send him to your mother if not to you. I remember that my promise to send a dog was made to both of you, and if she is willing I will send him to her, and if later she should want to present the dog to her daughter, or anyone else, of course she could do so. For the present I shall leave Polly, the parrot, with friends, where she has been visiting for some months past. Kindly advise me soon about the dog, as he is likely to be brought to me at any time and I have no conveniences for keeping him.

Take good care of my Little Brown Mouse. I shall hold you accountable for her welfare. I wish I could see her! It seems so long since I saw her last. Don't forget to send me her picture. God bless you, dear one!

VAL DE WALD.

E.

CHICAGO, AUGUST 18, 1898.

Dear Little Brown Mouse:—

A few days ago I wrote to your mistress and told her to take good care of you, but I did not send any message to you; so now I shall write to you and ask you to deliver a little message to her. Will you do it, Little Mousie?

Two things I wish to send word about: First,

the dog that I promised her has been brought over and is now lying peacefully at my feet. I have spent the past hour making friends with him so that he would stop crying for his late mistress. I have won his confidence and we are friends. I wish to know if I am to keep him here or send him to a new home in the West. Now, Mousie, please find out for me and let me know as soon as you can.

Second, I enclose a little paper, the report of some remarks that I made at the American Medical Institute, which have been sent to me for approval or correction. Your mistress said that I must always send her my writings and in a sense that includes this fragment. You might tell her that I doubt if she will understand this bit of discussion, however, she shall have it. Please forward it to its destination in the enclosed envelope.

Quite a long message for a Little Mousie to deliver, isn't it? However, you are not an ordinary mousie, you know, and must expect large tasks to be imposed upon you. The service you undertook, and did so well, at the Medical Institute may be the beginning of a larger usefulness. The little things of life often act as the hinges upon which great events swing. Our meeting there will be an influence in two lives that will work itself out in the future, for good or for ill. I thought I had caught and carried you away with me, for I discovered that

you had found your way into my heart. But it was only the image of the Little Brown Mouse that I found when I made a more careful search. It is good to have so much!

You were a very kind Little Mousie to me while I visited your city, and I shall long gratefully remember the excursions we made. Sometimes, I think it must all be a dream; but I know it is not for I have three letters from some one whom you know better than I do, and I read them and know it is real.

I shall look for your reply soon, so be a good Mousie and find out and tell me what I want to know. Try to coax your mistress to send for the dog. I am sure he would please her and be good company for you. He is nearly full grown, but is not yet a year old and is handsomer than the picture in the dictionary.

I hope he will soon learn to love and protect you.

Good night, Mousie, dear,
VAL DE WALD.

F.

CHICAGO, AUGUST 21, 1898.

Dear Little Friend:—

You have made both doggie and me very happy; me by accepting my little gift, and him by taking him for your own, to pet and to train until he will become your faithful servant. There is no doubt but that he will soon forget his

former mistress and me too—he would not be showing good sense if he did not.

He needs training and is of the right age to be taught. I know but little about dogs or their proper education, so can give few pointers for your aid. Perhaps you do not need any; but what I have learned of him may be of service to you in training him. He has been allowed to make friends with everybody, and play with a lot of children. This has been bad for him.

What is true of man is true of dogs. It is bad to have too many intimate friends. The saying: "Be friendly with all men but be intimate with few" is a wise one and we should profit by it. You must limit his friendships and he will make a good watch dog. He should be taught to mind. A little firmness and patience will make him understand. I shall not venture further suggestions; if you wish them you must ask for them.

He has no name, so we shall have to christen him. But before I make any suggestions I want to know your taste, and have you indicate your wish in the matter. You are the person most concerned, and may find out that the question, "What's in a name?" is far reaching in its significance. Indeed, often everything is in a name. "Give a dog a bad name—" I have forgotten the rest, but probably you know it. Doubtless the result would be disastrous.

He has no collar but I have his size and will

get him one after we have decided what to name him, for I want his name engraven upon it with any data you may desire.

We have been talking, doggie and I, about his new mistress and future home. I have told him a lot of things about the Little Brown Mouse, and he has understood, and promised to be good to her. He is sitting here and watching me as I write, and I have asked him if he has any message to send to his little mistress and he says:

“Yes,” and as near as I can get his message, he says: “I am glad that she wants me and that she is going to be good to me. I know I shall love her and be very proud to be her dog. I should like to have her name on my collar, so that people and other dogs may know that I belong to her. It would be nice to have something like this: ‘I am Miss Tutel’s dog. Whose dog are you?’ Don’t you think that would be cute? I am lonely here with you, for you go away so often and stay so long and leave me here all alone, and I am sure that she would take me with her sometimes. My fleas are nearly gone, and as soon as they are all gone I am going out to be with her. I don’t mind getting washed, and did not cry at all last night, although I was in the bathtub ever so long. I hope there are no fleas out in my new home. I don’t like fleas, for I can’t catch them. I am not a thoroughbred dog, as you told her

I was, but I don't care if she likes me, and I hope she will."

You are quite right. It is possible for people to know too much of other people's business. This is one of the cases where "Ignorance is bliss." No one need know where you got the dog. You sent to Chicago for him; let that suffice.

What a lot of questions! Let me count them—nine; but one of them is a double one—ten. Well, I am very glad to have you ask them, for it shows that you are interested; but as this is only a note about the dog, I shall only answer what applies to him, and leave the others for another day when I want to chat with you. Will that do?

I shall send him on Tuesday afternoon, so that he will arrive in the morning on Wednesday. You must tell me if you are disappointed in him. What have you pictured him to be like? Large or small, black or white?

Now I ought to scold you for allowing my little Mousie to take cold. My poor little Mousie! I am so sorry, and hope she is better ere this. I am sure I'd be more careful of her if I were there to watch over her.

I shall not ask you to be my guide to the more beautiful spot that I must visit, but how shall I find it unless you go with me? Sometime you shall not be afraid to promise. Now, it does not matter, for I cannot go.

What a little flatterer you are! You will certainly make me vain if you keep on. Not even you, little girl, can make me believe that my letters are all beautiful. I might have thought that one might have been, but more? That is impossible. And yet, I am truly glad if they seem so to you. Shall I confess that your letters are beautiful to me? It is really so, and I understand how you feel.

There are some things I want to say to you in reply to your letter, but I dare not begin on them to-night, for they are long, long thoughts; and there are a lot of questions I want to ask the Little Brown Mouse—things I want her to tell me about you. You see, she can tell me what you might not like to write about yourself. Do you think she would write answers to some questions? She is such a sweet, kind little Mousie, I have hoped she would. It is not mere curiosity that prompts the questions, but the more I know of you the better I shall feel that I know you, and I want to know you *well*. You said in one letter that if I knew you better I might like you less. I think the reverse will be true. At any rate I should like to put it to the test.

I shall expect the letter soon, and until then hope to be thought of as your "only friend in Chicago."

Good-night—sweet dreams. "He giveth his beloved sleep."

Faithfully,
V. DE W.

G.

CHICAGO, AUGUST 28, 1898.

Dear Little Mousie:—

It is pleasant to get such good reports as your note brought me a couple of days ago, and I rejoice with you both; with you, because you have a pet that just suits you, and with doggie because he has a mistress that just suits him. You are a fortunate pair, for it is seldom that both parties to a contract are entirely satisfied. I told him that he would be proud of you, and told him that he ought to be.

I hardly know what to say about the name. "The Link" was a happy suggestion of your mother's, and it was certainly very nice of her to help us out; and yet, I rather favor the name "Freckles." It is so appropriate to the animal; for even if he is an "aristocratic" dog, he has freckles on his nose—like someone else whom we know. However, any name that you like will please me. In fact, I am so glad that he suits you, that I am almost indifferent about the minor points. I am sure he will serve as a reminder of your humble servant, even if you do not call him "The Link." The bond is no less real that holds us in our pleasant friendship, if it is invisible. And then, if after all, you are forced to give me up, the name would have to be changed, or possibly become an unpleasant suggestion to you. No, call him anything but "The Link."

It is not surprising that you should have known what sort of an appearing dog he was before seeing him, when I recall the several instances of thought transference that have passed between us. Between minds in sympathetic accord there is always a transference of thoughts. The recognition and interpretation of the messages alone is rare. The world is now striving to reduce telepathy to an exact science, and will doubtless soon do so.

If you were here I should hold you responsible for the damage done by your dog. Last Sunday I left him in my den while I went to take dinner with some friends. What did he do? I will tell you. He pulled a pair of lounge pillows off the couch, and played with them until the feathers flew. No, I did not whip him. Neither did he repair the damages done. I shall have to call in a seamstress to fix them. One had a changeable slip, but the other was a fancy one with a ruffle, and he unruffled it. I tell you this that you may know that he is not perfect.

Now, I will answer your questions, that had to wait for lack of room, in my last note. Some of them were about the dog and have been fully answered.

Where is the picture? What a greedy little Mousie! She has three pictures, and is not satisfied. I have the original of the cut in the Magazine of Medicine; you may have that, or I will have one made expressly for you. Which shall it be?

How can I see so much in you? I am no psychic, who is developed to read the future, but recognition of character and undeveloped possibilities have helped me to know and understand my little friend; and yet, I have only just begun to learn your real worth. That is why I wanted to ask some questions, that I might know you better, but I have given up that notion, as unwise. I shall trust your woman's wit to tell me all I ought to know. Forgive my thoughtless request. "A friend is most a friend, of whom the best remains to learn."

Yes, little girlie, I am sure you know me better than to misjudge me. You are quite right. I sent those clippings so that you might know more about me, without my having to appear egotistic in writing of myself. Wanting to know about you, I thought you might care to know about me. There! I have "'fessed up" the whole matter.

Yes, I remember that the Little Brown Mouse was the Information Bureau, and I also remember that she was very angry at the impertinence of one of her callers; and do not wish to expose myself in like manner by asking such questions. I am a little afraid of you, you know. I do not want to disappoint Mousie, so I shall ask her to tell me how old she is—day, month and year of her birth; how tall she is—feet and inches; and how much she weighs. How much she thinks her dog weighs. We

weighed him the day he was shipped. She may tell me as much more as she wants me to know. Yes, she has proven that she can be very accommodating, and I am pretty sure she knows at least, one person who is grateful.

I am very anxious to have the poems, especially the prophetic one, entitled "One Summer." However, you said it was not addressed to anyone, or based on any experience. Don't you think it might belong to the period of our previous friendship? At any rate, it started a vibration in the listener, which has continued to inspire him with higher aims and nobler purposes ever since that night. No, I have not fought the good fight; nor have I finished my course. To be sure, I have accomplished something, but I have neglected so many other things. I am lacking in many respects. If my words help you, so do yours help me. I am very glad it is so, for I believe in reciprocity. You have made the world seem brighter to me, and have taught me that there are some good people in it, and that life is worth the living. I was quite cynical when I first met you. Some unfortunate experiences had lost me my faith in man, and my trust in God. "Sometime" you shall know. In the meantime you can help me by your sympathy and letters. I have had a letter each week for three weeks, and now shall always look for them that often.

I have a call to make, out south, at the end of

the elevated road. Wish you were here to take the car ride with me. I promise to be your guide if you come here, and I will try to do as well by you as you did by me. I must be going, so will say "good-night" and write "finis" at the close of this rambling epistle.

Did doggie tell you all the things I told him to?

Faithfully, V. DE W.

ONE SUMMER.

Ah, those were the dear, happy days, sweetheart,
Those days of the long ago;
When all was sunshine and brightness
Before winter's gloom and snow.

When you and I together, sweetheart.
Roamed through the dusky wood;
Ah, those were the days to remember,
For all in the world seemed good.

Ah, yes, those were dear, happy days, sweet-
heart,
Too happy by far to last;
For after sunshine shadows gather
And sunshine goes so fast.

So those happy days have faded, sweetheart,
As the sun when he sinks to rest,
Yet, the memories that hallow them,
To me are ever blessed.

I shall never forget those days, sweetheart,
They were life's better part;
But I closed the door and lost the key
When I hid them in my heart.

H.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 4, 1898.

Dear Mousie:—

Your confidence and good opinion are precious to me, and I tremble lest I may be unworthy of them. If God sent me to you in the time of your greatest need, much more did He send His good angel to me when He sent you into my life. Now, that I feel the responsibility you have laid upon me, when you open your heart to me, then ask me to help and to give you "a little light," I dare not say what I feel, and could not utter unbiased words to-day; so I shall not answer that part of your letter until another day, after I have had time to think. It will be hard for me to speak dispassionately at any time, when the happiness of one that has become dear to me is concerned, and just now I am sure I should speak too strongly. God forbid that I should add one iota to the sufferings of your unmerited martyrdom. Why, dear little girlie, my heart aches for you. It shall be my aim to bring joy into your life, and help you into the larger sphere of usefulness for which you are so well fitted. How happy I shall be when I see you "trying your wings" in original work in music, literature or art! Read my first letter to you from Chicago. You will find there expressed what I feel now.

You ask me not to overrate you lest I be disappointed in the end, and now I must urge upon you your own caution. I too, am human,

and often very weak and fallible. If you could have read my thoughts as I read your letter this morning, you might have been surprised as I was.

The dear little doggie, I ought to say "Freckles," I suppose,—how poorly you understand him! I am sure he has told you repeatedly what I told him to tell you. Has he never laid his head upon your knee and looked up into your face? He was telling you then. Look into his eyes and see if they do not tell you something.

You have not sent directions about his collar. He will blame me for the delay, I fear. I have lost the string with which I measured his neck, so please tell me the size. Have you any choice as to style and make of collar?

I am glad that Freckles improves with age, and I shall take your good will for the deed, and forgive him. He has gained half a pound since he left me, for the day he went he weighed just thirty-two pounds. That is good evidence that he is well cared for—lucky dog!

No doubt the penny will bring good luck to me. I shall keep it with that hope, for I need better luck. I have more faith in your good wishes that come with it than in the coin. Did my grains of rice bring any charm to you?

Yes, the report is quite satisfactory. I knew how old you were, but not the date of your birth. You told me when you asked my age. I have forgotten little that you told me in those

two happy days. I thought you would think me old, so I did not like to tell you my age. We are not far apart in age; you are older than your years, and I am younger than mine, and that brings us closer together. Do I seem very old to you? You are tall enough and heavy enough for a little mousie. You could not have found your way into my heart if you had been larger.

By the way, that "picture on memory's wall" will fade after awhile, so that I cannot call it up and see it when I wish to. The memory is indelible, but the vision is fleeting, so I am wanting another picture that I can hold in my hand, and perchance, talk to if I am lonely. When I felt that I must say things, when my heart got too full I used to talk to Freckles. Now it may burst if I do not have some sort of a safety valve.

Many, many thanks for the little poem. It means very much to me. The vibration it has started in my heart may some day find form and expression in another poem; if so it shall be yours for you inspired it. Let us think that it is the echo of the old friendship which has been renewed. Let us believe that God's own hand has guided our paths, and that our friendship has been ordained by Him. I do not blame you, nor do I think your conscience should condemn you for deceiving your nameless friend; his conduct forced the necessity upon you. Your story is very plain and

straightforward, and I do "understand a little," and shall be just as frank as yourself, but not now. Let me say this much, however, you approach nearer and nearer my ideal the better I know and understand you. Oh, if I could see and talk to you for an hour! My heart is full, so full, but I cannot write the thoughts that clamor for place, for I have no words with which to state them. But dearie, I understand. I know the power that forced you to write when you had promised not to; it was the same power that prompted the letter that you answered; it was friendship—such friendship as is worthy of the name. "The strong-minded young lady" that I admired will soon appear again. The puzzled little girl will solve the puzzle and will know and do right. I shall help both of them for your sake, "Little Brown Mouse."

Now I shall say farewell for a little while, and go over to the hospital to keep an engagement with a patient who is to meet me there this afternoon.

Be good and brave and write soon to,

Your friend,

VAL DE WALD.

THIS SUMMER.

Ah, these are the dear, happy days, sweetheart,
These days of the summer time,
When all is sunshine and gladness,
Before winter's cold and rime.

When you and I are together, sweetheart,
Roaming through wood and park,
Through the sunshine and the gloaming,
Till the days are done, after dark.

Ah, yes, these are dear, happy days, sweetheart,
Happier far than the past;
For after the storm comes the sunshine
Bringing blessings that last.

Ah, these dear summer days! sweetheart,
They come as the sun at morn,
Dispelling darkness and sorrow,
Proclaiming that love is born.

I shall never forget these days, sweetheart,
They are life's better part;
In them I found the magic key
Which opes the door of your heart.

I.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 11, 1898.

My Dear Grace:—

May I call you so? I often think of you in that way, for Grace, you know, means a free gift, or the gift of God, which is always free; and you have been and are a gift from Him. I am glad that you also needed me.

The first thing I write must be the answers to your questions, which I put off from my last letter. I do not know as I shall do better by waiting, but I am sure I shall write more mildly, and I hope more wisely, for when your letter was newly read it stirred me up rather thoroughly and made me want to say things plainly, that

it seems wiser not to say at all now. You know, I am sure, that what I say is for your interest and happiness; that I promptly come to your assistance, having heard your call for help. With this assurance I am going to talk to you.

I see so much in you, and have hoped for so much from you, that it hurts me deeply to know that you are hampered by anything. And that that hindrance is the will, or wilfulness of a selfish man, is too bad. He ought to see and know that you are not like "other ordinary women," and help you in your efforts to realize the possibilities that lie before you, instead of standing in the way of discouraging you, simply because he cannot understand you. You understand your position, and have no need that anyone should advise you further than to say, do as you have sometimes tried to do, give him up. It is contemptible for a man, or as you say, a boy, to attain his end in such a way. It is shameful to play upon your generous sympathies in such a manner. You had better do as you have threatened to,—give him up. "Let him go to the devil" as he says he will. He ought to go. That's where he belongs.

You feel badly about deceiving him in an innocent matter, and I will warrant you that he deceives you in many ways which are not innocent. I have known a good many young men, and I recognize in your picture the type of a fast young man. If he is not already so he will be, and you cannot save him. For God's sake do not let

him drag you down with him, nor let him prevent you from making the most of the talents which the Lord has given you. Do not think you can save him by marrying him, for you cannot. Your influence over him now is many times greater than it will be after you have married him. I have seen, oh, such pitiful wrecks that have stranded upon that rock. Ask your mother to advise you. She loves you; she knows your worth; she wants you to make the most of yourself; she wants you to be happy; and she must understand that a mistake in this matter will end only in eternity. I know she is wise and good, for I could read it in her dear, motherly face when I saw it.

Why do you give up to him so? Because it has become an habit with you. You say it has become second nature, which is the same thing. As we let any other will dominate us our own becomes weaker, just in proportion to our dependence upon the other. He has not controlled you because his is the stronger mind. It is likely that you have the stronger mind, but as you say you "have given up so many, many things to keep him in good humour" that it has become a habit.

Why do you care whether he likes what you do or not? The answer is as simple as the other. You are afraid of him. He has acted the spoiled child so often and made you miserable when you have done what he did not like, that you have become accustomed to study his likes and dis-

likes, so as to avoid his disagreeable behavior when he is displeased. You do not really care, except in the above sense. You do not love him, for love banishes fear.

Perhaps you think me too severe in my judgment of the "good boy's character," but I doubt it. At any rate, you can easily find out the truth. Ask your brother to make inquiries about him of those who know his habits. It is a brother's duty to protect his sister. The fact that you know so few of his friends leads me to believe that you are mistaken in your knowledge that he is "a good boy." If he were ever so good he could never be worth the sacrifice it is costing you to keep him so. With your help he can make a name for himself, you say, and I reply, without this hindrance you can make a greater one for yourself. Those of your friends who shake their heads, see much more than they say, and you will do well to take their warning.

