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THE PERVERTS

BY
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BY

WILLIAM LEE HOWARD, M.D.



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The Perverts.



To
THE MEMORY OF
EDGAR ALLAN POE
AS A TRIBUTE TO HIS GENIUS, AND IN
RECOGNITION OF HIS
STRUGGLES WITH A PSYCHIC INCUBUS
THIS BOOK
IS SINCERELY DEDICATED BY
THE AUTHOR

PREFACE

We were sitting in the shadow of an old ruin not far from Paris. My friend, a professor of literature in an English university, had been reading to me and incidentally expatiating upon the beauties of mediæval church architecture and the science and oratory of Origen, Basil, and their followers. He read to me in mystic language something like the following: "Their lifting music and swinging gait gave me a fresh fillip of life. The picturesque dismantled choir, the grim gargoyles in quaint designs, the beautifully chiseled window pillows, the elegant roofless transept, where pigeons flutter and jackdaws build, with the recumbent tombstones lying on the grass-covered floors, where the voices of priests and friars and the praise of choristers were wont to be heard. The abbey has outlived the faith and creed of its pious founders; and when the religious moods of this century have felt the rack of this moving world, it will still be a shadow in a weary land.

"Here the most eloquent sermons are preached to me out of my life's experience."

"It is a sad state of affairs," I said, "when individuals of your attainments derive their knowledge of men from sermons preached by stones, by studying the inorganic ruins of patristic architecture, or the useless wrecks of abbeys. A true understanding of man can

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—A number of my papers published in recent years in American and European scientific periodicals have been drawn upon to a slight extent in this work. I have not thought it necessary either to refer to these or to vindicate their authenticity in these pages.

only be had by studying the ruins and wrecks of the human beings which are scattered around us.

“You see those two human ruins sitting over there under the old choir? Notice the tall one with the hueless complexion—the one with the straight, black hair. Observe his long, slender, effeminate hands as they roll the cigarette. The ends of his fingers are flattened and discolored from picking oakum in prison, where he has lately been confined with criminals and felons. But a short time ago he had the whole literary and artistic world at his feet. In fact, you have shouted his pæans and have acknowledged his genius in your lectures.

“His companion there—the big, lion-headed man—writes beautiful poetry, and at times reaches the sublime in his pure thoughts. At times, I say; for at other periods, when he is in prison on account of giving way to his beastly instincts and absinthe drinking, he writes the vilest rhymes, and in a filthy manner describes the lowest pornographic orgies man can imagine.

“These unfortunate men have been inhumanely treated, as have many others who were mentally crippled, and I do not blame them if they now curse their fellow man. Highly developed in certain brain centers, they are diseased in others. Confinement in hospitals for the mentally ill, where their genius could have full play and the objective symptoms of their disease kept under control, is the only humane and scientific treatment for these cases. Moreover, and here is an important fact, such humane treatment will prevent the further propagation of their affliction and thus redound to the welfare of the human species.

“It is from studying the living ruins of such men that I understand man.”

I then went into further details, some of which are to be found in the body of this book.

We have social and unphysiologic conditions now existing that would interest a Caligula or support a Sporus. Men who do not recognize these statements are many, and many more are there who would advocate punishing these psychically diseased individuals, yet would call a person insane who would advise the imprisonment of the man who demonstrates a physical epilepsy by the objective signs of an epileptic fit on the street.

Perhaps my attitude is best explained by the “London Lancet,” July 15, 1899, which, in the course of an editorial on my writings, says: “He [Dr. Howard] hopes to bring the English medical men and publicists to understand that a human being is just as liable to have the growth in the cell making up certain distinct centers in the brain disturbed and distorted as in the cells making up any other centers, physiological and psychical, from which it follows that it is unreasonable to send a man to prison because he is deformed in certain psychical centers.”

The characters in this book are not imaginary, but are drawn from cases taken from my note-book. Obviously, some are toned down and others polished up to suit the purpose of the story; but instead of being exaggerated, most of the characters have had some of their impulses kept within readable bounds.

W. L. H.

BALTIMORE, MD., U.S.A., *February*, 1902.

THE PERVERTS

CHAPTER I

He was hurrying along Prager Strasse, approaching the American quarter in Dresden, when he stopped to look into a shop window where were displayed numerous porcelain paintings, mostly portraits of American women. One large plaque conspicuously placed in the center of the group particularly attracted his attention.

It was the portrait of a young woman; fresh, brilliant, and scintillating in her youthfulness, but a woman with a masculine neck and empiric lips. On her head was a flaring straw hat, trimmed profusely and brashly; just such a hat as he had seen a few weeks ago on the boulevards, at the Moulin Rouge, and reflected from the many mirrors of the Folies Bergère. He uttered a subdued exclamation, blushed, and turned away with anger and disgust alternately passing over his conscious feelings. Walking nervously and rapidly, he soon approached the entrance to a large residence facing a small park. Passing through the outer door of the house, he mounted the stairway to the second landing and paused to pull the bell cord at a door upon which was a porcelain sign reading, "Frau Leidmann,

Pension." The bell was answered immediately, and the young man entered the hall. Going to the reception-room, he was there met by his mother, a short, somewhat matronly looking woman. Upon noticing her closely, one would have said that she was more of an amateur scholar in appearance and action than a mother or matron. She held a German classic in her hand, and an open lexicon lay upon the table by which she had been sitting.

Leigh Newcomber had seen but little of his mother since childhood, and, in truth, of that formative period the only slight recollection he had of her was that she allowed him to go and come when he pleased.

He had lived a roaming life when away from school or college, and had given but little thought to his parents. It was his mother who always planned his boyhood trips and vacations and saw that he was plentifully supplied with money. His father used to give him the advice of experience and wisdom, and believed it would be followed; nor could he understand why it was not, even in its fullest details. With the exception of those occasional monitory allocutions, Leigh Newcomber saw or heard but little of his father throughout the latter's life.

Leigh had lately begun to seriously take cognizance of his mother; not as a mother, but as an individual with whom he saw he must have dealings in the future, as she had been left in absolute charge of a large estate, which, upon her death, would be equally divided between his three sisters and himself. It was with this understanding that he had determined to take up

a branch of study which would redound more to his honor and reputation as a scientist than to his bank account.

With that perversity of nature and contrariety to business habits so often seen in successful business men when making a final disposition of their wealth, Leigh's father had left all his property to be controlled by an inexperienced and incapable woman. Mrs. Newcomber was responsible to no one for her financial actions, and was free from any supervision of her control of the property. Her conscience and duty were to be her safeguards—the blindest monitors and weakest bonds ever placed over interested individuals, or intellects movable by mystic ideas and personal pleasures.

Leigh Newcomber had been in an introspective mood for several months, trying to find some remembrance, some shadow, of his mother's companionship and her pleasures with her children; of the family as a whole, harmonious and happy. He had seen mothers and fathers with their children, all happy together—the youngest fondled and carried by the loving mother, the son being led and interestedly instructed by the father. These happy domestic conditions of other families had been more and more noticed since he had been brought in contact with his mother and sisters the last few months. He now missed, desired, ardently yearned for some remembrance of his childhood.

Not a single spark of objective motherhood, not even a hazy idea of a subjective mother-love, could he recall. He could readily remember that all his physical wants were supplied; travel, horses, guns, boats—in fact, he

could not recall a single wish of his refused—but the gifts all came by mail, messenger, or express. When at home, his mother would take him to lectures, or expect him to entertain some intellectual celebrity, who was now seen by Leigh to have generally been some pseudo scientist, one of the many who float around the United States parasitically existing upon wealthy women of half-baked education and intellect. The class which support these pseudo scientific lecturers is made up of women whose false, superficial mental training is perforate as gauze. Their minds can hold misty, non-separated facts, but the clear, separated, and analyzed inductions of the scholar please them not.

Leigh looked at his mother, and could not but notice that the slight signs of hair upon her lips had increased to a disagreeable extent. No; those were not the lips to give happiness and contented comfort to an infant were the thoughts of the son as he gazed upon his mother.

Mrs. Newcomer greeted him by extending her hand. He said to her: "Well, mother, hard at work studying, I see."

"Yes, we are making considerable progress in our studies. We are arranging to go to Greece in the spring with Professor Shimmel; so we have two hours a day on the history and language of that country. I also intend to spend next winter in Paris, in order to take up a course of physiology, as you know we spent last winter at Zurich on biology. By the way, how are you getting along? We have not seen much of you lately."

"No. I have been very busy during the holidays, and now have come to bid you good-by."

"When do you return?"

"At once. I am anxious to get back to the university. I have much work to do to get my thesis finished this year."

"I am sorry you can't remain longer. Mizpra has gone to the galleries with Fraulein, and will not return until dinner hour."

"Did she wear that hat?"

"What hat, my son?"

"The hat she borrowed to wear when she had her portrait painted."

"Why, what is wrong with it? I thought it very becoming, and Mizpra seemed so pleased with it."

This was said with a quasi-questioning effect; at the same time Mrs. Newcomber exhibited an irritation which Leigh Newcomber did not know whether to attribute to his direct question or to a feeling of chagrin that he should have noticed the borrowed plumes.

Mrs. Newcomber was proud, and she had sufficient foundation for a normal pride. There was no necessity for her daughter to borrow hats. Was Mrs. Newcomber humiliated to have her son see that which she was afraid others would notice—her daughter's gradual domineering attitude towards her, and her submission, due to a superior force of will, and this daughter's control of others by cajolery, flattery, deceit and intrigue? How could she advise her son in a motherly way when she saw herself led into unwomanly and unreasonable acts by her daughter?

"Mother, why did you allow your daughter to borrow a hat from one of the boarders?" questioned Leigh Newcomber.

"Why, Mizpra and Mrs. Mesney are close friends, and she looked so pretty with the hat on that she borrowed it for the occasion. Then, you know, Mizpra is so busy with her studies she has no time to buy clothes and hats."

"Yes; while she ostensibly poses in paintings and letters as a dainty, delicate, modest young woman, she is studying animal pathology at the government slaughter house."

"Oh, Leigh, Leigh, what is the trouble with you? You know I am proud of Mizpra, and so are all her friends. You will seldom find a woman with purer thoughts, a woman whose mind is so refined or whose ethical ideas are so distinctly marked. Her work is only of the most delicate microscopic nature, and essential if she expects to teach at Robinson College."

"Well, mother, we won't dispute the matter; only I hope you will not hang the portrait anywhere except in your room."

"My son, why are you so sensitive about this little matter? If Mizpra thinks she looks pretty in any particular costume, has she not the right, has not every one the right? Is it not our duty to appear pleasing to the eye?"

"Yes, to the eye; but we should not appear displeasing to ethical and moral ideas."

"I do not understand you yet, Leigh. What have ethical and moral ideas to do with this little matter?"

The fact is, you and Mizpra do not seem to get along together."

This last remark was said in a tone of sadness, but Leigh detected a determination in his mother's mind to no longer argue the subject. He thought her whole attitude from the commencement of the conversation that of a woman who had been drilled and schooled in her words and actions. Especially impressed with this attitude was he when his mother asked him:

"Tell me, have you anything against the owner of the hat?"

Leigh was on his guard, and immediately answered:

"Why, no; how could I? I have been here only a few weeks, and never call except to see you."

"Then do not think any more of the episode. Oh! I do wish you and your sister would be friendly—be sisterly, brotherly—it would make me so happy; and now, you know, I am dependent upon my children for love and companionship; and that my only son should call upon me to chide me does not appear to be right. I do all I can for you; you do not realize what a large sum you cost me each year, and the burden gets heavier as the years roll on. I do not regret it, as I know you always had plenty of money when your father was alive; but we have to be careful now."

Leigh with great effort refrained saying anything. He did not wish to tell his mother what were his thoughts and information regarding her affairs. He kissed her respectfully on the forehead, and promising to write, hurriedly made his way to the club, where he impatiently called for a brandy and soda.

He had called to see his mother early in the day—early for him—and it was only by great effort of will that he had been able to remain the short time with her without showing his physiologic necessity for a strong stimulant, for he had been drinking to excess for some weeks, a state of affairs unknown to his mother.

After remaining at the club for some hours, he left and walked the few blocks to his lodgings. As he entered the hall he was met by his personal servant Bruno, a young man whom he had taken away from a cold home in Berlin. This young man proved an exception to the axiom, in that the master was a hero in his eyes. With a pleased countenance, he took Newcomber's hat and coat, saying: "Mrs. Mesney is waiting for you, Herr Newcomber."

"Look here, Bruno, haven't I told you never to mention ladies' names in my rooms, no matter where we are, or who the ladies are?"

He opened the door to his study. Seated in a large leathern chair was a dainty piece of pink-cheeked, dark-haired, ebon-eyed femininity. Her sealskin jacket fitted snugly her lithe form, and a fascinating toque rounded off the saucy, childlike appearance of the young woman. She arose and greeted him by raising herself on the tips of her toes, putting her hands on his shoulders, and kissing him amorously. His response was of an indifferent kind, and she noticed it.

"Oh, Leigh, Leigh, what is the trouble? I overheard your mother at luncheon say you were going to leave Dresden, and I have hurried to see if it were true, and why you have not told me if it is true. Why

do you now seem so cold, so cruel, so—so—shivery?" and, with tears in her eyes, the little woman threw herself on the sofa. Leigh knew it was not acting on her part—no simulation of a passion she did not feel—for she had given up all for him. Her love had even made her reckless of appearances, for she had abandoned all that is dear to a woman for a love that had lain dormant in her until she met Leigh Newcomber.

The daughter of an Englishman who had been married to an upper class Tahitian woman, she had been brought up among the better, although careless, society of Honolulu. Two years before she had met Leigh Newcomber, when she was but sixteen years of age, she had met and married a young United States naval officer. She lived with him only a few weeks when he was ordered to sea for three years, so he was obliged to leave his child-wife with the heterogeneous Anglo-American society in Dresden, to await his return.

If men could only know women as they are, not as they seem, there would be less scandal and fewer divorces in this world. Had Ensign Mesney understood the history of the natives of the islands from which he took his bride, he would have remembered the blood that coursed through her veins, and not left her alone among unsympathetic strangers. He would have realized that she came from a race that in the past seemed to live in a happy condition of facile contentment. He would have known also that the maiden came from a land in which mental and moral anxiety had been ostracized and pleasure and society free from

false sentiment, religious fairy tales, or unnatural and hypocritical social laws.

Oberea—for this was the child's name—came from a people that for centuries accepted with a simplicity of conscience what we blame and anathematize. She knew what love was; what in truth love always is—however wrapped in the gloomy umbrage of ethics and custom, or the obmutescence of patristic senility—the conscious but uncontrollable actions of physical attributes governed and stimulated by unconscious psychic forces.

There was no thought of yesterday or fear of tomorrow worrying Oberea. She loved—for the first time, and for all time—and that love was given to Leigh Newcomber. This love was her life, her existence, her virtue. And what was virtue? she argued. Had not even Leigh, the Anglo-Saxon, told her that the thinking men of his race accepted the physical fact that "Vice and virtue are products like vitriol and sugar"? Leigh bent over Oberea and took her in his arms.

"Don't cry, Oberea; please don't cry," he said; "it makes me feel so mean. It unnerves me; and I am shaky enough this morning."

Without looking up, she put her arms around his neck and sobbed, sobbed hysterically, and little tremors, showing themselves through her neatly-fitting skirt, ran up and down her finely-molded limbs. After she had clung to him a few minutes, she kissed him on the lips with a momentary exchange of look. "Oh, Leigh, and so early in the day! Do be careful, or you will

make me so, oh, so unhappy! You may drive me away from you; my person, not my love, dear."

"What, Oberea! Is your love so weak that my careless habits could send you away from me?"

"Oh, no, no; but I do not like to see you getting so careless. I know to what it leads. I am afraid some night when you are not yourself you will go somewhere or do something that will break my heart."

She was about to throw herself on the sofa, crying again, when Leigh caught her up in his arms and, kissing her vigorously and rapidly, carried her across the room to the piano and placed her on its stool.

"Sing to me, please," he said.

Then softly, slowly, and plaintively she sang the song her ancestors loved so well and Leigh and she loved too.

"In the home of the Ogre I pillowed my head:
I followed with safety the path of the dead:
With the sons of the Shark I lived as a guest:
I saw float before me the Isles of the Blest.

"I have bathed in the Sea where the Siren still sleeps,
The kiss of the Queen is still red on my lips;
My hands touched the tree with the branches of Gold
For a season I lived in the Order of Old."

He turned to her smiling, and kissed her again, saying: "Oberea, darling, why did you allow my sister to wear your hat while having her portrait painted? Of course I recognized it, and asked my mother why she could not furnish hats for her daughter. It caused me to feel uncomfortable to think I must associate the

owner of that hat with Mizpra. How came she to borrow it?"

"She did not borrow it. One afternoon, after arriving at the *pension*, your sister informed me she had taken the hat because it was so picturesque. She would be finished with it in a few days, she said. Then she tried to kiss me. Ugh! Leigh, if she were not your sister, I would tell you my thoughts about that young woman."

"Don't let that stand in your way of telling me all. I am afraid she is not the simple schoolgirl she pretends to be; her mind is not the ordinary female kind. Hers is a strange mixture of deceit and cunning. She is deep, sinister, and forbidding. However, let us talk about brighter subjects."

"Oh, Leigh, I see nothing bright in the future to talk about. This week has been heaven to me. Now that you are going to leave, it is purgatory; and after you are gone it will be hell."

"Oberea, where did you get this idea of three divisions of a future existence? I did not know you were acquainted with theological literature; especially the astonishing and hysterical teachings extant at the beginning of the twentieth century."

"Leigh, don't you think I follow you in thought and work, as well as in action? Everything, no matter how trifling, that interests you interests me. If you will not read to me some of your books, I must read them myself. Now, see if I do not remember what I read the other day in one of your books. You wrote: 'I have just returned from hearing Professor Bautz of the theo-

logical school. His ideas certainly are progressively retrogressive. His positive knowledge of the topography of the infernal, purgatorial, and celestial regions is most remarkable. Purgatory, he tells us, is three stories high and aglow with flames, which, however, are rather light colored and pinkish in contrast with the dark and lurid fire of hell. The lower story of purgatory borders on hell, while the upper story is near the gates of heaven. Thus the same fire, although in different intensity, serves to torture the damned and purge the just.* Then you continue to shorten your notes to single words accompanied by impolite remarks, and end by adding: 'What weedy, sedgy, spumy statements to give as facts to candidates for priestly honors in the year 1901. Surely such detruncation of a purely lycanthropic condition could only arise from a false ascetic pietism.' Leigh, I wrote it down so I could tell you I understand you; that is, I do sometimes, not always."

He put his arms around her waist, kissed her gently and fondly, then led her to his huge arm chair, in which he placed her, himself sitting on its arm.

"Oberea, I have a plan. My mother and sister soon go away. When they have left, you will need a change of climate, and it will be best for you to leave this chilling, damp atmosphere and get settled for the spring and summer. I will get a little place on the banks of the Rhine, and in the summer we will travel in the

* These lectures are facts, not fancies. Such statements are made to students to-day in more than one theological school in Bavaria. For full account in English, see *Popular Science Monthly*, "Witchcraft in Bavaria," May, 1898.

country, in the prettiest part of the country, away, far away from the paths of my countrymen, who, although they do penetrate almost every part of Europe, have still left undiscovered some of the quietest spots in Germany. Frau Leidmann will forward your letters as you direct, and you can let it be understood that you are traveling with an elderly woman companion. I will have a telegram sent from New York asking you to meet this phantom companion at Hamburg. Now, dear, we will go to dinner and give Bruno a chance to pack my impedimenta."

A train pulled out from Dresden that evening carrying a worried, perplexed young man, and leaving behind an anxious though happy young woman. For the first time in his life of twenty-five years, Leigh Newcomer was seriously thinking of personal and practical matters; and this mental state being an untrained one, he jumped from impulse to impulse, and from reason to nugacity; and after a while reason and impulse became so commingled as to leave him in a bewildering maze of mental and moral incertitude.

Was it right that he should take her with him and wreck her life? was the question he asked himself over and over again. This would be the certain ultimate result if he took her with him. He gave her husband but little thought or consideration, satisfying himself with the specious argument that any man who would, after a few days' honeymoon, leave alone for several years a young girl bride, knows the great danger she is placed in, and if he does not know this fact, the loss of his bride will be of little consequence to him.

Could he tell Oberea that only her temporary pleasures would be the result of this summer outing? He did not for a moment deceive himself regarding his present affection for her. It was merely a passing episode in his career, he thought. Oberea was a bright, affectionate companion, and only a weakness he felt, a weakness that had lately seemed to dominate him—the inability, or lack of force, to face these facts and destroy fancies—kept him from telling her the cruel truth and refusing to take her with him. Leigh was conscientiously, morally, and financially careless; and he knew it.

Physically strong, mentally developing great powers, morally he felt himself stunted. He was not vicious. His habits were far superior to the majority of young men in his station and environments. In little matters he was very careless; or, as he expressed it, he needed stimulants to carry out the practical details of life, and when he took the stimulants, he only got mired the more. With sufficient mental force to work all night over some difficult scientific problem, to spend hours in the laboratory or days at a time in the library, alas, he could not get the energy needed, nor fully appreciate the necessity of telling Oberea that his sense of honor, his knowledge of what was due her good name and womanhood, and the certainty of her future unhappiness and disgrace, demanded that they separate before any scandal enshrouded her name. He knew, or rather felt, it would be futile to tell her he did not love her. No, he did not want to tell her that.

He wanted her to be around him at times, but she

must never stand in the way of his making a success in his profession. If so, he would throw her aside as he would any other obstacle. Was this love? At this time Leigh thought it was all the love he was capable of giving. At least he could not conceive any closer affection for a woman. He did not think it was possible for any one to come between him and his studies. He did not want any one to do so. It was Oberea's future that worried him. He could not marry her, and he could not take her back to America with him; yet now and then his conscience rebelled against casting her away when he was ready to return. These thoughts excited and worried him, and, all a tremble, he bade Bruno hand him some brandy. He resorted several times on his journey to this stimulant, trying to forget Oberea, but his thoughts would remain fixed upon her. "Well, let the affair take care of itself. I don't care as long as I am not disturbed in my work," was his soliloquy.

Leigh was savagely ambitious. He had already done work which had attracted the attention of the scientific world and had been admitted into its carefully guarded circles. His powers were freely acknowledged, and his weaknesses only slightly recognized, and, when noticed, attributed to the effect of hard mental work. Leigh knew better, and took no care to disguise his morbid condition.

A passionate student, at intervals possessed of the power to do an enormous amount of work, he had not the stability to pursue continuously and systematically his vocative studies. There was nothing of the anchor-

ite, nothing of the dignified scholarly appearance in Leigh's manner or physique. He was considered erratic by his jovial companions, and a careless "ne'er do well" by his father's former business associates. These commercial men thought Leigh was lacking in sense, and were inclined to ridicule him because he preferred the laboratory and its small returns to the sordid banker's desk. Leigh was pronounced by scholars, without dissent, a young man of great mental force and prospective erudition. His character was kaleidoscopic, and while he would at intervals determine to cast off his reckless tendencies, these determinations would become submerged by the overpowering deluge of moral riot and physical abasement certain to follow a period of studious calm.

CHAPTER II

Nestled half way up the little mountains called Sieben Gebirge, on a toy plateau surrounded on three sides by dark, cool woods, and overlooking the thick umbrage as it spread incliningly down on the banks of the swift-flowing Rhine, was a small chateau, half modern, half of that old moss-covered, dilapidated stone work found scattered along the mountainous banks of the river, back and away from the eyes or knowledge of the tourist. Leigh Newcomber had discovered the place while riding through the mountains on one of the frequent trips he made from his university town. He found a willing man and wife to take care of the place, and it was soon turned into a modern monastic retreat for himself and a few fellow students, and remained such up to the time we find Oberea and Leigh one summer evening sitting in rustic chairs on the little plateau, watching the flickering lights of the steamers as they carried travelers up and down the river.

The gleeful bark from the throat of a bitch was heard in the woods, followed by the lunged bay of her mate as they both waddled and paddled—as only dachshunde can—to the chair in which Leigh was seated. They were followed by Bruno.

“See, Oberea, how little Bridget is trying to flirt and arouse the jealous feelings of Dagda? Look at the dainty way she lifts her softly-padded feet, and how admiringly her mate looks on from the corner of

his eye. I could not have found better names for these dogs, could I, Oberea?"

Sadly, though with an effort to appear interested, she languidly replied:

"I do not think you ever told me why you gave your dogs such names. Bridget is no uncommon name in the household of your countrymen."

"Ah, but they do not associate the name with the beautiful, refined, and historically interesting woman who gave it such prominence. How can you associate a noisy, china-breaking, red-headed, befuzzled, opinionated ruler of the kitchen with Bridget the Goddess of Poetry, the Gaelic Muse, the sentimental, impulsive Sappho of ancient Ireland? In little Bridget here I see characteristics of the eminent type of the race her namesake came from."

"And Dagda?"

"He was the all-king, almost the Zeus of ancient Ireland. Now, when you see those dogs quarreling with each other over a bone, ceasing only to turn on a common enemy should he interfere, there is no cause to ask, 'From what dragon's teeth, and whence sown, sprang forth this warlike crop?'" He looked toward the little woman, and thought he detected a sigh.

"Oberea, dear, how have you spent the day? Were you lonesome?"

"Oh, no. I watched you through the glass as you emerged from the woody path, saw you give your horse to Bruno, and then go on to the ferry. I was surprised, as I thought you would ride into town. Why did you take the boat?"

“To get to the university as soon as possible—the quicker to return to you. I was afraid you would be lonesome up here.”

“I read, as you requested, ‘Rip Van Winkle’; but I knew the story well. We have a similar legend in my island home. I remember as a child I was placed for several months with old chieftess Arii Tamimai—mother of chiefs. She was the great-great-great-aunt of Queen Oberea, after whom I was named. She would repeat to me in curious cadences and intonations the legends, stories, and ceremonies of my mother’s people. Oh, some were so pretty and so good.” She put her hands to her face, as if to shut out unpleasant and disagreeable sights, and Leigh thought he detected a slight sobbing.

“Oberea,” he said, “you are too nervous to be again left here alone. The next time I go for all day you shall take the Frau with you and go with me. You can spend your time shopping and sightseeing.” He arose and went to her, took her on his lap, and talked to her as though she were a child.

“Oberea, the only reason I desired you to read ‘Rip Van Winkle,’ aside from the occupation it gave you, was to have you realize how small the world’s stock of legends, myths, and religious superstitions is. In order to make it go around with the ever-increasing inter-communication of the world’s inhabitants, the same old musty puppets are borrowed from the ancient Fathers and dressed up in mediæval garb of mystic marvels, or else brought down to modern times and given to the simple disguised under a stucco of a pomp of philoso-

phy—‘higher criticism’—or a compensatory pseudo science.

“Here is an example of what I mean, Oberea,” and he placed her head upon his shoulder and gently closed her eyes. “The old stone portion of our retreat here was once a part of the cloister Heisterbach. Let me repeat to you in the homely language of the old storyteller a tale of a Rip Van Winkle of the Rhine.

“‘Among the monks of the cloister Heisterbach, Aloysius distinguished himself by his learning and unremitting study of the Holy Scriptures. To the rich treasures and knowledge of this brother every one, even the Abbot, had recourse, if it concerned enlightenment of obscure passages of the Holy Father and holy books; for no other knew so well as he how to explain their meaning and loosen impending scepticism.

“‘But one passage,’” Leigh continued, “‘had ever been abstruse to him, and so the constant subject of his thoughts, the words of the Apostle Peter: viz., “A thousand years are as a day with the Lord.” This passage constantly occupied the thoughts of the monk. Often he sat in his cell reflecting on these words; but the more he meditated, so much the more increased his doubts, and the greater was his unbelief. His ideas were sometimes so confused that his brethren feared for his reason. Lost in speculations, he had once reclined under a tree in a near wood, and at last fallen asleep there. The vesper bell first woke him and reminded him that it was high time to return to the cloister. But with astonishment he did not see the serving brother at the door, but another opened to

him. However, Aloysius did not pay particular attention to this circumstance, for already the brethren's hymns resounded in the church, and he hastened to take his stool. But this stool was already occupied; quite an unknown person had possession of it, and he regarded him with the same astonishment Aloysius felt. Meantime the singing finished, and he saw that all the monks were as strange to him as he appeared to them; he was asked his name and what he requested. He announced himself, and, as he asserted he belonged to the cloister, he was regarded with more astonishment than before, and all were almost inclined to consider him a lunatic.

“‘At last one of them,’” went on Newcomber, “‘remembered to have read in the annals of the cloister that, several centuries before, a certain Aloysius, who distinguished himself by great learning, had lived in the abbey, and by a promenade in the woods had completely disappeared. Aloysius now mentioned the abbot under whom he had been received in the cloister, and also the time he had passed there; the books were referred to, and it was clearly seen that he was a resurrectionist. During his sleep, appearing to the sceptic only a few hours, three centuries had passed; but heaven had worked this miracle to show that men should not meditate and doubt the words of the Holy Scriptures, but believe with childlike heart.’”

“In such manner and methods, Oberea, are tales having for a basis a mental condition now well understood, surrounded by fairy fancies or religious mysticism. Medical history is rich in cases where loss of individual-

ity, time, and place have existed for long periods, but these persons have generally returned to their original condition through some explainable cause; often a mental shock, or else time alone has brought about the awakening of dormant brain cells."

He bent his head to see if she was interested. She was fast asleep. A few teardrops delicately hanging from her long lashes showed him that her thoughts were far away from the words he had spoken. He felt moved in his compassion for her love and loneliness. After watching her for a few moments, he carried her gently into the house, up the broad stairway, and into their bedroom, where he carefully laid her on the bed. She opened her eyes, kissed him, and said: "Come back to me soon, Leigh; I don't want you far away from me." Then she turned away and hid her face in the pillows.

After smoking a cigar and seeing that the horses were in their places for the night, Leigh went up to Oberea. She had put on a light, flowing robe, and her long black tresses hung loosely around her shoulders. He saw she had been crying, but thought it was from a slight attack of nervousness. He took a seat in a large wicker chair, and was about to speak to her when she came over to him, fell on her knees, laid a piece of paper on his lap, and with face tightly pressed to his limbs remained silent and motionless. Leigh picked up what had been a letter, now pressed and crumbled out of all semblance.

He read:

"We both made a mistake. If you will communicate with my attorney, whose name and address I inclose, you will have no trouble in getting a divorce. If you do not take this quiet

way of avoiding scandal, I shall divorce you. I have no complaints nor regrets. Neither have I money to give you. I understand your lover can provide you with all you may desire. You need not answer this letter.