Have I said enough, or too much? In either case I shall close my talk with this word. Do not disappoint your friends by failing to make the best effort in your power to succeed.

The little poem that I made an attempt at is almost a failure, so I shall not send it as I thought of doing. I find that my knowledge of feet (metrical) is woefully lacking. Doubtless you have observed that in the rearrangement that I attempted of your verses. Frankly, what is your opinion of it? If you will collaborate with me,

possibly I would send the other, for I should like to perfect it. I wish we lived near each other, for I want someone of a kindred spirit to aid me and encourage and inspire me in my feeble efforts. It is dreadfully dull to work alone, and I have to do that or not work at all; and then what would my friends think of me?

How is the stenography coming on? How many words can you write per minute? Do you like it? Are you learning to type-write as well? I have a typewriter. I copied the poem with it. What do you think of my writing, could I graduate from your school? I did once get a commercial degree from a business college. I ran across the diploma the other day. I am "Master of Accounts", if you please. It would be nice if one could transfer knowledge in bulk, then I could give you what I learned in that line, and save you much hard work. I have other things that I would share with you also; but knowledge, unlike gold, one must dig for himself.

I missed your letter, which I looked for both Saturday and to-day. Your letters have come as helpful messengers to cheer my lonely hours, and their helpful, happy influences have brightened many hours that would have been dull enough, had it not been for those more than welcome missives. I would not willingly take your time from your studies and duties, but I hope that you will let the Little Brown Mouse write to me often. Dear Little Brown Mouse,

how good she has been to me! I hope "some-time" to prove that I appreciate all she has done, and herself as well. Until then, I am,

Faithfully,

V. DE W.

J.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 18TH, 1898.

Dear Friend:—

Something tells me that you are unhappy, and my heart goes out to you in sympathy. I wish I could bear the burden for you. There is nothing I would not gladly do to save you from worry and pain; and I wish that I could prove that I am not saying empty words. You ask me to advise you and help you, but I fear that I have failed. What more can I say or do? It is hard waiting the long days and weeks through, knowing that you need help, and being unable to aid you. Often, I find myself fearing lest something has happened to you, or that you are ill. Please write me soon that I may know how you are.

Freckles needed his collar, so I got one for him, guessing at the size, and I hope it will fit, and suit both him and his little mistress. The marking was not what I wanted exactly, but he may prefer the sort of a bangle we arranged, better than the other original plan. If the collar does not suit he shall have another that will.

It seemed unfair to send a box for Freckles, without a tiny remembrance for the Little

Brown Mouse, so I put in a little bracelet for her, guessing also at the size of her paw. Let her wear it sometimes for my sake.

For you I put in a cartridge as a war souvenir. It was picked up on the hill where the hottest fighting occurred before the taking of Santiago de Cuba, by a friend who was in the war. I had the powder removed so it would not be dangerous. It is the kind used by some of the Dons, The bullet is brass.

On second thought I have decided to send my attempt at a poem on "A Previous Friendship," trusting that you will come to my assistance in making it real poetry. Alone I can never succeed. The ideas are true, but to arrange them in verse, "there's the rub." Will you use the prerogative of friendship and thoroughly criticise this production, and then use your natural helpfulness and aid me to make of it what it should be?

You say in a recent letter that you are looking at the world from a different standpoint from that of a few weeks ago, and I find the same is true in my own case. I have been in the habit of thinking that scientific study and investigation were my chief aim and happiness, but to my great surprise, I find that they have given place to a nearer and dearer ambition. Since I saw Omaha and you, all is changed.

For years my close application to study and work left no room for other things; but now, the other things, unsought, have found place

and demand their right to remain. I am like one suddenly awakened from sleep to find that life is all a dream, and that real things are not what I thought, but others infinitely more precious need attention. I am at a loss to know what to do, and I have no one to advise me. Time may solve the problem for me. At any rate I have no choice but to give him the chance.

Notwithstanding your generous statement that the length of my letters could not weary you, I fear that they have done so, but it is hard to stop when I am talking with you, even on paper. It is very strange, for none ever had occasion to think me too communicative before. Rather the reverse has been the case. Somehow, it seems but natural that I should tell you everything and expect you to be interested, and to help me with your advice. You must do with my letters as we do with our journals when we do not want them, namely, order them discontinued. It is a pleasure for me to chat with you, even when you do not answer my letters. I feel sure that, in your heart, you make answer to them all, although circumstances hinder the writing and sending of the answer. I thank you for saying that you trust me, because it is an inspiration to me and helps me to be worthy of your confidence. I too, trust you, and when you say you are my "friend" I take it in all of its sacred meaning; and although I cannot understand your actions, or silence, I believe in you just

the same. Your dear friendship has made me desire to be something better than I have been, and do something nobler than I have done. My idea is expressed in Emerson's words:

"Our chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do what we can. This is the service of a friend. With her we are easily great. There is a sublime attraction in her to whatever virtue there is in us. How she flings wide the door of existence! What questions we ask of her! What an understanding we have! What few words we need! It is the only real society."

The pages of your last letter, upon which were written the description of your boy friend, which you wished might not rise up in after years to confront you, have been destroyed, as you directed. However, I have carefully kept all of your other writings.

Of course, I am going to do just what I said, let you be my critic. Where could I find a kinder one? Someone has said: "Take the advice of a friend, and submit your invention to his censure."

How nice of you to wish to make up for that disappointment, and be willing to defy the powers that be, that you might give me the pleasure of your company on Chicago day. It greatly tempts me to drop everything and fly to Omaha, and you. I would if I could.

Yes, don your best dress. Would I know you if I should see you in it? I did not see you at

the reception, you know, so I never saw you in any character except as the Little Brown Mouse. This is the picture that hangs in the place of honor on the walls of my memory. What a blessing is memory, to bring us treasures from the storehouse of the mind! It is the only Paradise from which we cannot be turned out. It tells us the tales that were so dear in other days as they passed. I am glad to have a place in your memory, for it renders the distance less between us.

Here let me place my mark, for I have done.

Yours,

V. DE W.

A PREVIOUS FRIENDSHIP.

The present life is like an arch,
 Which joins our future with our past;
 Clouds have followed the onward march,
 And obscure the look we backward cast
 At the scenes before our earthly life,
 And memory has lost the score
 Of our past friendships and the strifes
 Experienced on that far shore.

'Tis only when tempests arise,
 And soul -storms tear open the door
 Our subconsciousness, where lies
 The record we are searching for,
 That we catch glimpses of the past;
 Then, rarely, are they clearly seen,
 But have to be patched and recast
 Before we perceive what they mean.

Out from the shore of that unknown,
 Like a memory of a vivid dream,
 Came a vision, a face—your own,
 With tender love I saw it beam,
 Your sweet voice thrilled me through and
 through,
 Your words were echoes from that shore;
 And your form seemed familiar too;
 In you I found my friend once more.

Were we friends, was the vision true?
 Did you and I then, hand in hand,
 Once roam the dusky woods all through,
 The while the sun shone o'er the land?
 Is this new love the one of yore,
 Born far beyond the mystic sea?
 Shall we be happy as before,
 What in the distance do we see?

K.

CHICAGO, SEPT. 21, 1898.

Grace, Dear Friend:—

Silence gives consent, so I shall call you by the name that I think suits you best. Certainly to me you have appeared graceful and have been most gracious.

I hasten to answer your letter for two reasons: First, I want the letter that you signed, sealed, but failed to send. It is mine, you know, and you must not keep other people's property without their consent. All you write to me is highly valued, and I shall be disappointed if I do not have it. Second, I want to say: I stand corrected. Your "boy friend" has arisen in my estimation to an enviable height. Your defense

of him was most eloquent, but with this correction my position is the same. If he were an angel from Heaven, and he stood in the way of my friend's development and growth into the beautiful and talented character that her abilities and ambitions have fitted her for, I should gladly see him thrown over the battlements into outer darkness, as certain other angels were. Not because I want him to suffer, but because I want to see my hopes realized in my friend. You will observe that I always write as I feel and it is likely that when I feel deeply I am a little severe. Indeed, I have been told so.

I am very anxious to see you succeed and I want to help you try your wings. I predict good things for you. You are showing in your shorthand and typewriting the force of mind and the application which always succeed. I am glad you have a machine and hope to see some of your work; and when you are ready for outside work, I shall patronize you.

That was the unkindest cut of all, because it hit the mark. I am a two-finger typer. I shall not brag again, you let me down too hard.

Freckles has evidently won a sure place in your heart, and I rejoice in his development, for it reflects some credit on me as a judge of dog-flesh. He certainly deserves a better collar than I sent him, and he shall have it. The one I sent was the best I could get at the stores, but we can have one made. You tell him he is to have

another if he is a good dog. I am so glad you like him and enjoy his tricks and frolics!

If I had known the honored distinction my little book was to have I should have sent one more fitting, but to "fess up" I did not count it worthy the name "gift" and sent it chiefly as a protection for the photo. However, I am delighted to know that I presented you with your first "gift" book. Indeed, I did consider the contents somewhat, and chose it because it is interesting and instructive; and above all, the characters are true to life. Books are my weakness, at least one of them, and I have spent much time with them—too much, some think. A new book always catches my eye, and I have sometimes gone hungry that I might possess one. My books have always been my friends; faithful too, they have been.

Your letter made me quite light-hearted. I was getting worried at your silence, and I guess I did suffer as much as the girl without the waist, whose letter, like mine, lay unsent in your escritoire.

Love to Freckles,

Auf baldiges wieder schen,

Sincerely,

V. DE W.

L.

CHICAGO, SEPT. 25, 1898.

Gracie:—

You are the dearest little friend in all the

world, and your letters are just like you. This one before me is so nice and breathes such a sweet spirit of frank good will that it quite makes up for the one you wrote when you were cross and out of joint with things in general. It is a consolation to know that you are human, and consequently have your complement of weaknesses. I should not feel quite at ease with a person absolutely perfect. So when I observe in your letters signs of your imperfections, I am less fearful that you may discover mistakes in my letters and signs of like imperfections in me.

The reason that we are so often disappointed in our friends is because we expect too much of them. None is to blame for not doing what is impossible. And, while it is at times true, as you say, that the best of friends sometimes tire of each other, it is also true that: "A true friend is always a friend." The same author says: "As you grow ready for it, you will find, somewhere or other, what is needful in a book or a friend." Friendship is often a misnomer, used to signify modish and worldly alliances, but those who have learned by dear experiences what the genuine is, are not likely to mistake the false for the true.

Just as soon as you begin to keep back things that I, as your friend, ought to know, just so soon will you enter a wedge that will sooner or later separate the essentials of friendship, which are sympathy and trust. I am glad that you decided that you might as well tell. That is

what ailed the letter of a week ago, which you call rather poor; and I felt the lack, and it hurt me clear through, for I want to be a help to you, and I feel that I can and ought to be. There is a strange bond that has drawn and holds us together. Some day we shall understand. Many times I have felt your presence, and no doubt it is due to thought transference. I don't know how I knew, but I was very sure that you were unhappy; and it is so pleasant to have you say that my words have meant something to you. I am beginning to think that I am of some use after all. Make me feel more so by depending much upon me. I shall try not to fail you. I want you to be ambitious and do something. First, you must complete your shorthand, then take up something else. Do more than dream, "*do*." I think likely you will find your greatest success in literature. You and I both need to study composition, style and the like, and maybe it will be possible for us to make a plan by which we can help each other. For a few months now I shall not have much time, but we always find time enough to do what we like to do. I wish I might take your advice and attempt something in fiction, but I have arranged to have my lectures at the college stenographed with a view to the production of a book on "Practice," so for the present, I am unable to try anything else.

I do not know what I shall do to you for destroying my letter that you failed to mail,

and now you confess a greater crime, the destruction of a poem. I know what I'd do to you if I had you here, little girlie, but it is hard to punish one at so great a distance. I know what I'll do. I'll forgive you and heap coals of fire upon your little brown head. Now I know that you will be sorry and keep your promise never to do it again. Don't you think you could reproduce the poem, if you knew that it would please some one very much to have it?

That poem of mine does not merit such sweet praise, but I am glad you like it, for you inspired it and it was written to you. And as I answered your poem by rearranging it, so you can do with mine. It will be a sort of "deep answering unto deep" where our poetic natures respond, the one to the other. The metre is what worried me. I am unlike you, in that I have no ear for music. I am fond of music. Indeed, I love everything that is beautiful, and as is sometimes said, have music in my soul but am unable to express it. My little poem is my dream, as near as I can reproduce it, but not quite all of it. How often I look into the distance with wistful questioning gaze! What has it in store for me? Who can tell?

If we lived closer together it would be different. However, we are not far apart in thought. When you need me, I'll not be far off. It shall be as it was when you sat under our little scraggy tree on the hill; you will be conscious of my

presence, and know that I feel and care.

I am going to patronize you by sending you work, to be sure. Are you ready for it? Can you spare the time to do copying? I sometimes have papers, addresses, etc., copied and could send you one if it would not be imposing upon your kindness. For the present, if you think the poem is all right, and it suits you, you may make a copy of it for me, as I did not keep one.

I am glad that Mousie and Freckles like and wear my little tokens. I too, thought of the meaning of the circle and wished that it might be emblematic of our friendship; but I thought besides of its twisted strands, and observed how intimate and helpful was their relation. Might that also characterize or suggest something? You see how fanciful I am. You did not think it, did you?

After such a threat about the length of my letters I shall not dare to say anything that has been proscribed, so I wash my hands of all care in the matter, and run on *ad libitum*. There I go, foreign words again, and I have not translated the other phrase for you yet. Auf baldiges wieder schen is a sort of good-by, and like that expression difficult to render into any other language than the German. As near as I can say, it means, "soon see again," or "may we soon see each other again."

Once I failed of the golden silence, but I have spoken my mind as you requested, and shall not have to hurt your feelings again.

Happy days will come again to you, if you are brave and stand for what you know is right.

God be with you, dear,

Faithfully,

V. DE W.

M.

CHICAGO, SEPT. 28, 1898.

Dear Mousie:—

Your friend is very tired to-night, but not too tired to chat with you—that always rests him. He had a lecture this morning and an examination this afternoon, and as he sat there waiting for his class to write their papers he fell to dreaming; and whom do you think he dreamed about? Why, it was you. He often goes away in thought and lives over again those days of “This Summer,” precious days! One of the students had to repeat his question more than once to call him back from his waking dream. He was sitting on a hill under a little crooked tree—“our tree”—and he was not alone. You were with him, and he looked deep into two beautiful brown eyes as they looked up at him. Eyes are said to be “the windows of the soul,” and he was looking through the windows, trying to see what was recorded there. He thought he saw something, but he could not spell out all of its meaning; he will have to look again.

This is to be just a little note about two things that you will find enclosed: One, a little Greek coin that I got from a little Greek girl.

I thought I'd send it in return for the penny, which I always carry. I shall not wait to be asked to translate what is printed upon it. The word "LEPTA" is the name of the coin, as cent is a word with us, and the Lepta is worth about half of a cent. BASILEION TAS 'ELLADOS means "Kingdom of Greece."

Two, I have written another poem, and according to command it must be forthwith submitted to the critic. How would it do to send to my mother? Can you discover any reason why it should not be so sent? I am anxious to have your opinion, so send it at once to you, hoping to hear the sooner.

I omitted an important word in my last letter. It was about your being my stenographer when you are expert enough. It is something that I have thought of many times since I knew you were studying. I feared you might be too high priced for me to think of affording the luxury. When you are ready let me know. Who can tell what may happen? Certainly not I. In the meantime I shall send you something now and then to do for me. I have a paper upon spiritualism, "Ghosts and Haunted Houses," that I'll work over and send to you for the first "job."

I am to lecture before the Society of Psychology on the 9th of October. Subject, "Psychical Phenomena." It is in some sense an answer to a lecture delivered there this month. I do not believe in the supermundane explanation of spiritualistic phenomena, as they are mostly

fraud; and what is not fraud admits of another better explanation.

I must say good-night, and seek my couch, or I shall be unfit for my duties on the morrow. I have just had a waking dream. In it I visited the spot where we said our last farewell. Ah! little thought we it was our last! I'll tell you what I saw in my dream in my regular letter, Sunday.

Good-night Mousie. Love to Freckles, and to the Little Brown Mouse also.

Yours,
V. DE W.

EVERY NIGHT.

(An Acrostic.)

Every night ere I go to sleep,
Lovingly I breathe this prayer:
Grant thy love, Lord, to safely keep
And shield her from all harm and care;

God,

Remember that I love her
And that she's all the world to me;
Cancel every evil, confer
Every blessing that may be;

Thy

Untold love may her gift be,
Till she shall, in the great unknown
Enrolled be, and then let me
Linger not, but soon join my own.

Amen.

N.

CHICAGO, Oct. 2, 1898.

Gracie, Dear:—

All of your letters are good and just like your own dear self, characteristic. I like to see people with queer combinations, as you call them. They are always interesting and generally original. Your words, phrases and sentences were all perfectly and correctly good. Perhaps a little too much so. It was the spirit the letter breathed. It was cold and almost formal, and made me feel that you were cross with me. It held me off at arm's length, and lacked the usual I-take-you-into-my-confidence spirit that I am so fond of. But you know, I have forgiven, and have almost forgotten all about it in the pleasure that the other letters have brought. This one before me makes me want to say something sweet and appropriate for the mark of confidence it shows. I dare not say all I feel, lest you should misjudge me. I can hardly understand it myself. You have grown very dear to me, and you are the only influence strong enough to turn me from my books. Often, as I read, a face,—your face,—comes between me and the page I am reading, and I close my eyes and indulge in one of my day dreams. The face is always welcome, dearie. I wish it were the real face. "Every night as I go to sleep my lips softly breathe this prayer." I close my eyes and seek the face and it rarely fails to come.

Now you know why the poem should not be sent to mother; it was written to you as an acrostic. Probably you have already guessed the truth.

Don't you think you are a little inconsistent, Mousie? You say that after this nothing will be kept from me, and that is as it should be. You must tell me all about yourself. Now this is the inconsistency. You say, "other plans of mine I am not going to tell even you." The least of your plans are of importance to me, and this central plan which means so much to you, don't you think I would like to know and help you carry it to completion? Besides, if it should fall through, you would need someone to tell about it who would sympathize with you. You say I must speak more plainly, and say what I think, and I try to obey. Now, don't you think it would be better if you made no exception and "fessed up" the whole truth, then we can plan and discuss the plans together?

Right you are. Do one thing at a time. But I doubt if you have wasted much time reading. "Reading maketh a full man," it is said. The opportunity will come when all you have read and studied will be of use, and never mind the lost opportunities, they do not return. Others will come. Make the most of them. Regrets are useless.

"The moving finger writes, and having writ

"Moves on, nor all our piety or wit,

"Can lure it back to cancel half a line,

"Nor all our tears wash out a word of it."

Your work is quite satisfactory, and you may consider yourself engaged. The paper will be sent as soon as I can go over it and make some changes that are needed. I fear that you have forgotten my threat to scold you for belittling your work and yourself, for you are doing it again. Of course, it is a crime to destroy your poems and you are a naughty girl for doing it. In due time I shall look for your version of "A Previous Friendship," and I am sure that your fears are groundless, for you will succeed.

By the way, your quotation, "The proper study of mankind is man," is from Pope. I heard a minister not long ago say that Pope was wrong about that; that man's proper study is God.

Your presence at my lectures during the week is inspiring and helpful. I am sure that your thoughts do at times reach me, for I feel them.

I am glad you seldom dress up, and hope it may not be on one of those occasions when you have your photo taken, for I want you as you generally are, and as I saw you. I think I shall have it but that would be like counting chickens before they hatch. You will not care what I have done with it—will you?

Hearing you play and sing, and seeing your art work are among the things that I missed by not seeing you when I returned. You missed something too, for I had some Indian souvenirs that I secured up in Dakota. I meant to divide with you, you know.

Freckles is a naughty dog, and not nearly so faithful as you think. Just see how he has treated my confidence. I sent him so that I might have a friend at court, and what has the little rascal done? Why, he has forgotten my interests and is making the most of his opportunities to advance his own selfish ends. You, yourself but recently complained that he had failed to deliver my messages. It is a case like John Alden in "Miles Standish." Perhaps I wrong his dogginess, for your conclusion gives me the first place when you say: "I know I can pin my faith to you, and —can trust him too." In any case I am glad I sent him, since he is so much to you. Dogs are worthy illustrations of faithfulness, and we would do well to learn from them.

It is sweet to learn that you put some dependence upon me, and I shall try to understand and appreciate the honor you confer, until such a time as you shall find words to tell me. It will help to make me a better man to know that I am elected to lend a hand to a pure, noble-minded woman in her efforts to reach a worthy place in the world.

Let us be perfectly frank with each other, dearie, and say what we think and feel. If what I say is helpful to you, don't you think the same would be true of what you say to me? I shall never be less a friend to you than I am now.

The dream must be told, for I promised that

I would tell you of it in this letter. I will make it short. It was not all a dream, but partly a memory.

Suddenly as I sat in my chair thinking, I was transported from my den to Capitol Hill. It was night—a beautiful summer night—and I seemed to be carried back to a scene and experience which occurred three months ago. It was my farewell night in your city. I was not alone; you were with me; and I lived over again that memorable night. Do you remember how we sat on the brow of the hill looking northward over the city, at the brightly lighted Exposition? How plainly I saw it all again! And how real your presence seemed! You were seated leaning against the small tree trunk, and I, because the tree was small, had to rest my face against your arm. Do you remember how I caught the little hands and held them both in my large palm, and lifted them to my lips and kissed the tiny fingers and the soft palms while you were talking, and you pretended not to notice my daring deed? It is possible you did not notice it. At any rate I did it all over again, and seemed to feel the arm and hands and your warm breath when I patted your smooth cheek. How hard I found it to say good-night and leave you! No part of the scene was lacking. I seemed to have the right to ask a farewell kiss, but I got your words: “No, don’t you think that I have been pretty good to you?” I touched your sweet face with my lips as we

started toward your home. Then I came back to consciousness and found that I had fallen asleep and dreamed. How feebly words portray our feelings! What seems so tame, now that I have told it, was in reality, a glorious vision, with all the warmth and color of real life.

I had nearly forgotten to say something of Miss Good, whom I met at your bureau. I am sorry for her troubles, and glad that they are so nearly over. I hope that her fondest hopes may be fully realized in her marriage. Now, if you would be pleased, I will send you a bracelet something like yours, and you may present it to her as your wedding gift. What do you say, shall we do it? I think you told me of the wrong she did you, but I have forgotten about it. You see I remember some things better than others. I recall that she was unhappy at home and engaged to be married, but the rest has vanished.

Chicago Day at the Exposition was evidently a success judging from the accounts in our papers of "how we took the city." I'll cut out and send you, under another cover, some of the illustrations which explain it. Some of them are rather good, I think. Others, the less said of them the better. Your artist's eye will tell you which is which, and so I submit them *sans comment*.

Instead of a formal farewell or *finis*, let me break off a tiny flower and send it, that its

fragrance and beauty may convey in subtle form a more acceptable ending.

You shall ere long hear again from

VAL DE WALD.

P. S. Are you exhausted? My "Chicago Day" was your letter.

V.

O.

CHICAGO, OCT. 5, 1898.

My Dear Gracie:—

I am cross with everybody except my Little Brown Mouse, and I have come to chat with you and tell you how glad I was to receive your unexpected letter; it was such a nice sympathetic letter, and you are a dear, sweet girl for sending it. I wish it had been yourself instead of a letter, and that you were here now so that I might chat with you in person. I want to touch you and make sure that you are a reality and not only an ideal, un-realized and unsubstantial. I find myself wondering. Did I really find a little girl "out West" who is my ideal? Did I talk with her and touch her? Or did I dream it? It is very like a dream, dearie, and yet I know it was not all a dream. People who meet in dreams do not write letters that come through the mail, but you do, so I am sure that you are real, and that you will not fade away into thin air.

Yes, the coin is lucky, as is everything that

I send to you. And many times a day I send special thoughts to the same end, so you cannot possibly be unlucky any more. I have wondered what strong influence had left its plain impression upon you. "The shadow of a great sorrow" is the result of some influence in your life. I do not know what it is. We are all what we are, not so much from hereditary influence as from environment. As infants we are as wax, to be moulded into men and women. As men and women we are what we are by reason of the impressions made upon our receptive natures during our development. Every influence makes an indelible impression. This feeling is unnatural, and I shall help you to overcome it. It is you who write, only you are not fully mistress of yourself. Keep trying until you succeed.

I am so glad you like the little poem, and hope you like it even more now that you know that I wrote it for you. You are my inspiration, so if I say anything unusual it is because you have inspired the beautiful thoughts. I cannot find words adequate to put many of them into sentences. I love to think them just the same, for they lift me out of the ordinary worries of life, and set me on a higher plain. Your praise is very pleasant, and I am sure to try to win more of it by new attempts anon. I think I will send a copy of your poem to mother, but shall not call her attention to the fact that it is an acrostic. She, like yourself, is a partial critic,

and I am sure to get a compliment for every effort I make.

I am seeking an opportunity to prepare your "first job," but it is a manuscript that I wrote for my own reading, and I fear you will find it a little difficult to read. However, you ought to be somewhat familiar with my chirography after wading through my letters. Also, I must make some changes in the text, as I delivered it upon a special occasion, and it smacks of the occasion. It is very kind of you to wish to do it for me. I am sure you ought to be worthy of a high price, for I know you will be competent and reliable. I expect you to be able to report lectures, sermons and the like by spring. There are plenty of cheap stenographers. You must be first-class. You see how high I expect you to climb.

Yes, the ninth is Sunday, and I shall know you are there. You would most certainly understand all of the lecture, for it will be a popular address, explaining the natural causes of the phenomena that the spiritualists refer to supermundane agencies.

I expect to have the lecture stenographed, and then after revision it might furnish a second "job" for my private secretary.

You may have a trick of dreaming, but you don't seem to have the trick of "fessing up" as I do. Did you ever read the story "Peter Ibitson," by du Maurier? If so, you will recall the strange account of visiting in dreams, while

residing far apart, "dreaming true" it is there described.

No, you and I would not have minded the weather, because we should not have paraded about in it. We would have sought out some cozy corner and visited.

My fellow townsmen seemed to fare well at the hands of your townsmen on Chicago Day; at any rate, they returned filled with strong enthusiasm, or something else, bringing glowing accounts of your hospitality and enterprise.

After this little chat with "my private secretary" (to be) I feel that I can study better, and shall turn my attention to the preparation of a lecture to deliver to-morrow morning.

"Farewell! a word that must be and hath been,

"A sound which makes us linger, yet farewell."

Love to Mousie and Freckles,

VAL DE W.

P.

CHICAGO OCT. 9, 1898.

Gracie, Dear:—

How good it is to have a friend like you who appreciates every little attention and effort that one makes in her behalf. To be sure I wrote the poem for you. There could be no mistake; it speaks for itself. I thought the question I asked about it might lead to your finding out

the truth, but no matter, you know now that it did not just happen to have your name running through it. Modesty never hurts anyone, and now I know that anything I am likely to say will not turn your head. I would not have you otherwise. I like you just as you are. That is why I was daring on that last night. It never occurred to me that you were cold. Nor is it true. Yours is a deep nature—so deep that a superficial observer would never guess that such a warm, loving heart is buried in that seemingly cold breast. There is little chance for question, in my mind, at to what you will do when the chance comes. He should be a happy man who is loved by you. It will not be a half-hearted love.

Love should be concealed from the vulgar gaze, but not from its object. I once read a little poem that settled my opinion in the matter. I have forgotten the singer, but I'll never forget the song. The refrain ran: "If you love her tell her so." It had reference to married people drifting apart and growing cold. This has been a fault in our family too. Perhaps that is why I felt the force of the poem. At any rate it started a thrill in my heart that vibrates still.

I am all dressed for the ball, more correctly the reception at the Hospital, but it is a little early yet, so I thought I'd begin my letter to you. I have so much to say that I fear I'll not find time to write it all down tomorrow. I

have several calls to make in the morning, and the aforesaid lecture in the afternoon. I wish that you were here to go with me to the reception. Then I could tell you everything as we went, and as we chatted while there.

After your gracious words about my last poem I feel as though I could talk poetry, and so shall try to answer your question about "my dreaming time" in a rhyme, and if I succeed I shall send it with this letter.

Ten-thirty P. M.

I am back from the reception, having heard several addresses, and having paid my respects to the ice cream and cake. Now I will go on with your letter but not in rhyme; my muse does not move me. I wish I could write down and send the beautiful thoughts of you that drift like summer clouds across the sky of my mind.

I think the complement of the new element which has entered your life has entered mine, and that explains the great joy and sorrow whose union cause the commotion in my heart. I understand now why the Germans speak of their loved ones as their "joy and sorrow." It is sweet sorrow, like tears of joy.

I wish you could share your hope or plan with me. You must know by now that everything, even things which do "not amount to anything," if they concern you are important to me. However, I want to know nothing which is not absolutely voluntary. Do not think tha I want

to force you to confide in me. I am not your confessor, dearie, I am only your friend, but I shall be a faithful friend. I have been that since one night last summer. My heart went out to you then, and you have not been out of my mind long at a time since. I think that was the first night I said the prayer.

You want to be a court reporter? That will be worthy of my little girl. I am glad to know you are ambitious, and I am sure you will succeed. I am ambitious for you.

What am I going to do with the picture? No, not what you say that I did with the one I told you of. But I shall keep my secret until I get the picture. However, I accept the conditions. Indeed, I'd accept almost any condition in order to get it.

Did you give my picture what you refused me? Then you need not. I prefer that you save it for me. I hear the echo now, "Don't you think I've been pretty good to you?" Yes, you have been the sweetest and dearest little lady in the whole world, and I thank God every night for you. I say a lot more than what I wrote to you in the poem. I am like the little boy whose mamma heard him saying other words besides the prayer she had taught him, and asked him what he was saying. He replied that he was asking God some other things. Every night I ask God some other things.

See the top of the page,—ten. I'll say good-night and finish on the morrow. There shall

be no limit, dear. One must be harder hearted than I am to resist your sweet compliments. It makes me so happy to know that you care for me and my letters. I wish I had the little hand that wrote those words. I'd kiss every little finger good-night, and again good-night.

Sunday morning has come bright and beautiful; only the brown leaves falling from the trees and littering the walks and grass proclaim the autumn season. I have just returned from making calls, and feel the influence of the balmy air and warm sunshine. How peaceful all nature seems! Surely we ought to be happy, nor let little cares and worries make us forget the many blessings that we enjoy. Here is a little clipping that mother sent in her last letter. She is more religious than her son, and she often sends clippings which express her feelings and point him to the Throne of Mercy. Bless her dear heart, it is her mother's love that makes her care! Thank God your mother also, has the mother love for her little girl, else what would have become of her. To struggle on alone is hard indeed, but such sympathy and encouragement aid us over the rough places in the road toward success. Blessed is the man who has a few sympathizing friends. I rejoice to know that your mother understands you. The carelessness of others does not matter so much when you have such a friend.

I shall post this letter before I go to the meeting, lest I should not return till late to-night.

The meeting is usually long, lasting from three to nearly six p. m. I think I shall go to the club for supper, and then remain down town during the evening. It is not so easy for me to go down town as it is for you. I live over three miles from the heart of the city. The elevated train takes us down in fifteen minutes, which is not bad.

I expect to feel your presence as I talk to-day, and I am sure it will enable me to speak well, I had almost said eloquently. I could do so on some subjects, I am sure.

Much in your letter is still unanswered, but time forbids me prolonging this epistle. I shall probably find time to write again during the week. I never seem to have said half of what I want to when I am forced to close and say farewell.

I shall not have time to read this letter over before sending it. In fact, I fear it would not stand the test of impartial criticism, and might find its way into the waste basket if I did, so I shall turn it over to my private secretary, trusting to her good sense, its destruction or not.

Love to the Little Brown Mouse and to Freckles.

Au revoir,

VAL DE WALD.

Q.

CHICAGO, OCT. 12, 1898.

Dear Grace:—

I am glad that you remember that “last

evening" of which I so often think. I wonder if it makes as bright a spot in your life as it does in mine. My heart is thrilled by its memories still. I have no doubt but that you notice many things that you appear quite indifferent to, and, I am sure, that some events make their impressions deep enough to pass through the outer shield of reserve and touch the heart of the woman beneath. Was that such an event to you? Have I had the unusual privilege of a glimpse of a deeper nature, the real affectionate woman?

Sunday passed—the lecture was given. Your presence must have accounted for my success, for it was great and unusual. It was one of the few times that I talked like one inspired. You were my inspiration, if I mistake not. When I had been introduced, having addressed the chairman and the audience, I thought of you and your promise to be with me in spirit, and I seemed to feel your presence. Then I talked for an hour, making my friends proud and my opponents rebellious. I am not bragging, little one, but just telling you the facts, so that you may know how much you helped me. To think of you makes me ambitious and fearless. I have to tell you this else you could never know for my stenographer failed to appear and take the address. I have saved little more than an outline of it and shall send it to you as the first job, if you will kindly write it out for me. It is not what I said, but goes over the same ground.

I wrote it out hurriedly, almost at a sitting, and fear my haste may be your annoyance, for it is not quite plain. Do not let it worry you, and if there is a doubt give the dictionary the benefit of it. If we consider this outline a part of this letter, we shall for once, have a letter that is too long. Up to date, you have written the longest letter, fifteen pages.

Do you believe in charms? I have never thought that much depended upon luck, but have rather emphasized the value of pluck and perseverance. It may be, however, that with reference to marriage there is an opportunity for the advantageous use of a charm, and I hope that in Miss Good's case it may abundantly succeed. At any rate, I remember the old saw which says:

“Wear something old and something new,
“Something borrowed and something blue,”

If I ever make a venture in that line I shall surely try to borrow something from you for a charm, and if that did not protect me, I'd be certain nothing would.

I should much rather overrate than underrate you. However, I try to do neither, but try to see you just as your real qualities merit. It will not be your fault if I rate you too highly, for if you do not run yourself down, you certainly do not sing your own praises. I had occasion to warn you in this particular some weeks ago, for the reason that, if we do not appreciate ourselves, others will not be likely to appreciate us.

I do not think I am wrong in my estimate if I did arrive at it quickly. It should not be difficult, nor take a long time to recognize an ideal, especially when the ideal has been for a long, long time, treasured in the mind of its possessor. What you say of yourself only adds to my profound respect and great admiration, for it shows you to be modest and self-denying, as well as competent. Perhaps you have been too ready to adjust yourself to the convenience of others. We cannot all be Christs, and empty ourselves for the sake of others, but it is good to follow Him, even if we "follow afar off."

I feel that I have missed much in not hearing your music and seeing your art work. I am not hard to please, and I confess that your having done them would go far toward satisfying me. I should not be an impartial judge and I think that you would not be impartial with my productions.

I am informed by the newspapers that your distinguished guest, the President, has arrived in your city, and that you have done yourselves proud in your hearty welcome. We are to have him next and shall strive to creditably follow your example. Our Peace Jubilee is to be both munificent and magnificent. Arches have been and are being erected at intervals along our streets and most of the buildings will be gorgeously decorated for the festive occasion.

Thank you, for telling your manner of reading my letters, and the proof that they cannot be

too long, for it gives me a plain glimpse of your feelings with reference to them and to me, and makes me very happy. I feel that I should be daring again if you were within reach. As it is, I will tell you something in return. When your letters come, if I am alone, or as soon as I am alone with them, I salute the little red seal with its maple leaf impression, which stands for you, according to the Biblical injunction. And after reading it, salute the signature in the same way, only more times. Now, don't you think you ought to spell the name out in full, instead of signing simply "G."

I have corrected my poem and respectfully submit it to my critic. "The merciful shall obtain mercy." What does she think? How goes the work on your poem? If my effusions discourage you they shall cease!

There is a little shiver in the air to-day, an hint at colder days to come, when to sit in a warm room and commune with a book or a friend will be delightful. On those nights I'll be doubly sorry that we are so far apart.

I wish I might see you sometimes, dearie. Will the days ever come? What does my lady see in the distance? She is my prophetic—let her prophesy. She is my everything.

'Cause every evil to pass over,
"Every blessing hers to be."

Yours,

VAL DE WALD.

MY DREAMING TIME.

My dreaming time is any time
When I may dream of you;
Some days I dream, some nights I dream,
And would my dreams were true.

I see you stand with hat in hand
Returning from our stroll;
Your face so fair and eyes so rare
Make havoc in my soul.

Down from the hill, the wooded hill,
Where we said our last farewell
As friends oft do in words so few,
Words feelings cannot tell.

Little thought we no more we'd see
The eyes so speaking them;
But fate is wise thus to disguise
The future from our ken.

How real they seem as now I dream
Those dear days o'er and o'er,
I see each place and your fair face,
Just as in days of yore.

Would we regret if we had met
When I went back again,
Hoping to find—Ah, love is blind!—
Who knows what might have been?

Our hopes oft fail, our lips grow pale,
Before Fate's hard decrees;
Our castles fall with crumbling wall,
Though love pleads on his knees.

And it is well for who can tell
What blessings hide in loss?
Oft what we choose we could but lose;
Choosing for gold what's dross.

So my dreaming time is any time
When I may dream of you;
Some days I dream, some nights I dream,
And would my dreams were true.

R.

CHICAGO, Oct. 16. 1898.

Dear Gracie:—

Tired and blue, with a great ache in my heart, I turn to you for sympathy and comfort. In you, God has sent one of His beautiful ministering angels to me. I had thought that the door of my heart was permanently closed to all sentiment, but His angel has removed all the bars and barricades, and thrown the door wide open again; and I hardly know whether this ache is joy or sorrow. At any rate, something has risen in my throat, like a lump, and had to be swallowed again with something like a sob. I have been sitting here in the dark with my head upon my folded arms, upon my desk, thinking. But no matter where I start, before long, my mind always comes back to you and I go over the sweet words you have written to me, and I see the sweet face that has grown so dear. I remember how you told me to write to you when these blue times come, but it is not right, dearie,

for me to add sorrow to your already sad life; it should be joy or nothing.

I was blue last night and I sat here a long time writing. Shall I confess it? Yes, I'll keep nothing back. I wrote a long blue letter to you. I am glad I did not send it, but it did me good to let a full heart overflow. Sometimes, I feel as if my heart would burst, there is such a commotion going on in it. Perhaps it will quiet down after a little. I kept it somewhat under control with the hope that your letter would come to-day. It has not come. It is hard to keep back the tears of disappointment. I feel like sobbing as I used to when a child. I cannot get away from the great over-shadowing loneliness that has fallen upon me. I went riding (horse-back) with a party yesterday, and to supper afterwards, but it was only temporary relief. I tell myself that I am a fool, but the condition continues. I have tried to lose myself in books, but they too have failed me, so nothing remains for me to do, but to come to you. I wish I might sit near enough to lean my cheek against your arm, as I once did, but that must have been a thousand years ago, or else it was all a dream.