“ROBERT MESNEY.”

Leigh let the letter fall, and took Oberea's drooping head between his trembling hands and passionately exclaimed: “Mizpra, d—— her!” Then he lifted Oberea to his lap, and, kissing her, vehemently said: “Oberea, I love you! I will marry you. We will go at once and get your divorce. I love you; I will marry you. Do you hear? We'll have no chuckling Mizpra gloating over your torn heart. The gleeful satisfaction of a perverted instinct that feverishly exists by stabbing her sex shall be of short duration. Oberea, darling, the future is clear, bright. You shall not leave me. I will not leave you. You shall be my wife. Do you hear?”

He was caressing her hair and kissing her forehead while he was thus excitedly talking. When he had finished, he gently laid her head back, whereupon she fell limp and helpless to the floor. He saw she had fainted, and, head depressed, placed her on the bed. She opened her eyes; he bent over her. She put her arms around his neck and murmured “Husband!” then sank down exhausted. Leigh intoned in a slightly commanding voice a suggestion to sleep, a suggestion to which she readily succumbed.

Just as the sun was breaking through the tree tops, and Leigh was nervously and hurriedly dressing,

Oberea, propped in bed, drinking her coffee, faintly asked :

“ Will you return soon, Leigh ? Oh, don’t leave me here alone to-day.”

“ I shall return by noon. I must run in town for an hour or so. Don’t worry. We will talk about our affairs upon my return.”

“ Why will you not talk about our affairs now ? ”

“ Wait until I return; then we shall have the afternoon to decide upon our movements. I don’t feel like thinking now. Good-by; I will be certain to return for luncheon.”

Leigh entered the breakfast-room, where he found Bruno waiting for him. He fitfully swallowed a few glasses of water, and picked sporadically at the fruit while volubly conversing with his personal servant. As he arose from the table, Bruno with a worried look said : “ Herr Newcomber has not eaten this morning. Was not the fruit fresh ? Were the eggs cold, Herr Newcomber ? ”

“ No, Bruno, everything was all right. I am not hungry, that’s all. I shall go by boat this morning; expect me to luncheon. Look out for the dogs and horses. See that madame wishes for nothing.”

He picked up his cane and gloves, walked rapidly down the path, and was soon out of sight in the sweet-smelling woods. Up at the window, binocular in hand, sat pale, thoughtful Oberea. She watched Leigh greet the steward of the boat, and saw them both disappear into the latter’s room.

“ Oh, I was afraid when I saw how hurried and irri-

tated he was this morning," she softly said to herself. "And he has been so good the last few months. Why did he not stay here with me? Surely there is plenty of liquor in the cellar. And to leave me at such a time—at a time when I need his advice and assistance. Last night he was so vehement in his expressions of love, so decided in his determination to keep me ever with him, to marry me as soon as I get the divorce. Oh, he was so passionate, eager, resolute! He showed so much force, exhibited such manly qualities, that I slept deeply, with the happiest awakening woman ever had. But it only lasted until my eyes rested on his aged countenance, unsteady eye, purposeless walking, and nervous movements. These actions made me shudder, tremble, and heart sick. But he never knew these thoughts were passing over me. As the clock tells the hour, so does Leigh's action tell of his nervous periods, of his morbid impulses, which nothing seems powerful enough to check."

Just then Bruno knocked on the door, and she called him into the room.

"Bruno, did Herr Newcomber eat his breakfast before he went to town?"

"No, madame. He said he was not hungry, and would return in time for luncheon. Will madame step down on the lawn and have breakfast served?"

Oberea mechanically walked down to the study, and, taking a large notebook from a shelf, went out on the lawn.

"He told me that I must understand him physiologically; that his existence was an experimental one; that

he had just begun to realize the powerful efforts, intense study, and extensive observations necessary to place himself so balanced, mentally and bodily, as to utilize his powers, direct, and increase them." He appreciated, he had told her—and she well remembered his words—the unfortunate condition of many geniuses, the erratic lives of individuals with brilliant brains, and the general public's condemnation and objurgation tagged on to the hackneyed phrase, 'If he had only kept sober and applied himself steadily, what a wealth of literature or art he would have left!' " I remember, it was only yesterday he told me that what he had to fight and conquer was not an absence of 'will power' nor that 'lack of moral determination' so nauseatingly repeated and advised by teachers and parents. What he had to fight was a nervous disease. The ridiculous and unpalatable admonition so frequently premonstrated by the simple and superstitious—*i.e.*, an appeal for cure to some unseen, mysterious power—'was an insult to intelligence,' he emphatically told me. He further added, and this I well remember, 'I have a body composed of chemical material controlled by a mechanism whose delicate parts are nerve units. This machinery does not work in harmony. I must study this piece of human mechanism and adjust it, or it will run away and smash its component parts. I must trace its parts from their workshop and find out the characters of the individuals who made them and replace the lost or weakened parts when found. This is what the modern writers call tracing the forgotten associations of a far gone ancestry.'

"I asked if I could keep him from having his ner-

vous attacks, as he calls them. He replied by advising me to read over his observations on his case.

"His case, so he assured me, was typical of all cases of dipsomania; and while love and sympathy were always welcome and could do much to alleviate suffering, the periodical outbreaks of perverted instincts so often noticed in bright, original thinkers was a pathologic condition, and, therefore, could only be controlled by scientific methods. In many cases parents were to be held responsible for its recrudescence from any ancestral type, and their ignorance is due to the neglect of medical men, who should be censured for not appreciating and studying a serious and increasing disease of civilization."

She turned to the first pages of her lover's notebook.

"These notes were commenced this year, judging by the date," she said, as she turned the first few pages. "Bruno, let me know when the noon boat is coming." When Bruno had entered the house, Oberea began reading the notes. She read them aloud to herself. Their statements were branded forever thereafter on her memory.

"Why should I have these fearful, horrible outbreaks of nervous depression, ending in attacks of dipsomania? They will land me in the madhouse, prison, or grave; according to circumstances.

"Use your 'will power'? Only the most ignorant could give such useless advice. Do you tell the epileptic to use 'will power,' Doctor? I surmise you have many a time left the trembling, disheartened dipsomaniac with the advice not to drink any more. Just what he was trying to do, Doctor; but he thought you would help him carry out his fervent desires,

and also your advice. No, Doctor, the study of these cases is beyond you. They are too tedious, burdensomely intricate, and psychologically massive for you to understand. The time will arrive when scientists must recognize the nervous instability of certain individuals which takes the form of dipsomania, and be able to distinguish drunkenness, vice, and immoral habits from a nerve explosion which has wrecked numerous homes and destroyed many brilliant minds.

"I am a victim of another's, or others', folly and ignorance. I am going to trace my condition, and, if possible, replace the material needed to make me a physiologically normal individual. Let me first put down what I know of my father.

"He was the youngest son by a second wife. His ancestors were of a hardy race and sturdy stock. They had been staunch supporters of kings, and courtiers to queens. When my father was a baby in swaddling clothes he had strong brothers, full grown, contentedly tilling the soil. He was the living result of the fitful, dying embers of approaching senility, fanned by the eager desires of middle-aged nubility. He received a university education, and possessed all the mental qualifications of the scholar, but lacked that physical force and endurance of nervous energy necessary for long-continued mental application. He went to America, where his ability as a lawyer and astuteness as a financier soon brought him wealth. At forty-five years of age he married a maidenly school teacher of thirty-six years of age. The outcome of the union of this senile man—not senile in years, but in tissues and organs—with a partly dried up New England school teacher is an interesting quartette consisting of three daughters and one son—myself. These offsprings are apparently the last of the family—a family once rich in its strong men and womanly women. These precipitates have inherited the exhausted nervous organism of their immediate progenitors, and all the instability, infirmness, swaying and distorted characteristics belonging to a decaying family. Such are the physiologic facts I have to face. My sisters will have to go down under the force of an hereditary undertow, which ever,

unrealized by them, drags them deeper and deeper into the surf of extinction.

"It is one of the characteristics of our morbid inheritance to be obsessed by such profound egotism that no advice will be heeded by my sisters, and especially any from me, their young brother. It will be my struggle, my duty, to attempt a rejuvenescence of the family, and to do that, I must first adjust my organism to the proper conditions for living and for producing that which can live.

"My father was fifty-three years old when I was born, so I only recall my parents as elderly people. In fact, I never remember my father except as a feeble old man.

"My mother was the youngest daughter by a third wife. She had elder half brothers, who were intellectual professional men. They also inherited the dregs of an exhausted vitality. None of them married. Only one of them lived to see me grow up. He died insane two years ago. I now recall his answer when I asked him why he had not married. He said: 'That his father's family had used up all the reserve nervous strength they originally possessed, so he had none to transfer to another generation. A strong woman might give to his children the needed stability, but as she would impart to them also most of her other qualities, he would not willingly burden any future generation with such incubi.' I surmise he was more of a cynic than a physiologist.

"My three sisters—two elder, one younger, than myself—all show the increasing neurotic tendencies directly in proportion to the ages of our parents. Zora, the elder, is an amiable, affectionate, plastic woman. She shows no intellectual force, no moral perversion, no mental activity, no marked individuality. She is a negative quantity. The next elder sister, Marcia, is an egotistic, grasping, typical hysteric, whose uncontrollable impulses have been fostered on account of the objective symptoms of her hereditary psychopathic soil. This unfortunate woman is so desirous of mating that she is continually on the man hunt, and a hint from me to mother that she ought not to marry, has called down on me maledictions and curses; hence I know very little of her

present history. The most unfortunate of the family is Mizpra, as her condition appears to be a constant perversion of all the normal womanly attributes.

"My state is aggravated as attempts at studious application are continued. These nerve storms must be conquered, if possible. I shall watch with scientific interest the gradual growth of my sisters' unfortunate inheritance. With me the last of the Newcombers goes out of existence."

Oberea, pale and trembling, laid down the notebook. She was wondering how much of this was the truth, how much exaggerated as a study; how much of it written during one of Leigh's slight periods of inebriety, when he would exaggerate without reason any and all things.

"What a horrible future! To be the consort of a brilliant man going down month by month, day by day. This man stigmatized as a drunkard, blamed for vices, and socially ostracized for vicious habits.

"Then a widow of a drunkard, to be sympathized with—and so patronizingly, too—by former friends. No, no! It is too dark, too dank, too frightful to think of! Why not leave now, before Leigh returns? I know he will not return as promised. He knows nothing of time during these temporary attacks of insanity. He forgets all, even himself."

She arose and walked around the gardens, the little dogs following her.

"You love your master, don't you, little ones?" she asked, patting them. "Yes? So do I." She returned to her chair. "No, I can't leave him, I won't leave him!" she murmured between tears. "Is he not firm in his decision to scientifically fight the danger threaten-

ing him? What a victory for him, what a gift to humanity if he succeeds! Yes; I will rise or fall with him. I know I helped ward off an attack a few weeks ago by being with him. He is willing to make a great sacrifice in marrying me. No, I don't believe it is a sacrifice. He is too selfish to make sacrifices. He marries me because he wants me. When he wants a thing, he generally gets it. He never wants a thing unless it is useful to him. I am useful to him as a companion. More, I am of him. He loves me."

CHAPTER III

Three days and nights. Three days of weeping, of anxious watching, of confused thinking. Three dark nights of weary wakefulness, of wavering and wandering resolutions. The loneliness, the complete helplessness, the impotency of Oberea's position were terrible. The tranquillity accompanying a satisfied heart was now pushed aside by the agitation belonging to a neglected woman.

There was no alternative; she must wait for him; she must marry him. Any other choice was closed to her. Any doubts she had regarding his affection for her, any suspicion that now she was free he would abandon her, never clouded her mind.

She understood Leigh; she knew his heart, and the report faithful Bruno brought her every day made her the more desirous to go to him; the more anxious to help him. He had on several occasions told her never to send for him, never to go to him when he was in this condition. During one of these attacks he might do or say things of which he would have no recollection, but which might be branded on her memory for life. "It is not as easy to forget as it is to keep silent," she recalled having heard Leigh say. "But this terrible, lonely waiting for him. Oh, can nothing be done? No; I'll have to wait. The nerve storm over, he will quietly return," and with this sorrowful conclusion she tried to be patient.

Bruno reported Leigh in the "Black Bear," where he had been since the morning he had left Oberea. He was keeping students and under professors interested and delighted by his wit and knowledge as he consumed brandy and other liquors. He was an object of pity to his friends; but none could control him, as he was in the powerful grasp of the disease dipsomania. His mental condition was in some respects exalted, in others pitiable, or, as one of his audience remarked: "He had a wealth of knowledge, but a paucity of sense."

Oberea's suspense was terrible, and she tried to relieve it by the arduous occupation of packing her effects and preparing to leave. She must go to America at once, and alone. It would not do for them to go together. She knew Leigh would follow her. She must wait, however, until his return, so she watched hourly for him. Late in the evening she went to her room and sat at the open window, watching and waiting.

Outdoors, under the window, lay faithful Dagda and Bridget, wakeful, and wistfully hoping for their master's return. Indoors, on a settle in the hall, vigilant Bruno lay, attentively listening for the signs of recognition from the dogs certain to be given on the approach of Leigh.

It was four of the clock in the morning of the third day when Bruno welcomed his master. But little was said. Oberea came down to greet Leigh with a sad smile on her wan face. Putting his arm around her waist he led her into the dining-room, and ordered Bruno to bring up some beer. Oberea watched him, as his coarse, bloated hand tremulously carried the

glass to his lips. His restless eyes, large and glassy, the aged countenance, and unruly hair all told of the great physical change caused by a psychic storm that had been uncontrollable, powerful, subjective.

Pathetically he looked at Oberea as he said: "Dear, it's all over now. I have made some progress. At other times it has always lasted a week or so. Then, this time I have consumed but little liquor. But just look at my appearance. I look as if it had been a long debauch, which it has not, as you know. It is the condition underlying the demand for stimulants that produces these fearful changes in my physical appearance."

"I won't ask you where you've been, Leigh, or what you've been doing, so don't worry," were the kind and soothing words of Oberea.

"Thank you very much, dear child. I couldn't tell you much any way. I have had no clear consciousness of the existence of my normal self, or rather no lucid consciousness belonging to that other self. I need rest. In a few days we will leave this place. I want to get away from all recollection of the past few days. How long will it take you to pack?"

"I am ready to go to-morrow, Leigh."

"Good girl. I will go upstairs and try to sleep now. Have Bruno and Andreas pack my things, and we will leave this afternoon. The quicker we go the better for me."

Leigh had decided to go to Paris, where he could make arrangements for Oberea's departure from Havre, after which he would cross over to England and sail from Liverpool.

They left that afternoon and arrived in Paris early the next morning.

It was his good fortune to meet there an old acquaintance of his family—Mrs. Kassel, a woman who was Leigh's godmother. There had been a gradual estrangement between Mrs. Kassel and Mrs. Newcomber, and now they met only on the most formal terms. Mrs. Kassel's disgust for her former friend extended to Mizpra, whose actions, and directions of the actions of her mother, was the cause of Mrs. Kassel's desire to avoid them whenever possible. Towards Leigh, however, she had an affectionate feeling, and understood him better than did his mother. Leigh made her his confidante, and Mrs. Kassel, already realizing the vicious nature of Mizpra, and her desires to ruin Oberea's character and destroy Mrs. Newcomber's love and maternal watchfulness for her son, took Oberea under her matronly care. Mrs. Kassel thoroughly understood Mizpra's intention to control her mother, thereby getting the benefit of Leigh's share of the estate's income, which his mother legally could use as she pleased, but whose moral duty it was to abide by the last wishes of her husband, and see that Leigh yearly received his portion.

Mrs. Kassel was wealthy and happy—particularly happy in her son. She was a refined, dignified, generous woman, who had social advantages most exceptional, and an influential range of acquaintances which would act as her shield and buffer for all and any attempts at slander and scandal Mizpra would thrust at Oberea. She saw the powerful grasp Mizpra had on the

financial affairs of the estate, and Mrs. Kassel knew she would use this power to ruin her brother's promising career. Robbed of his financial rights, he would be seriously handicapped; Mizpra intended it should mean ruin.

Mrs. Kassel was a woman of judgment, and possessed a diplomatic mind rarely found in women, but when seen in that sex it is generally of profound depth and great width. She was a woman who never blamed a sinner nor praised a saint. She was a woman who never gave unsolicited advice, and was miserly when advice was asked. In anticipating wishes or foreseeing what would give pleasure and happiness to others, she was an adept. Her motherly heart beat with interest after hearing the sad story of Oberea and her innocent, maiden-like confession of love for Leigh. Quietly, silently she resolved to protect Oberea and see her happily married. Leigh's personal affairs she was to watch, but rigidly refrain from mentioning or interfering with his mother's or sister's unnatural actions. Daily she spent many hours shopping with Oberea; and in numerous delicate ways, without assuming to do so, gave Oberea those innumerable intricate concoctions, fabrications, and creations so precious to the expectant bride.

Both Leigh and Oberea were delighted when Mrs. Kassel said she would accompany Oberea to New York, and have a quiet though well-announced marriage at her house on Fifth Avenue.

On the steamer, Oberea told Mrs. Kassel of the history of the Newcombers as she had read it. She wanted to know the truth. For once Mrs. Kassel broke through

her natural reticence and informed Oberea that what she had read was true. She said a physician told her that should any of the sisters marry they probably would be childless. The family would be extinct when the last of the present Newcombers died. One hope only was left. That was, that Leigh become the father of a boy.

Oberea looked up and blushed.

"If so," Mrs. Kassel continued, "it was to be hoped he would inherit all the noble instincts, all the moral qualities of his grandfather. The disintegrated nervous force of the father must be submerged in the child by the active inheritance existing in the mother, and with her it would be derived from an ancestral type uncontaminated by the vicious life of a so-called higher civilization.

"Don't think, my dear, that I am a scientific woman. But I well remember what the doctor told me. You see, I am interested in both of you. Then, I think, Leigh has greatly improved the last year. He has much better control over his morbid impulses; and you know the French proverb, '*Il 'est plus glorieux de se vaincre soimeme, que de vaincre les autres.*' Then, you know, there is also atavism, which must always be considered by parents."

"What is atavism, Aunt?"

"That is right, Oberea, call me aunt," and she gave the little woman a kiss. Then she went on: "Oh, you must ask Leigh about that. It is some trait we get back from our ancestors which parents or grandparents have kept from us. A crooked nose, or

a bad complexion; some good or bad psychic quality; some good habits, some vices. Ask Leigh."

"Do you believe as he does, when he speaks of men's habits?"

"What does he say, Oberea?"

"That the strong man is the man who handles and controls vices and virtues; not the man who is afraid of vice or is controlled by the love of virtue. The latter condition is a weakness, an abnormality,' he told me. That 'a man who has no vices has no virtues,' is almost an axiom with him."

"Well, my dear, I see that Leigh is educating you from his view point. Don't let him destroy your faith in men or morality. His sombre, earnest way of looking at the world is the result of an absence of any early home instruction or motherly sympathy."

The wedding took place at Mrs. Kassel's, who attended to every detail. Leigh took a flat uptown and began to work in the hospitals. As time sped onward he found it more and more difficult to get funds for their expenses. His mother's letters were curt, unresponsive, and insulting. Leigh became worried, indignant. Sometimes he would sink into periods of depression, in which the most frightful ideas and schemes for forcing Mizpra to loosen her mephitic hold on Mrs. Newcomber would arise in his harassed mind. He considered his mother's actions the most refined cruelty.

Her son had never had any training in the practical affairs of life. He was by training and by nature a scientific investigator in a branch of medicine new and unplaced. Having ample means for the present and

future, as his father had stated to him, and which it was his mother's moral duty to give him, he had pursued his work with no idea of any immediate financial return. Nor could any be expected for many years. He was unfitted for any other work, and it was wrong to expect it of him.

Leigh had kept good control over his impulses up to this time, but Oberea could see that unpaid bills and unheeded letters to his mother were getting him into a precarious mental state. He was gradually being reduced to want while conscious of not deserving it.

Thus the winter passed; Leigh earning some money by the uncertain work of newspaper and magazine writing. Oberea's condition necessitated quiet and rest, and good Mrs. Kassel took her into the country.

In the autumn, Oberea returned to the city with her baby son, and she and Leigh were guests at Mrs. Kassel's until Mrs. Newcomber was appealed to for the last time. Leigh had reached the point where he had lost all respect for his mother, and considered Mizpra a moral criminal, and one he should constantly watch.

Letters to Mrs. Newcomber announcing the arrival of a grandson remained unheeded.

Leigh now scornfully remembered some hazy teachings of his mother regarding Christian duty, forgiveness of others, and charity to all. Then he would laugh at the example of these teachings; a laugh that was cynical, coarse, and tempestuous. He thought of the lines of Tennyson's doctor, "That the good Lord Jesus has had his day," and that "The hope of the world was a lie."

In Leigh's actions for a time there was the quietness of utter hopelessness. A quietness that was disturbing to Oberea, as she had never seen this extreme dejection in Leigh before, and it recalled the dense stillness of the air and sea around her island home which always preceded a disastrous typhoon.

Thus the weeks sped on, until one day Leigh saw the arrival of his mother, sister, and their serving maids registered at one of the uptown hotels. Without a word to Oberea regarding his intentions, he immediately went to the hotel desk and looked at the register. As he expected, the dominating force of the party was his sister. Her handwriting was familiar, albeit somewhat changed in its character. It was masculine; a masculinity that would have done credit to Catherine de Medici. Leigh handed his card to the clerk, who, after reading it, announced, with a too decided tone, that Mrs. Newcomber and party were not in, and would not be in that day. Humbled, though indignant, Leigh went straight to the rooms assigned to his mother. He rapped loudly on the door. It was opened by Mizpra, who came out into the hall, closing the door behind her. She had changed greatly in appearance since Leigh had last seen her. Her large jaws were now prominent, her muscled neck, small hips, and uncomely waist, her black hair and large hands, all made a bold frame for her hard and coarse features. She said, and her voice came from a masculine larynx:

"Sir, you need not attempt to see your mother. Should you force yourself upon her, I will have you arrested. Your mother has the right to use the money

left her as she desires. If you are foolish enough to wish to support your little brat, I advise you to ask your friends to get you a place in the street cleaning department. Your mother will not see you," and as she uttered these cruel words she re-entered the room, locking the door after her.

In that brief period of Mizpra's appearance a cold wave of determination swept over Leigh. Here was a factor, a force, to deal with. He saw the work before him clearly cut out. No pleading, no appeal for assistance for his little one, no enforcement of his rights were now possible. Nothing but his mental power, his intellect, his determination would conquer his perverted sister, enemy, and moral thief. His studies gave him calm reason concerning, and astute insight to, the character he must crush. Her own criminal instincts would be the undoing of Mizpra if they were properly watched and garrisoned by his knowledge of such psychopathic individuals. He was impotent to demand his rights from his mother, but his superior mental faculties would crush this sister arch enemy. He realized she was his enemy simply through egotism, selfishness, and moral emaciation. It was the outbreak of her latent criminal instincts that she had not been able to overcome; any force or power to do so being lacking through heredity. She had no knowledge of her abnormal condition, of her moral epilepsy; hence it would increase and be her hangman. Again Leigh thought of her physical appearance, and remembered the remarks of one of his teachers: "What we look for most in the female is femininity, and when we find the opposite in her we

must look for some atavistic anomaly, which is generally of a criminal type."

Mizpra had no moral shrinking. Her recourse to instigating Mrs. Newcomber to hate her son was an example of this fact, and the result was a total absorption of an aged and weak personality by a young, strong, and perverted one.

When the affections and intellects combine their refinements, they produce masterpieces, says Taine. When selfish motives are combined with criminal instincts, when sexual centers are distorted and this combination of morbid mobility of character is controlled by a forcible intellect, we get a Messalina.

With Mizpra there were no feelings of resentment at the marriage of her brother to Oberea. If there was any emotion, it was that of a feeling of personal injury due to the happiness of both of them. To the normal woman, the intensity of their love would make any past illicit relations pure.

The institutions governing virginity and marriage were made for the average woman of the Anglo-Saxon type, on account of the sexual indifference of these women. Oberea had loved too passionately to submit to any such institutions. Her ancestral traits, also, allowed her to be purblind to the empirical laws of a less passionate race.

One of the positive signs of degeneration is a lack of maternal instincts. In the normal mother, even among the lower animals, all life is subservient to the happiness, welfare, and future of the offspring. Where we have maternal love snuffed out by selfish, egotistic

influences, we must look upon the woman as an abnormal being in whom virility is a prominent characteristic. When that love is turned to hate, and the parent robs the child of its daily food, we reach the culminating point of female barbarity, and the degeneration merges into criminal obsession.

Leigh struggled hard to convince himself that his mother's actions were due to the lies and actions of Mizpra, and he doubted not but they were powerful enough to cause revulsion in a mind sufficiently plastic to be moulded by a stronger one. He also thought of her age, and the gullibility accompanying old age. He tried over and over again as he walked home to find some excuse for his mother. He quibbled facts, and toyed with fancies, but the phantom of his childhood days rose up as a screen and shut out all the desired good aspect of his mother. He resolved to forget her; to forget her entirely. Mizpra he must, he would, bring to account. This he knew would take time, and before its accomplishment he must place himself in an independent position. This decision seemed to lighten his horizon of the future. It was disheartening to give up his cherished desires and ambition, to put aside all his past work; but it must be done.

Supposed to be in receipt of an ample income, it would be difficult to convince his professional friends of his need of a salaried position, and being a stranger to municipal authorities and political intrigues, enormously increased the difficulties.

Patient, encouraging Oberea did much in these days to lighten the burden of her husband. She felt grate-

ful that his weak, nervous organism had thus far shown the results of his knowledge of its past condition and had not broken down under the strain. Mrs. Kassel had offered them a home until Leigh secured a position, and was herself exerting her influence to get him one.

One day Leigh came home after a discouraging search for work, and found Oberea in tears. Entreaties and loving appeals revealed the fact that she had received an insulting letter from Mizpra. She had torn up the letter after showing it to Mrs. Kassel. Its contents Oberea would not reveal in full, but said they were directed against her husband. Had it been about herself she would not have cared. "But it was horrible, Leigh. Such lies about you. She said you were in a bad place last night, and I know you were home with me."

"Well, there is more of the woman in that female than I thought," said Leigh. "She knows that the writing of such words is a sure way to make you suffer." He then kissed his wife and baby, saying: "Oberea, I cannot stand this. Anger bids me to at once crush Mizpra, but judgment tells me that she is awaiting with her mother and witnesses for some impulsive act on my part which would fortify her position and give her a firmer hold wherewith to ruin us both. I am convinced she is determined more than ever, now we have a little son, to humble us, to ruin us, to cause us misery, and to break your heart. If by any possible means she could separate us, she would derive a pleasure greater than you or I can fancy. A woman with perverted instincts is a born criminal; though she knows it not.

“ ‘ Women whose hereditary latent criminal desires have taken possession of them cease at no single crime, but pile crime upon crime with an ingenuity remarkable.’ This is the conclusion of one of my teachers. Mizpra shall not draw her intended victim from his lair. When she is exhausted; when her hunger for injuring us has been transferred to others, as it surely will be; when she foolishly thinks we have succumbed under her persecutions, I will spring upon her with a certainty and force that will be lasting. I shall win in the end, dear. Now, go to bed. I am going out for a walk. No, no, I will not be gone long,” and he departed ere she could say “ Good-by.”

Leigh wandered wearily down to the lively portion of the city, having but little thought of time or direction. The nod of a casual acquaintance, or the forced smile and mumbled something of the young women—for it was not dark enough yet for the old—as they passed him, were all unheeded. He began to feel physically weak; his hands trembled, his limbs dragged as if weighted, and his head appeared as though enveloped in a hazy, translucent atmosphere; in a zone of uncertain light, sight, and sound. Up and down the streets, across the squares, he aimlessly dragged himself. He thought a little food might augment his strength, which was fast failing. Entering one of the brilliantly lighted restaurants on the busy street, he was served with his favorite dish—a large, thick, juicy chop. He toyed with a little celery, but the odor, even the sight of the meat, was repulsive. Nervously, hurriedly, he went to the cashier’s desk, paid his check, and would have

gone out without his change had not the waiter called him back. On the street again it seemed as if he was pushed, almost lifted along, through the little swinging doors of a fantastically furnished saloon.

A waiter directed him to a table, but unheeding the invitation, Leigh rushed to the bar, and in a smothered, frothy voice called for whiskey. So sessile were his words that the barkeeper asked him what he wished, not being able at first to understand him. Leigh placed a half-dollar on the bar, and as the barkeeper was about to ring up the change Leigh made a motion for him to keep it. Barkeepers see many sad and many ludicrous sights, witness numerous instances of moral depravity and the mental and physical disintegration of the human machine, so when Leigh poured down glass after glass filled to the brim with whiskey, the man behind the bar simply said:

“You must have been having a great time, sir. Half-a-dollar more, sir.”

CHAPTER IV

“Evils are, with scarcely an exception, old. That which is new is the intelligence which discerns and the humanity that renders them.”

Leigh was not a drunkard, not a chronic alcoholic, not an individual lacking moral sense, defective as it might be at times, nor did there exist in him a continuous unstable mental equilibrium.

The public gazes at the club-footed child, or the deformed adult, and utters a sigh of sympathy or an expression of regret that the parents or friends have allowed the sufferer to go uncured, the deformity uncorrected. The child whose twitchings are the symptoms of St. Vitus dance is the cynosure of its playmates, and often the victim of their ignorant ridicule. The child's distressing uneasiness and odd muscular movements, however, are recognized as the effects of disease, and the social attitude of young and old adapted to this recognition. Does the public ever realize that *any* group of the cells which make up the human body are liable to be distorted, undeveloped, or misplaced during their formative period? That, while we pity the man with the deformed bones, and appreciate the fact that the deformity is due to no fault of his conduct, the man who was born with an analogous psychic defect is shunned, ostracized, and meets with social degrippingade? It is the same old story. The world is ever too eager to censure what it does not understand. What

is objective it accepts; what is subjective it ignores or ridicules.

With its knowledge of modern corrective surgery, the world blames the parents who allow their children to grow up deformed, rightly holding them responsible for not having had the defect remedied. But if the child grows up with some defect in its controlling centers, if the nervous system is a little unbalanced, the neglect and ignorance of the parents increase the instability, and the result in the adult is some form of impulsiveness. For the objective signs of this impulsiveness the helpless one is thrust aside, and the real offenders—the parents—meet with the sympathy of the world.

If this symptom of a nervous affection exists in the man of ordinary intellect; if this man periodically demonstrates his restlessness by resorting to alcohol to relieve his horrible feelings, it is called by the unthinking masses vicious drunkenness. This condition, however—the disease inebriety, or its rabid form, dipsomania—rarely prevails in the man of ordinary mental powers.