I have a scheme which will serve to save you from the blue letters and employ me as well. It is to write out the synopsis of stories which I have in mind, and I shall begin to-night. The synopsis will be fairly full so that you can get a good picture of my hero and his doings. The

first one will be the story of a young man in his struggles to make the most of himself. Of course, he is not perfect. I want it to be a story true to life. There shall be no impossibilities. It is life as we see it.

Sunday has come and the world is decked out in her autumnal glory. The sun is brightly shining and the breezes are as soft and balmy as spring time. I am glad that it is so pleasant, for our Jubilee will be more enjoyable. The President came last night and we expect to see and hear him this afternoon at the Auditorium. Did you see him when he was in your city? He is a typical American, and I am very proud of him. He has most successfully steered the ship of state during his term.

I have glanced over the pages written of the synopsis, and find they are not what I ought to have made them, but shall send them just the same. They will give you in outline what I hope to tell you in detail. Reserve your judgment until the story is complete. I shall try to find time to write the second part this week.

I had an ugly dream last night—it was about you—but I cannot distinctly recall the details or I would tell it to you. I guess it was born of a fear that often bobs up in my mind, namely, that somehow I shall lose you. I have tried to comfort myself by the old saying that we must reverse our dreams. I recall a scene here and there. I seemed to be in your city and I called at your home for you and found you waiting

for me, and your greeting was most cordial and pleasant. We went away together and boarded a street car. Then I lost you and I spent the night trying to find you. This was the ugly part of the dream. You were always glad when I found you and seemed to want to go with me, but again and again I seemed to lose you.

To-day I have been worrying for I *feel* that you are unhappy again. How I wish I could save you from every unpleasantness and care! It would be worth living for, just to make you happy. Let me help you if possible, dearie, it will make me happy to know that you are so. As your friend you have a perfect right to use me.

November the third, I am to give another lecture. I am going to give an illustrated talk on The White City. It will be illustrated with a large number of views of the World's Fair. I shall try to get a few views of your White City to add to my series. The magazines for October have some nice things to say about your White City. I am sorry we did not see it together, it would have been a lovely setting for our friendship; but as it is, the setting is not bad. The parks and the hills were beautiful to us last summer, and memory does not picture them less so now.

You will think me a mere dreamer if I go on like this, so I shall stop my dream stories. But I cannot promise to stop my dreams, for that is the only way I have of seeing you. If I had

you here to read to me and to discuss the reading with, I am sure I should never get blue, but as it is I may be so occasionally, but not for long.

I have a patient who is a court reporter, and he told me that there is but one lady court reporter in Chicago. He also told me that it is a pretty hard position to fill. Men are inclined to belittle the abilities of women I find, but I am sure you can and will succeed in the undertaking. I like your determination—"you are made of the right stuff," as the saying goes.

I am going to the rally where McKinley is to speak, and as I may not return until late, and do not want to disappoint the Little Brown Mouse, I shall send this off before I go. I shall get my letter in the morning.

May He keep you and bless you as He does His beloved.

Faithfully,
VAL.

S.

CHICAGO, OCT. 21, 1898.

My Dear Gracie:—

Please look into your desk and see if you cannot find a letter addressed to someone in this city. I know a person here who has been greatly disappointed at not receiving a letter. He has anxiously awaited the arrival of the postman, and when he failed to bring the hoped for letter, he has

tried to be brave and not show his feelings, but he could not wholly do so and I have felt sorry for him, he looked so worried.

I have no letter to answer, nothing but my own thoughts, but it would be no small task to answer them. I have thought so many things. I will only mention some of them. I have wondered if I have offended my little friend, and have gone over in mind all that I wrote, but failed to find anything that you would not overlook. I know I have said many things, and perhaps they were foolish in your eyes, but God forbid that I should offend you in word or thought.

Why are you silent, Mousie? Suspense is very hard to bear. Tell me what the matter is. Are you ill? You could hardly believe what awful fears have harrassed my mind. I have said, and tried to believe that "no news is good news," but there has not been an hour in the day, and but few at night when I have not felt the anxiety about you. I must know soon—I cannot stand this fearful suspense. Please send me some word, and send it soon, *soon*.

I cannot believe that you have changed. I have read and reread your last letter. It is to me the sweetest spirited and the most beautiful of them all. So modest and yet so bravely frank. The woman who wrote that letter would not let any small thing hinder her from doing what she considered right. She might hesitate for a little, but in the end she would be strong,

and act the part of a noble woman, for it is her nature.

The writing of the synopsis of the story, of which I send the second part herewith, has served to occupy a few of the hours that have dragged themselves out to such a length. It does not suit me, and I was tempted to destroy it and try again, but finally resolved to send it as it is. Perhaps it will give you some conception of the character that I wish to portray.

This week has been a record breaker for gloominess; the weather has been atrocious, but the Jubilee spirit could not be quenched, and the fete has been more or less of a success. We saw the President, and the war heroes, and they were the chief things.

I ran across a souvenir of the World's Fair the other day and send it as an addition to your collection of coins. I think I have another somewhere, but at present it is not in evidence.

I shall not write much to-day, for I would dwell unduly upon my disappointment. Besides if you were cross with me for anything you will not want a long letter, and if you are not you will excuse a short one.

What do you think of my hero? Perhaps we will let the story end there. At any rate, the end has not been clearly seen.

"A friend should bear his friend's infirmities," so if yours has erred, forgive him. Let me ever be your friend,

VAL DE WALD.

T

CHICAGO, OCT. 23, 1898.

Dear Gracie:—

The first day of the week has come again, bringing the hour that I have spent, lately, chatting with you, and I find myself wanting to chat with you now, although no word has come to explain your strange silence. I wonder if you will expect and want this letter. After what you have said I cannot doubt that it will be welcome, for I believe you mean what you say. Although my worst fears were true, I should trust and believe in you still. Nothing but your own word can have any influence. Truth itself is no truer than my friend, my ideal. It has been a beautiful, a precious experience for me to have found my ideal in you. We all have ideals, but they are rarely realized, so I have considered myself most fortunate just to have seen you. If fate is so cruel as to take away from me the pleasure of your letters, with the pleasant messages that they bring, I shall continue to thank God for having permitted me to know you. I feel that I could almost say with the prophet of old, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen."

Speaking of fate leads me to say that I have not been accustomed to believe in fate and chance and luck, but have believed more in the power of choice, perseverance and pluck. Up

to date fate has not been kind to me. My path has seldom, if ever been strewn with roses. I did so hope and pray that our friendship might be an exception, but seemingly my hope was vain and my prayer unheard, for suddenly I find myself up against a great wall, with no means to scale or go around it. No matter what the end may be you may be sure that I shall expect you to go onward and upward, making the most of yourself. In a great measure we are what we make ourselves. None has the right to let a few little obstacles hinder and discourage him. Life is a battle in which we all suffer wounds. It is true the wounds are often out of sight, but they are none the less real and painful because of that. Broken hearts are worse than broken heads, for with the former we often live on and suffer, while with the latter, life goes out and suffering ends. As I go about the streets and in the train I look into faces that are most pitiful, and I am sure if we could hear we should find many, many hearts bleeding from cruel wounds. I am ashamed of my complaining when I think of them.

Last night I saw a case that made me very sad. I was walking home, and on my way I passed through a small park where I noticed the form of a woman sitting upon some leaves. I was passing on but heard a sob, which made me turn back and speak to her. In short, she was ill, hungry, and had no place to go for shelter.

“Oh sir,” she said, “I could get along here if I had a little bite to eat. I have not had much of anything to-day and feel rather faint.”

I could not leave her there, neither could I bring her home, so I took her to the hospital and had her comfortably put to bed and served with a warm supper before I left her. I know not who she is, or if she is good. God knows that. She is someone's child, someone's loved one and a fellow mortal struggling and drifting toward the other world, so I shall have her cared for until she is better.

It is only when such cases, which have so little and need so much come to me for help, that I wish I had plenty of means. I have gone hungry myself, and I know how it feels to be far from friends, without food or shelter, and I hope never to forget. And when I see others in need, it will serve as a reminder of those days when I learned how cold the world is. There is, however, a hunger keener than the want of food. It is the want of sympathy. There is a longing keener than the longing for a home or shelter; it is the longing for someone who cares—a friend. I doubt if you can understand the loneliness that comes to one in a strange crowded city. One is nowhere so much alone. Thousands of faces, but not one with a smile for you. That is the pang of pain in the saying, “No man careth for my soul.” I can sympathize with those who commit suicide, for I have felt touches of the horrible despair that settles over

one, like the black mantle of the night. I feel too gloomy to write. My letters always take on the colour of my feelings, and I must not write somber letters to you.

You have been thinking of me to-day. I have felt it; and your face has looked at me when I closed my physical eyes and opened the eyes of my mind. It seemed to look pale, but perchance I may have imagined that. I have hoped that you were writing as well as thinking. I got out my little pile of letters, twelve in all, from you and read them over, one by one, beginning with the first and after I had finished I said "Every Night," and went to bed.

I say that again now, and add a tiny petition for a speedy ending of my anxiety about you, and that I shall get your letter to-morrow morning.

Faithfully yours,
VAL DE WALD.

U.

CHICAGO, NOV. 1, 1898.

Dear Gracie:—

Words cannot express the sense of loss I feel, but you have spoken and nothing remains for me except to obey. I quite agree with you and would neither ask nor expect letters at such a cost. Always follow the dictates of your conscience. It is God's voice within you, unless the conscience has been perverted by neglect

or education. It never occurred to me that you felt as you do, or I should have requested the discontinuance of the letters long ago. To me, you were only breaking a promise which you had made against your will. Such promises are of no ethical value in my judgment; indeed, they are better broken than kept, for they are generally contrary to the dictates of conscience. However, without a discussion of the philosophy of the case, this is what I want to have you feel, namely, that my ideal woman is a true and noble character, capable of nothing ignoble, but of everything pure and good and true; and certainly I would be the last person to sanction the least departure from her frank upright and downright character.

And yet, you do me an injustice in thinking that I have said a "great deal more than I have really meant." The truth is that I have said much less than I have felt and when now, I am tempted to open the flood gates of my heart, I feel that words would fail me and so I shall resist the temptation for I have already said too much. If you could know what I have felt, and now feel, and shall go on feeling, you might understand. Recall all I have said to you and multiply it many fold and you will have only a suggestion of the truth.

Yes, it was written to my ideal, thank God for her, for I have seen that she is a possibility, a reality. To my ideal, to you, is due the credit of starting a new vibration of feeling in me that

may go on and result in something worthy. If I ever succeed in anything it will be due largely to this new impulse, your influence, for I had settled down into a mediocre existence that would have continued to the end. I am fired with a new ambition now. I want to be and do something. It is similar to the ambition I have tried to inspire in you. If I have been a small fraction of the help to you that you have been to me, then our meeting has not been in vain.

Yes, "Ships that pass in the night" is a good illustration of my case, for it was a starless night when you passed. I had lost my bearings and was drifting with little care whither, but you set me right and gave me a new purpose in life. If, in return, I have given you anything that will benefit you I am very glad indeed.

My letters you may do what you like with. If they have an atmosphere about them that suggests anything unpleasant, you may send them back to me by express; but if they will serve to interest you during a leisure half hour sometimes, then keep them. I should like to have kept your dear letters, they have meant so much to me, but you shall have them all, after a few days.

The other request I shall also grant if you still wish it after you know that the story is a synopsis of my own life. As my friend, I felt that it was your right to know, and I chose that manner of telling you. I have Part III. here in my

desk, which I wrote out before I sent Part II. If you want it let me know, when you send the typewritten matter. After reading the story tell Freckles what you think of his former master, and in his presence burn it. Your frankness to me compelled my confession, and it shall be sent without the change of a word.

My dealings with you have been wholly spontaneous and unconstrained. I have tried to carry out the suggestion, if you want to have a friend, be one, which is simply another statement of the Golden Rule, and while I regret greatly the discontinuance of our, to me most delightful correspondence, I hope our friendship may continue; to what end, God only knows, for I feel that it came from Him. I am your friend and shall often, very often, wonder where and how you are, and long for the letters that may never come. Every morning as I look over my mail, I shall be disappointed at not finding a letter addressed in your well known hand-writing.

The objection to your writing may someday be gone; if so will you think of me and write? How foolish I am! I seek for a hope, be it ever so tiny. The thought that I am losing my friend forever is very sad. May I now and then send you a paper, a book, a souvenir, utal cetera? Just to show you that there is someone here who sometimes thinks of you and wants you to know that the Little Brown Mouse cannot fade away from his memory. Some day you

may need such a friend as I would be, and if you knew that neither time nor silence would change me, you will feel free to come for advice or help. If you could realize how gladly I would welcome any demand it would be easier for you to ask.

I am very sorry to hear of the illness of your "boy friend" and can fully understand how you feel, for you told me that he had been like a brother to you for years. I hope he is much better and that he will soon be quite well again. Excuse me for saying that I wish he understood you better, for then he would be able to help you more and make you happier. It is a little surprising that you could see the hand of God in his illness, punishing your disloyalty to him and threatening to take him away from you.

Please give my compliments to your mother and tell her for me that I greatly admire her as a mother, and congratulate her upon the beautiful harmony of feeling that exists between her and you. And I thank her for the wise counsel that she has given you about our friendship. There is but one mother whom I more highly respect, and she is my own sweet mother.

I have a last request to make, and wish that I might feel sure that you would grant it. It is this: Will you send the photo of yourself that you promised? When I have sent back the letters what shall I have left save the memory? You won't deny me this, will you? It will be a great boon! After all, it seems a dream. I

awakened when your letter came, on Friday last. June 27th to October 27th! Four months! Oh, it was a beautiful dream! It was so real, very like creeping up to the gates of glory and getting a peep into Heaven. How dark everything looks after gazing at a bright light for a little while!

Good-bye and God bless you,

VAL DE WALD.

V.

CHICAGO, NOV. 19, 1898.

Dear Gracie:—

It seems very good to receive another letter from you and I thank you for the pleasant things that you say to me in it. I know you are trying to inflict as little pain as possible in doing what you think is right, and I appreciate your gentleness. I have never seen any other person like you and I fear I never shall. The other day I thought of a little act I saw you perform, and I amused myself by seeing how long I should have to wait until someone in the passing crowd would do likewise. It was a little thing, but little things mean so much at times. I saw you go out of your way to remove a banana peel from the sidewalk to the gutter. I waited and watched the people pass the peel that lay, all undisturbed so long that I grew weary, but none removed it; and as I removed it I said to myself, "There is none like her" and my loss seemed very great and exceedingly hard to bear.

And yet, you ask me to forget and think I shall do so if you do not send the photo I asked for, and was really hoping you would send. There are some things that one cannot forget. I would obey you if I could just to please you; but I am sure that deep down in your heart you know that I can never forget. My last request was not a very large one, but it meant much to me, and your refusal is hard to bear. Well, I shall not complain. I have the penny you sent for luck. I have carried it every day since it came. One day I thought I had lost it, but happily I found it, and have taken precautions to prevent any danger of that sort hereafter. It is my charm.

I am glad you did your first job for me. It is done quite satisfactorily and I am very grateful to you for doing it. In the after years, it may be pleasant to recall the first money earning you did, so I am going to pay you for your work, a nominal fee only, and send herewith a Columbian half-dollar which I have carried as a pocket piece since the World's Fair. It will also be an addition to your collection of coins.

No, I do not want the copy of the paper, you may keep or destroy it, as you choose. I have been requested to rewrite it for publication and probably shall do so shortly.

I am studying German and French, as I may go to Europe in 1900 to study, and to attend the Paris Exposition. I have not set my heart upon it, but am working with that end in view.

However, I need the German and French in my scientific research. German I read, but speak poorly. Of French, I know but little. However, it is so much like Latin that I shall soon master it.

A word now about my letters. If at any time, for any reason, you wish to part with them do not burn them, but kindly send them back to the writer, as they will serve to remind him of the contents of the letters to which they were the answers.

You shall have the rest of the story just as I wrote it more than a month ago. I have read it and was tempted to destroy it and rewrite it, but you have asked for it as it is; what difference does it make now? So, here it is. I am glad to have you for my judge, for you will be merciful. Would that I might watch your dear face as you read the story. It would tell me some things that I should like to know.

Thank you for saying that you will feel free to come to me if I can ever serve you, and that my friendship has been helpful, that I am still your friend, and that you know that I will think kindly of you, if I think of you at all.

I hope you are making satisfactory progress with your stenography, and that you will complete your course in due time and also succeed in reaching the high mark of the goal you have set before you. I am sure that you will succeed and when you are victorious I hope I may know, so that I may rejoice with you. Do not be sat-

isfied with a mediocre place in life. You have been largely endowed with the things that make for greatness; do not fail to make the most of your talents. I had hoped to lend a hand in the struggle, but since that may not be, I shall none the less expect much of you. Do not disappoint your friends!

I did not mean to write so much, but just say those things which were necessary for I do not wish to appear as forcing myself upon you. Forgive me. You know my failings. There are so many last things to say before we can say our farewells, and at last, words fail and it all ends in a sob. If I wrote ever so much I could not say all I have in my heart to say to you, so I shall leave the rest unsaid and trust that you will put yourself in my place and supply it.

You have been my inspiration and your memory shall continue to be so till the short journey of life is run, and I hope that I shall meet you again in another life, if not in this.

I hope Freckles continues to keep his good character. Tell him to take good care of the Little Brown Mouse and that he may take my place now and I shall not be jealous or say unkind things of him.

You do not send your poem or tell me what you "see in the distance." I hope it is not so dark to you as it appears to me.

Give my love to the Little Brown Mouse.

Now, awaiting your commands, I am always,

Your friend, VAL.

TO MY VALENTINE.

Dear Valentine,
 For thee I pine
 And long for news from thee;
 My lonely heart,
 From thee apart
 Can never happy be.

Try to obey,
 Hard as I may,
 I can't forget thy face;
 It grows clearer,
 Ever dearer,
 And none can take its place.

Accept my love,
 Born from Above,
 And true whate'er befall;
 Let me crown thee,
 Most lovingly,
 My queen, my love, my all.

W.

CHICAGO, MARCH 14, 1899.

Dear Friend:—

The temptation to write to you is too great to resist. I have before me an envelope addressed and stamped, containing some unimportant announcements for you, such as I am sending to a number of my acquaintances and clients. The tempter, this tempter, seems to be within me, whispering thoughts like these: "You might as well enclose a few kindly words, perhaps she would be pleased to hear from you.

You know what a letter from her means to you. It is such a long time now since you last wrote. She will forget you if you do not send her a line now and then." And much more to the same effect. What could I do? Well, the fact that I am writing shows plainly what I could not do, namely, resist the tempter. I know the old saying, "Resist the tempter and he'll fly from you," but this particular tempter would be most likely to fly with me, as he is inside. So that is why I am writing, because I am weak. A short year ago I thought I was strong. However, I am not sorry that I have learned the truth. Perhaps in the end I shall be better for it.

The end of the school year is at hand and I send you an announcement of the closing exercises and regret that it will be impossible for you to attend. I should be so happy to have your company at the banquet of the same day, at the Auditorium. I shall think of you that night and wonder how you would like it all.

You will notice by the other programme that another honor has been shown me in the election to the highest office in the Society of Psychology. I wish too that you might join us in our studies in that Society. The scope of the lectures is well shown by this programme for March and April.