The psychic conditions producing the unreasonable passion to consume enormous quantities of alcohol, morphine, and allied drugs is as distinct an affection as is the physical epilepsy seen daily on our streets.

Dipsomania—not drunkenness—is mostly seen in the man with extraordinary mental powers; the genius. It is here the laws of nature reveal themselves most plainly in the extreme of their manifestation. The world tries to excuse, palliate, or smooth over with specious and unscientific methods the moral eccentrici-

ties of these individuals. It calls them unfortunate vices, when in truth they are symptoms of disease.

In a genius we have the development of a single faculty at the expense of others. When this greatly developed faculty has for the time being exhausted itself, the other undeveloped faculties run riot, and we have the sad phenomena of some form of psychic epilepsy. This psychic riot, if inherited, does not necessarily take the form it had in a past generation. Environment controls the phenomena. This follows the law of material progress. The fundamental cause remains the same, but the effects are governed by circumstances. Hence men are more like the times they live in than they are like their fathers.

Bad social conditions, unfavorable environments, a predisposition for alcohol through heredity, faulty training and neglect of moral education, will cause lawlessness, drunkenness, and its concomitant vices; but aside from the vexed question of heredity, we have none of these conditions existing as the cause of true dipsomania, but only as the effect during the attack. The unfortunate victims of this form of defective nervous inheritance are generally those whose surroundings are the best, individuals of genial and honest natures, bright and highly intellectual; many have been the most brilliant of their time.

As the majority of the individuals who suffer from attacks of dipsomania are those who live at a high nervous and mental pressure—physicians, litterateurs, artists, and musicians—exhaustion of nervous energy is

frequent and often continuous, and the reserve brain power is soon used up.

Such mental spendthrifts as Cromwell, Humboldt, Goethe, and Dante had no capital to transfer to their sons. The almost simple-minded Duke of Reichstadt—"L'Aiglon"—the legitimate son of Bonaparte, was the result of the ruined mental vigor of the hero of forty campaigns.

Histories of men who have stamped their individuality on the world show many of the traits which denote a lack of equilibrium in their mentality. Lombroso and Wier have given us a list of such men.

Julius Cæsar, who was both a mighty leader and ruler, and a man of state of high rank, was an epileptic, as on two occasions, in the midst of battle, he fell to the ground overcome by this terrible complaint. Molière also suffered from epileptic attacks, as well as Petrarch, Flaubert, Handel, Peter the Great, Paganini, Mozart, Schiller, Alfiero, Richelieu, Newton, Swift, and many other men of talent or genius. A form of nervous instability, which under different circumstances might have resulted in dipsomania, affected Montesquieu, Buffon, Dr. Johnson, Crebilon, Lombardini, Thomas Campbell, Carducci, Napoleon, and Socrates.

Lombroso states that Alexander died after having drained ten times the cup out of which Hercules had been accustomed to drink, and it was doubtless under the influence of drink that he pursued the infamous Thais and killed with his own hands his best friend.

Many a time did the soldiers of Cæsar carry to his house on their shoulders their leader in a dead drunk

condition. Neither Socrates, Seneca, Alcibiades, Cato, nor Peter the Great, with his wife Catherine and her daughter Isabella, were by any means models of sobriety.

Among the men and women of genius who had both the alcohol and opium habits were Coleridge, Thompson, De Quincey, Carew, Sheridan, Steele, Addison, Hoffman, Charles Lamb, Madame de Staël, Burns, Savage, Alfred de Musset, Pierre Dupont, Kliest, Carracci, Jean Steen, Morland, Turner, Gérard de Nerval, Dussez, Handel, Gluck, Praga, Rovani, and the poet Somerville. The list might be carried out to an astonishing extent, confining it strictly to the present times. But we must not forget poor, misunderstood Edgar Allan Poe.

Science has changed many of the old views of the order of things in the last decade, but in nothing has she been so gracious as in taking away the stigma of drunkenness too long attached to that American genius. Born with intellectual powers beyond the ken of his contemporaries, he also tried to struggle through his physical life heavily burdened by a psychic form of epilepsy over which he could not possibly have control, and which at intervals held him in its impulsive grasp. Literature always recognized Poe's genius. Science now recognizes his disease.

When the overpowering impulse to drink, regardless of all effects or results, came over Leigh, he began to live in another world. Up to the time he returned to America he had not felt mentally restless. Mizpra's insulting letter fired the mine, as she had intended it

should. She desired her brother's disgrace, and was in hopes she could hold him up to the world as a drunkard. She little understood the truth of the whole matter, and that her own actions and desires were only another form of unnatural impulses springing from the same inheritance as those of Leigh. Leigh was no drunkard. No one knew this fact better than he. He knew that the primary cause of dipsomania is not produced by alcohol. The starting point is a pathologic one; the impulse, the insatiate desire to drink, is due to an obsession—a paroxysm which has come over an otherwise lucid mind.

The last few days had been full of anxiety and vexation; a pressure upon his system he was by nature and training ill adapted to withstand. He was not a genius, but a young man of marked talents, and only useful to the world when these talents had deep water to sail in. Worldly rocks, reefs, and unfavorable winds he could not withstand, and like the swift little torpedo boat darting through the waves with great rapidity, holding the massive and mighty battleships in awe of its hidden power, he was ever in danger of wrecking himself. Of such power, yet also weakness, is the unfortunate brilliant man.

A man having a wife and children; holding a responsible position; upright and honest in his daily life; shunning coarse companions and avoiding drinking places; educated, refined, and domestic in his habits, who suddenly shows a disposition the very antithesis of his daily life—palsied will and moral obmutescence—and who, after a short interval of abnormal existence, returns to

his quondam upright life and habits, is suffering from a disease, not a vice.

Leigh had struggled against the irresistible, maddening, overpowering impulse to drink; but when it began to exert its full force, he was as chaff before the wind.

The struggle, the painful demand for alcohol, the determination to control the crying yearning for some relief from the horrible restlessness, the knowledge of the fact that the higher centers are so disturbed as to make the carrying out of daily duties impossible, are too fearful for even a person perfectly conscious of the ultimate disastrous results, to stand against. One drink only will he take to relieve the woeful uneasiness. He steps into a saloon, an act which a few days ago he would have considered degrading. The drink is taken, after which there does not appear to be any limit to the amount of alcohol he is capable of consuming. His thirst is savage, uncontrollable, unlimited. Now hours pass as minutes. The individual becomes voluble, boasting, egotistic, and self-contented; he delivers philippics, and enters into polemical discussion with his bar-room companions, considering himself an oracle, the center of every movement. No food is taken, and when midnight comes, he departs with his newly-made acquaintances to some low, all-night hole, which is like a palace to him, the parasites being his willing knights. A short doze on a dirty sofa, and the morning will find him without the mental or physical energy to leave the rum hole; and humored, flattered, cajoled, and contented he will remain in this lycanthropic condition—dirty, filthy, regardless of such personal appearance

—until the nerve storm has spent all its fury. This storm, which approached with its undulations of fast gathering tumults, its psychic murmurs, its sighing, its slow but insidious strength, finally bursts forth in all its horrible and destructive fury, followed by rapid subsidence, leaving the hurtled flotsam, jetsam, and moral wreckage to be gathered and dispersed by an interval of normal life.

The duration of the storm from its first fitful gusts to its last distressing sigh covers a variable period—generally about three weeks. During this interval but little food is taken, and that at irregular intervals. The mental condition during this period is not the one of maudlin drunkenness; not the one of violent, inhuman, tiger-like brutality seen in alcoholic frenzy and pseudo dipsomania; but one in which the speech is tenuous, light, airy, and teeming with idle gasconage. The ideas expressed are emaciated, weedy, macilent. There seems to be only a slight clouding of the mind as regards surrounding details; the whole mental condition and attitude is in harmony with its companionship and environment. He has not the drowsy, sleepy stare of the drunkard, nor does he have the appearance of being insulated in the gloomy umbrage of alcohol. Regarding his true life—his normal condition—there is a hazy, vague state of intellect if his attention is called to it; generally total oblivion of his duties and responsibilities. The return to his former self is comparatively rapid, and after the recrudescence he will have but a slight recollection of the time passed or the places where he has been. Often close questioning and lead-

ing questions will throw a ray of light on some obscure act, but even then he is not convinced that the fact is not a phantasy, a dream, or else idle banter of his questioner. He desires no liquor now, and has neither thought nor idea of ever again wishing for a drop of alcohol. It is not the moral determination of the drunkard never to drink again, nor the sickening, repulsive, abhorrent feeling of the inebriate for alcohol due to temporary excess, but a condition of psychic contentment. There is no demand, desire, or physiologic craving for alcohol in these unfortunate persons when the nerve storm is over—a radical difference from the drunkard or the inebriate.

It is questionable if patient Mrs. Carlyle had not preferred some periodical outbreak such as dipsomania to the continuous nervous irritability exhibited by her talented husband. Such irascibility, such acerbity as Carlyle ever evinced would have made itself prominent in some form of rabid impulsiveness in a less phlegmatic man.

It is this rabid impulsiveness and temporary mental alienation that distinguishes dipsomania as a disease from drunkenness as a vice. Its force, fury, sudden onslaught, and periodicity demonstrate the mental disturbance. The line between the drunkard and the pseudo dipsomaniac is not an incised one, the conditions being those of correlation. The pseudo dipsomaniac is an intermittent drunkard; he will drink to excess whenever an opportunity occurs, and at no time does he have that repugnance for, or fear of, alcohol which possesses the dipsomaniac during his lucid intervals. The drunk-

ard will enjoy every opportunity to drink to excess, but ceases with the opportunity. The dipsomaniac knows no halt, no restriction; he must, he does, he will succumb to the impulse to drink to the extent of causing total oblivion of all honor, respect, and fealty due himself, and all duties, obligations, and responsibilities due others.

As Leigh had stated, in the history of his case read by Oberea, he was the victim of his parents' neglect and ignorance. He belonged to that exceptional class born of ancestors whose central nervous systems have been on an exhausted strain throughout life. Many men in this country, in the last generation, have not married until they have rushed through the best portion of their early life in the hurry, push, and excitement of an early business or professional career. They bequeath to their progeny the dregs of a former vital and equilibrated cell protoplasm, and the natural result is an unstable nervous mechanism which the heir is unable to adjust. In these cases the law of heredity prevails, but between the laws which are to act and the indefinite variety of forces and circumstances upon which these laws may operate lies a vast stretch of uncertainty.

Leigh well understood that Mizpra's actions were another form of his *damnosa hæreditas*. Unfortunately, her passion, her desires, were to injure others. In her case there was a profound egotism and selfishness which constantly urged her to appropriate the material rights of all she could wrongly and maliciously control. Leigh was an enemy to himself; Mizpra was an enemy to every living thing.

Have we yet reached a real state of civilization?

No. While the youth of this country are taught the beauty of freedom; that individual rights are supposed to be the essence of civilization, the rights of the unborn are ignored, unrecognized.

Thousands are existing to-day in a supposed land of freedom under a tyranny more fearful and despotic than any potentate of Eastern lands dares to exercise. Freedom is a good word to juggle with, a good idea to put in the mind of the young and ignorant, but a sad thought to the child who inherits it not. The tyranny of a bad inheritance knows no laws, no mercy. It bends to no authority but the sway of impulse and the license of passion. It is absolute.

The man who wastes his vitality early in life through excessive zeal to pile up a wealth of gold for the future generally leaves physically bankrupt descendants. The drunkard who marries, the morphine fiend who essays the rôle of motherhood, are looked upon by the world as unfortunate beings doomed to misery, and their children partially or wholly excused for any loose habits or moral eccentricities they may possess. Yet the man or woman who has been reckless in vital expenditure, who has been careless and regardless of his or her physical capital, and drawn upon it to the last struggling piece of reproducing protoplasm, and then marries, is the greatest sinner of all.

When a woman with animal instincts so powerful as to cause moral obmutescence, obscuration of physical rights, and an incoherence of maternal duties marries a pronouncedly weaker—physically and mentally—

man, the child of the union is apt to show all the beastly traits of the mother.

The world has for centuries shuddered at the hysteric atrocities of Nero; has long held him up as the arch-fiend of egotism and cruelty. This vindictive tyrant who enrolled himself among the Olympian gods, this beast whose pornographic pleasures and pageants ruined Rome, suffered from perverted instincts which, had they been demonstrated in the plebian, would have sent him to the madhouse.

This husband of the boy Sporus had for his father the quiet—although at times he suffered from moral insanity—indifferent, plastic Domitius Ahenobarbus. Ahenobarbus was a man who above all things preferred restful retreat. He was a dreaming philosopher, and for him the pomp and pageantry of the throne had no interest.

It was only natural that he should succumb to the dominating animal force of a Faustina, which afterwards governed the whole life of her son.

Excessive mental pleasures, studious application in the realm of abstract science, the early and continuous association with putrid sores and the blasphemous voicings of hospital inmates, or an early life spent among the slippery, slimy, and bloody contents of the dissecting-room, are not the foundations upon which good and earnest motherhood are built. All work, associations, and thoughts which carry a woman from home and children—extraneous chaffering with the world—translate a woman from her sphere. Such women

marry from love of wealth, ambition, or the gynecian fear of being called an "old maid."

Such females seek whom they can control, and their nugatory consorts are often bracketed on the woman's card—*e. g.*, Mrs. Almira Foster (Forest). It is from the union of these badly mated pairs that often arises a genius, who also exhibits to the world some form of perversion. Sometimes the reproduction is all perversion, and disgusted nature allows no further progress in that line.

CHAPTER V

Leigh found himself early one morning in a bed in a room unknown to him. He was neither startled nor worried, and going to the window he drew up the curtain and looked out.

“ Well, my inherent love for the sea guided me here,” he said to himself. “ Evidently I am in some hotel on a beach. I wonder how long a time, how many days, I have been under the control of my second personality? I must ask no questions; it would arouse suspicion, as I came, apparently, with full knowledge of what I was doing; yet the last few days, or weeks—whatever the length of time has been—are a blank to me. It is a page dropped from life’s recollection.

“ I must go down to the office with no appearance of curiosity, and get a paper; that will give me the day of the month and week. Poor, dear Oberea! ”

He ceased musing, and commenced at the practical. He felt in his pockets to see if he could get some trace of his past actions and his present whereabouts. Several cards of persons whom he had no recollection of ever meeting were found, two or three receipted bills of hotels out of the city, and pawn tickets for his valuable watch and what little jewelry he had worn. Strange, it appeared to him, when he found a small amount of money in his purse.

He proceeded to think over his case, and seriously doubted if it was worth the horrible struggle to attempt any further effort to conquer his morbid condition. But the remembrance of his decision made to Oberea; the fixed determination to win his fight with Mizpra, decided him. Then, too, the duty, the love, he owed Oberea for all her sacrifices gave instant birth to impulses which strengthened his decision. He felt now that he must also live and conquer to save his son and perpetuate the family name in a strong, rejuvenated branch.

The paralysis of the higher centers of Leigh's brain had now completely disappeared. He was calm mentally, restful physically. The ego which had supplanted his normal ego had run its short life. The second personality, which for the time being had been absolute master of his physical body, was now non-existent. Its only memorial was a blank—a hiatus—the cause of which was well understood by the present, the real self of the man. He had made a special study of double and varying personalities, and felt certain that in appearance and action he had passed as a rational, sane man; that he had had all the outward signs of reason and self-consciousness. In reality, he had been only an ambulant somnambulist, this second personality being the symptom of a disorganized nervous system; the force, energy, and power to carry out the physical acts of this second personality being supplied by alcohol; the quantity needed and the frequency of supplying it being unknown factors to the primary self. However, in this state of conscious unconsciousness—to use a seeming

paradox—no pronounced state of maudlin drunkenness is ever exhibited. Individuals in this insane condition have no recollection or knowledge of their normal self, and their normal self has no recollection of the abnormal self. The separation between these two phases of a dipsomaniac's life is nearly, if not quite, absolute. The dipsomaniac does not have, as is the case in double consciousness seen in hysteria and some forms of mental disturbances, a second self which exhibits rare attainments, wonderful memory, and surprising talents. It is simply a wandering, restless, careless existence from place to place, saloon to saloon—objectless, purposeless. Leigh had no recollection of his movements of the past few days; there was an entire absence of any memory of effort. We recognize ourselves, our personality, by our efforts, the consciousness of our efforts of movement and thought. The movements of the dipsomaniac during an attack are automatic, willess, effortless.

Leigh went down to the hotel office, where the clerk spoke to him pleasantly, and directed him to the newsstand. Upon looking at the date of a paper, he learned that his absence had lasted ten days. He at once despatched a short letter to Oberea, saying he would return that night. Any further explanation he knew would be surplusage and useless. As soon as she received the letter she would understand all, and any needed explanation to Mrs. Kassel he knew she would be able to diplomatically give. When he strolled out on the hotel porch, which overlooked a little bay, he was greeted by a lank, attenuated man of the Yankee type, who asked him if he had decided to take the yacht.

Ever on his guard, Leigh evaded the question by saying that he would decide in a day or so. By astute questioning, he discovered that he had promised to purchase a small but expensive boat from this man. Leigh thought of his narrow escape from an awkward and perhaps criminal position, and concluded to get out of the place at once. He found he had registered under an assumed name, and felt relieved when he saw "Paid" marked opposite this pseudonym on the register. He walked about the town, thinking of the danger such a person as himself was in of committing a crime, binding himself to contracts, or entering into airy and illegal financial schemes. He doubtless would be held responsible for that of which he had no knowledge. He could be sent to prison for criminal acts of which he was morally innocent.

Drunkenness was no excuse in the eyes of the law, and the psychologic fact and medico-legal problems of his double personality would not be understood by the courts.

As has been explained, Leigh had shown no signs of being under the sway of alcohol. He felt now that many an unfortunate man was serving a term of imprisonment for criminal acts of which he honestly believed himself guiltless. Was it strange, then, that we should find men whose lives were in revolt against society for the injustice done them?

To this legal aspect of the case he had not heretofore given much thought, but now clearly saw it needed close attention by students of criminology. His conclusions, crude as they were, came to him while waiting

for the first train to take him away. The law must act upon the deed; it is all we can expect until modern advances in psychology are understood by courts, and lawyers are taught something besides how to evade statutes.

If an individual knows previously that he is a victim of psychic epilepsy, that this psychic epilepsy will burst forth in all its uncontrollable phases if alcohol is taken, and that during this condition he has no control over volition or will, and while in full possession of his normal will he places himself in such a position as to bring about this psychic epilepsy, a certain degree of responsibility attaches to him for any crime he may commit. Such were Leigh's conclusions. But this would not cover the cases governed like his, where the loss of volition and will preceded the taking of alcohol. In his case it was a procrustean bed he was stretched upon, and forced him all the more to be determined to seek some method of strengthening his riotous brain. "Death—disgraceful, misunderstood death—if I don't," he said to himself; "or, should that end escape me, a criminal—a man held up before the public as one of the lowest types of criminals, and nauseating lessons and homilies derived from the downfall of a cultivated, wealthy, and once refined young man scattered throughout pulpits and journals. The curse of liquor will then be shown in all its fancied horrors by priest and parson, while these same preachers will turn from their superficial admonition to join in wedlock individuals unfit—through heredity on one side and personal vices on the other—to breed anything

but a neurotic, who grows up only to be punished by unjust laws for the stupidity of the priest and the ignorance of society."

Such were Leigh's thoughts as the train carried him towards Oberea. Late in the afternoon he reached the city, and soon arrived at his temporary home. He walked lightly up the steps of Mrs. Kassel's residence, and had just reached for the bell knob when the door was pulled rapidly open, and he was caught by the hand by Oberea. The door was shut with a bang, and his wife was in his arms, hugging and kissing him and uttering not one word of reproach. It was affection; affection pure and simple; the external expression of an unshamed love, that showed in her actions. On her face was only glad, joyful welcome—a welcome that showed sympathy, comprehension, and understanding of the true nature of her husband's neurotic stigmata. At least, Oberea thought she understood the nature of his affliction. This belief brought peace and temporary contentment, and Leigh was glad to get to her comforting arms. With her all-absorbing love, she seemed to have acquired an understanding of his remorse and anxiety.

In most women Leigh's symptoms would have produced that curse so often met with in unhappy homes—a nagging woman. Oberea understood, and therefore sympathized. She did not have imaginary happenings to scold about; did not conjure up grievances to excite her vocabulary and disturb an already remorseful and much worried man.

There is many a man who has been kept away from

his fireside by the dagger-like thrusts of an unreasonable woman. Men who would be satisfied with one drink at the club or barroom dislike to go home to a breath-scenting termagant until they are fortified with enough liquor to dull all apprehension of the unkind, unjust accusations they are certain to receive. It is no explanation of these facts to say that such men lack moral force, have but slight individuality, and fear a scenic woman. A nagging woman has sent more than one man to the dogs. How much more cruel is this ob-jurgative jangle when it is applied to an individual who is helpless in the toils of an hereditary neurosis! The general public is only unjust and cruel through ignorance. Hereditary traits, when the symptoms show themselves in forms closely allied to insanity, are too often considered as vices, and the helpless victims disgraced, or else treated as criminals.

Leigh and his wife were sitting alone at the dinner table, Mrs. Kassel having gone out for the day. She knew from Oberea that Leigh would return that afternoon, so artfully absented herself from the joyful meeting.

"Oh, Leigh," sweetly voiced Oberea, "here is a letter from your publishers. Do open it and see if they have accepted your last article," and she handed the letter across the table to her husband.

"Yes; here is a check. You keep it, dear; just give me a little pocket money out of it. Hello! here's Rob," and a stalwart young man entered the room.

"Well, Rob, we are glad to see you. What brought

you from college at this time? I thought this was the month you studied there."

"Oh, I thought I would run up for a few weeks and see the theatres."

"A few weeks?" laughed Oberea. "Certainly you intend to do them well—the theatres I mean, not the weeks."

"Both, I fancy. The faculty thought I was weak in the drama, and gave me until next term to brush up."

"Oh, Rob, what will your mother say? Were you 'bounced,' as you call it?"

The young man laughed, and said: "Oh, that is part of the college course. Never mind mother; I'll square it. Here, Jackson, run over to the Waldorf and get a box at Koster and Bial's for to-night. Oberea, please be ready to go at nine o'clock."

"Thanks; Leigh needs some light nonsense. You'll like to go, won't you, Leigh?"

"Certainly. Very kind of you, Rob. Will you let me pay my share? I have just received a small check."

"Nonsense! I'll have mother pay for it, supper and all. Comes under 'special instruction,' you know."

They were seated in their box, Rob looking around and nodding now and then to some familiar face in the audience, Leigh listening to the performers and wondering if there were not a large amount of truth in the statement that all jokes were only combinations of the seven basal joke elements. Wearied of the stage performance, he turned to observe the audience.

"Why, there is Dr. Bell, Oberea. Don't you remember how often I have spoken of him? He was in

college with me. We roomed together. How bald he is getting! But then he is much older than I, so I have several years of grace yet. Rob, stop a moment from trying to get that pretty girl's eye, and go and get Dr. Bell up. You know him."

As Rob disappeared, Leigh turned to Oberea and remarked: "A good fellow is Charlie Bell, dear, but he is lazy; his friends call him conservative. But he's honest, and a true friend. He belongs to that large class of physicians who go through life automatically following the fads of the day if they are pleasing to the eye and nose of their patients. He is one of that class of men who would make just as good a drummer for a whiskey house, or a Unitarian preacher as a physician. He remembers what he's taught; forgets what he thinks. Here he is."

"Hello, Leigh, old fellow! I heard at the medical society you had returned. Ah, yes, and Mrs. Leigh. Well, have you been able to harness this boy yet? I never could do anything with him. I fancy he will settle down some day. Give him a try, Mrs. Newcomber."

"Say, Doctor Bell——"

"Stop, Leigh! I am still 'Charlie,' to you."

"Well, Charlie, I understand that you are in charge of St. Agnes's Asylum. I am coming out to see you to-morrow; I want a chat with you."

"Now don't come out and advise me to get married. Buttle—you remember him, he was in the hospital with us—a few years ago bored me for two hours talking

about the futility of getting married. He met a widow last month and married her last week."

"No, you needn't worry, Charlie; the whole thing is too risky to advise anyone about. One never gets married; just falls into it accidentally, and then goes along nicely with the marital current, or wallows and sputters on the mud banks of matrimony, according to his luck or circumstances."

"Yes, that's all very well; but you used to say that you always would be a free man—a man who would go and come whenever he pleased, think as he pleased, and act as he pleased."

"Well, I am a free agent now; only I have a help-mate who goes along with me. Then, circumstances have changed. I have to gather the bread and butter for three. I have now to depend upon making every dollar we spend, and a little son is growing up who will soon require my sole attention and resources."

"Why, Leigh, your father left a large property. I am certain I heard so from reliable sources."

"Yes, that is true; but I get nothing now—absolutely nothing."

"Did your father leave matters in the hands of your mother?"

"Yes, and she has Mizpra with her. I mean the boot is on the other leg."

"You mean your youngest sister—you mean the one that was engaged to Moore?"

"Yes, that one. You remember he broke the engagement; left, and went to Yale. I could even then

have congratulated him, but my attitude would not have been understood."

"Your father, Leigh, told me one day, when he came up to college, that you had insisted on following up your course of studies, and he had decided to allow you to do so, although, he said, he really knew but little about you or what was the practical benefit of such work. But, fortunately, he said, you would always have an income sufficient for the work. After he died, your mother would see that you received your share of the income, and he hoped you would settle down and enjoy your work and be of some use to the world. Did he not so explain himself to your mother before he died?"

"He did; yet I am not able even to communicate with her."

"It's a d—— shame, Leigh," and Doctor Bell looked thoughtful and sad.

"Some other time, Charlie, I will explain. It's disease that is at the bottom of the trouble, not crime. But, Charlie, she's worth all I have sacrificed for her—my wife, I mean."

"How about free love you once did prate about? You appear to have changed your ideas."

"Certainly; I see life from a different standpoint. Love, Charlie, is like medical treatment; if it is free, given lavishly and procured without sacrifice, it is thrown aside at pleasure, and the giver ridiculed and derided. *Haud expertus loquor.*"

"I know that well enough, old man," laughed Dr. Bell.

"What joke are you two having over there?" asked

Oberea. "Some tale about Leigh? Well, you cannot make me jealous."

"Leigh was telling me about economizing. It seems so funny coming from a man who never knew the value of a dollar. Why, he used to pay stenographers to take lectures while he would be over on the Island giving the insane patients a theatrical performance. He'd take a whole troupe over, and then give them a supper late at night. He was one of the best dressed men to be found in London or New York, and now he is telling me how to make a suit of clothes last a whole year."

"It is true," sadly murmured Oberea; "but there is consolation in remembering Byron's couplet:

"Also the sign of a man in his senses
Is learning to reduce his past expenses."

"Charlie," said Leigh, as Rob was pointing out some noted characters to Oberea, "that little woman is making me. You have no conception of her ambition for me and her determination to see me succeed. You, all, every one, gave me credit for brains, but not credit for work or reliability. You did not see the true state of affairs; you don't understand them yet. I tell you there is no sadder sight than a misunderstood neuropath; all the world applies to him the biblical expression, *homines mendaces*. My wife is resolute in her determination. It is the calm determination of a developed will. You recall the saying of the Iffrit's bride as recorded by the Arabian philosopher? 'What so a woman willeth the same she fulfilleth, however man nilleth.'"

Just then a waiter brought in mugs of beer. Leigh refused the one handed him, an act noticed by Dr. Bell.

"Well, well, has married life done this for him, Mrs. Newcomber? What is it, Leigh, too weak pabulum or strict temperance?"

"Neither. Sense—a state of affairs founded on a physiologic study of self. Remember Pascal's advice, 'Study man.' You, who have hundreds of neurotics, inebriates, and dipsomaniacs under your control, sober them up, give them calomel, keep them for weeks at so much per week, discharge them as cured, and then calmly sit down and wait for them to return. You are like many so-called alienists, spend your time figuring on the price of coal and butter, and after the holidays, and when you have had a ward full of drunks, make a bold showing on paper to the flattered trustees. Individual cases are nothing to you. Your pathologist makes an alleged scientific report on the brain of some poor devil who died of delirium tremens, or prepares microscopic slides showing the influence of alcohol on the brain cells. Your chemists send you written reports of test meals, or of the chemical changes found in the excreta, and you fill up the death certificate. While all this is going on, you send your orderly to stop the ravings of a man who is begging for relief from his horrible suffering, and who was probably turned away from some doctor's office in his younger days with the advice to 'pray to God and stop drinking.' Did you ever stop to think, that while you are all studying the dead victims' brains you might have helped futurity by studying the functions of those brains? Why, Charlie, even Shakespeare

understood these things better. Does he not make Cassio say, when pressed by Iago to drink the health of Othello:

“Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking. I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.”

“And when Iago insists, he goes into astonishing but true details:

“I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovations it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.”

“Well, Leigh, do you ever think you will make money by delving into these matters?”

“Money? Matters? There you go; American all over. You never look through a microscope without trying to find the germ of a dollar. But that is the fault of your nationality, your training. Someone else can do the brain work, you will reap the profits. If I considered the accumulation of money the height of success in this world, I should let science and education severely alone.

“The people in this world are easily led, easily handled. If you become a student of flattery and an observer of foibles, you can impress the ignorant and drive the stupid. You must be reticent at times, and always deceitful. That was the real basis of Napoleon’s success—his diplomacy. He adhered rigidly to his formula—lying, deceit, subreption. His worthy uncle prophesied a splendid future for him because he was

the master of falsehood; the eulogium which Napoleon reversed upon Metternich."

Leigh, carried away by his subject, went on:

"What is the cause of the financial success of all pseudo scientists? About the same cause that gives success in any selfish and self-interested money grubbers' schemes. Don't forget the art of flattery, Charlie. What made our Professor Sycophant's reputation? He so flattered the trustees that these gullible personages really believed they were scientists. Then it was found that Professor Sycophant was in danger of being called away to another chair, and to retain him his salary was raised. You recall the laugh it created in the inner circle? Now look at the financial success the worthy professor has made, and yet he has not given one thought to the world for its moral or material welfare, unless it is to demonstrate what flattery will do. Start with the women; flatter them, woo them, if you wish to gain gold. You can make your appearance poorly attired before a woman who is very particular regarding the appearance of her male acquaintances, and who will shun them if their clothes are not up to her ideas, and yet you may blind her to your seedy appearance by flattery of her gowns and wraps. Throw in a few slight hints about her perennial youthfulness and you are a made man. Such is the power, Charlie, to wield, if you wish to amount to anything in the eyes of the world. There is but one way the scientist gets paid, and that is by the delightful pleasure he derives from his work, and the conscious feeling that however he may be ignored or left to starve, he is contributing a large

share of useful wealth to the world, which the ignorant and rich are glad to profit by, thereby accepting charity from one whom they allow to go hungry and unclothed. Well, I have said enough."

"No, I enjoy hearing you talk; although you appear pessimistic."

"Perhaps; but we must be going, Charlie. I shall run out and see you to-morrow."

"Good; mind you do come. We will have a game of golf."

CHAPTER VI

Sitting on the broad veranda of a detached villa situate on one of the numerous squares of a small city that seemed to rest directly under the ægis of Pike's Peak were Mrs. Newcomber and her daughter Mizpra. A year had passed since the day Leigh made the futile effort to see his mother. Mizpra had dragged her pliant tool as far as Colorado Springs, where she had started a select young ladies' school. It was very select indeed, as Mizpra chose and rejected pupils without giving any satisfactory reason. By this arbitrary course she had incurred the enmity of several influential families.

A Western lung resort is a peculiar place. You never meet a man there who has not come out to invest capital or enter into business. The women you meet are only staying there temporarily with a friend whose physician has directed her to remain for her health. You never meet that friend. All classes of men and women are hacking, coughing, and expectorating between their strident denials of ill health or specious explanations. Fortunately, Colorado has its share of clever physicians. From the East, North, and South have they come, organizing a society which for once is antagonistic to their interests, inasmuch as when a patient is failing too rapidly, or is liable to increase the death rate of the

locality, he is advised to go to a warmer climate; Arizona, for example, at first, whence he is again shipped to Southern California, and after a time again shipped—this time without remonstrance on his part—to his ancestral resting place.

Mizpra had read three letters to her mother. These letters were addressed to Mrs. Newcomber, but her daughter had now taken full charge of affairs, and opened and read aloud as much as suited her purpose of her mother's mail. These three letters contained rather startling news for both of them. One announced the marriage of the plastic Zora to an untutored, scheming Yankee lawyer. Mizpra knew that her complete control over this couple would be easily accomplished. But here was Marcia, who sometimes insisted on standing for her rights, married to an unknown quantity. At least her letter gave no information about her husband. The third letter bothered Mizpra, worried her, caused her anxiety. It was from Dr. Bell.

Dr. Bell had stood high in the estimation of her deceased father, and Mrs. Newcomber had always been somewhat in awe of him. Mizpra did not read the contents of his letter to her mother, putting it aside with the explanation that it was only one of those numerous business circulars they were in the habit of receiving. The letter contained facts concerning Leigh and his little son, and was plain in its language of blame for the unjust and unmaternal treatment he was receiving. It also hinted that Leigh's friends and some of the old friends of his father were getting curious regarding the

use that was being made of the large income from the estate. But, worst of all, her brother was making a success. Mizpra had become aware of this from what she had read in the scientific journals and from the remarks of the physicians with whom she had been brought in contact. All this was a serious matter to her, as she fully expected that her only brother would be in the gutter by this time, and she was exasperatingly disappointed. She began to realize that he might be an obstacle to her designs and ambition. Something must be done at once; she had gone too far to retreat now. She must disgrace him; she must place him in such a position as to make him helpless in his struggle for his rights. With these thoughts, horrible, fiendish, partly laid schemes arose in all their heat and action before her affective faculties. From this conscious deviltry her mother disturbed her by remarking:

“ Well, Mizpra, I don’t see but you will be the old maid of the family, after all.”

It was the last powerful blast on the already flaming abnormal passions.

“ Oh, mother! It is disgusting!” she vehemently said. “ What poor, weak, helpless creatures women are! Such a degrading, vile, humiliating acceptance of the loss of personal freedom. Jane,” she called, as a fresh-looking young woman came around the corner of the house and approached the steps, “ have you cleaned the mare?”

“ Yes, mum. But I do be thinking you’d better get a man to atind to her. I dunno but she ’ud act better.”

"No, Jane; what a man can do, a woman can do better."

"You do be joking, Miss. How about the babies?"

"There are too many of them now. You should be a woman, Jane."

"I am, Miss, and I come to tell ye I do be laving whin me wake's up. I am going to be married; God bless me man."

Mizpra, anger showing in every rhythm of her muscular frame, looked up, only to see the grim, gaunt, and majestic face of the mountain peak towering above her and brightened by the sun shining through the clear, rarefied atmosphere of Colorado. Jane had fled. Mizpra turned to go into the house, when her mother said to her in an indolent tone:

"These servants are a nuisance. What will you do now? You know it is not easy out here to get a girl such as you want, Mizpra."

"Never mind, mother, we'll get along some way."

She went up the stairs to her room, which overlooked a broad street. She sat down at a desk facing a bookcase, in which one would have noticed the works of Spencer, George Sand, Hume, Haeckel, and Youatt on the Horse. Also placed on shelves, without regard to congruity, were numerous theological essays, the works of Petrone, "Letters of the Merry Order of St. Bridget," and monographs dealing with Malthusianism. It was a queer farrago of science and literature, mysticism and eroticism; all objective signs of a psychopathic inheritance.

Mizpra began to reflect—if such a process can be

called reflection which involves so much passion, so much impulse as now dominated the woman.

"Old maid!" she said over and over again. "Old maid! Well, I think I can show my sisters that I can throw off that appellation and still rule man. Affairs are getting so complicated now that I need a lawyer and secretary. I must have one constantly by my side to do my bidding. I'll get one. The first thing I must do is to get full power of attorney from mother. Then look out, you simple Zora; you disgraceful, man-hunting Marcia! Ah, you clever fool Leigh, with your spewing brat; your little, weak, dependent Oberea; what joy it will give me to read your appeals for assistance, and what pleasure to answer your brotherly letters!" Then she uttered a coarse and cynical laugh, and said: "Another dusty, wearisome journey in this summer heat will so weaken mother that she will have to give me full power of attorney. But I must have a lawyer clerk."

She picked up a soft felt hat, shook out her coarse black curls, and studied herself in the glass. She fully realized she had lost all youthful appearance of womanhood, although still young in years. She commenced to comb out her short black curls, but the effect irritated her, and she viciously threw the feminine toilet tools she held in her hands on the floor, with the remark: "No, I'll use my intellect, my power over him, not the feminine baubles of Eve," and as she strolled heavily out of the door one was reminded of the difference between her and Schopenhauer's idea of women: "Long of hair and short of sense," in that she was short of hair

and short of sex. As she passed her mother on the threshold, she called out:

"Don't wait for me; have your luncheon sent in; we will go to the hotel for our dinner."

Neither herself nor her mother had any love or knowledge of domestic affairs. Such matters they considered beneath their scholarly minds. Mrs. Newcomber felt she was performing a noble duty when she was telling her listeners about the religions of ancient Egypt, or holding forth diatribes on the life of the hetairæ of Nero's Rome. Her daughter considered herself an emancipator of female slaves, and was happy and elated when teaching young girls that to give up their lives to the slavery of the hearth and home was beneath the dignity and rights of their sex. The love of domesticity these two women understood not; neither knew they the emotions dormant in a woman's breast.

With determination and self-satisfaction Mizpra pounded along the broad street until she came to a large house with verandas on all sides. Going around to the one on the south, she surprised a pale, sickly young man reclining in a hammock, reading a New York paper.

"Hello, Burke!" she shouted, and with a clumsy attempt at coquetry, the clumsiness of which the young man did not observe, bade him good-morning.

"Good-morning, Mizpra. It was so good of you to come. I was afraid you were angry with me for what I said to you the other day."

"Angry? Why, no. How could any woman be angry with a man for telling her he loved her? But, you know, I had to go to Denver to finish some experi-

ments I am carrying on there in the laboratory. Have you made out those papers for me?"

"Ah, Mizpra, please, please, please don't rush into business! I want to talk with you, of you. Why will you play with me?"

"Hush, my boy! It is only because I desire you to get along, to persevere, that I bring your mind back to our affairs."

"Our affairs, Mizpra? Oh, how good that sounds! If it were only true! Mizpra, did it ever occur to you that you can be cruel?"

"No, you silly boy, it never did. I think I am very kind to you. I found you here alone; you had no practice when I came; no acquaintances. Did I not start you in practice? Did I not introduce you to the best people? And you call me unkind?"

"Yes, that's just it. You show me how good you are, you teach me to love you, and then you play with my affections."

She laughed at him.

"Burke, you told me that you had lost the opportunity to take that court case of Dr. Camp's. How was it? You would have won it, and also a big name."

"Oh, I don't know as I can tell you, Mizpra."

"Burke, look here, you must tell me!" and she took hold of his small shoulders and looked directly into his eyes. He trembled, and said:

"Please don't look at me like that. Please don't ask me to tell you."

"*You must!*"

"Oh, Mizpra, Mizpra, it is something about you. I

don't exactly know what; but since I have been seen with you so much I have been socially ostracized. I know nothing particular, only I have heard that you have been instilling some of your brilliant ideas into your pupils' minds; and you know the general public always condemn new ideas and reforms. In the Middle Ages they hung or burned the reformers, now they laugh at them, or give scorn to them. So you see, as I am one of your ardent followers, I have to suffer with you."

"Is that all? Are you sure you have told me everything? If you have concealed anything you have heard, Burke, you can hope for my—my friendship no longer."

"All, all, Mizpra; except your lesson about wearing corsets, you know. I heard about that at the club. I only go there for my mail. I have kept my promise to you about that."

"What did they say, Burke?"

"Only that Dr. Camp's daughter, when you found she was wearing corsets, was made to take them off before the whole school. Then, it is said, you stood her on the platform, and with your hands on her flesh, marked out the creases formed by the corsets. She told her father your hands were so cold and rough, the treatment so humiliating, that she fainted. The doctor tells everyone that his daughter had a severe nervous shock in consequence of your treatment, and that you ought to be driven out of town."

Coldly, calmly, Mizpra asked:

"Is that all, Burke?"

"Yes, Mizpra."

"Dr. Camp's daughter is suffering from the effect of what, I was trying to teach her, would result seriously. She is suffering from the feminine folly of imitating the male sex in all animal life on the globe—that is, the garnishing of the body to attract the opposite sex. In the animal kingdom such folly is the sole prerogative of the male."

"Yes, Mizpra. I understand your superiority of intellect. You know these things better than they do."

"Well, then, will you marry me to-night? To-night at eight o'clock?"

"Mizpra, darling!" and he reached over to kiss her, but only succeeded in touching his lips to her chin.

"Do you use the typewriter skillfully, Burke?"

"Yes, darling."

"Well, be at my house to-night at eight o'clock sharp. As I am going down to the City Hall, I will stop and get the marriage license; also call on the Rev. James Bald and engage him to marry us. No, not now, some one may be observing us," and she turned and walked to the street, wiping her chin with her handkerchief, at the same time saying: "Ugh! How can I stand his endearments? It makes me creep, shudder, shiver. But the affair had to be closed, and it was done just in time. Another day and I should have lost my private secretary, for I fear that Dr. Camp. We'll go South at once—at least as soon as I can get my plans made for the future. Now to see Reverend Bald. He's fast in my net, and will do my bidding. Whew! I'll drop into

my dressmaker's and get a cocktail; that's about the only reason I have for patronizing her."

With that determination so often seen in the individual of talent, that obsession of a dominant idea which forcibly carries along with it individual or mob acceptance, Mizpra had been all winter planning for what appeared externally to be the act of the moment. She cared more for the complete downfall of her brother, for the personal gratification it would give her through her abnormal egotism, than for any amount of money she would gain by his death or incarceration in prison; one of which ends she confidently expected from her adroitly thought out schemes. She knew the power, but not the danger, of stolid audacity. Moreover, the indications of opposition were beginning to stimulate her passions. Her emotions of egotism and power were exalted. While apparently occupied with others, she was in reality occupied with herself. She gave the superficial observer the idea of charity and self-disinterestedness, while in fact she had never had a noble sentiment demanding self-forgetfulness and self-sacrifice.

Mizpra arrived at the entrance of a large boarding-house situate on the outskirts of the city, rang the bell for the servant, and then sat down on a bench by the door. She had some time to wait, and was getting impatient, when a subdued voice from behind her and in an oily tone said:

"Ah, good-morning, Miss Newcomber."

"Good-morning, Mr. Bald," Mizpra replied; then,

lowering her voice, she said: "Come out under the trees and sit down; I have instructions for you."

As soon as they were seated, the woman said to her companion: "Now, Bald, you have done well. You have kept sober for six months. You have ingratiated yourself with the church people, and, thanks to my money, have made a good impression. Now for your work. You must ruin my brother, who is in New York. You must do it through drink and any other scheme you can concoct. He is in high favor now, and making a success. I know his weakness—wine and women. Once get him on a long spree, and the rest is easy. I will furnish you money monthly. If you spend it gambling—your curse—you need not send to me for more. Do your work well, and I will make you a handsome present of cash. Do you think you can ruin him? You certainly look the ascetic," and she tapped him on the forehead.

"For the wave breast and the heave shoulder have I taken from the children of Israel," smilingly answered the man.

"Yes, and from children of many other tribes also. But stop your cant with me. I will get you good letters here from the bishop and others. I do not care how you accomplish the object, so it's done cleverly. You must remember you are dealing with no ordinary man when you are dealing with Leigh Newcomber. You'd better become attached to some parish and spend your time doing religious work around the hospitals. That will give him confidence in you, and enable you

to see him frequently. You are clever enough to earn your money if you keep straight."

"I shall succeed. I never fail in any object I start out to accomplish. Trust in Rev. James Bald. I can 'bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion.'"

"Oh, you wind bag! You remind me of an accordion—you make a noise whichever way you are pushed. You resemble a certain mythical being, because you 'thundereth marvelously with your voice.'"

"Sister, I go at your bidding. At what hour shall I take my departure hence?"

"You old hypocrite! To-night. Here is some money. Mind now, you keep sober. Oh, by the way, come to my house in your priestly garb and clerical dignity at eight o'clock to-night. I am going to be married."

"You are to be——"

"Married, I said. Have you forgotten how to perform the ceremony?"

"You married? D—— it! Pardon; I mean *mirabile dictu*. Upon whom do you confer the honor of being your husband?"

"Burke Wood."

"What, that weakling? He can't live six months; and married he won't live six weeks."

"Oh, yes, he will. I shall take good care of him; treat him humanely. That is my religion, you know. I believe I heard you say in one of your stolen sermons that no religion that is not humane has any futurity. So you see he has futurity. I think we understand

each other—you and I. If you succeed in your mission, I will give you money enough to live well; also the papers that you value so much, and the police value more. Don't forget to be at my house on the hour," and without another word she walked away.

As she walked down the street she said to herself: "What a blessing in this free country these numerous small theological seminaries and sporadic medical colleges are! They enable one to buy a licensed rascal at any moment."

As the Rev. James Bald watched her depart, he remarked to himself: "Married to-night! My God, she is a eunuch in heart and mind! She possesses the soul of a sewer."

On her way home Mizpra was passed by a carriage in which were the influential parents of one of her pupils. They apparently did not see her, but the incident only made Mizpra more decided in her schemes, better satisfied with herself. She had never intended to remain but one winter at the Springs, but had kept the intention to herself, well appreciating that if her true attitude were known she could only play the part of a mere sojourner in the town. This she could never do. She was obliged to have notoriety; compelled to be a leading, though ever false, factor in any community. It was her life, her existence, her oxygen. But now she was ready to move resistlessly on and drag her unfortunate victims with her.

Upon her return to the house she found her mother reading in the library, and Mizpra at once began fortifying her intrigues.

“Mother, dear, I dislike to tell you unpleasant news, but I think it is best for us to realize the worst. Leigh——”

“Mizpra, have we not promised never to mention his name again?”

“Yes, mother; but I think for business reasons we had better close up the affair now. Dr. Bell writes sorrowfully that Leigh has been dismissed in disgrace, has been arrested for drunkenness, and his name has been published in the papers.” This awful lie came as easily to her as would a simple request for a drink of water. “Good Rev. Dr. Bald is going to New York to continue his charitable work, and he will keep me informed about Leigh; I mean he will send us notice regarding his death or confinement in jail. Dr. Bell says Leigh cannot last long, and that he will not take advice from his friends. Oh, mother, is it not horrible to be disgraced by such a son and brother?”

“Yes, Mizpra, I do not understand it. His father had no bad habits; and look at me—could a son have a better mother? I tried to instill into him Christian ideas. Even during his holidays I did not allow him home, but kept him with the parson at school. I was afraid he would become too frivolous if he saw the gaieties of the city. In fact, I always told his teacher to see that he contracted no bad habits. He has the best of inheritance. Why should he not be true, good, and loving like you? I could love a son if he had been as faithful as you have been.”

“Well, mother, this is not attending to business. You are getting old, and business matters are burden-

some to you. Burke has drawn up a power of attorney for me; all you have to do is to sign it, and then you will be relieved from any more vexation. I will take charge of all matters appertaining to the estate."

"But, Mizpra, would that be right? I mean, could the law touch me?"

"No, I have everything arranged; and should Leigh live long enough to make trouble we can prove him insane. You, mother dear, must be relieved from all this worry. I will dismiss your lawyers; they are too expensive."

"But how are you to handle all these matters? They involve a great amount of clerical work."

"Oh, I have arranged all that. I shall have a husband for a lawyer, and he will do all this work for me."

"Your husband! Your husband! Are you going to marry Burke Wood?"

"Yes, at eight o'clock to-night. Is not this good business management?"

"Mizpra, Mizpra! Why cannot my other children, especially my only son, make me as happy?"

"Your only son, let it be understood, is dead to us."

"Yes, 'he who sows thorns should be made to walk bare foot.'"

Mizpra nodded approval.

"Now," she said, "when Burke comes to-night, you must sign the power of attorney and the other papers as he directs; he knows all about the matter. Reverend Bald and Jane can witness the signatures. I am to be married at eight o'clock, and shall take the eight thirty-five train for Denver. I want you to take good care

of Burke while I am gone, as you know he is going to be very valuable to us."

"My child, I don't clearly understand you. Take care of Burke on your wedding night? Are you going to get married and go off alone on your wedding night?"

"Mother, don't you realize that I have a glorious, a great object in life? I shall prove in the future, without dissent, the strength, the force, and reasoning powers of the female mind. I cannot be interrupted in my work by trivial matters. The experiments I am carrying on in the laboratory need attention to-night; twenty-four hours later, and months of hard work would go for naught. Besides, do you think I marry to be a mere setting hen, a female destitute of all ideas save one—that of breeding?"

The mother was not shocked, only a little surprised, at her daughter's intentions. Such a woman as Mrs. Newcomber, whose only attachment to her children had been a legal one, was too much wrapped up in herself to be affected by the actions of others. She did not love Mizpra in a maternal sense; hers was a negative affection. Mizpra never allowed her mother away from her, and thus always kept the self prominent. She dominated, by attention and flattery, Mrs. Newcomber's morbid ego—a suggestive curiosum of hereditary influences.

"Does Burke know of your intentions to leave directly after the ceremony?" she asked.

"No, and I shall not tell him until after the ceremony. Leave these family affairs to me. Burke will see after I have told him of the necessity of my going.

He is proud of me, and would place nothing in my way to impede the progress of my ambition."

With a subconscious feeling of wrong, yet powerless to call her higher moral centers into activity, Mrs. Newcomber promised to place her husband's trust and her son's rights in Mizpra's hands.

The latter, gleefully gloating over her anticipated power, met the Reverend Bald as he ascended the steps of the veranda at the appointed hour. She was nervous and excited, and on her cheeks was what strangers would call "the pale rose color of the expectant bride."

So thought Burke Wood and Mrs. Newcomber; but the Reverend Bald knew there was no sense of modesty, no novelty, no throb of affection that would cause Mizpra to blush. It was a deep, hidden, psychic disturbance and the feeling of an accomplished act which had long had its conception, growth, and final development in the woman's brain that caused the blood to redden her face. The Reverend Bald was no fool; in fact, he was a very astute observer of men and women—especially of women—and while knowing nothing about the details of Mizpra's life, was satisfied of the complete moral perversion of the woman. He was too clever to ask questions, and this non-curious attitude only gave him better opportunity for observation.

As soon as the words were said—the few words which gave a legal but not a moral or physiologic license to mate—Mizpra pushed her husband into the library, kissed him on the forehead, and said:

"Burke, you asked me to marry you some time ago; to-day I consented. For giving that consent you must

pay a little forfeit. I must—it is absolutely necessary, mind you—go to Denver at once. No, you cannot go with me. You must not make me unhappy by trying to detain me. I have work to finish, and go I must and will.”

“How long will it take you, Mizpra?”

“Oh, I can finish the experiments I have been engaged upon all winter in a day or so. I cannot wait twenty-four hours. I must not, I cannot, let my work go for naught. You must not say anything to anyone about this marriage. Mother will take care of you. I will telegraph when about to return. There is the carriage,” and she went to the door, down the steps, pulled herself into the buckboard, and ordered Jane to drive rapidly.

CHAPTER VII

Mizpra settled down in her compartment on the Pullman with an intense momentary feeling of relief. Not for a flash of time did she have any affective thoughts of her husband or mother. All her normal faculties were absent or quiescent during the action of the psychic centrifugal force which dominated her. She only realized, only thought that she had succeeded in becoming sole arbiter of her mother, absolute dictator to her brother and sisters, and she now reveled in the dreams of her future tyrannical pleasures. To kill, destroy, cause misery, and produce unhappiness was her life. Clever, talented almost to the heights of genius in her mental attainments, she sank to the level of the born criminal in her selfish desires, and below the reasoning level of the savage in carrying them out.

Through her own personality she saw only the outward signs of the neurotic element in her brother, not being capable of comprehending that through his special studies it was possible for him to understand himself and thus guard against the despotic sway of a weak inheritance. She did not understand or realize that she herself was the product of the last feeble efforts of exhausted ancestors. That this fact would prevent her from reaching the higher mental and moral control pos-

sible in her brother, who had scientific training to aid him, was by her unrecognized.

Mizpra was purblind to her sex hiatus. She thought it was noble, something grand in her character which enabled her to be free from the affections of womanhood, and stalk through the world ridiculing maternity and ignoring domesticity. She considered herself a great teacher of men, and a powerful example to women, of sex freedom. Her undoubted mental force screened her real psychopathic character from the general public.

Leigh's studies enabled him to see her true personality, her perverted instincts, and he justly said that she was a worthy pupil of the college of the Borgias.

Her disgust of maternity and hatred of children—she comprehended not “the pleasing punishment that women bear”—instead of being the result of unwomanly mental application, or, as usually found in the new woman, who is generally an old girl, pronounced affectation—was due to an organic cause.

As has been said, she was the child of exhausted nervous vitalities. Since the reproductive organs suffer particularly, children born after the acquirements of nervous exhaustion, more or less checked in development, as the influence of atavism is healthy or not, repeat degenerations in the structure of their organs. These organs, which are functionally weak in the parents, are liable to be devoid of function in the children, or else we find some form of perversion existing throughout the life of the individuals.

All Mizpra's plans and schemes were premeditated—

a premeditation which belongs essentially to the intellectual mind, and is also often seen in the born criminal, and which is by the superficial observer considered as of distinct value in criminal psychology. This idea is erroneous. The training, education, and temperament decide the manner in which the born criminal thinks and acts. Premeditation has no absolute value in criminal psychology, for premeditation depends especially upon the extent of mental growth and environment.

Those who look upon criminal instincts, immorality, and moral debasement from a purely metaphysical view point; who see in the criminal individual the absence of some inward, mysterious, unknown attribute, which, for want of knowledge they call "divine power," or through a pseudo philosophy, "will power"—both meaningless and unscientific terms—are antagonists to all useful curative and preventive methods of dealing with anthropological abnormalities. Continued immoral or dishonest acts of a man are only external expressions of the individual's diseased, distorted, or undeveloped physio-psychical organism. It is the organic, physiologic matter-of-fact conditions existing through heredity, plus the environments and education, which determine the moral and immoral character of the individual, and any attempt to correct a pathologic condition through persuasive appeals to unknown powers is a humiliating exhibition of superstition and ignorance of nature's laws.

We have no desire to speak slightly of a class which honestly believes in the efficacy of a divine power; but for us the day has passed for mysticism and

miracles, and we deal only with clear, demonstrable, and comprehensive physiologic and pathologic facts.

When we are struggling with the dipsomaniac, or that sad object, the woman of anti-social determination, we do so through a material, anthropologic, physiologic, and psychologic view point.

All religious revivals, temperance meetings, and pulpit exhortations are only active stimulants to that class of individuals attracted by these hysteric demonstrations. This stimulant added to intense neurotic subjects is the direct cause of arousing latent immoral and sexual passions.

As all abnormal passions and criminal actions are the result of somatic disturbances, they should be left to the scientists to study and control. Such men realize the effects of epidemics of hysteria, hypnotism, auto-suggestion, *folie circulaire*, simulation, and the multitudinous and perplexing phases of the functional neuroses, some or all of which conditions have been used for centuries to arouse the masses, awe the multitude, frighten the ignorant, and rob the simple. It is through such pathologic conditions that a powerful hierarchy has been promoted and strengthened, that cathedrals have been built, and churches furnished annually with miracles. The religious masses have been purposely exposed to epidemics of sentiment, delusions, hallucinations, and morbid aberrations; while the antidote, which could only be found in a thorough training in physiologic psychology, has been denied them. The control of criminals and the study of the prevention of crime should not be in the hands of the well meaning but

ignorant — in physio-psychologic matters — religious bodies.

Early religious training and impressions of the masses, minus the resisting powers of judgment, have heretofore prevented the criminal from being treated as a diseased individual and restrained from casting into healthy society a further diseased offspring. Nature has always given us examples of how she prevents the continuous propagation of diseased organisms, yet man ignores her lessons, and himself sets up an anti-social condition.

As we have seen, the Newcomber family had exhausted its normal vital forces. Nothing of the former natural reproductive power was left to the female line. The psychic conditions in these precipitates were uncontrollable, and had riotous run over the physical attributes; the final physiologic lesson demonstrating the abuse of tolerant nature.

For six months Mizpra had been devoting her time to the cultivation of deadly, poisonous germs. She had taken up a course of bacteriology for the sole purpose of finding some safe and certain method of carrying a sure messenger of death to Leigh's family and fireside.

She arrived at the laboratory early in the morning, and having a key to her private room, she entered joyfully and ecstatically.

On a high table which stretched along the wall, the length of the room, stood small wooden cages with wire fronts. On shelves placed over the table stood large glass jars and fish globes filled with grain and big loaves of bread. These loaves of bread were perforated by

little and big holes, out of which peeped the white heads and pink eyes of mice, or the fleshed tail of a rat. From the cages on the table came doleful murmurs, pitiable sighing, and the rapid breathing of innocent-eyed rabbits, all dying of induced disease, as they nosed their wire prisons.

On the opposite side of the room stood bacteriologic ovens, microscopes, culture tubes, and culture plates, while a wire basket-like receptacle held cotton-tipped tubes containing the most virulent germs; those causing pneumonia, diphtheria, typhoid fever, cholera, blood poisoning, and lockjaw being carelessly left around, making it possible for them to be distributed by any intelligent criminal for the destruction of thousands of innocent beings.

Cultures of virulent micro-organisms are so common in the laboratory, and are handled with such apparent indifference by bacteriologists, that laymen necessarily come to regard them with a certain degree of indifference. But this indifference of the laymen arises from ignorance of the real danger in handling these insidious human foes. More deaths, directly and indirectly, than the general public is aware of have been caused by the careless or unfortunate cultivation of diseased germs in the laboratory. Bacteriologists, however, in spite of their familiarity, always possess a wholesome dread of these micro-organisms, and adopt in their laboratories precautions that seem almost puerile to the uninitiated.

Mizpra was no exception to this rule, and, being a trained bacteriologist, avoided any careless contact with the pathogenic germs. She had for some weeks been

trying to find a virulent germ which could be conveyed by mail or express direct to her brother's fireside. She thought of typhoid germs being placed in game and sent to her brother; but she realized that sending such a present would look suspicious, any such thoughtful act on her part being out of all reason with her attitude toward Leigh. Then, again, Oberea's little boy would probably not eat the game, and she particularly desired to kill the baby. She knew what a blow this would be to the now happy parents, and besides, should Leigh eat the game and die, his son would be entitled to his father's share of the estate, as it was so willed, and Mizpra would not, could not, allow such a possibility to arise.

She experimented with the germs of diphtheria, but the method of getting the germs to the baby's throat was puzzling and uncertain. She finally thought of a way to transfer them. It was as sure a method as could be devised, and detection under the conditions almost impossible. It was not an infallible method, yet almost a certain one, and, after all, it was the best way to reach the baby. A little note, presumably sent by a former college mate of Leigh, inclosed with a silver whistle and rattle, would be the means of carrying the deadly diphtheria.

She had decided upon this line of action when an incident occurred which gave her great joy and pleasure. She had succeeded in getting some of the germs of tetanus, and more for the extreme satisfaction and exquisite delight she derived than any scientific interest, she began to inoculate rabbits and guinea pigs in order

to watch their muscular twitchings, gyrations, and distressed dying efforts, while at the same time the brain and sensitive organs were acute and active in the suffering little animals. This was a glorious, superb discovery. She would, she argued, cultivate these germs of lockjaw, and place them side by side on the silver whistle with those of diphtheria. She thought of the agony of Oberea, of the nervous disturbances and their results in Leigh, of the painful vigils and useless care of both parents as they watched the battle of germs in the delicate tissues of the child; and with this mental picture of pain and agony her heart beat with joyous expectancy.

She pictured the child's agonizing appeals for relief in the moments of muscular rest, its bodily distortions, facial twitchings, convulsive chokings, and innocent supplications. Oh, to be able to view all this in reality, as she pictured it! And her heart beat rapidly and her temperature rose with the psychic excitement aroused by her innate fiendish necessity for abnormal pleasures.

She picked up one cage and brought it to the center of the room under the light.

Stretched out in all the displeasing distortions of moribund agony were two little innocent pink-eyed white rabbits. Mizpra's eyes shone brightly as she pulled her little victims out and put them on the table. After looking at some figures marked on the side of the box, she went over to the test tubes, and, picking up one, held it to the light, turning it slantingly, horizontally, and then upright, as she gleefully glanced

THE PERVERTS ~~~~~ *III*

at the whitish streak coursing through the jelly-like substance which partly filled the culture tube.

"Well," she said, "this certainly is a good culture. There can be no doubt as to the virulency of this growth. Only—only, I wonder if he will have a little sore in his mouth or chapped lips? Babies generally do, I believe. These bacilli must enter through some slight wound—even if it is only one made by the minute prick of a pin. However, the diphtheria will do the work. At least, his chances of escaping the deadly germs are very slight." She looked at her watch, and finding it yet early in the morning, pushed the now dead rabbits off the table, and lay down on it for a few hours' rest.