I have intended to write you a little birthday letter and have often thought over what I am to say. I had hoped to have a little surprise for you by that time. Perhaps I shall, for I have several weeks yet. There are so many

things that I have wanted to talk over with you. None seems to understand my thoughts as you did and I became so used to going to you with everything that it is no wonder that I worried you.

You are now, doubtless, a professional stenographer and I am sure you will succeed. The other day I needed one of your profession and could not help thinking of the pleasure it would be to have you near enough to serve me. I have been greatly annoyed by the stenographers I have had. They are so unreliable in keeping promises. It is over a week since I last saw my present help, and she was to be on hand the next day. I am not hard to please. Will you be my secretary? I will pay you anything you ask, even to the half of my income. There, I tried to write that just as though I believed you might come. I wonder if you are working for anyone. If you are, I hope that he appreciates you. I have often wondered how you would find real work, for I remember the day when I saw a little brown eyed girl who was feeling very badly, because someone had spoken unkindly to her, as employers often do. That was such a bright, beautiful day. I went over to Fairmount Park that day and climbed upon one of the bluffs and sat and looked far away toward the distant horizon. It seems like a beautiful midsummer day's dream now as I sit and think of the past. The poet Whittier has comfortingly sung:

“Ah well, for us all some sweet hope lies
“Deeply buried from human eyes,
“And in the hereafter angels may roll the stone
“From the grave away.”

Perhaps you have the acrostic, for I enclosed it in a little volume of poems I sent; but I have learned that a package which I placed upon the mail box at the same time was lost, so I send this second copy of the lines which grew in my mind and clamored for expression. The thoughts that the ideal inspired were far more beautiful than these words that I have written down. You will understand this, for you once told me how hard you found it to write out the beautiful things that came into your mind. At any rate, such as it is, it is all yours, for although you and I have somewhat different ideas, as to what, or rather who “My Ideal” is, you, at least, know what she is to me.

I must stop this rush of words, for there is no hope of ever reaching the end, but before I stop I must say a word about Freckles, the lucky fellow. His afore-time mistress asked me about him a few weeks ago. I assured her he was in safe hands, and was, of all dogs, most fortunate. I hope he has kept up his record for goodness and has proven a source of pleasure to his little mistress.

And the Little Brown Mouse, (God bless her), tell her that I shall never forget her; her influence in my life will continue to the end; she has made me a better and braver man; she has

inspired new hope and renewed ambition; she has made me want to be more useful in the world; she has taught me what a noble, pure-minded woman is; she has done all of these things and much more which I may not write, but which I appreciate and for which I thank her upon my bended knees. As ever,

V. DE W.

TO MY IDEAL.

(An Acrostic.)

Elegance encircles thee like a dress
 Lending an airy motion to thy form
 Giving a beauty rare, and loveliness,
 As a rich tint that makes a picture warm,
 Glistens in the luster of thy dark tress
 Rendering it, as moonlight after storm,
 Alters dark shadows into gentleness,
 Comliness that bewilders like a spell,
 Exists in thy bright brown eyes and thy brow
 Truly noble in character, doth tell,
 Unasked, that a beautiful soul art thou,
 The temple where angelic love might dwell.
 E'en such is she of whom I dream at night,
 Lovely as a memory though lost to sight.
 Arranged.

X.

CHICAGO, APRIL 24, 1899.

My Dear Friend:—

Many happy returns of the day! I am going to try to write you a birthday letter. I never wrote one before, but it offers an opportunity

justify my writing to you. I write with a strange conflict of emotions going on in my heart.

that I have made myself believe is sufficient to

I have looked forward to this day when I had planned to write, with pleasure and a feeling akin to hunger. Did you ever feel hungry to see or hear from anybody? Then you know how I feel to-day. I am sure I cannot write a birthday letter worthy of the name, but I am never at a loss for thoughts when I begin to write to you. When I wrote some letters to you I feared lest they might be too long and weary you, but now I wish I had let my heart speak out all of its messages when you read them gladly, for perchance it might have said something that would have lodged and lived in your memory.

A birthday letter, a letter to you! What shall I say? I have thought as the days have grown into weeks and the weeks have become months of the many things I would write to-day, but now that I am ready to write I am dumb. The pressure has become so great that it all ends in an aching heart and a prayer that God will keep my little friend and give her every blessing and many years in which to enjoy them. If I only knew that this letter would have the same welcome that some of my other letters had, I should not feel this almost overpowering oppression. If I knew that you would look at the bottom of the page to see if the signature

was there, and if it was not, be glad, because you knew there were more pages to follow, and if it was there, read very slowly so as to make it last as long as possible, then I could write freely and possibly write, what you honored me by calling, a "beautiful letter." How the words of those dear messages still cling to my memory! They repeat themselves over and over again in my mind, in the quiet watches of the night, when I lie awake to think, and think, and think of the dear, dear days of "One Summer." I know most of the words you said and wrote to me by heart. They brought to me the only real happiness that I had known for many weary years. I did not deserve the happiness, so it was taken away from me and the sun of hope set; but "the memories that gather around them to me are ever blessed."

I have missed the opportunity of pouring my thoughts into willing ears, but the thoughts have kept coming, and like the tiny brook which, when dammed up, becomes a great lake, so the thoughts have accumulated until they have become an almost irresistible flood, likely to break forth, and with violence sweep all before them. I have tried to use their increasing energy by directing it into other channels, but have only partly succeeded. I have worked hard in the college, written for some periodicals, and have written a little book. I have succeeded in working off considerable flesh, but I have failed to satisfy the demands of the inner

man—my soul still hungers. I have even dabbled a little in politics without finding any satisfaction. There are some instances where substitution will not work and this is one of them.

I have taken the liberty of dedicating my maiden effort in authorship to E. G. T. None but you and I need ever know who that means. I wanted to give the credit where it was due. I had hoped to have the little book ready to send to you for a birthday token, but the printers have failed me. However, it will soon be ready and you shall have the first copy finished. It is yours. I wrote it for you.

Doubtless, your keen perception will discover between the lines some indications of the thoughts that were in my mind as I wrote. I have put it into a brown dress to remind you that I still remember the Little Brown Mouse who found her way into my heart, where she still abides. Moreover, when she entered she opened the door and let in faith, hope and love. Faith in humanity, hope in a future happiness, and love of herself. "God bless her!" I say many times each day and you know what I say every night. No matter how late duty keeps me up, as soon as my head touches the pillow I see a vision, my guardian angel, and softly breathe the prayer. The dear Little Brown Mouse! I do not complain, but at times it seems almost cruel for you, who protects the unknown stranger by removing a dangerous banana peel from the walk, to deny, to your

friend, a joy that you taught him to expect by your manner and promise—the joy of having your picture to look upon. It will not cause me to forget a single smallest lineament of your sweet face not to have it. I have but to close my eyes and look within my soul to see a likeness such as no mortal man could make or draw for perfection. God has been good to me. He has fixed indelibly upon the walls of my memory a form, a face, yes, the likeness of a soul, so beautiful to me that many times during the day I close my eyes as I walk the streets or ride about, to look upon it. I have tried to describe her, but have found it impossible. I sent you an attempt, but that fell far short of the real, my ideal: I had almost said my idol. I cannot go astray while I carry her with me. I could not take her into any environment that would be out of harmony with her nobility of character and purity of life.

I am wandering from my text; this is a birthday letter and I want to say a few things about birthdays, especially yours. Your birthdays should be days of retrospection, introspection, and propection. What has been done? What ought to be done? These are questions which will ever recur to your soul and answer must be made. Conscience is the judge and will pass the sentence of well done or the reverse, and faith and hope will point out the direction of the next stage, and love will be present to aid and smooth the way. How many times I have

thought of those few talks we had last summer and I have been glad to know that I have been a factor, if a small one, in waking the sleeping genius in your soul, and now I would fan the flame into a white heat if I could, so that nothing can hold you back from the accomplishment of some of the glorious possibilities that lie within the range of your splendid talents.

If you must be self supporting that need not hinder higher aims. A little time each day will suffice to win success and that may be found, no matter what one's occupation. It is spiritual suicide to smother and quench the spark of genius that God, or nature, or what you will, has placed within your soul. I know you long for a chance to throw off every restraint and let your ambitious soul speak out. Do it. The opportunity will never come to you unless you prepare the way. You can do that; indeed you must do it. Do not believe in fate; that means to give up the battle, to become a pessimist. We may overcome circumstances and defy fate. Listen to the words of a hopeful woman and let her help you. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has truthfully said:

"One ship goes east another goes west

"By the self same winds that blow;

"It is the set of the sails and not the gales,

"That determines the ways they go.

"Like the winds of the sea, are the ways of fate,

"As we voyage along through life;

"It is the set of the soul that determines the goal,

"And not the calm or the strife."

If I could write burning words, words as strong as faith in you, I am sure I could inspire you with determination to do and to dare what your gifts make possible for you. Let no false sense of duty to others overshadow the first and greatest duty that life has laid upon you, namely, your duty to yourself.

I was glad when you took up stenography but that can never be more than a means to an end. It cannot satisfy the longings of a hungry soul. Nothing can satisfy that, except that for which it longs. The longing for the good and beautiful is the Divine in us calling for Him who placed it there. I have likened it to hunger, but physical hunger cannot correctly be compared with it. I know for I have been hungry for bread when there was none to be had, and I have felt the gnawings of the hungering after soul food. Happy is he who dies of physical hunger, if it saves him from eating out his soul in loneliness, with none to understand and minister to his hungry soul.

Dear friend, heed my words while you are still young and strong and seek some higher calling. To give your life up to stenography means to give it up to drudgery, even if you attain to your ambition and become a court reporter. Many times this winter I have thought of you and wanted to write to you, as I have watched a lady who was one of my students at the college. She is a court reporter, from the Supreme Court, but she is no longer a

young girl like yourself and finds it hard to learn. Why do I think of you when I see her? Simply because she has all you hope for in stenography and has found it insufficient. She says that it would soon wear her out, though physically strong, to follow that work and she would have to give up and live on what little she has been able to save. In other words, she would be a slave with no hope of ultimate emancipation. Besides it does not satisfy her higher aspirations.

Do I make myself plain? The real things must be something higher and beyond. Man does not live by bread alone. If this life were all, that might suffice, but we hope for another, sweeter, purer life in a land where sorrow, parting, pain and time shall disappear. If I were quite sure of such a land I would say with the apostle Paul, "I long to depart and be with Him whom to know aright is life eternal." Yes, I get weary of it all, but you must not for you are just beginning and may avoid such experiences as have marred and taken the sweetness out of my life. They have left an ever present ache that I hope you may never have occasion to feel.

You are standing at the gate of many possibilities, will you lift the latch and go forth into the promised land, or will you leave it forever down barring the way to happiness and usefulness? This is your birthday, let it be the starting point of the nobler life, the day you resolve to

set your face toward the star guiding to your development, self culture, and real life. I do not mean that you shall be selfish; that would be almost impossible with your unselfish nature, but I do mean that you shall cease to let others fill the whole circle of your life, and crowd out the only one whom God holds you responsible for, that is, yourself. In no way can you do so much for others as to develop to the full all that God has made possible in yourself.

May you have many more birthdays, dear friend, may they become brighter and brighter as they increase in number, until at last, they shall end like a glorious sunset in the evening of life and through the twilight gently merge into the stillness of a serenely beautiful night to be followed by the bright dawning of the everlasting day.

Still awaiting your commands, I am proud to sign myself simply,

Your friend,
VAL DE WALD.

Y.

CHICAGO, JUNE 16, 1899.

My Dear Friend:—

At last I have the pleasure of sending to you the first finished copy of my little work "Mental Medicine" in its neat brown dress. I wish that I might have the privilege of placing it in your hands myself. It would be a pleasure to watch

your expressive face as you hastily glanced through it, but that, like many other privileges has been denied me. Now that the book is finished and ready for the market I fail to experience the satisfaction anticipated while writing it. The pleasures of anticipation are always greater than those of realization. The little book is sent forth into the world to meet its fate. Is it a failure or a success? Time will tell. I had tried and hoped to make it the latter for your sake. What do you think of it? I am most anxious to know your verdict; what others will say or think is less important.

Knowing that you expected no answer to your letter none was sent. However, it made my heart glad and my life brighter to hear from you once more.

I am glad that you thought my birthday letter "beautiful" and the flowers "exquisite" and that you are pleased to have my little work dedicated to you. And it was no less pleasant to know that the Little Brown Mouse was pleased by the compliment paid her in selecting it's dress. Ah! the memories her magic name recalls. If my words of encouragement have been an inspiration I am glad and hope the words may live in your memory and continue to help you. I am sure that you can attain the many possibilities pointed out. Your success with stenography is a present proof of your abilities. What you have done in this direction you may do in others. Always aim high.

Frankness demands that I should admit that I was just a little disappointed when I learned that your father was considered a wealthy man, for it seems to force us further apart. When I thought you a self-supporting girl I hoped that sometime I might be able to aid you in the unequal struggle and help you to attain the goal of your ambitions. That hope has been taken away. However, I am glad that you are removed from the trials of a self-supporting life, for it makes the possibilities of self development and culture easier and your obligations to yourself and the world more real.

Your prospect of a fine position should be gratifying to you and encourage you to renewed effort. It may serve as a stepping stone to still greater things.

The thought of giving up stenography after spending so much time and effort in acquiring it ought not to be entertained. Of course, I do not know what you mean by "turning your attention to very different matters." But unless they are very important and promising as well as different, I should advise against the turning. Frequent changes in occupation are generally bad.

Freckles! How glad I am that we selected that name instead of "The Link," for that would have been a constant reminder which would have grown odious to you. I am glad that he justified my good opinion of him and won the place that I could not obtain, so that

you're forced to say "we could not get along without him." It would be pleasant to have him perform his tricks for my entertainment. Happy, fat and wooly dog! I wonder if he appreciates his good fortune, the fortunate rarely do, it is only by being deprived of them that we learn to appreciate the good things of life. However, I am able to appreciate the gratitude you feel toward me for sending the lucky dog.

The little gifts that I have sent from time to time are expressions of the sentiment that was born in the days when a little brown haired, brown eyed, brown dressed girl acted as the guide to an impressionable man visiting her city. The poems in a feeble way voice the same sentiment. It is hoped that both the receiver and the sender have been helped by them.

You sign yourself: "Not your ideal, but your friend." It is said that there is no great loss without some small gain, so while you are not what I have tried to help you to become, I rejoice that in you I have found a friend. I had hoped for more, but shall try to be satisfied with this. Who is ever satisfied?

Hoping that your proposed journey and vacation will both be full of delightful experiences for you, and that He who sits upon the cycle of the heavens may watch over and keep you throughout all the days of your life, I subscribe myself,

Most sincerely your friend,

VAL DE WALD.

Z.

CHICAGO, SEPT. 15, 1899.

Dear Friend:—

“No news is good news” some one has said, but the suspense that it entails is as hard to bear as bad news.

I wonder whether you have returned from your western trip and are at home again. I have wondered much besides, but am not writing to give an account of my wonderment. My only excuse for writing is to inquire if you have preserved the Mss. entitled “Psychical Phenomena,” which you copied for me some months ago. If you still have it will you kindly send it to me, as the printers have lost the copy you made and are wanting another one.

No word has come from you acknowledging the receipt of the little book, “Mental Medicine,” or the letter that accompanied it. I was foolish enough to expect some word of comment, but like many of my other expectations this one was not realized. I was disappointed, for others, everywhere, complimented the little book. I felt like one who having patiently plucked and prepared a bouquet, hears the exclamations of delightful appreciation on all sides, but receives no sign of recognition from the one for whom it was arranged and before whom it was affectionately placed.

Sincerely hoping that you have had a pleasant summer and that increasingly pleasanter seasons may be your portion throughout all the

days of your life, I take honor unto myself that I am permitted once more to subscribe myself simply,

Your friend,
VAL DE WALD.

PART III.

The Postlude.

*Our hopes oft fail, our lips grow pale,
Before fate's hard decrees;
Our castles fall with crumbling wall,
Though love pleads on his knees;
And it is well for who can tell
What blessings hide in loss?
Oft what we choose, we could but lose,
Choosing for gold what's dross.*

*I see you still upon the hill
Where we said our last farewell,
As friends oft do in words so few,
Words feelings cannot tell.
So my dreaming time is any time
When I may dream of you,
Some nights I dream, some days I dream,
And would my dreams were true.
(See musical score, page 11, and 12.)*

A FRIEND LOST AND A LOVER FOUND

X.

OMAHA, JULY 25, 19—

My Dearest Leola:—

You are a greedy little girl to devour all of that bunch of letters at one sitting. Not even your saying that you wished that they had been written to you wholly justifies your naughtiness. However, I confess that I am pleased to know that you liked them, dear, for it makes me hope that you may be fond of the letters that I shall write to you directly. I am writing this letter to clear up the things that are not quite plain to you from the letters alone. So it will be necessarily somewhat of a review of those days of suspense.

The perseverance with which I pursued her was only natural under the circumstances. I was fond of her and she gave me every reason to believe that she returned my affection. Possibly, at the beginning, I should have taken my dismissal as final. What man would have done so if he cared for the woman, even a little bit? Obstacles only add zest to the pursuit, where affection points the way and you women honor us for making serious efforts to win you, even when your love makes you choose the other fellow. The means that I used to keep my memory alive in her heart were simple and

fair and had they not received occasional recognition, if not encouragement, they would, doubtless, soon have been discontinued and the episode forgotten. Let this suffice as an apology for my part in the story.

Yes, it is true, I wrote poems to her, such as they are, and woman-like, you think I should write some to you and send them in my letters. No, you did not say so. Certainly not. But you thought it; for I read it between the lines of your letter. Such thoughts are quite natural, dearie, and you are very natural, perhaps that is why I am so fond of you. However, you must remember the fate that my poor poems met and then you will understand my trembling lest new efforts might meet the same fate. This much I promise, that some day I shall write you a poem.

The flowers which accompanied the birthday letter is a matter of which you would like a little further explanation. There were just two dozen of them, twenty-three dark red beauties, one for each year of her age, and one pure white one, a fair prophesy for the future. They were not sent by common express and delivered in a stale, faded condition, but, on the contrary, they were sent by a very special messenger and delivered all fresh and beautiful early in the day. You wondered how I managed it five hundred miles away. I will tell you, dear reader, although I fear that I am fast forming the habit of telling you everything. It did not

seem easy for me at first, but it did when I had taken thought. The solution will also occur to you when I mention my little friend of the art gallery, Miss Edith Hyde, of sainted memory. She was my kindly accomplice and I doubt not that she is a ministering angel over There, if there are any opportunities of doing good in the great unknown country from whose bourn no pilgrim ever returns. I wrote to her asking if she would serve me in such a matter. She promptly replied that she would be delighted to do the commission, and the dear soul did it as you know.

The other trifling gifts which I sent, consisting of souvenirs, books and the like were of no particular value, all save only one, the book that I wrote and dedicated to her. You are not the only one, little reader, that was surprised that Miss Tutel did not acknowledge the honor that I tried to pay her by my homage. Yes, even a comparative stranger would have, at least, made a formal acknowledgment of my tribute of respect. I confess that at the time and for a little while thereafter there was a sore place in my heart, caused by her silence with reference to the tribute of respect, offered by the dedication. Well, let it pass, for, doubtless it was my pride which received the worst hurt. However, I am unable to harmonize her action with her character, which was always gracious and propriety itself. It is too hard for me. Woman is a paradox. She is at once kind and severe, a willing slave and a compelling tyrant.

What did I do when I failed to receive any more answers? How you insist upon my telling all about myself! No, I did not give up in despair, for that is not according to human nature. I bided my time knowing full well that sooner or later a way would be opened, by which I should be able to learn of her welfare. No idle curiosity caused the desire to know about her; it was an abiding interest in her well being, coupled with a fear that I might utterly lose a friendship so highly prized. Had her conduct been voluntary I should have felt different but it was not; she distinctly stated that she acted under compulsion, not from choice. I hoped that she would eventually assert herself, throw off the restraint and turn back to me again, and so I bore the suspense as best I could, seizing every opportunity, real or fancied, that offered an excuse to write to her. The opportunities were infrequent, as you have seen. The last letter was really written to find out whether she was at home or not, however, I needed the manuscript that I sent for as well. It occurred to me that she might be away from home and that her absence accounted for the non-response. When the manuscript was promptly returned I understood and wrote no more. I did not blame her, I do not blame her now, but I resolved that when I addressed her again it would be by word of mouth.

The direct appeals were not the only means

by which I tried to obtain tidings from my erstwhile friend. I searched the newspapers and made inquiry of the people I met from her city. The newspapers told me nothing of her and the people little. Occasionally I ran across some one who had seen or heard of her, that is all. Those were discouraging days, but I never entirely lost hope. It was weary waiting, but I knew that it would end, that I should be rewarded if I fainted not. And sure enough, a ray of light presently broke through the darkness of my discontent from an unexpected source, promising to illumine the whole horizon.

In midsummer, Miss Cora Thorn of this city, who was visiting in Chicago came to me for treatment, continuing under my care for above six weeks. Naturally, we became well acquainted, and I asked the usual questions touching a resident of her city. She knew nothing of the party—the city is large, you know. However, one day when I explained somewhat my reasons for being interested in the young lady's welfare, scenting a romance she became deeply interested, as is usual with maiden ladies of uncertain age I am told. From that moment Miss Thorn was my trusted and trustworthy ally, and her sympathy, so genuine and motherly, was a great comfort to me just then. Besides, she was a person to whom I could talk freely, which proved to be a grateful relief to my pent up feelings. The enthusiasm with which she espoused my cause was contagious

and I soon found myself planning what she would do on her return to Omaha in the latter part of September. I know now that the dear woman was just acting the part of Good Samaritan to me, a fellow creature, found bleeding by the wayside. I expected much more than she could accomplish as she very well knew, but she was faithful and meant to do what she could. During those few weeks she aided me much by her wise council. At last the time for her departure came and she went, promising to write from time to time of her findings. Then came her cheerful, helpful letters of which I shall write to you in my next epistle.

Now, I think that I have cleared up all of your difficulties and have prepared the way so that we can forge forward faster again. I am dwelling as you requested, upon my side of the story and you must bear in mind that it is your request and not my egotism that compels me to do so. I am fast proving myself to be a bit of common clay, a trifle underdone perchance. Well, I am what I am, that is,

Your faithful,

VAL DE WALD.

XI.

OMAHA, JULY 26, 19—

Leola, Dear One:—

Curb your impatience, you shall know the end of the story very soon. If you knew the end, dearie, your modesty would not allow

you to say so much about it. I think that you must have been a spoiled child, and that you have not entirely outgrown it, for you always want your own way. Well, I am not the one to blame you, for I like to have my own way too. However, I doubt if I have mine as often as you have yours; possibly it is a good thing for me. And let us hope, dear reader that a little lady whom we know and admire will not seriously suffer if for this once she is unable to turn to the end and peep at the ending of the story before settling down to a conscientious reading of it. I am glad to know that you are impatient to know the end, for so am I.

I have reread Miss Cora Thorn's letters to-day and found them most entertaining apart from their connection with this narrative. They are strikingly characteristic of the writer, that is, chatty, cheerful, sympathetic and sensible. Doubtless you would greatly enjoy reading them in full, but I do not think it would be wise to send them now—you may read them when I return to Chicago if you like—they would break the unity of my story. I shall excerpt such portions of them as will serve to tell you what her generous interest in my cause led her to attempt and to accomplish. I thought to tell in my own language after I had reread the letters, of her kindly interest and persevering efforts in my behalf, but I could not begin to speak so eloquently of her as her own

words do, so I shall let her speak for herself. I am sure that as you read you will think me wise in adopting this plan for you will fall under the spell of a charming writer.

A word of explanation may not be amiss before giving the extracts from Miss Thorn's letters. The mission she undertook did not consist of a prying into Miss Tutel's private affairs. The character of the missionary precludes such a notion. The limitations of the mission were well within the bounds of propriety, consisting in the discovery of such things as were of general report touching the young lady's well-being, the man to whom she was probably engaged, and the prospect of her marriage to him.

MISS THORN'S LETTERS.

OMAHA, OCTOBER 29, 1899.

Dear Dr. de Wald:—

I have just left the veranda and all of the glorious sunshine and blue sky, because as I sat looking over "the Omaha Bee" I saw a name that made me actually jump. I enclose the paragraph and hope that it will not give you heart failure before you realize that the bridesmaid was not the bride. I should break it to you very carefully if she were.

The first day that I went into school I sat telling my children a story, as I said: "Just

then a little brown mouse ran across her path," there came to me the picture of another "Little Brown Mouse," who ran across the path and into the heart of a lonely man, and for the rest of the day you and your romance seemed the sub-consciousness of my work, and I schemed a little scheme which began by a search of the T's in the telephone book as soon as I got home. Yes, there was the name, just thrice. But, was any of them the family that I wanted? Up to the drug store I rushed, and into the 1899 directory I dived. Her name was not there, so she cannot have been in an office very long. So that little scheme fell through.

I have inquired right and left of people, long residents of Omaha, of girls of about her age, and of people living in her neighborhood, all in vain. No one seems even to have heard of her. But, just as I have found the item that I enclose to-day, just so surely some day shall I run across what you want to know. To-day I walked past the house, nearly every blind was closed, but at the open front door stood a woman whom I concluded was her mother. So much for your heart's desire, and now for your patient. Very truly your friend,

CORA THORN.

OMAHA. NOV. 3, 1899.

Dear Dr. de Wald:—

By this letter you may judge which trait in me is dominant to-night; reserve or sympathy,

for really I should wait until you have answered my first letter, but I have a few facts that will interest you and you shall have them.

I have learned where Miss Tutel is employed. Last night she attended a reception at the Christian church, and assisted at serving the refreshments. I have a little friend who went to school with Miss Tutel. She says that she goes with a young man, Frank Jones by name. If he is the person I think him to be he visited my night school last winter and I took quite a liking to him. I expect to know definitely soon.

There is an elderly couple who sit at my table where I board, and last night it occurred to me at dinner that they are Christians, so I asked:

“Do you know a family named Tutel?”

“O yes, very well indeed, they said.

“Do you know Miss Elga?” I asked.

“Yes, we used to board where they did, ten years ago, when Elga was a little girl,” the old lady replied, affably, and the old gentleman added:

“I used to call her ‘Pickles,’ she was so fond of them.”

They told me some things about the family, but I could learn nothing about the young man in the case.

Very truly your friend,
CORA THORN.

OMAHA, NOVEMBER 11, 1899.

Dear Dr. de Wald:—

It was a nice little visit that I had with you last Monday while reading your letter, but, Mr. Doctor, you can't have two for one again, though I feel that you appreciate that I let you know as soon as possible what I had learned. I am glad that you write of my letters as interesting and welcome to you, though I knew that they would be, for the time being, realizing that the dish holding the food for a hungry man is always eagerly welcomed, regardless of the server.

Doctor, you speak of my advice and judgment. I would not dare advise you in the matter, further than I have already done, that is, to see her again and put your question straight to her. Wait a while until I have learned a little more about how the land lies. I wish you had seen more of her as it is.

I read once that a successful newspaper article always had the point of the article in the first paragraph, and the elucidation afterwards, and I fear that I have made a mistake in starting this letter, for I have kept you reading and reading, impatient for news, when I should have opened with: Dear Doctor, I am sorry that I have been unable to learn anything more for you this week. Please pardon me.

Very truly your friend,

CORA THORN.

OMAHA, DECEMBER 4, 1899.

Dear Doctor:—

I have seen her and this is how it happened. I was invited to take luncheon with some friends, a mother and daughter last Saturday, and decided to accept the invitation. I asked my friends where they lived and thought that I should fall out of my chair when I heard that they live next door to your beloved. I asked them if they knew their neighbors, the Tutel's, and was informed that they knew them but slightly. I told them that I was anxious to see the young lady, for I had heard much about her. Saturday was a nasty, rainy day, but I went, and as I passed the house holding your treasure, I saw sitting at the window a young lady with her elbow on the window seat. I had only time to notice how white her hand looked, that she had a fine forehead with dark, dark hair rolled back from it, when she looked out. I dropped my eyes and passed into the door opened for me thinking, "Now I have something to write that the Doctor will care to read." I was nearly an hour late and as the daughter took my wraps she said:

"O! Miss Thorn, if you had only been here sooner! The young lady went by walking very slowly and you could have had a fine look at her."

I was seated at the lunch table so that I could see her when she went back to her work. I saw the father go and the mother come out and interview the garbage man, but not a mouse

walked into my trap. Probably she does not work on Saturday afternoons.

"How does she dress for the street?" I asked of my friends.

"She wears a golf skirt of brown, an electric seal boa with many long tails on it and a brown walking hat with a wing in it," I am told. That is right! Close your eyes for a minute and picture her. Do you think that style of dress becoming to her? Again I asked:

"Does the young lady seem to have many men friends?" and am told:

"She has one who has been very devoted to her."

"Describe him for me," I requested of the mother.

"I can hardly describe him, but he seems to be a very ordinary looking young man," she said. They told me that they saw him there a great deal as long as the weather permitted sitting out of doors, and that whenever he came the other members of the family always left them alone on the piazza, and that when he was not there she seemed always to be reading. I looked for Freckles, but saw him not, so I asked:

"Have they a dog?" and am told:

"Yes, they have a very pretty black and white one."

"What do they call him?" I asked, but my friends did not know, although Mrs. T. has confided to them the trouble that the dog makes her by running away on all possible occasions.

As I left my friends' I walked slowly by the house, again looking in as I passed. Miss Elga was sitting there turning over the leaves of a fashion book, but she looked out so quickly that I stopped looking in. I do not want her to recognize me as "the woman who rubbered" if we meet, as I am sure now that we shall.

Sincerely your friend,

CORA THORN.

DECEMBER 26, 1899.

Dear Dr. de Wald:—

Your gift which reached me this morning, has added much to my Christmas joy. I am glad that you thought of me. I like to have the book, and most of all am I pleased that I now feel free to send you a trifle that I had chosen for you some time ago and then had hesitated to send. I hope that you will allow it to fulfil its mission when your tired eyes plead for rest. It is a book mark.

I have been told that "she" is not engaged. And so, hoping that the New Year may bring you your heart's desire, I am,

Your friend,

CORA THORN.

OMAHA, JANUARY 13, 1899.

Dear Doctor:—

You must blame Janice because your letter has gone nearly two weeks unanswered. Do you

know her, this Janice Meredith? Let me quote a description of her. It is so like a verbal description that I once heard of another young lady that you will recognize it I think.

“A young girl with a wealth of darkish brown hair *** a little straight nose *** the eyes brilliant black, or were at least shadowed to look it by long lashes, and the black eyebrows were slender and delicately arched.”

I have not seen her since the time of which I wrote.

Your friend,
CORA THORN.

OMAHA, MARCH 6, 19—.

Dear Doctor:—

Indeed I shall be at home on Saturday any time after eleven o'clock in the morning, and shall be right glad to see you and I hope that I shall soon have the pleasure of congratulating you on the gaining of the treasure for which you come asking. I knew that you would be disappointed at hearing no more from me of the young lady, but I could learn nothing more than I have written. I did the best that I could for you, Doctor. I think you know that.

Fortify your soul the best you can to bear either joy or disappointment; for in all of this weary waiting of yours you have been comforted by hope, and if the affair is not settled to your satisfaction it will be hard for you. Trusting

that from your interview with the lady may come your life's happiness, I am, very truly,

Your friend,

CORA THORN.

There are the fragmentary letters. I have attached the dates and signature, dear, so that they would appear more like complete letters, but the mutilation has robbed them of much of their attractiveness. What I wish them to contribute here are the facts in the case and the portions of them that I have copied for you will do that at least. They will tell you in plain terms what meager scraps of consolation I found during those months of suspense to satisfy my hungering heart. While they really gave me little information, they served to keep hope alive and encouraged me to carry out my resolution to go to Omaha and learn from Miss Tutel's lips the exact state of affairs.

The letters give you a glance at the story from a woman's point of view. Miss Thorn was on the ground, so to speak, and got a glimpse of things at close range, therefore, her opinions are valuable. I have chosen this as the best way to introduce her to you. Later she will appear again in my letters and express herself more fully and more to the point. If she has not appealed to you as an interesting, helpful character it is my fault, for she is all of that and more. So much for the letters.

Well, dearie, you, or more exactly this letter, are responsible for my non attendance at church to-day. I have spent the time writing to you, and I feel that it has been well spent for the writing has kept you constantly before my mind, and has given me a delightful sense of your nearness. Perhaps you have been thinking of me, also, and I have felt it. I wish you were here, or that I was with you there, I have many things that I wish to say to you—no, it is only one thing, but it seems everything to me just now. I cannot write it yet, so wishing you every good thing, I will say good-night, and go to bed and dream—perchance of you.

Faithfully and affectionately,

VAL DE WALD.

XII.

OMAHA, JULY 27, 19—

Leola, Dearest:—

Do not let unreal fancies cloud the blue sky of your sunny nature. Real cares will come soon enough, there is no need to imagine them. An old man who was about to die called his only son to his bedside and said: "My son, I have suffered from many cares, most of which never came." Avoid such an experience. The dissatisfaction that you feel at not being more useful should not make you unhappy, for it proclaims you capable of a larger usefulness when the demand shall be made upon you. What does it matter if there is no one that you can

aid, there is sure to be in due time one to whom you can devote yourself to your heart's content. Watch and pray that when the opportunity comes you may be ready for it, but be care free and happy while you wait.

Doubtless, now that you have read Miss Thorn's letters, you are prepared for, if not expecting, the conclusion that I arrived at during that winter, namely, that the only wise thing for me to do was to make a trip to Omaha and satisfy my mind. The conclusion was reached only after a severe mental debate. It was a contest between reason and affection in which the latter triumphed, as is usually the case. In the end we generally do what we wish to do, no matter what reason dictates. Reason told me to take her silence as a final answer, arguing that self respect demanded it, especially since I had proven conclusively that she had received my letters, and it urged in detail all of the several appeals that I had made to her in vain. It was plain that she did not want my friendship. I was convinced that reason was right at such times, and resolved to give her up and dismiss the whole matter from my mind. Affection insisted that she was still my loyal friend, arguing that it was unfair to her to think otherwise, especially since she had shown her inclination to be friendly notwithstanding the restraint put upon her, and urging in detail the various hindering conditions which confronted her in spite of which she had written several friendly letters.

At such times I felt that affection was right; that she still wanted me for a friend, and so I resolved to go to her and claim her friendship. Vacillating between these two conclusions I passed the winter, inclining gradually farther from the reasoning of the head and nearer to the desire of the heart, and early in the spring I wrote to Miss Thorn announcing the date of my journey.

The Paris Exposition, which occurred during the summer of 1900 tempted many Americans to go to Europe, among this number was the writer. I had long intended to go to Europe when a convenient season arrived, and this appeared to be the convenient season. So I planned to spend the summer in a course of study at the chief medical centers of the old world, namely, London, Vienna, Berlin and Paris. The plan set May first as the date for sailing and all preliminaries had to be adjusted accordingly. As soon as I had definitely decided to go I began preparations in real earnest, and the unsettled state of things at Omaha being of first importance, I arranged to go there on the 9th of March. In the other preparations for my trip abroad you are not so much interested just now, so I will omit them, dearie, and give you the details of my second visit to this city. Some day I shall tell you of my longer voyage.

It is not easy for a physician to leave his practice, even for a couple of days, his life is so

intimately associated with the lives of others. I met a shower of protests from my patients when I announced my intention to be absent from town for two days. Several of them assured me that they would certainly die if I went away, and one good woman actually fulfilled her prophecy, although left in more skilful hands than mine during my absence. The faith that they have in the physician probably accounts for the result. "According to your faith be it unto you," the Master said, and the saying is as true to-day as it was two thousand years ago. Faith is a great thing for both patient and physician. The physician who has the confidence of his patients is a power for health and happiness in the community in which he dwells, and it will always be considered a hardship to have him go away.

Notwithstanding the protests of my patients, I boarded the train on the evening of March 9th and arrived in Omaha the next morning at eight o'clock. The trip had but a single purpose, but that could not be accomplished according to my prearranged plan until mid-afternoon. However, the morning and early afternoon were not wasted, they were pleasantly spent making calls. After I had taken quarters and breakfasted at the Paxton, I paid my respects to several physicians and Miss Thorn. The latter you are now acquainted with, through her letters, so I shall tell you of my visit with her, of the others I need say nothing.

A little after eleven o'clock I alighted and rang the bell at Miss Thorn's home. The lady, expecting me, appeared immediately and welcomed me as though I was some notable person. Indeed I was to her, for I had cured her of a troublesome malady from which she had suffered greatly for years. The parlor was occupied so she took me into her private sitting room on the second floor, a pleasant, sunny room overlooking South Omaha, with the Missouri river beyond and the prairie in the far distance.

"Take this chair, Doctor, I want you to sit so that you can enjoy the view from the window," said my attentive hostess.

"The prospect is splendid," I said, seating myself in the proffered chair.

"I enjoy it," she admitted, "for it is ever changing; just now it is a composition of grays; a little later in the spring it will be largely green; and so on, for each season presents its own special coloring and beauty."

"It is very beautiful now bathed in the soft spring sunshine," I agreed.

"I am glad that the weather is so pleasant; it seems propitious for your mission," she suggested, approaching the subject of chief interest.

"Yes, the trip is pleasanter in fine weather, but I shall be glad when it is over," I said, not meaning the trip, but she understood and we fell to talking of what I meant. We reviewed the work she had done for me during the winter and the situation generally. The subject was so absorbing that we were surprised at the flight

of time, when luncheon was announced, an hour later. I had no thought of stopping, but my hostess was so persistent that I stayed. I was rewarded for staying by being presented to the elderly couple who had known Miss Tutel since she was a little girl, however, we did not discuss that young lady, or her parents. The luncheon was a boarding-house meal and needs no special mention. Notwithstanding the unfavorable environment, Miss Thorn made me feel that there was one lady in Omaha who appreciated and was glad to have my friendship. And when I left her I felt that it had been good to see her for, although my plan had not been changed, I had been encouraged and helped by her sympathy and counsel. The world would be a better place to live in if more women were like Miss Cora Thorn.

Park Avenue where I had spent the last two hours, runs across the hill near Hanscomb Park, and as I returned to the hotel I caught a glimpse of that playground. It was bare and deserted, requiring a stretch of imagination to identify it with the beautiful place that I had visited by moonlight on a summer night nearly two years before. As I waited for the electric car which was to convey me to the city, I was tempted to stroll down into its bareness, for it would have been easy at that moment to think that it typified the barrenness of life, but I thought better of it, boarded the car which just then came along and was quickly borne to brighter scenes and to happier thoughts. When I

reached my hotel it was nearly two o'clock, the hour that I had set to start for Miss Tutel's home to end my long suspense. I spent the quarter of an hour that still remained before the fateful hour in wondering, as I had wondered many times before, what would be the result of my visit. Would I see her? Would she be cruel or kind? Of one thing only was I certain. That was, that my suspense would be at an end and that was much. I fortified my soul to bear either joy or sorrow, and when the clock struck two I went; with what result you will learn from my next letter.