It was nine o'clock when she walked into a jeweler's shop and in a very embarrassed manner asked to see some babies' silver whistles. She felt weak and disgusted with herself, for it was the first time in her life she had ever recognized in herself timidity or embarrassment. She imagined the clerk looked at her in a condescending and patronizing manner. She felt that it was beneath her dignity to inquire after infants' toys, and the effort to do so caused a shiver of shame to pass over her. She mumbled something about her sister not being well enough to come herself; hurriedly, without choosing, picked up the bauble, pushed it into her pocket, not giving the astonished clerk time to wrap it up; walked out, and did not feel her own individuality, her own independence, until she had turned the corner of the street.

Returning to the college, she went directly to the

biologic and bacteriologic rooms, and through them to her own. Here she began to file and sharpen the edge of the whistle. This done, she was but a few moments in applying her venomous bacilli to the messenger of death, and, wrapping it up in sterilized cotton, put it in a small tin box, addressed it, and then carried it to the express office. Upon her return she was met by Professor Ridge, the dean of the institution.

Dr. Ridge was a kind, refined, intellectual man of middle age. Ill health had forced him away from the academic centers of the East to join that noble class of medical workers who toil and give their best mental and physical strength for the benefit of mankind, although themselves hanging on to life by frail circumstances and delicate facts. That such men, whose health and lives have been placed in jeopardy by close application to duty and study, should continue their work for the weal of humanity, even when the shadows of death drive them from their workshop to another far distant, is only one of the many instances of the self-sacrifice of the true physician, however much his lofty ideas and self-abnegation are submerged and hidden under the blaze and blare of charlatanism, or unrecognized by the unthinking masses which follow the bell mare of the unscrupulous quack.

"Dr. Newcomber," said Professor Ridge, "I wish you would step into my office for a few moments; I wish to speak to you."

Mizpra nodded her assent, and followed Professor

Ridge into his office. He motioned her to a chair, but she expressed a desire to stand.

“Dr. Newcomber,” said Professor Ridge, “will you please be a little more careful in your experiments, a little more considerate of your assistants and friends, the guinea pigs and rabbits? I take particular pains to instruct and watch the students in this matter. No animal should suffer useless pain and neglect. No true scientist ever forgets this fact. In most experiments you can work painlessly by taking a little care and being a little thoughtful. Vivisection does not spell ‘cruelty,’ but ‘humanity.’ All life—every living thing—exists by subjugating to its needs its inferior neighbor; it profits through a study of another’s life. By studying one animal, by using two or three for experiments, we have saved thousands of others from needless and horrible suffering. But this is not a question concerning the suffering animal only. It affects the vital interests of man. For years the investigators of the human body had to struggle—sometimes openly, sometimes secretly—against the ignorance, fear, and superstition of the masses. The public blames and persecutes the physician if he errs in treatment or diagnosis, yet this same public pertinaciously persists in placing a picketed barricade around this same physician’s only true method of inductive study and observation. The anti-vivisectionists are ever on the watch; they are banded together by the hoops and cement of prejudice and ignorance, and move as a heavy body. Give them, Dr. Newcomber, such opportunities for proving cruelty as you have daily given here—although it was only brought

to my notice a few days ago—and they will rise with vigor and vehemence, and through legislative action push back the dial of experimental medicine to the age of puritanical witchcraft. It is a strange fact, but nevertheless true, that only a short time ago this same class of anti-scientists nearly succeeded in their legislative desires. This well illustrates Lecky's dictum that a small but cohesive and determined minority can exert a political influence wholly disproportioned to its real weight and numbers. Now, Dr. Newcomber, hereafter I desire you to work in my assistant's room, as too many complaints about you are being made. How careless of you to go away for several days, leaving that poor dog strapped on his back in the trough, without food or water!"

"Oh, I must have forgotten him. It didn't matter much, did it?"

"It matters much to the feeling of humanity, but aside from that, it will give our enemies a reasonable basis for a new aggressive campaign. We must—you must—gain the confidence of the public. I am certain that a means of research which alone brings us to approximate certainty in the treatment of disease, even though it employ pain of the lower to relieve the higher creatures, will, if done after the manner of the true scientist, command the support of public opinion."

"Is that all you have to say to me, Professor Ridge?" and, as she asked the question, Mizpra looked at him sneeringly, contemptuously.

Professor Ridge rose from his chair seeming some-

what surprised, and his cold, harsh eyes glowered as he gazed upon the features of the woman. Her coarse, hard voice was a shock to him, and, as he carefully noted her attitude, he decided to have her leave the college. He was not an alienist, neither was he conversant with some of the details of modern psychiatry, but he knew the creature before him, and shuddered. He would have turned her out of his room at once, but a sense of attention—compelling rather than attracting—kept him silent. She repeated her question, this time with a smile of contemptuous confidence:

“Is that all, Professor Ridge?”

The question roused him; all the disgust of his healthy manhood for such a female became active, virile.

“No,” he replied decidedly, and in an unmistakably firm and dictatorial tone. “You leave the dangerous—the most dangerous—bacilli where free access to them may be had. As I said before, and wish to repeat, you are unnecessarily heartless and cruel with the experimental material. Perhaps you have been too long associated with this line of work, and have become unconsciously careless,” and he gave her a meaning look, which, however, was met with a defiant smile. He continued: “You know—that is, perhaps you know—a woman is apt to become dull in feeling after a period of constant contact with pain and blood. In most women it hardens the heart.” He was about to say more, when she interrupted him by remarking:

“You do but quote the master mind, Professor. You

evidently are recalling the Queen's saying in Cymbeline:

"I do wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been
Thy pupil long?

.

Having thus far proceeded,
(Unless thou think'st me devilish), is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging (but none human),
To try the vigor of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.

— She said: "Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart;
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious."

"Ah, yes, very apropos, very clever, Dr. Newcomber," replied Dr. Ridge. "But then——"

"But then, my dear Professor? But then? You are thinking of Cornelius's remarks when the Queen turned aside? You would like to repeat them, but my presence holds you in check. Oh, well, I will spare you the embarrassment, and quote the lines for you:

"I do not like her.
I know her spirit,

.

And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature."

Mizpra uttered a harsh laugh as she finished, and then said: "Now, come, Professor, you and I must not

get to the quoting stage; it's silly, and beneath original minds. It is almost as puerile as the fad for epigrammatic writing and conversation; for these epigrams are the especial privileges of the weak minded—that is, they are the very negative of truth and logic. You say there have been complaints about my methods? From whom, I should like to know?"

"That I cannot tell you. I am very sorry indeed that I have been forced to mention such things to a woman."

"Have there been any complaints from the students, from any of the nurses in the hospital?"

"Well, there have been a good many from the little creatures. That dog, for instance. He howled and moaned all night. The janitor got up and released him."

"And you heed such complaints as these? I fear your own sufferings must produce some reflex emotions; must cause a sensitive feeling which I am unable to appreciate. I am afraid, Professor Ridge, the rarefied atmosphere here, with the hypersensitive surroundings, might disturb my feminine feelings should I remain longer. I shall go. I now bid you good-by. *Au revoir*, Herr Professor." She went out, leaving the door open, and as Professor Ridge walked to close the door, he said audibly: "Well, I now understand what de Goncourt meant when he said, 'There are no women of genius; the women of genius are men.'"

Mizpra felt relieved as she walked toward the station. She had a feeling of physical well being, of mental freedom, of psychic contentment. She regretted some-

what the abandonment for the time being of her assumed femininity and control of her assertive voice. Heretofore she had had little to say to her laboratory associates, and that little was said in subdued tones and without disagreeable assumption. It was her policy to gain her ends by flattery and pleasant badinage when her feelings were disturbed, and reserve all her intense animal and mental forces until the moment they were needed. Then her pretences, subterfuges, and schooled affectation were swept away by the powerful sway of her abnormal impulses. The successful termination of her studies for the murder of her little nephew, the intense psychic stimulation which had been withdrawn the moment the small box had been expressed, had left her unguarded; and when she was called into the office by Professor Ridge, her real character was dominant, and exhibited itself in facial form; and in conversation, ostentation was substituted for action—a symptom of psychic epilepsy that Professor Ridge did not recognize.

Mizpra went to the station and purchased a compartment for herself and her mother on the express leaving for California. She bought a lower berth at the other end of the car from her compartment for her husband. She had made up her mind to make this her honeymoon trip, and was amused to think how easily she accomplished her desires, her wishes. The idea that her husband would make any objections never troubled her. In fact, she never thought of him in any way except as her willing man-servant; a subservient individual to be

coddled and humored, directed and ordered, as suited her will and circumstances.

After purchasing the tickets, she went to the telegraph office and sent a message to her mother and husband directing them to meet her at the Junction, with her trunks, and telling them they were booked through to Los Angeles. She also directed them to say nothing of their departure to anyone.

Mizpra wished to put many miles between her actions and Leigh. She had no fear of exposure, so dull was her moral comprehension, so weak her ethical understanding; neither had she any consciousness of absolute wrong doing; she only wanted to get away from the prying interference of old acquaintances, and be where she could, unmolested by the moral ideas of others, carry out her abnormal pleasures and passions.

CHAPTER VIII

Oberea was sitting on a porch shaded by climbing vines. She was watching the large passenger steamers as they swiftly passed on the river, and as her view extended to the hills which arose from the banks on the other side of the river, memories and visions of the little retreat on the Rhine awakened and vivified her thoughts. This retrospective condition was enhanced; it was for a moment made almost reality by the sight of little Bridget and Dagda as they came paddling around the corner, each having hold of the end of a stick, grasping the middle of which was Oberea's little son, laughing and calling for "Buno," as the tiny dachshunde playfully dragged the child towards his mother. The appearance of the child dispelled the mental picture of the charming spot where her happiest and saddest days had been spent, and all idealism vanished to give place to pleasing realism as she watched the struggle of the dogs to take the boy to his mother, and the little fellow's laughing determination not to be conquered. The contest was unequal; Leigh, Jr., or, as he was called, Mops—a name given him by faithful Bruno, who had come from Germany at Leigh's request—was down on his haunches, struggling, but nevertheless slowly being dragged along the ground to the detriment of the fine embroidery on which Oberea had spent

many a pleasant hour. Mops turned his head around and called, "Buno, ep Mopsie," and with every attempt he made at enunciation the dogs would give an extra jerk, thereby lifting Mops off the ground only to suddenly let him down again. Oberea, proud and handsome in the full bloom of matronly womanhood, laughed as she saw the game; but seeing her boy would not give up, and that he was getting too excited, she called to the dogs as she went to pick up her son. The dogs bolted with the stick, Mops trying to go after them; but Oberea took him up in her arms, and by kisses and persuasion made strenuous efforts to quiet him. Just then Bruno came out of the house to tell Oberea that her husband's launch was coming up the river, and Mops was immediately quieted after Bruno took him in his arms and carried him down the walk which led to the private wharf.

Through the influence of Mrs. Kassel, Leigh had been given an opportunity to demonstrate his ability, and was now assistant superintendent of a large private hospital for the insane. He considered his position only a temporary one, as it was impossible for him, situated as he was, to be free in thought and action—a freedom he must have to give birth to his ideas and happiness to his life. He would on many occasions have jeopardized his position by stating unreservedly that he did not intend to remain any longer than necessity compelled him; that he would leave as soon as he was in a financial position to do so, had not Oberea insisted upon his silence, and appealed to the duty he owed her and his little son.

One day, when he was unusually irritable, Oberea went to the piano and sang to him these words of Kipling:

“ ‘There are fools who kiss and tell,’
Wisely has the poet sung.
Man may hold all sorts of posts,
If he'll only hold his tongue.”

Leigh smiled, so by this little playful hint Oberea knew she had subdued the irritation of her husband.

At times it seemed as if Leigh had no appreciation, no realization of his duties to those dependent upon him, so careless would he be regarding the opinion of others. With Oberea it was a constant struggle to keep her husband down to personal matters and material facts. The ignorance of his superior concerning the scientific progress of matters appertaining to the function of the brain, the mind; the ridiculous anomaly of pretending to keep up with advances in psychiatry and at the same time tell the friends of patients suffering from alcoholic insanity that he would do all his knowledge enabled him to do, but only with “God’s help could he be cured,” was so galling to Leigh’s self-respect and so irritating to his intelligence, that Oberea felt in constant fear of having to leave her comfortable home.

She had a little cottage standing a short distance from the main buildings. In the summer she had ample opportunity to satisfy her racial instinct for the water; and the institution’s proximity to the city gave her occasion to indulge in her acquired tastes of shopping and visiting. It is true that her love of those surrounding her was so intense, and her fear of Leigh’s pronounced

individuality disturbing their comfortable home so constant, that Oberea found her pleasures and interests centered in her little home.

She had persuaded Leigh to write out his ideas, and the result of his investigations, and thus succeeded in getting a receptacle for his overflowing mental energy. His papers and lectures to be read before medical societies she carefully went over to eliminate those ideas and statements she felt would offend either the politician, the hypocrite, the ignorant, or the falsifier, many of whom are often influential in medical circles because the true scientist has neither the time, instinct, nor inclination to step aside from his pursuit and enter the polemical arena, and hence the applause of the multitude is often given to the blatant demagogue of medical politics.

Oberea had a keen intuition of what would injure the present financial position of her husband, and her daily thoughts were directed to keeping his mental aggressiveness from offending his positional superiors. She was fully convinced of her husband's intellectual powers, but knew they were at present inimical to his financial needs. She stimulated him to work out his own ideas, but begged him not to throw them away on men who could not understand his motives, and who would only ridicule his theories. When he received his share of the estate, and would be independent, and when the general public had advanced in knowledge sufficient to recognize the mind as a mere function of a physical organ, then would be the time to speak. Meanwhile, the time should be occupied in putting together his

material. Oberea, whose heart was educated, not her head, had an instinctive feeling that told her her advice was good advice. Thus far Leigh had suppressed his feelings, but Oberea feared an outbreak every time he went before the trustees, as there was certain to be some proposition or suggestion made by one of the wealthy though ignorant members of the Board which would bring a blush of shame or a snarl of irritation from Leigh's hypersensitive nature.

Leigh himself felt that his experience with poverty had taught him something; yet it was a hard struggle to resist the impulse to tell others what he felt was the truth, though it cost him all the comforts he could give his precious wife and child. To a man financially helpless, he knew how cold and indifferent the world is.

A rich scoundrel has more friends than a pauper genius. Although Leigh now counted his friends by the hundred, he knew there was only one real way to count them, to weigh them. That way was through adversity. Adversity, he had discovered, is the only scale that gives the correct weight of our friends. Perhaps this explains why more men withstand adversity than prosperity.

Oberea, Mops, Bruno, with Bridget and Dagda, stood on the wharf, watching the saucy little launch as she puffed and plowed homeward with Leigh standing in the bow. Oberea waved her handkerchief, Mops clapped his tiny hands, Bruno respectfully doffed his cap, while Bridget and Dagda barked, scampered, and wagged their long tails—the ever-pleasing expression of canine affection and contentment.

With Mops laughing in his arms, Oberea peacefully chatting by his side, Leigh walked up the path, looking a fine specimen of physical manhood. Ah, what a pity the builders placed such a noble superstructure on so weak a foundation! Were it an inorganic structure so builded, when the foundations gave way, bringing with it the death and ruin of many, its builders would be arrested and severely punished. Yet we allow irresponsible and ignorant builders, organic masons, with exhausted and condemned material, to place in our midst human physical constructions who are a danger to themselves and a menace to their surroundings.

Mops began playing in Leigh's study, a privilege allowed but seldom. Both parents watched contentedly their son as he toddled from father to mother, and mother to father, with childish prattle ever on his lips, understood by Oberea, but incomprehensible to Leigh.

"Well, did you have a pleasant meeting?" Oberea asked.

"No. These meetings are becoming tedious and galling. Ramsey, the merchant, reported a gift of ten thousand dollars from a lady for a chapel. I'll bet it's from his wife. She has been tugging away at the side entrances of what the journals call society for a long time. These side entrances—bazaars, charitable fairs, private readings, and morning recitals—have not opened to her the arcana of social notoriety; so I presume in a short time she will have the bishop up here with his muttons, and the new chapel for the cure of diseased souls will receive its ten thousand dollars worth of advertising—or rather Mrs. Ramsey will."

"Yes, Leigh, but that will not injure you, and it will help us. You shouldn't be so bitter. Such gifts will give the hospital greater publicity, and indirectly help you. You shouldn't think that every one must agree with you. You will only make enemies. Do be reasonable."

"Reasonable? Why, Oberea, if you could see the hypocrisy and superstition, the ego, the selfishness that lie at the foundation of such gifts as Ramsey's, your heart would also rebel. Such donations only represent the extent of the giver's ego; his desire to purchase what his nature—moral and mental—could not give him. Such a gift is only a white shroud to cover a black soul."

"Oh, Leigh, you shouldn't say those things. Do you mean to say that gifts to hospitals, educational institutions, art galleries, and for the promotion of all intellectual development are the result of personal gratification? The world would be in a sad state were this so. You really don't mean what you say."

"I referred only to those gifts from individuals whose lives and characters have been such as to make any gifts for charity inconsistent with the donor's moral make-up. Then, the manner and method of giving will show the personal element in the act. The world is getting kinder, better, more altruistic; but the class which would pretend they are getting better with it is also on the increase—a class of poor imitators who put Christ forward as an example for their external acts, yet who are in heart and morals stringent and consistent imitators of Janus."

“Leigh, Leigh, dear, do be careful. If you have no faith in good works, try and get in the habit of not saying so. Remember, our boy will soon be of an age when he will have faith in all you say, and you do not want him to grow up with no belief in goodness. I hope you will let me teach him to have faith in men, if not in angels.”

“Oberea, dear, you have used the word ‘faith’ so often. What do you mean by it? Really, faith is, as some one has said, the attempt you make to believe something your conscience tells you is a lie. True faith has nothing to do with the Church or religion any more than modesty has to do with petticoats; they are both moral qualities.

“The man,” he went on, “who gives thousands of dollars to some church with the proviso that the gift shall always bear his name may have faith in the advertising he or his heirs will derive from it, but he has little, if any, moral might. Didn’t I have faith in my Bible teacher when I was a boy and was told the story of Joseph, and what a virtuous young man he was? What became of that faith in my teacher when I discovered that Joseph was probably a eunuch? Just this: I found there is always a cause, a law of excuse I might call it, governing every man’s actions towards his fellow man; and his manner and method, disguise it as he may, determines whether he is acting from the heart or the head.”

“Leigh, you are talking nonsense. What has so irritated you to-day? Be careful now, won’t you? You

know the danger you are in when you are excited and irritable."

"Yes, yes, I know; only let me explain this. We need here—urgently need—a new laboratory, and better teaching facilities for nurses, and the cottage system for patients. Both Dr. Robinson and myself have repeatedly explained the duty this hospital owed its patients. It should furnish them with every facility and advantage science now offers to alleviate their suffering and return them cured to their homes and friends. We cannot carry out our studies and investigations without modern appliances. All these facts have been placed before the trustees, but they do not comprehend them. To-day a large sum is given, ostensibly for the worship of God, but in reality to promote the social status of a selfish and egotistic hypocrite. Additions to our scientific workshop would have brought but little notoriety to Mrs. Ramsey, but been of unquestionable benefit to thousands of those ill in brain and body. These unfortunates were never thought of; Mrs. Ramsey was."

"Will you go out for a walk, Leigh?" asked Oberea.

"No, I do not feel like it. I had rather stay in and play with Mops. He's going to be a handsome boy, Oberea."

"Our friends say that he greatly resembles you in his chest, straight back, and strong limbs. He has even your color of hair, Leigh."

"I hope this a condition of facts, not fancy or flattery."

"Why, Leigh, don't you want him to show any of my traits?"

"Yes, most, if not all, of them; that is the reason I wish to see my physical attributes prominent in him."

"I do not understand you, Leigh. What do you mean?"

"This. If he looks and appears physically like me, he will then have more of the mental and moral make-up of his mother. Such is a phase of the law of heredity. If this rule prevails in his case, he will be free from my morbid psychic disturbances. Then, again, the morbid peculiarities running through the Newcombers, as I have told you before, have completed their cycles; they end with Mizpra."

"But is there not some danger of little Mops inheriting your family's nervous troubles?"

"I think not. By careful watching, his impulses and actions any little morbid tendencies can be corrected. These thoughts have been a long time on my mind, Oberea."

"Oh, Leigh, do also study yourself. Be careful. Just think of what would become of Mops and me should anything happen to you. I would have no mother or father; little Mops would have no loving grandmother or aunts, and yet he would be the only male descendant in the Newcomber line. He would be robbed of his rights and ignored, simply because he was an innocent little child whose existence is a crime in the eyes of your crazy family."

"Yes, Oberea, perhaps that is the best word for it—crazy—although the world judges the sanity of people, or the moral insanity, by reversed intellects. It all

depends upon who has the substantial end of the check book."

"Leigh, you must be careful—I have so often warned you—about what you say when Mops is around. You do not know how he listens to every word you say."

"Yes, I do, Oberea. But he listens to you with greater attention. Therefore, I will indisputably give up his mental and moral training to you. A child's place is with its mother. I will only look after our son's physical training. Even with my bad inheritance, I might have been a different man had I had a true mother's care when I was a child."

"What about the impulses you spoke of, Leigh? How shall I govern them?"

"Never mind about those now; at some other time I will explain those impulses to you, but meanwhile remember that we have another law of heredity to make us believe in our son's mental and psychic completeness."

"What is it, Leigh?"

"That morbid peculiarities occasionally become in some degree fixed and transmitted in certain families, but it is seldom for more than a few successive generations, for so strong is the principle of return to a normal type that the family is more apt to die out than this principle to fail. I believe that through your preponderating qualities Mops gives to the world a Newcomber, but a Newcomber in name only. The Newcombers of past generations go out of existence with my father's family."

Late that afternoon Leigh took Oberea and their son

on the river for a row, and the quiet of the waters, the infantile chatter of Mops, and Oberea's calm, loving, and careful watchfulness of her husband and child seemed to have a soothing effect on Leigh and to suppress his irritability. Upon their return to the house, Leigh watched with interest Oberea bathe and put their child into his little crib, and well the young wife knew the thoughts that possessed her husband as he watched every little act of herself and child.

Long into the night Leigh and Oberea discussed the probable future of their child, and Oberea became deeply impressed with the interest, love, and devotion Leigh showed for their heir. It was the first time he had devoted a whole evening to her since they had been at the hospital, always excusing himself, but in a most gentle manner, to go to the laboratory for study. However, as she knew his habits before they were married, she met all these absences in a cheerful mood, although she ardently desired him by her side on many long nights when she had to sit alone—all alone—until Mops would open his big eyes and sign to be taken into his mother's lap. One comfort she had; Leigh was with them, or within call, all the day.

After discussing their desires and plans for the future, Oberea felt happier than she had even thought possible. There was no doubt of Leigh's love for her, and after they had both kissed Mops without awakening him, Leigh again declared his love for Oberea as he gently led her to her bedroom. They both slept that

refreshing sleep which only comes from the calm, contented, peaceful mind.

It was in the morning; Leigh had gone to see his patients, and Oberea was directing the gardener concerning her favorite flowers. Bruno came to his mistress with a small parcel that had come by express. Oberea took it, merely glancing at it, thinking it was one of the many samples of drugs or literature Leigh daily received. She remained some time on the lawn, picking flowers, and when she had finished giving orders, entered the library, and for the first time glanced at the directions on the parcel. She thought she was mistaken, and looked at the directions again. There could be no mistake—it was “Leigh, Jr.” What was it that made her tremble so, made her feel so weak and faint? The box dropped from her hands and fell on the floor; for a few seconds the room seemed to be whirling around her, and a feeling of nausea came over her. Her strength suddenly returned; she picked up the parcel and looked at it again, went upstairs, opened one of the bureau drawers and placed the box therein, locked the drawer, and returned to the library with a powerful sense of relief. She sat down and tried to analyze her thoughts, her emotions, her instincts. Why should she have feared that box? What caused that sudden attack of faintness? Was it the handwriting? There was something familiar about it, yet she could not recall that big, coarse lettering. The package was sent from Colorado, but she knew no person living there. She felt the moment her eyes rested upon the address as though a slimy snake were sinuously coiling itself

around her. She could imagine no other feeling like it. Was it all due to that remarkable gift so often found in women, that trait we so unsatisfactorily call intuition? She did not know, she did not care; for just then Mops, all dirt and laughter, came in, and Oberea, catching him up in her arms, sought physical and mental relief in laughter and tears. She was soon outwardly calm, and held in abeyance her agitation as she thought how necessary it was that she should not at this time exhibit any external anxiety or nervousness. But she must know what the package contained. She felt certain it was something to bring suffering and misery upon herself and Leigh, and she of course mentally traced it to Mizpra. Leigh was in no condition now to be excited, and, if possible, the affair must be kept from him until she knew what the parcel contained. She thought of Dr. Bell, and telephoned him.

CHAPTER IX

It was several days before Dr. Bell could come up the river to see Oberea, so she had the suspicious parcel sent to him, writing that she suspected some criminal intent on the part of the sender. Meanwhile, nothing had been said to Leigh concerning the arrival of the parcel. When Dr. Bell did come, however, and explained to Oberea the result of his Bacteriologist's research for germs on the whistle, she looked up to him with a thankful smile, rose, and went towards little Mops, who was playing with some blocks; then she tottered and fell headlong to the floor. It was so sudden—without any of the premonitory symptoms usually seen in the fainting woman—that she struck the floor before Dr. Bell could reach her. He carefully raised her, carried her to the lounge, and attempted to examine her pulse; but her little son was by this time clamoring, crying, and attempting to crawl up to his mother's bosom. Dr. Bell rang for the maid, who, as these individuals usually do in cases of emergency, became excited and curious.

"Take that child away at once," sternly demanded Dr. Bell. "Do you hear? Never mind what I need. Send the other girl to me, but keep that child away; its mother must not hear it cry. Go!"

By this time the news of Oberea's condition had

reached the cook, and it was but a few minutes before the gardener had carried it to Leigh. Dr. Bell heard him coming, and met him on the porch.

"Calm yourself, old man; it is nothing but a fainting attack; absolutely nothing else, my word for it." Leigh nodded and went into the library. He knelt down by the side of his wife, kissed her forehead, unlaced her corsets, and rubbing his hands together to create warmth, placed one over the region of her heart. In a while he rose greatly relieved.

"Better let her remain quiet as she lies, Charlie," he said.

"Yes, much better."

"Charlie, get Bruno to take Mops out for a row, then we can have the maid free to take care of my wife. I'll remain here."

He looked at Oberea. Never before had he seen the look of fear—savage fear—that had now settled on her. Her mobile, oval features were combined with the drawn, intense look of the hounded beast. At that moment Leigh did not know where he had seen a face like it, but afterwards remembered he had seen it in many of the photographs of the old chiefs of his wife's island home. He loosened her waistbands, and found there was nowhere any impediment to circulation. He watched his wife with tearful anxiety. Oberea's eyes now began to roll continually, and hold the intensity of fright. She straightened her body until it was rigid as a board, then suddenly bent her head to her knees; but instantly the position changed and her body stretched in a curving manner, making a bridge of her

abdomen, her head and feet being the support of the arch. With a sudden cry—a plaintive wail—her perspiring body suddenly lost its rigidity, became limp, and intermittent tremors passed over it. Leigh now recognized the nature of Oberea's condition, when she fixed her eyes on the mirror facing her, sat up, and said in a modulated tone: "Leigh, you must kill her!" She repeated this in a loud, demanding voice, and finally shrieked—a piercing, penetrating shriek—"Leigh, kill her! Kill her!" Then she sank back exhausted. Dr. Bell was at the door, tears in his eyes. Leigh motioned him to come in.

"Do you know the cause of this shock?" he asked.

"Yes."

"We haven't time for explanations now," excitedly.

"Is the shock of such a nature that we can safely give her a hypodermic?"

"Yes, unless you think she is in a condition that might be aggravated by the drug."

"No, I think not. In fact, I know she is not."

Oberea was carried upstairs, given a quieting drug, and placed between warm sheets. Leigh and Dr. Bell went to the library. The former, as he was lighting a cigar, said:

"It is some action of Mizpra that has caused this shock, isn't it, Charlie?"

"I am sorry to say so."

"You should have told me. I might have prevented this attack had I known about the cause."

"It was the wish of your wife that you should not know. She wanted you kept in ignorance of the whole

matter. She was afraid of the effect upon you. I, too, know your excitable nature, and for that reason agreed with her."

"I think you both made a mistake. See how calm I am now. I haven't even asked you as to the nature of the venom coming from the putrid, vicious mental ulcer of my unfortunate sister. Now I am ready to hear about the cause of this awful shock."

Dr. Bell then gave Leigh all the details of the bacteriologic examination of the whistle. Leigh allowed him to proceed without interruption. In truth, it is doubtful if he heard much of the details. It was the criminal act, the fiendishness of Mizpra, that absorbed his thoughts. He stood by the mantelpiece with a cigar in his mouth, and smoked incessantly while Dr. Bell was talking. The ashes fell on the floor and on his clothes, but he heeded not such trifles. Outwardly he appeared calm, quiet. Dr. Bell asked questions, proposed actions, suggested proceedings, to all of which Leigh was apparently deaf. When Dr. Bell had finished, the husband left the library, went upstairs, and entered the room where his wife and child were sleeping. He carefully lifted the covers which partly hid the little one's head and looked at him, then bent over Oberea and kissed her. She murmured, but so indistinctly that Leigh could not hear what she said. He kissed her again, and this time she distinctly said, "Kill her!" He went down to Dr. Bell, and, after lighting another cigar, said:

"Charlie, I shall do it."

"Do what?"

“ Kill her ! ”

“ Kill whom ? ”

“ Mizpra.”

“ No, you must not, you must not ! You are now becoming mentally excited. Let me feel your pulse, Yes, I thought so. It is one hundred and twenty. You know what that means to you.”

“ I do, I do. Oh, that cursed inheritance ! This moral desire, this mental determination to control myself, is it always to be overthrown, ever submerged by, a damnable physical condition which poisons my nerve cells at important periods of my life ? ” and thus speaking he buried his face in his hot hands, while big drops of perspiration made their appearance on his forehead.

“ You are yourself now, Leigh. Do try to get some sleep.”

The request aroused Leigh. His hands dropped to his side and he nervously walked up to Dr. Bell, saying : “ Sleep ? Sleep with the wakeful knowledge of this attempted crime ? My God, man, are you in your right mind ? Sleep with the horror of this attempted crime overhanging me, and the realization that this black-souled woman still exists ? Sleep ? Try to sleep when I know what these rapid heart beats mean to me ? Sleep when I have a mental restlessness that will soon destroy all will power ? Charlie, I feel as if the great struggle is coming. Don’t leave me. I must have some one to talk to, and when I begin to chatter—to talk sense and nonsense—look after me. It is then I become dangerous to myself.”

“ You don’t want a drink now, do you, Leigh ? ”

"Drink? Drink? No, I never want a drink. Does the epileptic want to fall, tremble, clench his hands, bite his tongue and bleeding lips? No, he is unconsciously compelled to do these things."

"Oh, Leigh, it is not as bad as that?"

"Is it not? It is just because there are hundreds of physicians like yourself who cannot see beyond the physical side of life that there are thousands of poor fellows who suffer from psychic epilepsy; those poor fellows who are called 'spreers,' and condemned as unworthy the respect of their more fortunate brothers."

"Let us fight out this attack, Leigh. Will you promise me not to go out of the house or send for liquor?"

"Charlie, how little you understand the disease dipsomania! When these attacks come on, what are promises, oaths, obligations? What is the conception of the self, the recognition of the self as related to his fellow man?"

Dr. Bell nodded in a manner implying ignorance of the questions.

"I'll tell you," said Leigh. "The condition is one mental whirl, a riot of psychic forces automatically displayed by physical actions. In such a condition the most solemn oaths will be taken, sacred promises made, lies told, untruths denied, injurious statements spread broadcast, while not a moment of this insane period is ever given to thoughts of others. You asked me not to go out. Why don't you ask some of your epileptic patients not to fall down when a fit attacks them?"

The two men remained in the library all night, Leigh continually talking and smoking. He had supper served

at midnight, but it was for his friend's enjoyment, Leigh not being able to swallow the smallest morsel. At frequent intervals throughout the night he would go up to the bedroom to see if Oberea still slept. Thus the night passed, and Leigh was glad when daylight approached. Dr. Bell proposed a swim in the river. His friend heartily agreed to the proposition, and both went into the bathhouse on the dock. Leigh's hands trembled so that he found some difficulty in undressing. When he had succeeded, he went out to the end of the spring-board and stood there trembling and hesitating. Always a fine and fearless swimmer, he was now weak and timid. He called to Dr. Bell, and said that he did not have the courage to go into the water, so he quickly returned to the bathhouse, where he had as much difficulty in dressing.

"It is coming on, Charlie," he said sadly. "Let's go up to the house and see Oberea."

She was awake, and seeing Leigh, she at once recognized what the shock had been to him. Those glassy eyes; enlarged, restless pupils; and that sessile tongue told her what was coming.

"Oberea, darling," said Leigh in hurried tones, "can you spare me for a week or so? I mean, are you strong enough to stay here alone?"

She looked anxiously at him, then, turning and hiding her face in the pillow, sobbed mournfully. For a few moments Leigh said nothing; then, as the sighs and sobs came fitfully, he leaned over her and said: "I know what you fear, dear; but I am not going to be carried away this time by the nerve storm. Yes, of

course you see it is approaching," he said, as she convulsively grasped his hands. "I am going with Charlie to isolate myself, to be locked in a room and fight it out alone. Let us see what will be the results of an attack when no liquor is taken."

"But, Leigh, you know——"

"Yes, oh, yes; I realize how sharp and cunning a dipsomaniac is when he is suffering from one of his attacks. He can devise excuses and methods for getting liquor that would never be thought of by ordinary individuals. But, Oberea, I am going to have myself locked in. Yes, I must this time take the most drastic measures."

Oberea put her arms around her husband and kissed him, said she would be content to stay alone under those circumstances, called Mops over to lie beside her in bed, and bidding her husband to hurry away, asked for a farewell kiss as he prepared to leave the room.

Leigh hurried Dr. Bell to the train, as he did not dare trust himself free a minute longer than was necessary. It was only a short journey as far as minutes go, but it was an eternity to the tearing, teasing physical body that enclosed the dual personalities of Leigh Newcomber. He was relieved when they reached the hospital. Trembling, he went at once to a private room, and was there locked in.

For several days he bravely underwent the tortures of the damned. He could not have told how he passed the time.

One night he stood looking out of the iron-barred window of the room in which he had been locked. It

was the third night of his voluntary imprisonment. No one was allowed to enter the room except Dr. Bell and his trusted orderly—even this latter person was not allowed to enter unless accompanied by Dr. Bell. Leigh had made all the arrangements and given these orders himself. He expressly impressed upon his friend's mind the necessity of never yielding to promises, and of ignoring possible blasphemy in pleading or demanding liquor and freedom. Thus far matters had progressed evenly and quietly.

Leigh could not eat, although every little delicacy that Dr. Bell or Oberea could think of was offered him. Nor could he sleep; his nights being spent in walking the floor or in sporadic attempts at reading the veriest trash and talking to the emptiness of the room. He would allow no drug to be given him to produce sleep, realizing that such treatment was no better than to succumb to the pathologic demands for alcohol. He was conscious of the fact that he was erratic in conversation, and that there was an interruption of continuity in his thoughts; but he had no power to correct this condition, and he could not control his tongue or ideas.

The hour was approaching midnight, and Dr. Bell came into the room. Leigh was very glad to see him.

"It is a good thing, Charlie, that this room is on the fifth floor," he said, as Dr. Bell approached the window.

"What do you mean, Leigh? You would certainly not try to get down from this height, even if you could get rid of those iron bars?"

"No, I don't believe I would; but I have seen the time when I would have managed to get liquor up here.

Charlie, what about the blood and other examinations you have made in my case?"

"You are correct regarding your disease, Leigh. Hereafter I shall treat the dipsomaniac as a very ill and unfortunate individual. I am certain now that the disease is due to an autointoxication; to a self-poisoning. Can't you eat?" he asked, as if he wished to avoid further discussion of the medical aspect of the case.

"Not a bite. 'Oh, but I have an appetite; a sick man's appetite, who desires most that which would increase his evil.'"

Leigh was restlessly walking up and down the room. As he finished his quotation, he stopped in front of Dr. Bell and said:

"Isn't it odd how quotations applicable to a man's case come to memory in such a disease as mine? Oh, if you could only understand what my expressionless misery is! Nothing but the hope of cure would enable me to hold out.

"Charlie," he said, as he again began to purposelessly walk about the room, "I realize what I have at stake. This attack is so much better than the old attacks. I mean the way we have handled it gives me hope. With those past attacks I would struggle, but somehow, somehow, could always get liquor. No, you cannot prevent a dipsomaniac or a morphine fiend from getting what he must—he will—have. Shut him up; but nevertheless he will find a way to get the drug. You remember Dr. Brown, how he prided himself on his morphine cures? Well, with all his astuteness and experience,

he was fooled by a young woman. Let me tell it to you, it will quiet me. No, I can't smoke; I have tried it; the cigar drops from my fingers.

"Well, Brown had sent to him a young woman who had been through the ordinary curative channels of the family pastor, family physician, the consultant, travels, 'institutions for the cure of mild cases of nervous diseases,' and hospitals where rigid supervision prevails over these cases. All were useless. She got morphine in devious and unknown ways. Finally, she consented to be locked up in Brown's hospital, and this latter egoist determined to make a reputation by the cure of this well-known case. After entering the room where she was to be confined for two months, she was stripped, and every precaution taken to prevent her keeping morphine concealed on her body. She was then supplied with clothes, every stitch and seam of which had been thoroughly examined. At the end of the month she was still taking morphine, and all the astuteness, vigilance, and watchfulness of Brown and his nurses failed to discover her method of procuring it.

"It was all very simple. She had been accustomed to take the morphine hypodermically, and, like all these chronic cases, was covered with sores and small ulcers. On the day she promised to go to Dr. Brown's hospital and be shut up for two months, she went to a wholesale drug-house and purchased a large quantity of morphine. Her old colored nurse still looked after her in certain ways, as she had from the day the young woman was born, and would implicitly obey her mistress's orders. The old nurse was to continue to laundry her mistress's

clothes. So this young woman slyly gave her the box of morphine and instructed her to dissolve a little of it in water after her silk underwear had been washed and dried. She gave as an explanation the necessity of having the powder applied in this manner to her sore skin. Then the underwear was soaked in the solution, and afterwards, unrinsed, hung up to dry. The water evaporated, leaving the crystals of morphine unseen in the silken meshes of the garments.

“Of course everything that went into the patient’s room, from food to clothes, even every sheet of note-paper, was thoroughly examined, but the white crystals safely passed the careful scrutiny. Then, all it was necessary for the woman to do was to rinse the underwear in a little water, and immediately she had a solution of her nepenthe, which, you can be assured, she swallowed with avidity.”

Leigh had continued walking up and down the floor while talking, not for an instant ceasing his constant movements of gesticulation. His face was flushed, but his hands and feet were cold and moist. He ceased talking, and lay down on the bed as Dr. Bell was about to go, but in five minutes he was in such a cold perspiration and acute wakefulness that his friend could not refuse his pitiable appeals to remain. Leigh rose from the bed and commenced to talk hysterically. That morbid impulse which is the antagonist of judgment, morality, and thought possessed him. His peculiar mental state was noticed by Dr. Bell as the critical hours—for the neurotic—of early morning approached.

The chapel bells were summoning the sisters to early

devotions. Leigh went to the window and looked across the garden and into the hall, at the end of which he could see the open chapel door, and at the farther side of the chapel he beheld the rapt eyes of the devotees fixed upon the carved crucifix above the altar, and upon the tender, suffering features of the sisters' Lord and Bridegroom. These great aids and stimulants to hysteria in the female—the almost nude and deftly-painted wooden and waxen figures, and their suggestiveness to the wooden idols of the savage—brought out all the rabid impulsiveness, the morbid entity of Leigh's nature.

He turned away from the window, angry and excited; and Dr. Bell, noticing his now pale face, tried to distract his attention by suggesting a way to compel Mrs. Newcomber to give an accounting of the estate and thus check Mizpra's control of affairs. Leigh roughly answered that at present he wished to forget all those persons and matters. "I will think and act when I am reasonable, calm, quiet, normal," he said. "Oh, Charlie, the mental agony I now suffer is horrible! I am at odds with everything, and want to quarrel, yet want to be kind. This sight of mental slavery I have just seen," and he pointed to the devotees as they piously filed into the sacred chapel, "arouses bitter thoughts in me. If I could only be indifferent to such conditions; but the sight of individuals bound in an iron coat of ignorance is to me irritating and arousing. It would be better for me if I noticed them not, for these agitations injure me. Any act or thought that disturbs or disarranges our normal attitude; any suggestion sub-

jective or objective, that is teasing and repugnant to our sentiments, æsthetic and moral, is as injurious to our well-being as would be a physical disease which temporarily suspends and disarranges our mental powers. I did not realize when I came here that I would be in the midst of superstitions belonging to the dark ages."

"Leigh, are you just as bitter towards this religion when you are not laboring under the effects of nervous explosions?"

"Yes, and all orthodox religions; only then I control my tongue."

"But don't you make enemies? Are you not misunderstood, and is it not a fact that you gain nothing in the end?"

"All true, except that I do gain something in the end—the personal satisfaction and clear consciousness that I am sincere in my statements and criticisms. I believe what I say, and my belief is my own, not something fastened upon a shackled mind by the selfish desires of others. Now, let me talk upon this subject, it will quiet me; and whether you agree with me or not, you will hear some truths.

"The labors of the thinking man are but too apt to be derided by the unthinking. They are never estimated as they ought to be, and because they aim at the destruction of false and slavish prejudices he provokes the displeasures of the ignorant and tyrannical. The man who toils with a view to benefit his fellow creatures, however ill his success, is surely engaged in that yoke of thralldom by which we are shackled, in

humane and praiseworthy endeavors, and notwithstanding the self-gratification he reaps from such efforts, he is not the less entitled to our applause. Truth, under whatever shape or form, however trodden or trampled upon, is still dignified in herself. She employs no armor, no weapon to protect herself, for she gathers strength even in her weakness. Error only is the bravo we have to fear; sinking beneath the effulgence of her opponent, she sulks in the day and levels her poniard in the dark. But it is not to appearances we should trust; error not uncommonly assumes all the marks of manliness and the dignity of truth; nay, it is ever the interest of man to cover knavery and every species of fraud under the mask of so sacred a title.

"You, Charlie, were always phlegmatic, indifferent. How you can calmly remain here witnessing all the mummeries, delusions, and egregious errors which surround you, and listen to the words of knaves or fanatics, passes my understanding."

"I pay no attention to the religious side of the hospital," answered Dr. Bell.

"That's just the trouble; you calmly stand by and listen to lies and sophistry. I could not do this. The cant of priests and the ignorance of parsons is to me pitiable and irritating. They talk to us of the sacred duties of religion, in order that they may impose on our credulity; and keeping alive a system of degrading tyranny, they have tried to reduce humanity to a more abject state than the brute creation. Would we only think (without attending to the subtle or enthusiastic violence and imposition under the name of church gov-

ernment) from reason and from nature, we would acquire that just estimation of things which pretending revelation and the madness, folly, and wickedness of theologians have obscured from view.

“What can be more humiliating to the dignity and boasted superiority on which man prides himself over the other animals of the earth than telling him this? I say other animals, because he is as much a machine, as weak and insignificant a creature, as the inhabitant of the forest. He talks of his superior reason and the vastness of his wisdom, and yet he permits banditti of the most mercenary and licentious of his species to direct the former, and to riot in all the luxury of life at the expense of the latter. That very reason which was given him in order to teach him virtue, and that he might learn the true value of happiness by unfolding the unalterable relation which nature has ordained that all things should bear to one another, he has disregarded, he has prostituted, and vilely abandoned the richest gift of nature to base and degrading pusillanimity. That wisdom, too, which should flow from the right exercise of what he has so dastardly abandoned, and which should constitute that virtue he claims and that sovereignty he presumes to arrogate, he no longer enjoys.

“There would be some palliation, indeed, for his inconsideration if the consequences of such dereliction did not entail perpetual misery upon his posterity. We are all of us but too sensible of the force of early impressions, and under a system of education which implants nothing but the basest prejudices in the juvenile mind, what a cipher of man have we to expect! The

nature of man is to be communicative, and the tales of superstition he acquires in the nursery, surviving the judgment of riper years, he in his turn depicts in all the terrible colors of his fancy, a multiplied tale of ghosts, hobgoblins, and all the array of visionary nonsense and absurdity; so it is vain to look forward to a dissolution of this nonsense till the world shall experience a total revolution of opinion.

“Religion necessarily occupies a material portion of our education. Her principles are among the first inculcated, and since early impressions sustain their hold so strongly in the preservation of prejudice, to her may be traced the source of the principal calamities of mankind.

“Religious opinions are either true or they are false; both have their attendant inconveniences. That which is false cannot be durable, and its transitory existence is productive of imaginary good. That which is true is difficult to prove, which, by the way, is rather paradoxical; it is evident, however, that clearing the mind from the trash and rubbish that infest it is essential to the solution of an axiom which habit teaches us to disprove.”

“Leigh, you talk like an ancient philosopher. Where did you read all that mediæval philosophy?”

“Oh, I don’t know; somewhere, I suppose. This is an interesting phenomenon occurring in such a mental state as I am at present in. At such times there is a subconscious awakening of past study, or thoughts, or reasoning; all, however, agreeing with our thoughts when governed by normal mental action, although undoubtedly expressed in less logical terms, or else eman-

ating from a hazy and translucent memory of some past persecution. This psychic hint of a former life or lives is one you would not appreciate, Charlie. There go again those slave-driving bells. These indications of superstition are pitiable," and Leigh pointed with his trembling hand to the slow, dignified column of nuns and novices as they went to their matutinal devotions.

CHAPTER X

Three weeks Leigh remained suffering in his room at the hospital. His mental and physical life during this period was carefully studied and noted by himself during such intervals as were comparatively free from mental instability. Dr. Bell became interested, also his associates in the hospital, and keen were the laboratory workers in following up the suggestions of their anxious patient. All realized that a scientific study of dipsomania by a trained scientist who had his sentient feelings and experience for clinical data was now going forward. Thus far indifference had given way to interest, and interest was now fast succumbing to enthusiasm and belief. Former opinions regarding the viciousness of the periodic inebriate were now seen to have been prejudice. What men call opinion is very often that.

Leigh was fighting a battle for himself. He was making an epoch study in medicine. His physical system had received no alcohol—no stimulant in any form—yet for weeks he had been physically ill and mentally erratic. He could not control his higher thoughts sufficiently to read the daily papers; sentences and headlines being uncorrelated, incongruous. The subconscious mind was always intruding upon the conscious,

and ideas were hazy and disconnected, like the half reality of some dreams.

He was a pitiful sufferer; melancholic at times, at other moments exceedingly witty, while in conversation the mere suggestion of love or affection in animals would bring tears. He knew that the condition, the symptoms, resembled a form of insanity. His horrible restlessness, frightful introspection, morbid fear of self, and the imagined suspicion of others were recognized by the true self, but, nevertheless, these awful feelings were uncontrollable. These uncontrollable fears are the impelling forces of the dipsomaniac—the potential that drives with irresistible energy the brain-poisoned individual from the fireside to the gutter.

The ravings of the typhoid-poisoned patient, the insanities and suicidal tendencies of the poisoned woman in puerperal fever, or the mental palsy of the man intoxicated with the toxins of certain bacteria, are no longer to be separated from the effects of toxins which accumulate in the faulty system of the neurotic, and which are demonstrated by a periodical insanity—the disease dipsomania. This physiologic phenomenon is the baneful result of some careless, thoughtless, or sinful waste of nervous energy on the part of our ancestors. Were parents and grandparents as thoughtful of their children's physical wealth as they are of their worldly wealth, many a genius might have lived to enrich the nation with his powers, and many a wretched home turned into a happy one.

Numberless Americans who are descendants of several generations in this country are unfortunate. They

are the victims of the disturbed physiologic rhythms of one or both parents or grandparents. There is little left to them of a strong, virile force. They are, perforce, compelled to resort to stimulants to temporarily pass over periods of mental restlessness and physical discomforts. When they have been unable to throw off the normal poisons of the body, the disturbed nerve-cells shriek for artificial stimulants for relief, and from relief the conditions soon demand a habit; and what could have been at first physiologically adjusted becomes a psychic and somatic wreck, wallowing between the banks of drug empiricism on one side and disheartened and pessimistic periods of perversity on the other.

It was late in the night when Leigh and Dr. Bell walked down the winding stairway leading from Leigh's room to the end of the main hall of the hospital. Out of the hall, thence on to the grounds in the rear of the buildings, the two men strolled. Leigh's limbs trembled and his gait was uncertain. One or two painted iron statues of the Virgin and the patron saint of the hospital showed their dull white outlines as Leigh lighted a match to try a cigar for the first time in three weeks.

The two friends seated themselves on a bench covered by a rustic arbor. A few sisters noiselessly and slowly passed now and then along the pebbly paths. Through the iron bars of the windows of the hospital basement came the cries and curses of recently arrived drunkards and the moanings of delirious inebriates. The old Irish orderly of the ward could be heard in his oleaginous brogue, bandying jokes and witty repartee with many of his patients. Some of these patients had

been, at intervals, under his sobering-up process for years, and many a man who would be dangerous and troublesome in a strange place and to strange keepers was mild and childlike when Martin threatened, scolded, or argued. He was like a father to them, and could tell almost to a day when to expect a return of his old cases. He would have a room and medicine ready for his regular guests, and fretted and worried should a "Regular" fail to arrive on the expected day. Such an idea as that his cases could be brought out of a diseased state and be made normal men never entered his head. If any such thoughts were possessed by those in charge of the institution, they were never allowed expression. Periodical sobering up meant financial success; cure, financial failure. Leigh looked upon this attitude as criminal, and so expressed himself to his companion. Dr. Bell replied by saying that the class of patients which came there did not care to cease these regular or occasional sprees.

"And you call this religion, Charlie?"

"That country is yet unexplored where religion has been capable of arresting the progress of drunkenness," replied his friend.

"True; and that religion has yet to be obtained whose purity and simplicity removes its ministers from suspicion of guilt. That crime has yet to be portrayed whose atrocity is beyond the commission of the missionaries of religion. Self-interest is the governing principal of mankind. If there is any exception, it is to be found among the scientists—the true scientists—not the horde of pseudo scientists or men masking

under the guise of philanthropists, and blatantly following some of the advanced views of theology to catch the gold and applause of the restless masses. Such individuals are bastard scientists attached to a bastard religion. Their contributions to science and religion are nugatory. The untrained theologians and notoriety seeking alleged scientists are opitulates for the prostitution of thought, and aids to unhappiness. The modern theological disputes would be amusing were they not humiliating. Yet they show a tendency for mental freedom, and even for these efforts we should give thanks. Orthodox religion is a badge of superstition; and superstition brings unhappiness."

"Leigh, go to bed. I don't like to hear you talk like this."

"I am glad you don't. It shows me that I am schooling you to see matters in a different light. You have made a compromise between religion and science by claiming to be an Unitarian. That was the best Harvard could do for you."

"But you know some of our best thinkers have sought to prove that there is no conflict between science and religion."

"Yes, that is a good concession. It will not be long before there will be no religion; nothing but science and sense will prevail. The true scientist is the true Christian, in the broad sense of the term. I should say, rather, he is a good man, for the other term implies uncertainty and mysticism—conditions antagonistic to the tenets of the scientist and repugnant to his feelings. It is the millions of men and women and the innocent

little children who are under a despotic sway of ignorance and superstition that proves to me our yet primitive state of mental growth. The masses are in a continual state of fear. They are no better off than was primeval man."

"Then you believe that man to be mentally free must be religiously free?"

"Yes. Once removed from the trammels of prejudice, we cease to fear the objects that surround us. Even that God whom habit and superstition have inured the masses to regard with dismay would no longer wear a terrible expression. Future rewards and future punishments are schemes of retributive justice ascribed to the Almighty; but whether in reality it composes a part of the divine code of jurisprudence we have no legal testimony to establish. This idea has, at all events, afforded a rich harvest to the Church. It is a doctrine admirably calculated to operate upon the weak intellects of the ignorant and the credulous; and the insidious priesthood, equally skilled in the science, as sensible of the value of the profession, prolong a subjugation essential to the power, the riches, the grandeur, aye, the galaxy of ecclesiastical domination. Perceiving man was a greater slave to him from whom he had most to fear, and from whom he had most to hope, they discovered that the proper instrument for ruling him was his passions. We are purely physical beings; moral only as relating to particular modes of action and from particular organization. Every impulse to action is physical, let him will what he pleases; let him act how he will, the consequences are from the same source;

they are the necessary results of his own essence and of things that acted on him. When the senses convey to us knowledge of the cause which directs a particular act, we behold the physical man. The moral man acts by physical causes which his prejudices hide from his view."

"Well, Leigh, you have talked enough to-night. You've been repeating a lot of ancient stuff. Come down to originality—to your studies. How about the future with yourself?"

"I feel certain, Charlie, that I am on the right tack—or working hypothesis would sound better under the circumstances—of preventing these self-destroying attacks. Of course, I shall have to hourly and daily watch over that period of life which, with the man as with the woman, is a critical time as far as his nervous system is concerned—which, in reality, means the whole physical and mental system—and govern myself accordingly. We would have fewer "break downs" of men in middle life if this matter was thoroughly understood."

Thus conversing, the two men passed around the end of the alcoholics' ward of the hospital.

The night was moonless, but bright stars produced sufficient light for the two physicians to discern a nondescript figure moving along close to the walls of the building. The two men hid behind a tree, and Dr. Bell whispered to Leigh to keep still and watch the figure. This looked like a big dog or calf as it moved silently along, now and then stopping as if to listen. It reached the last basement window, waited a moment,

then gave a cat call, low, but repeated several times. A hand reached out through the bars just as a rope was being lowered from the window on the next floor directly above. The two doctors moved quietly to the shadow of another tree, and this position brought them near the moving figure. The sight they saw started both laughing, though silently. What had looked like a calf was seen to be a bareheaded man, shoeless and stockingless, apparently unclothed except for a huge blanket thrown around him and tied at the waist with a cord. He was shivering, either from cold, excitement, or the need of alcohol.

“Wait, Mac,” whispered the man in the blanket to the owner of the outstretched arm. Wait, d—— it, till I get up. We’ll put some in my tooth-paste bottle and lower it to you.”

“For God’s sake, old man, do! My God! Martin never shut me off like this before.”

“Sh! keep quiet. Sister Cornelia will hear you. You want to be able to come back here again some other time, don’t you?”

“Oh, those are only bluffs. My twenty-five dollars a week won’t be refused.”

The rope was now swinging around the man’s head, and the shivering figure placed a bare foot on the outstretched hand and attempted to climb the rope. He was too weak. The two watchers saw that his nervous force was not sufficient. Twice he fell, and each time the man behind the bars asked: “Did you break the bottle?”

“Shut up, you doddering idiot! Wait, fellows,” to

the men in the upper window, "until I get the rope around my waist; then pull."

"Send the bottle up first," replied a husky voice from the upper window.

"What do you think I went three miles in this freak make-up for? When I go up, the bottle goes up with me, and not before. Do you think I don't know how much of the stuff I'd get if I let you fellows get a hold of it?"

He finally got the rope tied around his waist, and was slowly raised to the window sill. As he reached the latter point of safety, he was grasped by two strong arms, and the voice of Martin the orderly shouted:

"Sister Cornalia mished the blanket. It's the last toime any thafe returns to this hospital." And with these remarks he roughly pulled his unlucky captive through the window.

"For God's sake, Martin, give me a drink!" piteously appealed his captive.

"Not wan. Ye can walk two miles to McMullin's and return; ye can go to-night without a drink. I nade this fur Mister Brush, benathe ye. The poor divil's been howling all night. Do ye know Mister Brush? He has the room below ye. A foine man that; he niver stales the sisters' blankets to go injuning with."

"You don't give him a chance, Martin. He's locked up."

"So will ye be, me darlint, in the morning. No, ye don't! Martin will take care of this, Mister Lord. What is it? McMullin's worst?"

THE PERVERTS 161

"No matter what it is. Just one, please, Martin," and with this appeal the watchers heard the door shut.

The two friends, knowing the comedy was over, walked to the main entrance of the hospital and entered the hall. The hard wooden floors shone brightly. They were polished to a high degree, and not a speck of dust or dirt could be seen in the remotest corners of the place. A few quiet and subdued murmurs were heard in a room at the end of the corridor. They sounded strange in a place where the stillness was so impressive that one involuntarily tiptoed as he passed along the hall. Felt-slippered sisters moved about noiselessly; some going to their religious devotions, others preparing drugs in the apothecary shop, while others were performing their allotted duties in the wards. Through the open windows of the reception-rooms came the sound of the convent bell as it summoned novices to their devotions."

"Listen, Charlie," said Leigh. "That bell tolls the coming of hysteria."

"De justis causis permittendi motus sensualitatis," whispered Dr. Bell, in a meaning tone.

"It is fortunate, Charlie, that you have a happy, indifferent mental attitude. I could not remain in the sight and hearing of these ecclesiastical ceremonies without showing those around me that such conditions were necessary to produce fear in the ignorant, and this fear was the chains which shackled the victims' minds. This state of awe and mental slavery is the soil upon which grow hysteria and multiple manias. No, Charlie, I am restless and irritable in such surroundings. I can

apply St. Paul's question to the Corinthians—although with a different meaning—to myself: ‘What fellowship has light with darkness?’ ”

“Absolvo te,” said Dr. Bell.

“Then you do agree with me?” asked Leigh.

Dr. Bell bowed to his questioner; but, as he was about to reply, the Sister Superior noiselessly approached him, and with head partly bowed, but with uplifted eyelids, said:

“We did not mean to disturb you, Dr. Bell, but in Number Sixteen there is a case which I think you should see.”

“Is it a new case, Sister?”

“She is a lay sister, Doctor.”

“How long has she been here?”

“Three weeks.”

“Under treatment?”

“No, sir.”

“What is the trouble now?”

“She has been restless for two or three days; and to-night she is hysterical, uncontrollable, and has refused food all day.”

“Have you her history?”

“She came here with a letter from Father Murphy, who said she had been under his instruction, and desired to devote her life to the Church. She has been an assistant nurse in the female ward, and at every Mass she has been consistent, though erratic, in her devotions. She prays and curses, curses and prays. Will you see her? We can't control her.”

"Let's go and see her," said Leigh. "Is she in the ward?"

"No," replied the sister. "She pays for a private room."

The two physicians followed the Sister Superior up one flight of stairs, then down the corridor, at the end of which was the room where the patient was confined.

The room was small, though ample, containing an iron bed and washstand. Clean walls, and polished floors upon which domestic rugs were laid, were unrelieved by any drapery. Spotless linen on the bed, and an atmosphere of cleanliness, orderliness, and quietness were noticeable. A sister, wakeful and quiet, sat at the end of the room. With a respectful attitude, she rose and stood at the head of the bed while the physicians examined the patient.

The ill woman was sitting in the middle of the bed, with her body and head slightly inclined, but rigid and tense. She was silent, but kept constantly waving her hands in front of her body and over her head. Her eyes were wide open, the pupils dilated, and the balls glaringly dull, and of a hard, deadly white appearance. Her hair was a dirty brown color, and hung unkempt down her back and around her shoulders. She was careless in her actions, and regardless of her visitors, resenting any action of the nurse to cover up her naked limbs or to keep her from exposing her lean, attenuated body. All the time her look was steadily fixed upon a little crucifix fastened on the wall above the foot of the small bed. Her lips moved continually, but not a sound was uttered. The

stare was fixed, determined. It was not the drowsy, hazy, sleepy stare of the dement or the alcoholic, but the unconscious fixedness of the hysteric.

Leigh took Dr. Bell aside and whispered to him.

“Can you stand the strain?” asked the latter.

“I could not ask for a better opportunity,” replied Leigh.

Dr. Bell nodded assent, then went over to the two sisters.

“Dr. Newcomber will take charge of this case to-night, Sister. It is a case of hysteria. Dr. Newcomber knows more about such cases than I do. He will have complete charge of the treatment. Good-night, Leigh,” and with this Dr. Bell and the Sister Superior left the room.

Leigh turned to look at the enraptured woman in bed. She ceased looking at the idol on the wall and turned her face fiercely, almost ferociously, towards him.