Writing letters to you is not very satisfactory, dearie, chatting with you would be much better. I long for the renewal of the happy evenings that we used to spend together when you read to me. Sometimes as I sit alone, especially when I am reading your delightful letters I imagine that I hear your sweet, musical voice and I close my eyes and listen, for its music is very dear to me. Such visions, or dreams, or fancies, whichever they are make a lonely man like me envy the benedict with his cozy fireside, his loving wife and merry children. I have counted the days and it is less than a week that I shall be compelled to write. Yes, I am coming back to you, Leola, coming back to tell you by word of mouth how much your charming letters have meant to one who is very fond of you, namely,

Your affectionate,

VAL DE WALD.

XIII.

OMAHA, JULY 28, 19—.

Leola, Dearest One:—

Are you quite sure that it was not curiosity, rather than interest in the subject matter that caused you to procure a copy of my book? If the book had been written by somebody else and had been dedicated to some one else would you have acted just the same? No, do not answer, dearie, for it does not matter why you sought it out. Any author should feel honored to have such a dear little reader as you are. The fact that you have read it makes me happy. That you cared to do so makes me proud and your praises are likely to make me vain. I appreciate what prompts you, my interest in your letter gives me the key to the mystery.

One thing omitted from my last installment should be explained before I tell you of my visit to Miss Tutel's home, that is, why I went to the house instead of to the office where she was employed. The explanation is simple. I knew that the girl's mother had her confidence and would know the state of her affairs, so I had planned to see the mother first and learn if it would be wise to see the daughter at all. I did not want to annoy the young lady with unwelcome attentions. The return of my letters could be effected through the agency of the mother and so I need not see the daughter, if that was preferable.

At a little before two-thirty o'clock I reached

the house and rang the bell. It was a critical moment for me and, naturally, my heart beat a little faster than was its wont. Perhaps the object of my affection would come to the door for it was Saturday afternoon. There was a sound of footsteps in the hall. What if it were she? Well, what did it matter, it was she that I had come five hundred miles to see. The door-knob turned, the door opened and before me stood a lady with a kindly careful face, the mother. She looked at me questioningly, evidently not recognizing me, so I announced, pleasantly:

"I am Dr. de Wald of Chicago." A flash of surprise lit up her face as she responded, cordially:

"How do you do, Dr. de Wald? Come in." I went in, wondering if other members of the family were at home, and was shown into the parlor. I seated myself in the rocker that was politely arranged for me, concluding from the stillness of the house that she was at home alone and proceeded to satisfy the unspoken question plainly written on the patient face turned toward me.

"I have come to find out about your daughter, I said, in my best manner, then added, "I know that you have her confidence.

"Yes, Elga trusts me with her affairs," she said, shortly.

"Every girl should make a confidant of her mother, especially when she has as good a

one as Elga has," I said, pleasantly, "and because I knew that you were your daughter's confidant I have come to you. You know of our friendship and correspondence?"

"Yes, she told me about them," she admitted.

"Well, it is about our friendship that I want your advice. I greatly admire your daughter and her friendship is very dear to me. I hoped that our correspondence might be the means of drawing us closer together and now that she has ceased to write I am dissatisfied. I know the reason that she dropped me, but I hoped that she might reconsider the matter. Is she engaged to marry that young man?"

"No, they are not really engaged to be married," she answered, slowly.

"Are they intending to marry some day?" I asked, doggedly.

"Yes, I think so, but I am in no hurry to lose my daughter," she replied.

"Certainly not," I agreed, pleasantly, and then asked: "Under the existing circumstances, do you think it wise for me to see and talk with your daughter before returning to Chicago? That is what I am here for."

"No, I think that it would not do any good and I am sure that it would worry Elga," she answered with motherly interest.

"Very well, I shall follow your advice, but there is a little matter that I must ask you to arrange for me, that is, the return of my letters. When shall I call for them? To-night?"

"I do not know until I have seen Elga," she replied, somewhat puzzled.

"Elga could make a little package of them when she returns from work and I could call for it, say at eight o'clock this evening," I suggested.

"I don't know," she repeated, musingly, and at that moment the solution of the matter was made unnecessary. The telephone bell rang and she excused herself to go and answer it. She went into the next room, leaving the door open so that I was forced to hear one half of a conversation which proved to be of unusual interest to me personally. What I heard was as follows:

"Hello! Yes. That is nice. Are you coming home? O, you had better come. Why, there is someone here waiting for you. O, you know, he is from Chicago. Yes. Yes, you had better come. That's a good girl! All right I'll tell him. Come as quickly as you can. Good-bye."

Presently my hostess came back to me with a radiant face and a more friendly manner and announced:

"My daughter has just now called up the house by telephone and said that she is coming home directly and that you are to wait until she comes."

"I am glad that she is coming, for I want to see her," I confessed, and we fell to talking of the young lady again. The subject was agreeable to both of us; to her because she was her

mother, to me for reasons which I have confessed to you, dearest reader, over and over again.

"I hope that the young man is worthy of your daughter," I ventured, wishing to hear more about him.

"He is better than most of the young men," she said, evasively.

"No man is good enough, in a mother's eyes, for her daughter," I said.

"I love my daughter," she declared, simply and I honored her for the saying.

"She is worthy of your love and pride," I suggested.

"Yes, she is talented," she urged, looking at a painting hanging on the wall, evidently her work.

"She is also very studious," I added.

"She is a fair musician," she said, looking at the piano standing open, with a music folio upon the rack.

"She is ambitious," I continued.

"And she is also very good," the mother concluded, going to the window to see if she was in sight coming, but she was not so she resumed her seat. Next we talked of the dog and his fate.

"How is Freckles?" I asked, looking around as if I expected to see him.

"O, he is gone, he ran away," she answered, smiling at the memory of his frequent desertions.

"He was a naughty dog to run away, and showed bad taste to leave such a good home and mistress," I remarked, pleasantly.

"Yes, he used to make me lots of trouble, he would run off every time he had a chance, and finally he went and never came back. Elga felt very sorry to lose him. Some one stole him, I suppose, he was so friendly," she concluded and then chatted on telling how fond they all were of the dog and what a clever little fellow he was, with his tricks and good temper.

When we had waited a long while, probably twenty minutes, for the daughter of the house and had agreed several times that she would soon come the telephone bell rang again. Mrs. Tutel went to answer it, leaving the door open as before, and I heard one half of a conversation again. It was as follows:

"Hello! Yes O, that's too bad. What shall I tell him? Yes, I think so. All right I will tell him. What is the number? Farnam, suite 1426. May he come right away? Yes, I'll tell him. Come home as early as you can. All right, good-bye."

The good woman returned with a troubled expression on her kindly face and said, it seemed to me rather regretfully:

"It was Elga who telephoned. She is unable to come home as she expected, for she has some work to do, but she says that you may call upon her at the office if you wish."

"I am sorry that she is not coming home, but I shall go to her," I said.

"It is too bad that you had to wait, but it is not far to the office," she said, apparently

reconciled to the notion of my interview with her daughter.

"What building is she in and what is the room number?" I asked, although I already knew.

"The Farnam Building, room 1426," she replied, pleasantly.

"I am not sorry that I had to wait for it gave me the pleasure of a little visit with you," I said, honestly, as I took my leave of the mother and turned my steps toward the daughter. I did not feel at all certain that my visit with the latter would be so pleasant, nevertheless, I had no thought of turning back now that I had begun in real earnest. I meant to see the matter through to the end. So I went on, carrying my overcoat, for the day was as warm as midsummer.

I am glad that I had that little visit with Mrs. Tutel, for it showed me where the daughter had gotten her best traits of character. I went to her interested in her for her daughter's sake, but I came away admiring her for her own sake. Manifestly, she was a mother worthy of that sacred name; she was kind, thoughtful, and sympathetic, and her face and manner expressed a patient self-denial, due to a habit of long years of maternal devotion. These loving mothers are the unsung heroines whose influence is more potent in the land than those whose names are proclaimed with banners and bands of music by reason of some minor achievements. There are three names closely associated in my

mind. They are these, mother, home and heaven, for where mother is there is home and what is heaven but a beautiful home presided over by a loving mother?

The visit at the home prepared me for the visit at the office. It gave me most of the information that I had gone to obtain, but it did not give me what I most desired, that is, a chance to see and converse with Miss Tutel. I am convinced now that nothing short of seeing her would have been satisfactory, but I was not conscious of it then. I was prepared, by what I had learned, to be more patient and philosophical than I might otherwise have been however, I shall let you judge of this from our conversation which will appear in my next letter.

The next installment will satisfy your curiosity, dearie, about the ending of this story, but not of my life's story. Of that I am ignorant myself. I shall ask you to help me find out the ending of that larger story, compared with which this story is a trifling episode. After another letter or two I expect to take the matter up in real earnest. Perhaps you will be able to help me more than you imagine. At any rate, I am expecting very much from you.

Trusting that you will not fail me on the great day, and praying that it may speedily come, I am impatiently, but fondly waiting to be

Your,
VAL DE WALD.

XIV.

OMAHA, JULY 29, 19—.

My Loyal Leola, Dearest:—

So someone has been saying unkind things of me to you? Never mind, dear, for probably they are as untrue as they are unkind. Some people go about doing evil, that seems to be their mission in the world. They are human blow-flies which taint society. Josh Billings refers to them when he says that there are some people so mean that they would tell an angle-worm that his tail is too long for his body. The best way to deal with them is to ignore and forget their sayings. I care not what they say about me, except in so far as it pains my friends, and especially you. Yes, I know that my loyal little girl does not believe the rubbish. Let us pity them rather than blame them, for scandal always injures the monger more than it does anyone else. The mean thoughts return and feed upon their mean, dried-up souls and make their lean lives leaner.

The walk from the home to the office did not take long, but it furnished time enough for many thoughts to flit through my mind. The new matter that I had just acquired was in an undigested state and needed attention, but nothing could be done until I had seen my erstwhile friend, for she was the center and circumference of it all. So making little effort to think, I found my way to the office building

and was quickly carried by the elevator up to suite No. 1426.

The door of the suite stood open so I entered unannounced. Three men were in the outer room engaged in a discussion, apparently political, and when I inquired for Miss Tutel one of them pointed toward the door of an inner room. Following his mute direction, I entered the room, which was a private office, and found the object of my search sitting at a desk writing. When I entered she arose and came toward me, as she did so I studied her closely. She was the same girl, but much changed. The change in the expression on her face was most marked. Before, it was always lit up by a glad, friendly smile, but now it was cold almost to indifference. The figure and manner were also changed; the figure was fuller and less erect; the manner less buoyant and girlish. She was dressed in black, perhaps that had something to do with it. At any rate a sense of disappointment came over me as I extended my hand and said, heartily:

"I am glad to see you again, Miss Tutel."

Giving me the tips of her fingers she said, rather stiffly it seemed to me:

"I am sorry, but I cannot say the same."

"I am sorry for that," I said, seriously and then continued: "I have just come from your home."

"Yes, I know that you have," she responded, with a little show of anger.

"I wished to see your mother before I—"

"You wanted to pump the old lady," she interrupted, her anger increasing rapidly.

"No," I returned, coolly, "I was about to say when you interrupted me that I wished to see your mother before I came to you to ask her if she thought it was wise for me to see you."

"And what did she say?" she asked, with something like a sneer.

"She advised me not to see you," I said, evenly.

"O, she did?" she inquired, in a haughty manner.

"Yes, and I agreed to follow her advice," I answered, patiently.

"But you are here," she protested, warmly.

"We were arranging a way for me to get my letters back without annoying you when you called up the house by telephone and said that you were coming home and that I was to wait until you came," I explained. "While I waited, I had a pleasant chat with your mother, until you telephoned again and said that I might come here to see you."

"O, that is the way it happened," she said, somewhat mollified.

"Now, if you will kindly tell me when I may call for my old letters, I shall not keep you from your work any longer," I said, with exaggerated politeness, for I imagined that the work was simply an excuse.

"They have not all been preserved," she said, assuming a more friendly attitude toward me now that she perceived that I was not likely to annoy her or make a scene. "While my brother

was travelling last summer he wrote me frequently and I think that some of your letters were burned when I destroyed a lot of his letters that had accumulated.

"Very well, I will take what remain," I insisted, earnestly, "for it was understood that the letters were to be returned to me when you ceased to care for them and that time has now arrived."

"I never was what you thought me to be," she burst forth, impulsively in self-defense at my implied rebuke. "You ascribed all sorts of virtues and qualities to me that I have never possessed."

"Yes, that is quite true," I confessed, not inclined to flatter her at that moment, "but you had the possibilities within you and you might have attained to every one of those desirable virtues and qualities."

"Let me give you a little advice, Dr. de Wald," she said, loftily.

"I shall thank you for advice, for I am sure it will be good," I returned, bowing low in polite deference.

"Do not believe all that the girls say to you," she advised, with profound worldly wisdom.

"No doubt that is wise counsel, but I hardly need it now, for it is said that experience is a good teacher," I said, seriously.

"I didn't mean many of the things that I wrote to you," she said, continuing her defense. "I was just romancing and wrote anything that came into my mind."

"Allow me to give you a little advice," I said, mocking her judicial air of a few moments before. "You will always find it best in the end to stick to the truth, although it does seem a little old-fashioned at times."

My thrust went home as I intended that it should and the young lady flushed confusedly as she said, defiantly:

"I am no worse than the other girls—" and then added, quickly, "and no better either," for she perceived that she was getting tangled up in her defense. It seemed to me then, and I have thought the same since, that she was acting the part for the purpose of making me dislike her. At any rate she did not appear at her best.

"Probably not," I admitted, indifferently, as I looked at her and wondered "if so fair a seeming" could cover a soul so mean as she tried to make me believe hers to be. At that moment she came nearly making me despise her, but I remembered that I was largely responsible for the equivocal position which she occupied and so forgave her instead.

"Are you intending to remain long in Omaha?" she asked, changing the subject, evidently she had finished her defense.

"That depends upon you partly," I answered, carelessly.

"What have I to do with it?" she asked, looking puzzled.

"I came here expressly to see you, so when my business with you is finished I shall imme-

diately return to Chicago," I explained, frankly.

"Seeing me is an expensive luxury, is it not?" she asked, sarcastically.

"I think that I shall be well paid for coming," I replied, seriously and then asked, "when may I call for the letters?"

"I think that I would rather send them to you if that will do. Will it?" she asked, after a little thoughtful deliberation.

"Yes, if it will be more convenient for you," I assented, politely.

"Thank you," she returned, almost pleasantly and explained "I may not be able to gather them up immediately."

"Shall I leave you my card, or have you my address?" I asked, taking out my card-case, for I was determined to leave no excuse for her to avoid sending the letters."

"Yes, I have your address, Dr. de Wald," she answered, somewhat resentfully, evidently thinking that my precautions were unnecessary, if not a reflection upon her sincerity.

"No offense was intended," I assured her, pleasantly, "but I am anxious to receive the package before I sail."

"Sail? Are you going away?" she asked, quickly, her curiosity aroused.

"Yes, I am going to Europe," I replied, indifferently.

"Is it to be a pleasure trip?" she persisted.

"I am going partly for pleasure and partly for study," I answered, carelessly.

"Are you going alone?" continued my inquisitor, suspiciously.

"Not entirely alone," I replied, ambiguously, for I caught the drift of her thoughts.

"You may depend on me, Doctor, I shall send the package in due time," she assured me, assuming the kind air that was habitual with her in those happy days of the long ago.

"Thank you very much," I said, sincerely, preparing to go.

"Arn't you afraid of *mal de mer* on your ocean voyage?" she asked, laughingly as we moved toward the door.

"No, but I shall have to take the chance of having it," I responded, as pleasantly as I could, but I was not in the mood for funning.

"Have you never been out on the ocean sailing?" she questioned, brightly.

"I have sailed along the coast, but have never crossed the pond," I answered, patiently; I was ready to go.

"I was never on the ocean, but I hope to be some day," she went on, gaily.

"May your hopes all be realized and your life be a very happy one," I said, seriously, extending my hand to say farewell.

"Thank you, the same to you, Dr. de Wald," she returned, sincerely, taking my hand in the old, friendly way. As I held her hand and looked into her upturned face, I said, simply:

"Good-bye," the words that I had objected to in her letter as conveying too much finality.

I had pleaded then: "Say au revoir and not good-bye," but now I said it in a way that emphasized the idea, for I wished her to feel the finality of the words. I think that she understood, for she became quite serious as she repeated the words heartily:

"Good-bye," and I wondered if she too thought of the other parting two years before when our hearts were full to overflowing with friendly feelings and sympathy, but it was not for me to know what she thought, or if she felt anything but relief at my departure. And so we parted, she to go her way and I to go mine, henceforth to be as strangers, perchance, never to meet again.

Little remains to tell, dearie, of that eventful 10th of March, 1900 anno domini. I returned to the hotel for one of my books which I had promised to leave for Miss Thorn, delivered the book at her home—she was not in—and then went to Swanson's for one of his justly celebrated dinners. After deliberately attending to those things I went to the Union Depot, arriving just in time to catch the evening train for Chicago. On the morning of the 11th of March I was on duty again among my patients.

As I write of going back to Chicago I am seized with an almost irresistible desire to go back to you, dear one, for I am lonely and unhappy away from you to-night. I am coming soon and it will be a glad day when I come, for I shall see my Lady Loyalty. Let no man

poison your pure mind with vile calumnies.
You believe in God, believe also in

Your affectionate,

VAL DE WALD.

XV.

OMAHA, JULY 30, 19—

Leola, Dearheart:—

Somebody sent you two dozen of American Beauty roses? How good of somebody! There was nothing to tell who sent them, no card, or note, or anything? That was a serious oversight and likely to puzzle you. You think that people who send flowers should send their names with them, so do I. When I send you flowers, dearie, I shall have my name on them, written large so that you may not think that they are from somebody else. I heard a girl say, once upon a time, that she could tell intuitively who sent her flowers, and you know her very well. You must not suspect me, for I can prove an alibi, you know. How could a fellow be guilty when he was five hundred miles away from the place where the deed was done? Confidentially I am sure that the flowers were sent by somebody who is in love with you, if you know anyone who is, suspect him, for he is the guilty party.

I have waited until your letter came before writing, for I wished to conclude my story in this letter. Now, I shall be able to do so, for you, have indicated in your letter the things that

need a few more words of explanation and comment. After these few words have been written I shall let the curtain fall, for my comedy of sentiment, which has been re-enacted for you will be at an end.

The visit with Miss Tutel was a disillusion to me. I discovered that she was right when she insisted that she was not what I thought her to be. Unconsciously, I had idealized her so that to me she stood for an ideal personality, while in fact she was something quite different. My mistake was natural enough when it is remembered that I saw her under unusual circumstances and only a few times and the enchantment of distance did the rest; and yet I cannot believe that I was altogether deceived in her. The possibilities of an approximation to my ideal were certainly in her nature and might have been developed. Many little traits of character proclaim this fact. No, the difficulty was not that my ideal was too high, I am sure of this, for I have since found a woman who meets all of the requirements of that ideal. Ideals are factors that enter into every romance. Our ideals are the standards by which we measure, consciously or unconsciously, every person that we meet. Those who resemble our ideals are the more readily admitted into our confidence and friendship. The person who closely resembles the ideal is not subjected to the severe tests that are required of those who are less like it, and consequently we are more often thor-

oughly deceived in them. Sudden, strong attachments are usually formed under these conditions and they are beautiful when they are not followed by disappointing disillusionments, as is too often the case.

I have never felt inclined to condemn her, not even for that last interview, for I cannot believe that she was insincere, except on that single occasion. At the beginning, our friendship was the natural development of an attraction between two congenial souls, and later, up to the time of the illness of her nameless friend, she acted perfectly natural. The superstitious fear which she had that God was going to take away her friend to punish her for her deception was certainly unfeigned. Moreover, her letters, of which you have only an imperfect reflection through mine were sincerity itself. So I shall always believe that she was sincere, although appearances were against her sometimes, preferring to be deceived rather than to condemn her unjustly.

The loyalty I feel for Miss Tutel's memory I hold in spite of the fact that both of my lady confidants are inclined to censure her. You are not alone, dearie, for Miss Thorn is much more pronounced in her opinion. Women are a little severe upon their own sex. I promised you that Miss Thorn would have more to say at another time and this is the time. I have another letter from her which I thought it best to reserve until you had formed an independent

opinion. Besides, this is its proper place in the story, so I will give it to you now.

— —

OMAHA, MARCH 31, 1900.

Dear Dr. de Wald:—

Three weeks ago to-day you were here and it seems like a dream to me that I saw you. I shall always regret that I did not dine at home that evening that I might have been in when you came out with the book. Thank you very much for it.

I confess that your letter was a relief to me, for I had felt anxious about you. The trouble of any friend of mine is always my trouble and I feared that your awakening might be a shock to you. However, you seem to be taking it in a wise manner and I am glad.

Do you remember saying to me, when you first told me of the affair, "I see that you judge the young lady"? I have never changed my mind since from anything that I have heard of her. Never have I heard of her anything kindly. She is pronounced "peculiar" by every one, and while I do not for a moment imagine that she realized what she was doing, she was never in earnest as you were.

The affair ended as I knew that it would, except that I did not think that she would see you. It was well that you did talk with her, for had you not seen her you would have gone away still chasing your will-o-the-wisp.

There are other brown eyes in the world,

Doctor, strong, tender and true ones, and I hope that before long you will find the right pair to shine in your home and be a life's joy and comfort to you.

I am writing by my east window, and so clear is the atmosphere that I can see away over into Iowa.

Very truly your friend,

Cora Thorn.

Why Miss Tutel was so unpopular I do not know, but I think it must have been because she was misunderstood. One who is misunderstood is likely to be unpopular for that very reason. The knowledge that he is not understood and is misjudged causes him to hold himself aloof and to appear unsociable. And the report that one is peculiar, once started, whether true or not, like the brook, "goes on forever." In a different environment Miss Tutel would have been a very different character. I insist on this because she showed her real self to me in an unconventional and natural manner and I recognized her charm and worth. Unfortunately we none of us live on the high plane of his best self. However, we all ought to live up there.

A package containing my old letters came to me in the course of a couple of weeks. They were all there except two short unimportant ones which I easily reproduced from memory. What the letters contained you know for you

have read them. I was glad to receive them, but not surprised, for I was expecting them. And shortly after the package came directed in Miss Tutel's well-known handwriting I sent her the following note of acknowledgment:

CHICAGO, MARCH 28, 1900.

Miss Elga Grace Tutel,

Dear Friend:—

[The package of old letters are safely at hand and in due time. I thank you heartily for the same.

As I am making this acknowledgment permit me to say that I was not deceived by either your words or your manner at our last meeting. I understand that your motive was to make me dislike you, but it was unnecessary to make me do that, for I was quite prepared to receive the letters and depart to trouble you no more without disliking you.

Once again let me wish you simply,

Good-bye,

VAL DE WALD.

One last question remains to be answered, namely, did I love the young lady? The answer to the question depends upon the definition adopted, for the definitions of that term are legion. According to some of them I did, and according to others of them I did not love her. If love is simply a friendship grown fonder, then I loved her, but if love is a two-souls-with-but-

a-single-thought-and-two-hearts - that - beat-as - one sort of feeling, then I did not love her. I admired her, respected her and liked her, but I did not love her. According to the Apostle Paul, "Love is the fulfilling of the law," and is an evolutionary process. The most conclusive proof to me, dearie, that I did not love her is the fact that I have learned to love somebody else and that I recognize the difference in my feelings. I intend to tell you about the other case in my next letter.

Now I have fulfilled my promise to you to tell the story of my romance, for the tale is ended. I have taken you into my confidence, confessing all of the experience together with all of the emotions and motives involved in it. It is not a story with a moral, although it has taught me a valuable lesson and I hope it has not been without interest to you. You like realistic stories and since this is realism itself you should like it apart from any interest you may have in me. I have told the story simply, leaving much for your intuition and imagination. My story telling was made easy by my knowledge of the capacity of my reader.

Now, dearest reader, I shall lay down my pen as a story teller and resume my roll of ordinary citizen. In this capacity I shall write to you to-night of a matter that I have delayed

until I had completed the story. I have been expecting to come to you at the end of this week, but my coming is not as certain as I had anticipated. You shall know all about these delayed matters shortly and shall have a chance to cast your vote which is likely to be decisive. Until then reserve a large place in your affections for

Your devoted,

VAL DE WALD.

P. S. How about the flowers? V.

XVI.

Omaha, July 30, 19—.

Leola, Sweetheart:—

Your letters are delightfully frank and friendly and they make me long for the day when I shall see you again. I am glad to be your ideal man and charmed to have you tell me so, but I tremble lest I shall disappoint you when you know me more intimately. Ideals are hard to realize in flesh and blood. I trust that I shall stand the test, but I know that much will depend upon your own charity. None is perfect; indeed, none is as good as he appears, that is why we so often shock our friends. We are not what we seem to be either to our friends, or to ourselves, the real man is inscrutable. How often we are surprised at some sudden manifestation of weakness or strength in ourselves!

Because I am aware of many of my weaknesses and know how far short I am of your ideal I pray you, dearest, do not expect very much of your ideal man. However, knowing that I am your ideal will inspire me to higher ambitions and to a nobler life.

I too have an ideal of a good woman, and what you have told me of your ideal makes it easy for me to tell you of mine. I thought once that I had found my ideal woman, of her I have been telling you, but now I know that I have found her and of her I am about to tell you. I found my ideal woman in Chicago, I sought her companionship, I cultivated her acquaintance, I found her the realization of my ideal and I learned to love her. You, my darling, are the woman. I have long known that I love you, but I have not been so sure of your feelings toward me, so I set myself the task of writing the story of my romance to you, before telling you of my love for yourself. It has been hard at times to resist the temptation to tell you and at times I have come so near telling that perhaps you have guessed my secret. Well, the time has come, sweetheart, and I have told you that I love you with my whole being and now it remains only for you to say that you reciprocate my affection to make me supremely happy. Darling, do you love me? Will you take me for better or for worse, until death

parts us? By so doing you will fully realize for me my long-cherished ideal.

Now you know what my larger romance is and how intimately you are associated with it. Does it make your cheeks burn a little as you recall the persistence with which you wanted to know the end? Look into the mirror and behold what a pretty picture of confusion I have created in my imagination. Do you wonder that I too, was anxious to know the end? The tables are turned, now I am the petitioner asking: "How does the story end?" You are the end of my larger romance, dearie, and that means a happy ending, for you are always happy. Make me always happy too.

The time has come of which I prophesied to you, when you would find an opportunity to be useful to somebody who needs your aid to help him accomplish something worth while in the world. I am that person, dear, I need you to become my other, my better self. Join forces with me. Let us help each other to perform some service for mankind that neither of us could accomplish alone. It would be an esteemed privilege to help you carry out your plans and aspirations as well as a great joy to have your love, sympathy and aid in attaining to my ambition. It is lonely working by one's self, even when he is doing good; companion-

ship not only banishes the loneliness, but it more than doubles the good accomplished. Such a helpful co-partnership is the one I wish to form with you, one that shall be full of happiness for ourselves and helpfulness for others. Will you be my partner in such an enterprise?

I have been requested to prolong my sojourn here for several weeks, but I have not decided so to do, indeed, I have decided not to do so if my partner requires my presence in Chicago. Does she? I have promised to give my decision upon receipt of your answer to this letter. If you tell me that I may come and claim you as my future bride I shall come right away, but if you say me nay, I shall stay away from Chicago a while. Your answer will come to me Saturday morning and if you want me I shall arrive Sunday morning. Perhaps you will meet the train, it would be just like you to do so, for a morning drive is very pleasant with choice company. Forgive me for presuming upon your answer, it is my great desire to come to you that makes me do so, dearest, that and my abiding faith in you. Shall I come?

I shall have to take this letter down to the depot and put it into the mail car, it is so late that it might not get off to-night, otherwise. I am tempted to put myself into a sleeper instead and speed away to my heart's desire, because I

want you so much. But no, I must await your summons, although the time seems long while waiting. Perchance, I shall find time to write again to-morrow.

Now, go little letter and tell my love that I love her fondly, although I have failed to write the tender thoughts of her that arise in my mind. Tell her that I would that I were a poet just for a little while, so that I might sing of my love for her. And yet, it would not make my love one whit fonder or stronger if it were sung ever so sweetly, so little letter go and tell her simply that I love her—she will know the rest. What poet's songs can compare with a maiden's matchless dream of love. Tell my darling that no matter how ever so many pages I should write to-night, feeling as I do, they would all say in effect that I love her in as many different ways as there were pages.

Good-night and God keep you safely, my darling.

Lovingly your,
VAL DE WALD.

LOVE'S QUERY.

(An Acrostic.)

Listen darling, to love's query,
Ere your shyness shuns the word;
Only mine is your heart, dearie,
Love's dearest gift on man conferred?
Answer not, like one in jest,
But whisper frankly love's behest;
Requite my love born from Above,
Ope the gate to heavenly bliss.
Will you be my wife, dear love?
Now, seal your answer with a kiss.

XVII.

OMAHA, JULY 31, 19—.

Leola, my Darling:—

I am glad to know that you are very happy, especially since it is something that you have heard about me that has made you so. You have learned all about the report which was circulated concerning me that made you unhappy and it was a base fabrication started by an envious person? Well, I am thankful that it was no worse, dearie, for it might have robbed me of you had you not been a sensible, loyal little lady. I suppose that I should feel flattered by such attentions from jealous persons for I once read that when we are successful we

should look out for the assaults of envy, for stones and sticks are only thrown at fruit bearing trees. At any rate, I am glad that it furnished an opportunity for you to find out how much you care about what people think and say of me. Frequently it requires some such experience to define our feelings.

This evening just before dinner I had an experience that made me very happy, or perhaps I should say experiment. I know the hour that you would be writing to me and I made an attempt to determine what your answer is, and the result of the experiment was most gratifying. I stretched out on the couch comfortably, closed my eyes, relaxed myself body and mind and awaited results. Before long I had a vision of you, sitting in your room writing. Evidently, you had just finished the letter, for almost immediately you put it in an envelope which you addressed and sealed. I judged that your answer is favorable, for you were apparently happy, which would not have been the case if you had been obliged to make me unhappy. When you had stamped the letter you arose and went to the mirror and shook a reproving finger at the face which looked out and the face made a *moue* at you. In order that you may not be able to explain my vision as a fanciful creation of my mind I shall add a

few further details. You wore a dress which I had never seen before made of some fluffy blue stuff and trimmed with lace. You wore a red rose in your hair and a broach with an apple-green stone in it at your throat. I am sure that I should have been able to read your letter if it had not been finished, for I readily read my name and address on the envelope. How is that for an example of clairvoyance?

Ever since my vision I have been thinking of what it will mean to have such a dainty darling for a wife. My bachelor days and bachelor quarters will be things of the past, for I shall have better days and a home. Just think of it. A home with you, love, for its mistress, will not that be heavenly? I have dreamed of a time when it would be my lot, but have never dared to hope it until now. I have lived alone so long that I feared that it had become a settled habit, but now the star of hope has arisen to lead the way to you, and companionship, and home without which, life to me would be an empty void. I dare not tell you of the scenes of domestic felicity that my fertile imagination has created lest you should think me foolish in my fondness for you, perchance I may whisper them softly into your ear when I come to you. It seems marvellous to me when I think that there is a winsome woman waiting to make a

home with me and that you, my love, are the woman.

I have heard that a bachelor who lives much alone does not make a good husband, for the reason that he becomes too set in his bachelor habits to adjust himself harmoniously to the habits of another. This may be true of some individuals in whom selfishness is the chief characteristic, but surely most of us would gladly exchange our lonely bachelor habits for those of a happy home life. Let him who prefers his bachelor quarters and bachelor life have them; as for me, I prefer a home and the congenial companionship of a loving wife. And I am certain that I shall not find it difficult or irksome to give up or change any or all of my bachelor habits and adjust myself harmoniously to the habits and happiness of another, provided only that the other is you, sweetheart.

Love makes it easy for us to adapt ourselves to the happiness of others, but without affection harmony is well nigh impossible. Love is unselfish and helpful, striving continually to make its object happy. It is the one thing absolutely essential to an harmonious home. Because I know this I am sure that we shall be supremely happy together. Our love for each other will make us considerate and our aims will be to make each other happy. Doubtless, it will

sometimes require a strong effort of self-control; but love is equal to it and more besides. Therefore, let us crown Love as the divinity of our home, darling, so that we may be sure of perpetual happiness.

I know nothing better for me than to have you for my wife, and if I had the opportunity to choose I would choose you in preference to anything else in the world. This is the result of my thoughts of what it will mean to me to have you for a helpmate. A good woman is beyond price and the man who has one as a wife is rich, no matter how little he has of what the world calls wealth. The loving companionship of such a woman means happiness, home, Heaven.

Most devoutly do I echo your words "May the Good Spirit smile approval upon all that we do." At times the light of His smile has been lost to me and all has seemed dark around and overhead, but in the darkest hour a ray of light has come in the form of a friend. It was so when you came to me and in your kindness and helpfulness I have seen the light of His face and I have hoped, yes, hoped and prayed that the light so beautiful to me, might not be taken away. The darkness of midnight cannot be compared with the darkness of despair that comes to one whose fondest hopes have been

shattered. I know not what I should do if I should lose you now, dearest, for I would be left in utter darkness. However, it is vain to speculate on the improbable; it is much better to do the best we know how, expecting the Divine benediction the while. Certainly, if we do well, the Good Spirit will not withhold His smiling approval.

I delight to chat with my little lady love even on paper, but this letter like a long, long chat must come to an end. It will reach you in the morning at about the same hour that your letter will come to me, and if your answer is what I have anticipated it to be I shall be with you on the following morning. After posting this letter I shall do what I used to do when a boy and wanted the time to pass quickly, that is, go to bed and to sleep early so that it will be to-morrow sooner.

Dearie, come to me in my dreams and answer the little poem sent in my last letter, if you would make me the happiest of men. Someday you will know what I am unable to write out in weak words, namely, how dear you are to one who loves you with his whole soul.

Your lover,

VAL DE WALD.

I HAVE—HAVE YOU?

In the days when the sunshine was pure gold,
And the o'erarching sky was tender blue,
I have thought that my joy was joy untold,
For my beloved was with me—have you?

In other days when the brightness had fled
And the sky had taken a somber hue,
I have thought that all happiness was dead,
And all of my fondest hopes vain—have you?

What magic caused the great and sudden change,
Why took the heavens such a leaden hue?
Dear, I have thought that it was nothing
strange,
For my beloved was away—have you?

When the gloom has fallen dark around about,
And I have needed a friend kind and true,
Then I have prayed, yea, prayed with faith de-
vout,
For my beloved, my dear one—have you?

The Divine Spirit heareth when we pray
Bestowing kindly blessings not a few,
And I have wondered oft and many a day
If some day he will answer me—have you?

Sometimes I have had the heartache, dear one
There has been so much of life to rue;
And I have longed, so longed, to be near one
Whose love and sympathy are mine—have you?

Is there some one whom you love, my dearie,
Who would give all the world to know you do?
I have thought that his life now quite dreary
Would be happy if you told him—have you?

So, my darling, I have come a pleading
Bringing and singing a love strong and true;
It was born in the days of our reading,
And, dear, I have loved ever since—have you?

XVIII.

OMAHA, AUGUST 1, 19—.

Leola, my Beloved:—

You are the dearest girlie in all the world and you have made me the happiest man by your characteristic answer. Because you love me there could be but one answer, so you want me to come right away to claim my own? Yes, little wife, that is to be, I am coming to fold you closely in my arms and seal our betrothal with a hundred kisses and whisper a thousand sweet words into your ear that I cannot write. I am coming to claim and to proclaim you my beloved bride as soon as you will consent to grace my home with your charming presence. I am coming to hear from your lips what you have written—that you love me—in tenderer terms as you nestle your little head upon my shoulder. I am coming to begin life

anew with you, my own dear love. I am coming, I am coming to you, my beloved, I am coming right away.

The roses were beautiful and you liked them, my red, red roses, I am glad— You were a dear to wear one of them in your hair, it was that one that I saw last night in my clairvoyant vision. You shall have more deep red roses to tell you of the depth of my love for you. Always red, red roses, except only once when they shall be bride's roses to celebrate the occasion when you become my beautiful bride. The rose is also my favorite flower—the American Beauty—and I am sure it is most becoming to your style and complexion, so rich and rosy. It was thoughtful of you, sweetheart to send me a petal of the rose you wore in your hair, it was as near as possible to sending a real kiss in a letter. I did a very unromantic thing with the petal, but I shall let you guess what it was.

Yes, sweetheart, it is splendid to have someone to live for, as it makes life fuller and more satisfactory. The narrowness and littleness of a selfish life is done away with and we enter into the happiness of living for our loved ones. Perfect happiness is only attained through our efforts to make others happy. It ever escapes us when we seek it for itself, but it is reflected into our own souls when we seek to give it to

others. It is more blessed to give than to receive happiness. Let us find our sweetest comfort, dear one, in giving ourselves to each other, By so doing we shall find how delightful it is to have some one to live for.

I hope for the fulfillment of your promise in the early autumn, for I do not believe in long betrothals. Long probations are unnecessary with those who know their own minds and hearts. Why put off the fulfillment of our hopes? Let not custom hinder our entrance into our paradise. I am anxious to begin my new life, but you, my beloved, shall name the day.

I am writing to you, Leola, because my heart is full to overflowing, however, I may reach my beloved before my letter, although I am sending it this morning with a special delivery stamp upon it, while I am coming to you to-night. Yes, I am coming to you to-night and I hope it will be a very long time before we shall be separated, so that it will be necessary to resort to letters again, for they are at best unsatisfactory. They are too often made up of empty words and phrases, lacking the expressions and tones which go with spoken language. So, go little letter and if you find her first, tell my beloved that I am coming to her to claim my own sweet bride.

Now, dear one, farewell for a little while only
for I shall soon be with you to tell you by word
of mouth that I am yours.

Fondly and forever,

VAL DE WALD.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S TOAST.

I propose a toast to my lady fair,
Who is fairer than the summer moon;
Yes, she's radiant with a beauty rare,
And sweeter than the flowery breath of June.
Modesty envelops her like a dress,
Lending dignity to her motion light,
Making a charming grace and comeliness,
Like the color that makes a landscape
bright,
Glistens in the luster of her dark hair
Altering it, as moonlight in the night
Softens bold shadows into fancies rare,
Loveliness, like that mirrored in a well
Flashes from her deep brown eyes, and the goal
Of her pure life and character doth tell,
Most plainly, that she is a lovely soul;
The sacred shrine wherein pure love doth
dwell.
Now honor her who is my joy and pride,
Whose presence is perpetual sunshine;
Friends, toast with me the health of my sweet
bride,
The dearest of women, almost divine.