“You here? You drunken priest!” she shouted. “Sister, this confessor is not a man.” Then she called him to her, and when he reached her side, she whispered to him:

“Did Father Murphy send you to me?” Then, in a second, her whole attitude changed. She fiercely clutched Leigh’s arms and shouted: “See, see! Look at him on the wall! I mean the naked man. Are you saved? To h—— with all religion! Oh, Mother of Mercies, save me!” She now raised herself, and in a loud, ringing, almost a shrieking voice, she shouted, pointing to the crucifix, “C’est l’image du Christ qui est le signal de ces horribles devastations.” The sister

crossed herself, noiselessly came over to Leigh, and whispered to him if she should get a hypodermic syringe ready.

"No," said the latter rather curtly; "drugs are of little value in these cases."

"She will arouse the patients on this floor," suggested the nurse.

The wan patient had now returned to her former position on the bed. She began singing to herself. The intense emotional excitement had given way to a self-assertive attitude.

"I know what you want," she said, with her head turned from Leigh. "Sister, I am going to another room," and she sprang out of the bed and started for the door. Leigh caught her, and, lifting her in his arms, laid her, shrieking, upon the bed. She then uttered a string of filthy pornographic oaths that would have put Emulphus to shame. The nurse fled the room.

Leigh looked at the patient and listened to her, interested, attracted. Her ferocity and blasphemy now changed to an attitude of devotion as she again faced the crucifix. A silence fell upon the room, and the nurse returned, making the sign of the cross as she opened the door. She took her place at the head of the bed, where she stood calm, silent. The hysteric turned to Leigh with scorn and disgust markedly depicted upon her mobile features as she said to him: "Go away! What right have you here? Go, I tell you. Go! go! go!" She started to rise, but the gentle touch of the sister calmed her. Her eyes were again turned to the crucifix; and after a fixed gaze, lasting for but a moment,

she began to intone the "Veni, Creator, Spiritus." This lasted for a few moments, when she began a rapid swaying movement of her body and arms. Faster, faster rolled her body, accompanied by the rotating head. Her arms were thrown about vigorously, vehemently, until the nurse found it impossible to keep the clothing around her, and she soon became a tangle of wildly-tossed limbs, quivering sinews, and matted hair. Her skin looked cold, flabby, and wrinkled; her neck and limbs showed a slovenly nature. She shouted maledictions upon all, praises to none, and exhibited herself with all the abandon and salaciousness of a wanton. The excitement reached a fury that became fascinating, absorbing. Filthy curses were now tumbled over sublime prayers, followed by tears that left white furrows on the unwashed face. The violence of the nervous storm slowly diminished until it reached the steady, continuous argumentative stage of the hysteric. The patient now seemed to be oblivious to her surroundings, to her listeners. She would ask questions of the air; of imaginary persons. When not using an illusionary telephone for auricular confession, she would argue for the Church or, if agreed with, against it. Far into the morning hours she poured forth a torrent of words, sentences, and arguments. The emotional side of her nature was aflame; she was being ruled by fanaticism engrafted on pregnant soil. At last she appeared exhausted and sank down on the pillow. Leigh turned to the sister and said:

"Give her daily a warm bath, and in the mornings a cold shower. Have her leave these surroundings

as soon as possible—as soon as you make the body clean. The environments of *jejeune* and ascetic pietism are not for such as she. They lead to the madhouse. Religion in many neurotic women, is almost as great a factor in the causation of insanity as alcohol. Religious enthusiasm is often only a mild mania. With you, Sister, it is different. You never had doubts; never will have. Religion and its attendant ceremonies have been a growth from infancy with you. It is different with this woman. With her unbalanced mentality the outward forms of your church appeal to her emotions. She has become wrapped up in the fascinating maze of rogatory stichomaney, impanation, and thurification. This farrago of conditions could not produce any other emotions but just what we have seen. I think you understand me?”

“Yes, Doctor, I think I do. I’ve seen many like her, but none so furious or blasphemous.”

The patient was now quiet, apparently sleeping. The door opened, and a sister entered to relieve the one who had been watching through the night. Leigh regretted the change, for he saw superstition and ignorance stamped on the face of the new nurse. She was undoubtedly of Italian birth.

• The room had become close and warm, so Leigh opened the window and sat down to write his notes. Just then from the convent came the low tones of the organ and the pleasing notes of the harp as they accompanied the well-trained voices of the novices. The sister, intoning, rose, crossing herself. Leigh was about to tell her to sit down and keep quiet, when the

woman in bed slowly raised herself to an attitude of devotion, and remained fixed, rigid, voiceless, but with ever-moving lips. The music ceased, but still could be heard the voice of the priest. The patient closed her eyes and remained quiet. Leigh hoped the attack had passed. It was only slumbering. Suddenly through the open windows came the powerful music, strong, delightful. Organ, harp, and the pure voices of the innocent sounded clear, penetrating. A pause, during which the controlled intonations of the priest were distinctly heard. The nurse fell upon her knees; she seemed to follow the service. "Receive ye the yoke of the Lord, for His yoke is sweet and His burden is light," she murmured. Leigh knew that there was no stopping her during these awful moments. The Church was taking a bride. The sister continued to follow the distant, sonorous voice. "The mission of the three vows of religion is given to God. By the vow of poverty all that she may hereafter inherit is surrendered, so that she may not possess ownership or independent use of anything. By chastity the body is sacrificed."

"You hear? You hear? Do you hear? I shall also be His bride," fiercely shrieked the unfortunate woman in bed.

She had received her stimulant. The sublime ceremony had again aroused the smoldering, fitful, passionate emotion of the hysteric. These emotions grasped her inhibitory powers, held them fast, clutched, hidden, and trampled upon, and again wide opened the gates for the hysterical octopus to coil, wind, and sinuously envelope the psychic life of the unstable victim. The

nurse remained in her devotional attitude. Rapture of tenderness, infatuation, revolt, relapse, and agonized stupor passed over the patient. When the singing voices ceased, her morbid entity gave way to hellish fury, fiendish appearance, and a holocaust of anathemas. The nurse, aroused from her trance, pale and trembling, said:

“She is possessed of the devil; he must be driven out. I’ll call Father Hennessy,” and before Leigh could stop her she had left the room. The patient had fallen back on the bed. She was unconscious. The catalepsy had seized her at the moment fierce hatred possessed her.

CHAPTER XI

It was a happy family that sat down to dinner the evening of Leigh's return home. Oberea was exceedingly interested in hearing of her husband's struggle with his other self, and fully appreciated his efforts and intense determination. Another woman might have taken the explanation of his conduct and of his attempts to prevent a spree as specious; or, at least, listened to the arguments with indifference and hopelessness.

Oberea possessed that highest of virtues—reasonableness. This virtue is seldom found in women, but when found, the discoverer has a priceless jewel. It was because Oberea looked at matters as they were, not as they ought to be, that she was remarkable. She had no early false impressions to govern her. She was a mental and physical companion for her husband. Her religion was reasonableness in all things, ever faith in her husband. Most women would have little cause to lose faith in their husbands if they followed this rule. Too many expect their husbands to believe as they do, and for the sake of peace many men become pretenders.

The greater predominance of religion among women is due to their more superstitious natures and inability to yield faith to reason. Women are too often the victims of early religious training and education. They are, as girls, brought up in a school of prejudice which

lasts throughout life. The strong, healthy male thinks for himself. "Religions are many; reason is one."

When Leigh arrived home, he looked thin, haggard, pale. His appearance was that of an ill man, though his actions were controllable and his speech calm. Oberea judged more of his real condition by these signs than by his physical appearance. She knew better than to talk about his experience of the past weeks, as she realized that when he had anything to say about himself it would be told voluntarily. Leigh recognized his better physical condition; for he returned to his work with increased interest and mental aptitude. That last night he spent at St. Agnes' Hospital was impressed upon his memory in such a vivid manner as to often arise in his occupied mind. He told Oberea nothing of the scene, as he did not wish to convey unpleasant facts to her, and did not wish to give her unnecessary worry. At times he thought that there was reason why he should tell all, then again he argued that it would take an experienced psychiatrist to absorb the full significance of what he had witnessed and the lesson it taught.

Oberea was worried and anxious to know what safeguard her husband would take against the criminal determination of Mizpra. She had little knowledge of the obsession that imperatively forced Mizpra to carry out her morbid designs; but she felt, and was certain, that the woman would never cease to plot, scheme, and act until misery and death entered Leigh's happy home. Daily, hourly she wished to speak to her husband concerning this matter; but he seemed so quiet, so occupied, that Oberea feared to disturb this mental condition.

She never thought for a moment that Mizpra's hellish designs were forgotten; rather, she felt that some momentous action was about to take place. Such were Oberea's thoughts one day while waiting for Leigh to return home from work—work in which he was now deeply interested. The doorbell rang, and the servant brought up a card. Oberea read, "Rev. John Bald." "Oh, dear, I have forgotten to tell Leigh," she sighed. "Mary, show the gentleman into the parlor; say I will be down presently," and she turned to the window to see if her husband was coming. Fortunately he saw her at the window, and understood her signs to come to her room at once.

"Leigh, I forgot to tell you this gentleman"—handing him the card—"called while you were away. He says he is interested in church work in the hospitals, and, having heard of you, wishes to meet you. Leigh, I don't like him. There is something about him repulsive to me. I don't know what it is; but I don't trust him. Now be careful what you say, won't you, Leigh?"

He kissed his wife and went down to the library.

"Dr. Newcomber?" said the Reverend Bald, as Leigh entered the room. Leigh nodded in affirmation; and before he could say a word of greeting his visitor said:

"I am more than pleased to meet you. I have heard your pæans shouted from the housetops, and have been anxious to meet such a well-known man."

Leigh said something about being equally glad to welcome anyone who is devoting his time to the comforting of unfortunates in hospitals. His tongue auto-

matically spoke, but Leigh's mind was otherwise acting. His first mental expression was that his visitor was a cad, and either an ignorant man or a hypocrite. He could easily solve the latter question by acquaintance, and this decided him to flatter and tolerate the cad while examining the man.

Leigh had by this time recognized his impulsiveness and prejudice along certain lines, and now guarded himself from judging men's motives too hastily. Oberea had taught him to see many of his faults.

"You are making quite a reputation in your line, Dr. Newcomber," said the Rev. James Bald.

"Thanks, sir. I am much interested in the cause of disease and its concomitant miseries. Won't you sit down, Mr. Bald?" Both being seated, the minister said:

"The cause, I fear, is beyond us. Sin brings the majority to the hospitals, I find."

"Well, it depends upon what you call sin," answered Leigh. "A husband who neglects his wife, who leaves her hungry and homeless, alone and friendless, will be able to trace her from brothel to hospital. The sin here was committed by the man. It was physical necessity that drove the woman to the path which terminates in the hospital. She has only committed a physical sin, the man a moral sin. You say you are interested in the comforts of the poor in the hospitals. Well, this may sound a little harsh in your ears, but the best way to help promote happiness in this world is to take off those insignia of religion you are wearing, throw away your psalters and text-books of creed, and study the real cause of sin, which is unhealth. When you stand before the

altar in all your horrid assumption of chastity and righteousness and pronounce the solemn rites of marriage over a young girl just blooming with health and its attributes to a senile *roue* or a feeble and old man, you are committing one of the worst crimes or sins the world is troubled with. You are tempting this young woman to commit adultery; and as soon as her smoldering physical fire is fanned by this cruel mating, it is as certain to be fed by active physical fuel as it is certain that the woman will live. Adultery leads to the brothel, and the brothel to the hospital. That you are ignorant of such truths I can scarcely believe."

"Well, now, you see, Dr. Newcomber, it scarcely falls under the domain of the preacher to be a teacher of physiology. In fact, we must abstain from such inquiry."

"There is the trouble," replied Leigh. "It is surely a strange and anomalous species of existence where a man's days are spent in study with this condition annexed, that he must abstain from inquiry. Mr. Bald, will you stay and have lunch with us?"

"Many thanks. I should be pleased to do so, if it would not be inconvenient to Mrs. Newcomber."

At the table Leigh carefully and skillfully studied his guest. The latter had evidently become interested in the trend the conversation had taken, and had dropped some of his ecclesiastical pedantism.

"Then you would have ministers made physicians?" questioned Mr. Bald.

"No; but I should like to see them realize that moral life is based upon good health. You know that we physi-

cians report cases of tuberculosis—consumption—to the Health Department as a contagious disease. While we are down at the Health Office performing our duty to mankind, you are, perhaps, in the chancel, uniting a consumptive man to a young woman whose father is an alcoholic, and whose mother is a sexual neuropath. Then the church organ peals forth its inorganic joys, septic prayers are offered, and you invoke a blessing upon the children to come. They come, and we poor devils of agnostics and scientific believers work night and day to relieve them from purely physical suffering and—more often—vicious tendencies and uncontrollable pathologic demands for alcohol or morphine. These cursed conditions have been placed upon the earth by your assistance, your connivance, and your ignorance of biologic and physiologic laws. You see, from my view point, the ignorant have placed the Church in the sinful and perilous position of arbiter of human knowledge when they really call for a gathering mob to listen to inhuman knowledge and witness wrong and debasing practices. No so-called barbarous race would allow such human sacrifices as the Christian church offers up daily.”

“Leigh, Leigh, don’t talk like that. You will offend Mr. Bald,” and Oberea shook her head, indicating that she thought her husband had said enough.

“Quite the contrary,” replied their guest, “I assure you your husband’s statements are intensely interesting and new to me, though, of course, one sided.”

“I know, Mr. Bald; but when my husband gets talking on his hobby, he doesn’t know when to stop,” said Oberea.

Leigh laughed.

"Perhaps, then," he said, "I had better avoid any reference to the ideas of modern scientists. Let us go back to ancient times. Mr. Bald may turn to his classics for a text. I believe it was Aristotle who taught that no child should be permitted to be born alive whose mother was more than forty or whose father was more than fifty years of age." Oberea looked up to her husband with an expression which the latter interpreted as meaning, "You've said enough; be careful."

"Non vitæ sed scholæ decimus," replied Mr. Bald.

"Yes," answered Leigh. "The more we learn the more we dispute; but the disputation is friendly, and its motives reciprocal information."

"Dr. Newcomber, you have unjustly accused the Church of being negligent in keeping abreast with sociologic and physiologic problems. I beg to differ from you, for I think that our progressive churchmen are realizing that we must understand Nature and her laws better before we can pretend to teach. Ministers are no better nor worse than their fellow men. We are all controlled by the same physical laws. Unfortunately, the investigating clergyman with biologic preferences is apt to be ostracized." He was about to say more, but checked his speech rather abruptly.

"I admit," said Leigh, "a great improvement in the younger generation of preachers as far as acknowledging vital facts heretofore suppressed or unrecognized. The great fault is that their early training has not been along lines that fit them to judge between science and pseudo science. The literature of to-day is rich in facts

necessary to know if we desire to live healthy and moral lives and give health and happiness to those who come after us. Preaching or punishment will not stop intemperance; but if we start the child in life endowed with a perfect nervous organization and are careful of its environments, the temperance question will cease to be."

"It is difficult, as you say," replied the minister, "for a clergyman to be a judge of what books to read, or what books to allow to be read in the family."

"I begin to suspect, Mr. Bald, that you have already had these thoughts in your mind, but have not heretofore been allowed to express them."

"No, not exactly that; but of course I see that the trend of modern thought is to know more about ourselves than was formerly the custom, and I am often asked what books to recommend to mothers and daughters—especially to the latter, as they have more or less of a smattering of scientific matters."

"A difficult task," said Leigh. "The number of books now being published appertaining to the fixed principle of life, sexual activity, and to the perplexing and ever-disturbing religious problems as related to that life, is increasing rapidly. Such works were formerly written by pseudo scientists, immature philosophers, that victim of atavism the viragint, or by the subconscious erotic clergyman whose encapsulated knowledge of the true cosmos was generally derived from the seventh chapter of Revelation. Books emanating from such sources had no interest for the pure minded, no attraction for the scientist. Such books

did harm. They surreptitiously circulated among females whose memory of a past nubility was hazy, translucent. They were read by untrained minds whose possessors posed as thinkers and brave, bold atheists. These books appealed to morbid tastes, weak intellects, and a class which is best described as fleshly, irritable, and suffering from mental indigestion. Medical men—thinking medical men—having realized the vast intellectual improvements of the present generation, are placing before the intelligent man and woman books whose motives are pure and whose text is scientific. Such books are not written for the morbid, and, while stating nothing new, the education of the present mother and father is such that physiologic facts and ethical questions can be placed before them in the language of the scientist and with the meaning of a physician.”

“Is it not the duty of the physician to instruct his patients in these matters?”

“Theoretically, yes; but the busy specialist seldom comes in close enough touch with the family to be able to act as a mentor. Again, many people would resent any voluntary advice, considering it a reflection on their knowledge. It is odd, nevertheless a fact, that most persons do not like to be told what they ought to know; they prefer to be told what they ought not to know. I must also admit that there are many physicians who are not competent to instruct patients on certain vital subjects. I refer to the psychic side of life.

“There is more for the physician to study than anatomy and fevers, and fortunately this fact is now

being recognized. The psychic side of life is the controlling one. It governs morality and controls ethics; it is normal or pathological. It is with the latter condition that physicians should be familiar.

"There are some physicians who wilfully ignore all works dealing with pathologic conditions of the psychic centers, while grasping with avidity all books describing the miseries of gross physical disease and pathological states of somatic entities. Unfortunate it is that such men consider themselves educated physicians when, in truth, they are simple individuals with frigid, pedantic notions. They are followers of old Prior, who sang:

"The plainest man alive may tell ye
The seat of empire is the belly."

Oberea broke into the conversation, evidently to check her husband.

"Do you remain long in the city, Mr. Bald?" she asked.

"It is difficult for me to say. I shall spend some time visiting the unfortunates in the hospitals, and, with the assistance of your husband, I hope to visit the insane asylums."

"The words 'insanity' and 'insane,'" said Leigh, "should disappear from our scientific vernacular, as they carry with them an atmosphere of mediæval superstition and prejudice. There should be no distinction drawn between a person ill with typhoid fever, consumption, or any other physical disease and one ill from disease of the brain; it is only a difference of the organ affected."

When Mr. Bald rose to go, he hesitated, as if wishing to express some idea or thought that was troubling him. Both Leigh and his wife noticed his self-restraint, it was so marked. He expressed himself delighted with his short visit, and remarked that he would call again in a few days.

"I surmise," he said, as he stood in the doorway, "that your husband seldom gets away to the city for a little recreation. That is not right; he should have a little outing now and then. You know the old adage about the bow that was never unbent?"

"I think Dr. Newcomber prefers his home and books, Mr. Bald," replied Oberea, and he might have noticed a tone of rebuke in her words, as well as actions, had not Leigh abruptly broken in with:

"I find excitement and recreation in my work here. We have few dull moments at this place."

"True," replied Bald, with eyes turned to the floor. "I had almost forgotten that it is only the dull man who finds the world dull," and lifting his hat he walked away.

Leigh placed his arm gently around Oberea as they entered the library, saying: "Whew! but I'm tired talking to that fellow."

"Why did you do so much talking? You say too much at times, Leigh."

"Perhaps so, from your point of view; but I have found that you can judge a man's character by his powers of attention—I refer to his mental powers—better than you can by letting him mislead you by his conversation."

“ Well, Leigh, what do you think of him? ”

“ He is no fool, and not a born cad. He certainly is a hypocrite. He is living by his wits. He is an ecclesiastical bunco steerer.”

“ Don’t have anything to do with him, Leigh. Promise me you will not. He will do you no good.”

“ Why, what is the matter? Are you worried, Oberea? ”

“ Yes, frightfully worried. I have been nervous and restless ever since that whistle came. Poor, dear little Mops! Just think of our narrow escape. I lie awake nights thinking what is coming next. You know your sister will not cease her criminal acts until she has done us some harm.”

“ Yes, fortunately I recognize the morbid condition of her mind, her curse of inheritance. Don’t blame her; she is not morally responsible.”

“ I know, I know. You have explained this over and over again; but that does not relieve my fears, it only increases them. Oh, Leigh! ” and Oberea came over to him, white and trembling, and laid her head on his shoulder, placing her arms around his neck. “ What are you going to do? This worry is killing me. I don’t dare sleep; I can’t sleep. I never let Mops out of my sight night or day. Oh, if I could get some rest! ” and she burst into long, straining sobs. Her husband carried her to the sofa, kissed her gently, and taking hold of her little hand talked slowly and lowly to her. It had the desired effect, for she became calm and quiet.

“ Oberea, darling, you must go away with Mops and

get a long rest. You must go away to new scenes, and your whereabouts must be unknown except to me. The matter is very serious, because, should you continue much longer under this strain, you will become a mental wreck. I should have noticed all this before, but my mind has also been occupied with this same subject of Mizpra's criminal obsession."

"Leigh," and with her husband's name on her lips Oberea's big, tear-stained eyes opened and mutely appealed to him, "Leigh, do you think that Mr. Bald is here to do us harm? You know that was the first thought I had of him. Oh, where is Mops?"

"Out on the river with Bruno and the dogs."

"Are you certain?"

"Yes."

"We must warn Bruno. How can we do this so he will understand?"

"Oberea, you are too excitable. Can you be ready to go away to-morrow?"

"Not without you, Leigh. I dare not, I could not."

"But think, dear, it is necessary; you understand that. Then, when you are away, you will have but little cause to worry."

"You will not let Mr. Bald or anyone else know of our whereabouts?"

"Certainly not; and I also promise you that I will find some way to prevent my morally insane and obsessed sister from doing us any further harm."

"Oh, thanks! I could go to sleep now if you would stay and hold my hands."

He kissed her, and, holding her feverish hands, lov-

ingly watched her as she fitfully slept. He was worried about her. Her fear was distressing, and as he looked at her features he could see that she had grown thin and pale. Something must be done. To get her away for a few weeks was only a makeshift; this he thoroughly realized. He felt that he had partly conquered his dipsomania—that at least he had aborted one attack, and had well studied the conditions controlling the ruinous disease. He was out of its vortex, but still too dangerously near the outlying eddies to enable him to disregard the ever-present danger. Was he now to be confronted by a condition which was rapidly bringing his wife to a state of mental anguish and physical suffering? Yes, he was confronted by such a state of affairs. The more he thought, the more he pondered over Oberea's distrust of Bald, the more certain became his conviction that she was right in her surmises. He had had a little distrust of the stranger himself, and was glad that he had confined his conversation to generalities. "At least," he said to himself, "he found out nothing about us; nothing about our intentions or the horror overhanging us. I will give him rope enough. He will yet hang himself."

Oberea slept on. Her husband finally sat down on the floor beside her, resting his head on the edge of the lounge. Twice he tried to relieve himself of the uncomfortable position by letting his hands slip from his wife's. But the movement was unconsciously detected by her, and only resulted in a spasmodic, though stronger, grasping of the hands he had tried to release.

Thus the afternoon passed. Towards sunset the

doorbell rang. It was scarcely heard by Leigh, but startled Oberea, who awoke with fear depicted on her anxious countenance.

"Who can it be, Leigh?" she whispered. "Oh, it is Dr. Bell; I recognize his voice. Don't have him come up," and Oberea rose and went to the mirror.

"Hello, Charlie! What's up?" Leigh called, as he descended the stairs. Dr. Bell, smiling, gave his hand to his friend, and said:

"Leigh, your knowledge of the whims and caprices of hysterical women is simply wonderful."

"Well?"

"The patient you watched that night has done what you told me she would. It was my fault that we did not watch her closer."

Leigh was about to sit down, when the remarks of his friend seemed to check him. He felt his cheeks become suddenly hot and his hands cold. He went over to the mantelpiece and leaned his elbow upon it. He was silent for a moment, then slowly said:

"Oh, yes, I knew she would outwit you. What has she done?"

"Went off last night with our big Swede, Andersen. He was a mere animal. We kept him under control by giving him the furnaces to attend."

"My God! Charlie, it is horrible. But I might have expected it."

"How? I don't understand."

"She was my sister Marcia. Don't mention this matter to Oberea. She is strong and brave, but she is already worried enough by the curse of our family. Let her know no more of that curse."

CHAPTER XII

Mizpra met her mother and husband at the railroad junction as she had telegraphed she would.

She was mentally excited. Outwardly calm and dictatorial, she was restless in her thoughts and nervous in her anxiety. She felt assured that she would shortly command the large estate, as she did now *de facto* the income. Nothing short of wealth sufficient to enable her to gratify her morbid passions would satisfy her. To stand upon the wreck of her brothers and sisters, offering them enough assistance to prolong their misery, was her ambition.

Her moral perversion had increased with its indulgence. All indulgences when allowed uncontrolled sway intensify their motives, be they normal or abnormal, good or bad. Mizpra's mental picture of what she hoped for, dreamed of, was horrible. She wanted to be able to carry a few cheap cigars, some cheaper clothes and missionary tracts—it made no difference what the latter were—to the asylum or prison, where she could smilingly and piteously hand them through the bars to her victims. Such were her thoughts, her dreams.

Her morbidity would often get the better of her criminal astuteness in planning. At these times she would appear reasonable and fawning. This was her

condition on the morning she met her mother and husband at the station.

Mizpra was fearful that if matters continued as they were some of her father's friends would call for an accounting of the estate, in which case she realized that she would be exposed. She knew, in her more rational periods, that her brother was not the man she represented him to be. She always represented him as she hoped to make him.

Mizpra had changed her mind regarding her trip to California, and when she met her mother and husband at the railroad junction informed them of the fact.

"You know, dear mother," she said in way of explanation, "that we should look over the Chicago real estate before going away so far. Then, Burke ought to become acquainted with the details of the estate if he is to act as our attorney. Don't you think so, Burke, dear?"

"Why certainly, darling."

"Then, you see, mother," turning to this individual, who was seated on a bench under the glare of the station light, "the agents say the houses need repairing, that the boulevard lots will sell better if we pave the walk, and they want a lot of other things done, all of which only benefit their pockets and not ours. But we should look up these matters. What cheerful, contented liars these real-estate agents are! The first successful one was the man who described the Garden of Eden.

"Burke," she called in a strident voice, "see that

our trunks and boxes are put on the Chicago express. Yes, I wired for berths. Come, mother."

Mizpra walked on the side of the platform shaded by the overhanging roof, keeping her mother on the outer side of the platform. Thus her face and expression were hidden from view, while her mother's face and expression were delineated sharply by the flare of the station lights.

While Mizpra had been waiting in Denver for the train, she suddenly conceived a diabolical scheme for getting the power of attorney from her mother. If she once secured that, she feared nothing. She had noticed lately a slight disposition on her mother's part to hesitate about giving over her legal rights; she saw that her mother seemed to dread some punishment, some unknown but certain catastrophe. Mizpra feared lest her mother's submerged conscience should arise and she would have a period of normal life, to become a self-assertive individual, a mother in feeling to her children. Mizpra's studies in psychology caused her to realize that in some of these controlled subjects revolt was often sudden. Then there comes a mental upheaval; a strong, self-assertive recognition of the past slavery and of unjust and illegal deeds.

Hypnotic suggestion that is antagonistic to the normal moral or ethical standard of the individual, will generally arouse such a horror, produce such a moral shock, as to cause complete return to activity of the higher mental plane.

Mizpra would not abate one iota her determination to control and dominate her mother. She could not,

she argued, allow her to think unless the thoughts were directed by herself. That imperious impulsion which forcibly governed her actions gave birth to brutal but keen ideas. She had a fixed one. It was this—her mother must accidentally, apparently, be made physically and mentally helpless; while Mizpra, her daughter, would at the same time cling to her, and externally be the loving, devoted child the world would expect.

Mizpra had carefully studied the family history of her mother. This family suffered from weak arteries in advanced years, and any excessive pressure on these arteries was liable to produce a rupture that would result in one of the manifold paralyses, with accompanying weakening of the mental faculties and a mind ever open to evil suggestions. In fact, in such states the mother can be influenced to hate her son, the father to discard his children, and dying leave them penniless, his wealth having been bestowed upon some unworthy person, or else donated—through the insidious influences of those who work for the Lord and forty per cent.—to institutions in China and Africa kept to support helpless bipeds yclept missionaries.

Mrs. Newcomber had been suffering from rheumatism for some years. She had been taken by her daughter to consult a physician previous to going to Colorado. Mizpra listened to the consultant's advice, which she augmented by her own studies. Her real object in going to Chicago before starting for California was a cruel, a fearful one. She wished to keep her mother in a low altitude for a few days, then rush her rapidly up the Rockies, hoping the release of atmospheric

pressure would be so sudden as to cause one or more of the small blood vessels in her mother's brain to burst, thereby temporarily flooding the brain and resulting in a partial paralysis of the body and a mind as plastic as the potter's clay.

Mizpra well realized all the uncertain factors in this scheme. The whole network of her design and plans might fall apart. But in that case she would lose little or nothing, and could try some other plan. Then, again, the sudden release of pressure on the blood vessels might result in the rupture of a large artery. That would mean a severe apoplexy, with death ensuing. But Mizpra argued that in such an event her part in the murder would remain unsuspected and unknown. Already she had sufficient control of the property to enable her to carry out her designs; still, in case of her mother's death, she was afraid she could not do so without trouble, and possible exposure of her criminal acts. Hence, from purely personal motives, she did not wish to immediately kill Mrs. Newcomber. She had studied the case from all points, and saw that the chances of producing the desired slight paralysis, and thus completely controlling her mother, were in her favor.

Arrived at Chicago, Mizpra lost no time in dragging her mother and husband-clerk through the mud and soot of that city. She called upon the real-estate agents, and took every opportunity to demonstrate that she was the controlling spirit and appointed power with whom to deal. Her masterly manner of grasping details, and the acquiescence of Mrs. Newcomber in all her daugh-

ter's projects, with the satisfied attitude of the latter's husband, left no doubt in the minds of the agents regarding who was the manager of the estate, and to whom they must look for their fees.

At the expiration of ten days Mizpra had accomplished her object so far as having the Chicago property placed under her control. She had not, however, been able to convince her mother that all legal rights should be immediately transferred to herself. Her mother's obstinacy in this one matter was due to fear, but not a moral fear. Mizpra did not allow Mrs. Newcomber to see the crime she was enacting towards her son and only grandson. She had tried to get full legal control by false arguments skilfully disguised, by maladroit euphemism, and by entreaty. Often Mrs. Newcomber would promise to acquiesce on the morrow, but when the day came, either excused herself on a plea of weakness or else exacted more time. The poor woman was thus made nervous and restless, a condition watched by her daughter without displeasure.

Mizpra had but little time to think of the fate of her poisoned whistle. There were moments when she feverishly longed to hear of its reception, but was too astute to show her anxiety by actions or inquiry. All energy and concentration were now centered upon her mother. Every day the latter showed a greater tendency towards realizing her position as a mother. It was the normal maternal feeling attempting to worm itself out of abnormal surroundings; the physiologic animal instinct which had so long been smothered and dampened by the suggestive force of a moral pervert.

This recrudescence of normal instinct must be strangled. Such was the dominant idea of Mizpra. She must witness torture and cause pain. This was her life.

Mizpra often thought of Amestris, who, to avenge herself on her rival, begged Xerxes to hand over to her the rival's mother, whose breasts, ears, lips, and tongue she cut off and threw to the dogs, after which she sent the mutilated woman home. Mizpra had studied the histories of horrible crimes and tortures committed by women from ancient times to the present day. The crime of Ta-ki, the mistress of the Emperor Cheon-Sin, she read of with avidity; and the horrible account of her favorite torture, the tearing apart of pregnant women, aroused in her feverish ecstasy. But she considered these crimes inartistic, fleshly, gross, and the pain and misery of too short duration. She must have her pleasures lasting, quiet, and in such a manner as to be perfectly safe. She recalled an incident she was acquainted with—an incident which she strongly suspected was a genuine murder. She would try the method some day; it was such a neat way of causing pain, prolonging agony, and producing death. Leigh's wife was to be the victim of Mizpra's passion for pain. She expected to continue her bacteriologic studies, and for these studies she had decided to have a little laboratory of her own in Southern California. "Oh, the pleasure of it!" she said in an undertone. Then she dropped the book she had been trying to read—it was Lombroso's "Female Offenders"—and continued talking to herself.

"Yes, that is the best. I will cultivate the anthrax germs. Oh, those beautiful little stripes, made up of millions of germs, that shine so brightly in the tubes! A few invisible thousands taken up on the point of a sterilized needle and carefully placed on the gummed side of a stamp; then a letter written which calls for an answer, the poisoned stamp inclosed. The answer written, a dash of that stamp on the unsuspecting victim's tongue—there is certain to be some point of entrance for the virulent poison—and my pleasure commences. The victim suffers for a few days, has the horrible-smelling pustule, and then dies. The doctors have no other statement to make than 'she died of malignant pustule.' In truth she will," repeated the woman to herself, in a strange tone.

She rose with flushed face and walked down the stairs to the hotel office, where she made arrangements for her immediate departure for California. She had intended to remain in Chicago a day or two longer, but the morbid impulse to carry out her contemplated crime compelled her to move on, so restless, dissatisfied, excited was she. Then, also, she had had that morning the first real dispute with her mother. Mizpra was surprised, shocked, at her mother's firm attitude. Mrs. Newcomber had absolutely refused to sign the papers giving her daughter complete control of the property until she was settled in their California home. Mizpra left that interview with her mother determined to try the apoplexy scheme at once. If that failed, she had other designs. If it resulted in death, which she thought was scarcely possible, it would, nevertheless,

THE PERVERTS ~~~~~ 193

enable her to control matters, although in that event there might be legal trouble, a state of affairs she wished to avoid.

Mizpra used her husband for all ordinary errands; she made all the arrangements for traveling. A state-room for her mother and herself, and a berth in another part of the sleeper for her husband, had just been purchased by her for the evening express through to San Francisco, when Burke Wood shambled up to the ticket-office, having been on the lookout for his wife.

"When are we going, Mizpra?" he asked.

"To-night, 7.44, Burke."

"Why, Mizpra, you promised me that when we arrived here I might see something of you. You have kept me away from you while in the hotel, and tired me out running about this city on errands for you."

"Poor boy, you do look tired. Well, you shall have a nice long rest on the train."

"But, Mizpra, dear," he wailed, as she started across the hotel corridor, "can't I ever get a chance to speak to you, to see you?"

"Hush, dear boy. A hotel is not a place for love making. Wait until we get settled. Don't be silly here. Now run along and get our bags packed." Then she stepped into the lift, turning and giving him what was intended for a loving smile. The attempt to smile upon him was received with pleasure and gratification.

Burke Wood was one of those unfortunate bipeds whom men despise, women hate, and the females of perverse instincts employ as useful adjuncts to their much-scorned skirts.

"Mother," said Mizpra, as she entered the former's room, "I have bought tickets for the express leaving to-night. You needn't hurry; I have plenty of time to pack our few things."

"What does Burke think about going to-night?"

"Why, I bought tickets before I saw him. If he had any objections he should have said so this morning."

"But this morning you said we were not to go for a day or so."

"Did I? Oh, well, never mind. I fancy Burke will go when and where I want him."

With this decisive remark she looked up from the table at which she had sat down to write, and gave her mother the only smile she was capable of giving—a cold, calculating, anatomical grin. Her mother, with a frown on her worried countenance, looked at her steadily. Mizpra apparently did not notice her mother's surprised look, for she rose and took a book off the table and handed it to her mother, saying:

"You'll find this very clever, mother. I always did like George Sands' style; but she was so weak, so dependent on men at times. What a pity she threw her talents away!"

"Threw her talents away? How, Mizpra?"

"Oh, she got tangled up in her affections. Gave her time to others. Her heart, she called it."

"Don't you think that was beautiful in her?"

"Beautiful? No, it was weakness; sheer lack of individuality. If one has brains or talents, she should utilize them solely for her own benefit; she should share them with no one, assist no one with them. Be your-

self; act for yourself; plot, scheme, and work for yourself. Do these things cleverly; any pretence or subterfuge is allowable so long as you make the world think you are unselfish and lovable. If the public can be deceived to this extent—and it generally can—it calls you a philanthropist or a Christian, according to its experience with the world.”

“Why, Mizpra, you surprise me. You talk as your grandfather talked; only he never meant what he said; he used to talk for effect.”

“Did he? Well, I don’t,” and with this statement the speaker rose from the table, walked across the room, and passed through the door and into her room. She was angry with herself, irritable with her surroundings, and, as she kicked across the room a pair of heavy boots that stood in her way, she said to herself: “Mother’s getting weak, womanly. She will be thinking of Leigh and her grandson next. God! I wish we were on the train.”

“My daughter,” said a strangely modulated voice at the door, “I want to speak to you before we get on the train. I shall have no opportunity to say there what I now wish to say. If I come in, will you listen?”

“Certainly, mother,” and as the latter entered the room Mizpra sat down on the edge of the bed with an attempt at respectful attention. “What is it you wish to say to me?”

“Your husband——”

“Well, what about him? He’s all right. I have just left him in the corridor.”

"Do you think you are treating him in the right manner?"

"Of course. You silly old mother," and she attempted to smile as she uttered this pleasantry, "I hope my husband has not been complaining to his mother-in-law?"

"No; but I am afraid unless you show some wifely qualities, you will not be able to keep him as your lawyer."

"Mother, what has come over you? Why, you always agreed with me that women should be independent; should use their authority. Did I not hear you only a month ago at the club say that the enemy of women was the loving doll who was always amiable and gentle, tender and attractive to the male sex? Did you not say that what the men called our masculine boldness and brazen effrontery were really the indications of an intellectual awakening; that we were now beginning to realize our past slavery?"

"True, Mizpra; but these facts do not prevent you being companionable to your husband, even if your nature is such as to abhor any closer intimacy."

"Oh, don't worry about my husband. He is already convinced that I am correct in my views. We—you and I—are intellectually superior, you know, to the little frightened female who runs to the protecting arms of her overbearing master. Intellectual women have the right and prerogatives of human beings; they are not to be held down to the slavery of the home; to the domestic lowness of mere breeding animals."

"But, my daughter, you go too far. You may be

independent, as you say, but, nevertheless, you have your sex instincts."

"If so, they don't trouble me."

"Mizpra, I feel that perhaps I did not do for you what was right in your girlhood. It was my ambition to have you free from the folly of pink teas and the inanities of the ball-room, therefore I directed your education along the lines of material science. I preferred to see you enthusiastic over the dissection of a cat rather than playing with feminine foibles. I am doubtful if I did that which was for the best."

"Why, you good, dear mother! Of course you did what was the best for me. Do you suppose I could ever be happy, could ever consent to recognize any position except that of a free agent to do, to act, to say, and to live as I wish?"

"But in all animal life you recognize the differentiation of sex; the inevitable duties which belong to the female?"

"Oh, mother, I think we threshed out those ideas years ago. Of course, most women are no better than animals; some are trying to improve upon this condition, and, thanks to you, I have gotten higher in the scale than most women. My productive powers are mental."

"But what will the world say? It will not understand you."

"Phew! what do I care for the opinion of the world? Why, it was only the other day some one said it was my ambition to usurp positions for which neither God nor

Nature intended woman. Such statements are false and humiliating."

"But, if you deny God, you certainly cannot ignore Nature. It is too self-evident."

"Perhaps. But if we refuse to be governed any longer by a mystical power, and now control our acts by our desires and wishes, can we not also believe that what you call Nature is only a physical outlet for the beastly instincts, and can therefore be ignored? I mean, is it not possible to be so constituted as not to feel, recognize, or know anything of breeding instincts?"

"Mizpra, Mizpra, you surely cannot mean what you say. Remember, I am getting old and feeble, and perhaps do not understand your jokes. I tried to have you understand the world as we know it; I did not intend to make you a monstrosity. I remember our reading of Anaxagoras. It was one of his axioms I tried to teach you when you were a child. He said: 'Nothing can be learned, nothing can be certain, sense is limited, intellect is weak, life is short.'"

"Oh, yes; but if I had to live the slavish life of the woman, I would reply in the words of another author you read to me. I remember those words well. It was on my twelfth birthday; and the idea expressed by the author impressed me greatly. We were in Paris; don't you remember? You read from Novalis: 'That the simultaneous suicide of all human creatures is the one way to escape from misery that is both unbearable and irremediable.'"

"Well, my daughter, I readily see that you do not

take anything seriously that I say to-day. If I thought as you do, I should come to the conclusion of Chabot, 'that what we mistakenly call the cosmos is really the work of a crazy devil.' "

At this latter remark of her mother, Mizpra winced, rose from her sitting posture, and went to the table, ostensibly to pack her bag. Her back was turned to her mother. Her face was white—a strong contrast to its usual dull color—and the cold, gray eyes were startlingly rigid. She mechanically swept the few toilet articles off the table into her bag, where they were left tumbled and jumbled. Her thoughts were decided, fixed. "I have no time to lose; trifling must be put aside. Mother is getting away from me. I made a mistake in letting her stay alone when I went to Denver. I should have taken her with me." She ceased talking to herself for a moment and said, as she turned towards her mother:

"Come, mother, into your room. I will help you pack; my packing is finished."

Weariedly the mother followed her daughter into the room, and sat in a chair while the latter picked up the few travelling essentials which lay scattered on the floor. Both women were silent; the daughter apparently occupied in her kindly duties, the mother, with her head resting on the back of the chair, and an appearance of sadness on her face, waiting for further words from Mizpra.

The slight opposition the latter had met quickened her fiendish thoughts. Her appetite for power to enable her to enjoy pain and misery was now keen and

sanguinary. Silently and hurriedly she pushed her mother's clothes into the trunk and bag. Just as the careless packing was finished, there was heard a timid knock on the door.

"Come in," called Mizpra.

In answer to the metallic voice, the masculinity of which startled Mrs. Newcomber into an expression of surprise, Burke Wood walked into the room.

"Can I help you in any way, Mizpra?" he asked.

"Yes, go into my room and put a few books into my grip. Select the ones you think I would like to read on the journey, and pack the rest in the trunks. Let me see how well you understand my tastes."

"Will you be in your room, soon?"

"As soon as I finish with mother."

She opened the door leading to her room, stood by it as her husband passed through, then shut it after him.

Mrs. Newcomber rose from her chair and went over to her daughter. She took the latter's hand in her own. It was cold and dry, and for the first time the mother thought it coarse, big, and bony.

"Mizpra, you don't love Burke," she sadly said. The daughter looked at her mother, who involuntarily shuddered as Mizpra's glance showed defiance and power. Her cold, steely eyes never moved; they were fixed on the mobile and wearied eyes of Mrs. Newcomber. With that forced attempt at a feminine smile which she thought was innocence ably acted, she replied:

"I love him as much as I shall ever love a man."

"But he has no attraction for you."

"He has. More than any man I ever met."

"But it cannot be the proper, the normal attraction."

"What do you mean, mother, by 'the proper, the normal attraction'?"

"I mean, there seems to be no sex attraction. I believe he is only attractive to you because he is controlled by you, and you can make him do as you wish. Such an attitude towards him is not right. There will come a time when Burke will rebel. You have been too highly educated, my daughter," and the mother sighed. "I used to think that the men who said close application to science would unsex a woman were biased, and wrapped up in masculine egotism. Men have better opportunities than women of knowing the real world; they combine experience with study. It is that experience, which, if we women get it thoroughly, coarsens us, roughens us, and makes us psychically hybrid. Theory without experience is impracticable, useless, and nugatory."

"Oh, mother, mother, you make me laugh. Why should these ideas of your poor helpless female ancestors, this unpleasant atavism, begin to show itself at this late time of your life?"

"I wish the Lord had sent these truths to me when you were a little girl, Mizpra; I really do."

"Would you, then, have taught me what you now call the attraction of the sexes? It is not too late for me to hear, even if I do not understand it."

"I believe you don't want to understand."

"Indeed I do, but I know I can't. What do you mean, mother, by the attraction of the sexes?"

"This, that the attraction between the sexes is equally

independent of their will. We may strive to conquer a growing partiality, affect to constrain the inclinations as we please, but the result depends upon the allurements (or attractions) subsisting in the object. The emotion is excited in the mind by the operation of external causes; indeed, all its phenomena are occasioned by association; and what is association but the result of attraction? It is simply in the physical world what it is in the moral—attraction resists the centrifugal inclination of the planets in the one; in the other, it is the latent determinator of our actions.”

“Mother, why do you remember what we read several years ago and decided was founded upon false reasoning and wrong premises? Such statements were based upon the old idea that only by the union of woman and man is the whole——”

“Mizpra, dear,” at this moment called Burke from the other room. The woman looked up with a sneer, and was about to further question her mother, when the latter said:

“Go, my daughter! Go!”

Mizpra entered her room hastily and abruptly. Her husband was sitting on a sofa, with an open book in his hand.

“What is it, Burke?” said the woman.

“Do you want this book to go with us?” and he held up a worn volume. “It seems scarcely fit for any one but a physician.” He was about to say more, when she interrupted him by saying:

“Burke, I did not marry you to make you my librarian. If the ‘History of Flagellation’ does not meet

with your approval, then it is because you do not understand the degradation of the woman of the past and my efforts for her enthronement in the future. Come over here and sit in this easy chair." She beckoned to him, and as he took his place in the chair indicated she stood behind its back, leaning over him. He was obliged to look up into her eyes, and she held his forehead between her two coarse hands. Her eyes were kept about eighteen inches from his, in such a manner as to strain his ocular muscles.

"Burke, dear," she said as softly as she could, "look into my eyes. Do you see anything but love? You must excuse me if I have been curt and cruel to you at times. You know I have been under such a strain. And poor mamma, you know, is not well, and I am anxious about her, and shall be, until we get to California. Look into my eyes, dear. See; you can see a little photograph of yourself. Do you see it now? Notice how my eyes even reflect your features." She was gradually moving her head slowly backwards. The movement was imperceptible, but sufficient to tire the eyes of the gazer. He gave a long inspiration; the eyelids quivered, closed for a fraction of a second, and then half opened. Quickly Mizpra placed a forefinger on each lid, closing them; then in a commanding tone she said: "You are sleepy; you are sleepy. You are asleep; you can hear no voice but mine. You cannot feel pain. You will obey my voice, my orders." Then waiting a few moments, watching the fibrillary motion of the eyelashes, she said, in a decided, positive tone: "You will do as I say. You will do as I say. You feel no

pain." She took a scarf pin that held together her masculine necktie, and with it gently pricked his forehead.

The response was negative. Not a muscle quivered; not a sign of life beyond breathing could be detected. Then, taking hold of the lobe of his right ear, she thrust the big pin through it, withdrew the pin, and then viciously, exultantly, thrust it again into the lobe of the other ear. She opened his eyelids and poked a finger around the eyeball. Not a movement, not a quiver passed over the hypnotized man. She savagely thrust the large pin into the man's cheek, and, slowly drawing it out, she bent over closely to see the wound. A few drops of blood followed the course of the pin through the flesh. Her lips were pale and trembling, and her body quivered; her limbs began to bend in their weakness, and a slight groan issued from her rigid throat. Suddenly she straightened up, put her hands to her mouth, and dashed towards the wash-basin, turned the cold water on full force, and placed her head and neck under it. Panting, trembling, crying, and cursing at intervals, she held her head under the faucet, and in this position she remained several moments, regardless of the wetting her clothes and body were getting.

CHAPTER XIII.

Neither Mrs. Newcomber nor her daughter understood the basic facts which were the cause of their unnatural moral and psychic lives. Mizpra's abnormal psychic development and her unnatural physiologic growth were not wholly the effects of higher education, not entirely the results of a girlhood spent in laboratories and dissecting-rooms; nor were they the distinctive signs of perverted womanhood acquired through chaffering with masculine prerogatives and pursuits.

Had the mother understood the laws of heredity—such few as we can recognize—her daughter from birth would probably have had an entirely different training and education. As was noted in the earlier chapters, Mrs. Newcomber married late in life. Her maternal and reproductive instincts had been starved and enfeebled by a life of wrong training and misdirected study, augmented by the unphysiologic life of the disappointed *femme sole*, and environed by the false and unhealthy ideas of New England women suffragists. Following the laws of reproduction, her last child was born without distinct and assertive physiologic individuality. It only needed a strong character, a decided maternal and womanly guide and adviser to have given proper stimulation and caused normal development of

the sexual cells in the cortex of the brain of this negative child. The factors necessary to bring about the gradual development of the child into the physiologic woman were lacking in the mother. The careful training of the girl by a woman was wanting.

Weak physiologic traits, like moral traits, can be increased or decreased by education, training, and example. Environment plays a most active and powerful rôle in the development. The child born of parents in the prime of physiologic life, each one having strong sex characteristics, is apt to show these characteristics in its development and growth, regardless of environment and education. But not so the unfortunate child born of unstable parents; of those who have assumed the responsibility of parentage when life is on the wane, or whose physical or mental activities have been in channels far removed from anticipation and thoughts of married life. Such parents belong to the physiologically degenerate class. They forget that the tendency is, in all animal life, to degenerate rather than improve. This goes on through generation after generation, unless care is exercised to introduce improved blood on one side or the other.

When a child demonstrates in its acts and tastes an indifference to the natural preference and inclination of its sex, it should be strictly confined to the companionship of that sex. Its education should be along the same lines, and every encouragement given it to develop its normal attributes. An indifferent boy, who grows up an effeminate man, should be allowed to share with his parents the ridicule and contempt thrust upon him,

the mother being given the major part. This same mother who shields her son from physical harm will bring him up in the nursery with embroidery; take the poor creature dressed up in linens and velvet to exhibit him to female admirers; shift him off to the nursery of her hostess, where he is left to dress dolls and have his hair curled by the female attendants; and sit down to a make-believe tea party with his little girl playmates.

He grows up psychically unsexed, detested by the vigorous male, utilized as a willing servitor by the society woman, and sternly admonished by a true father if he finds him dancing attendance, with all his mincing manners, upon a daughter. The female with masculine ambition is always amusing, and often pitiable; but the attenuated, weak-voiced neuter, the effeminate male, pity him, but blame his mother for the false training, and give scorn to the father for his indifference. Even the woman when she meets with such a man should passionately and involuntarily exclaim: "O! surgit amari aliquid."

The female possessed of masculine ideas of independence; the viragint who would sit in the public highways and lift up her pseudo-virile voice, proclaiming her sole right to decide questions of war or religion, or the value of celibacy and the curse of woman's impurity, and that disgusting anti-social being, the female sexual pervert, are simply different degrees of the same class—degenerates. These unsightly and subnormal beings are the victims of poor mating. When a woman neglects her maternal instincts, when her sentiment and dainty feminine characteristics are boldly and ostenta-

tiously kept submerged, we can see an anti-social creature more amusing than dangerous. When such a woman marries, which she often does for the privileges derived from attaching "Mrs." to her name, the husband is certain to be one she can rule, inspire, and cause to follow her in voice and action. Should this female be unfortunate enough to become a mother, she ceases to be merely amusing, and is an anti-social being. She is then a menace to civilization, a producer of nonentities, the mother of mental and physical monstrosities who exist as a class of true degenerates until disgusted Nature, no longer tolerant of the woman who would be a man, or the man who would be a woman, allows them to shrink unto death.

The female who prefers the laboratory to the nursery; the mother quick with child who spends her mornings at the club, discussing "Social Statics," visiting the saloons and tenements in the afternoon, distributing, with an innocence in strange contrast to her assumptions, political tracts asking the denizens to vote her ticket, is a sad form of degeneracy. Such females are true degenerates, because they are unphysiologic in their physical incompleteness. The progeny of such human misfits are perverts, moral or psychic. Their prenatal life has been influenced by the very antithesis of what the real woman would surround her expected child with. The child born of the "new woman" is to be pitied. If it could be taken away from its environments; kept from the misguidance of an unwilling mother; nurtured, tutored, and directed along the lines Nature has struggled to give it; often would the child

be true to its normal instincts and grow up to respected womanhood or manhood. Unfortunate it is that this development does not take place. The weak, plastic, developing cells of the brain are twisted, distorted, and a perverted psychic growth promoted by the false examples and teachings of an uninterested mother. These are the conditions which have been prolific in producing the anti-social "new woman" and the disgusting effeminate male; both examples of the physiologic degenerate.

It is this class that clamors for "higher education" for the woman; that crowd the public halls shouting for the freedom of women and demanding all the prerogatives of the man. It is these female androids who are insulated in the dark umbrage of ignorance and delusion regarding their negative nature; who are faddists, 'ismites, and mental roamers. Ideally mobile, they go from the laboratory to the convent, ever restless, continuously discontented, morbidly majestic at periods, hysterically forcible at times. They demonstrate their early perverted mental growth by their present lack of reasoning powers. They form the victims of shrewder degenerates. They claim to know more about the science of medicine without study than the men who have devoted their lives to that science. They walk broadcast, superciliously flaunting our health laws and hygienic regulations in the faces of the assumed intelligent masses, and shout their incomprehensible jargon and blasphemous voicings from the portals of their money-making mosques.

Although Mizpra, her compromise husband, and Mrs.

Newcomber were going to southern California, it never occurred to the two latter persons that the route over the Rocky Mountains to San Francisco was the longest, coldest, and most fatiguing possible to choose. A person with tortuous and hardened arteries and a family history of apoplexy should have gone by sea and Panama. Mizpra, ever selfish, dreaded the cold, dreary journey across the plains and over the mountains. She had studied the southern routes into California, but found none of them passed over an altitude greater than four thousand feet, and that would not be sufficient to produce a rupture of a blood vessel in her mother's brain. So she was obliged for once to give up personal comfort for a greater delight. She no longer feared the slightest opposition from her husband. Her complete mastery of his mind and body had culminated in her hypnotizing him the evening of their departure. Before she brought him out of his hypnotic sleep she made post-hypnotic suggestions. Post-hypnotic suggestions are the foundations of all success in controlling the subject.

These suggestions are made while the subject is in a hypnotic condition, and when he is awake and in an apparently normal state he will carry out, days or weeks after the suggestions have been made, the acts or ideas suggested to him by his controller.

Burke Wood was seemingly satisfied with the state of affairs as Mizpra hurried him and her mother to the train. He obeyed, worshipped, and cringed to the superior force of Mizpra. This exaggerated state was not normal, but the result of post-hypnotic suggestion

implanted upon an effeminate, weak, non-virile character.

It was two hours after they had left Chicago. Mizpra, Mrs. Newcomber, and Mizpra's husband were seated in the stateroom which this strange bride had engaged for herself and mother.

The porter knocked on the door to ask if he should make up the berths. Mizpra told him to come in. While he was overhauling the bedding she pulled a large brown parcel from under the seats and handed it to her husband, saying:

"These are thick woolen blankets for you, Burke, dear. You know the doctor said you must be careful and not catch cold on this journey. He said you must have nothing next your skin but wool. So run along to your berth; take off all your clothes, wrap yourself up in one blanket, and I will come and wrap the other around you. Go along now."

Her husband took the parcel, smiling gratefully as he did so, and saying "Good night," left the compartment.

For once in her life Mizpra had good intentions. She really did have some anxiety for her husband's health. She knew how delicate he was, and did not wish to lose him until he had fulfilled the mission she had planned. After he had attended to all the clerical and legal details involved in her scheme, she expected he would die. At least now she would do everything possible to keep him alive. After his usefulness ceased? Well, what mattered it if he did catch cold? So ran the thoughts of Mizpra as she wrapped him up after

being assured that he had nothing next his skin but a woolen blanket. "Good night" was all she said as she gave a vigorous pull at his covering, and then she returned to her mother's stateroom at the other end of the car.

She felt relieved. She owned a male servitor. This power alone she considered placed her above the average woman. She recalled a saying she had so often heard and as often ridiculed: "What man seeks in love is woman; what woman seeks in man is love." Her ridicule of this saying came from an honest conviction. She could not understand nature in all its beautiful forms and attributes. She belonged to a class of females who seek in men effeminacy, and these same men seek masculinity in women. Pity, but don't blame these unfortunates; they are victims of undeveloped embryologic and anthropologic facts.

Upon entering the stateroom Mizpra picked up her hand-bag and took from it a little round leather case. She opened this case and exposed a bright brass-rimmed aneroid. She handled it gently, almost lovingly, as she read the small figures that ranged from 100 to 15,000 as they circled the outer edge of the little instrument. She hung it on the panel between the two windows, where it could readily be seen from her berth. Mrs. Newcomber watched her daughter as she adjusted the instrument, and questioned her.

"What is that, Mizpra; a thermometer? Why, there is one hanging from the lamp."

"No, mother," replied her daughter, her back turned to the questioner; "it is an aneroid. We can watch it

while going over the mountains and know how many feet we rise above the sea. We can see ourselves go up and down, down and up. It will be almost like on shipboard, only the rise and fall will come in intervals of hours instead of minutes and seconds."

"Why, how thoughtful of you, Mizpra. It will be very interesting to watch our progress over the Rockies. Why, it is fascinating to think about."

"Yes, it is, mother," replied the daughter, as she kept her eyes gazing on the figures which denoted an altitude of 8,000 feet when the needle pointed to them. When the needle would be approaching this point, what a difference of interest would these individuals have in watching it! Mother and daughter—one the giver of life; the other the contemplator of destroying the mental life of that giver.

"When do we reach the base of the mountains, Mizpra?" asked her mother.

"Oh, I'll let you know. To-morrow we go through a rather uninteresting country. Good night, mother, dear."

"Good night, my child."

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth in strange eruptions. It was Sunday morning; a cold, dreary morning. Mizpra had been early awake, for they were approaching the mountains, and she feverishly watched the aneroid and planned her future actions. There had been no disputes or arguments between her mother and herself the past two days. Mizpra had been the careful and apparently dutiful daughter observers would expect. She read to her mother without comment one of

the novels of the day, her husband silently listening. She appeared pleasant, jovial, light-hearted, and innocent. Her mother had so frequently seen such changes in Mizpra that her present attitude made no particular impression upon her. At luncheon the previous day, however, she did remark: "It is a great relief to you, Mizpra, is it not, to have those studies off your mind?"

"It certainly is, mother; we can enjoy this trip, and I am certain we shall find life delightful in southern California."

"Yes, Mizpra," broke in Burke, "I hope you will give your mind a rest there, and let us have some of your companionship."

"Yes?" questioned Mizpra, as she looked out of the window. The party was silent for a few moments; then Mizpra renewed the conversation by making commonplace remarks about the country through which they were passing. They made no attempt to become acquainted with their fellow-passengers, nor did their fellow-passengers show any desire to speak to them. Mizpra, despite her efforts at times to be mild and womanlike, was not attractive to her sex. Her husband was only noticed to be scorned or pitied, according to the observer's disposition. That he had been noticed Mizpra knew from a fragment of conversation she overheard in the dining-car. It had pleased and flattered her greatly. The conversation was between two men; commercial men, Mizpra decided them to be. She overheard the words "consumption" and "poor fellow." She gave close attention.

"He must be acting under poor advice to go to Cali-

fornia over this route. All 'lungers' go by the southern route. That is the only safe and pleasant way for them."

"Ugh! Don't you see who is the 'boss' of the party? He'll go wherever she tells him. Lord! what a life to lead."

Just at this point of the conversation the waiter arrived, and with the rattling of dishes Mizpra could no longer hear what was said; but there was a smile of triumph on her face when she heard them laughing as they left the car.

She was thinking of this triumph as she gazed on the aneroid this Sunday morning. But such thoughts were brief, for her mind was soon occupied in formulating half-planned schemes to assist the pressure upon the arteries of her mother's brain, should the altitude be insufficient. She was interrupted in these thoughts by hearing a voice reading distinctly in the compartment next to hers. It was the voice of the meek little minister she had noticed on the train, and whose small family occupied the next compartment. Out of mere curiosity she placed her ear to the partition and listened. Distinctly came the words: "Thou shalt be under thy husband's power, and he shall have dominion over thee." She laughed—a good hearty laugh—and sprang to the floor muttering: "Yes, you fool; but when I teach your wife from the same book I will tell her, 'A woman shall compass a man.'"

Her laughter aroused her mother. It was defiant, acrimonious, Rabelaisian laughter. Mrs. Newcomber, resting on her elbow, said to her daughter:

“What makes you so happy this morning, Mizpra?”

“Oh, I fancy it is this glorious air.” She lifted the window-shade and looked out. “We are climbing up, mother. The scenery is now worth seeing. Come, hurry up, and let’s go out on the observation platform. Hurry, hurry, mother dear,” and repeating these commands she hastily began to dress—if such an action as slovenly putting on a few garments, without regard to their adjustment or appearance, as was her habit, could be called dressing in the feminine sense. She harried and hurried her mother so that the latter did not have time to notice that all the quietness and urbanity of yesterday had disappeared.

Mrs. Newcomber enjoyed the majestic scenery as the train gradually wound up among the mountains. What latent sentiment she possessed was aroused, but no response to her feelings could she bring forth from her daughter. She spoke of the freshness of the air, of its exhilarating effect; but the daughter was silent, with the exception of hoarse monosyllabic answers. The rising sun added a pavonine luster to the surrounding peaks, and other passengers had come out on the observation platform to enjoy the morning toilet of nature. Among them was Mizpra’s husband. She saw him, and immediately ordered him to his berth. Mrs. Newcomber turned to look at her daughter and sighed.

“You don’t think this fine air will injure him, do you?” she asked.

“I am afraid so, mother.”

"But this atmosphere is so delightful. I do not see how it could harm any one."

"Yes," replied the daughter; "this is what the poets would call 'the tenuous, light, and harmless air';" and she could not resist placing emphasis on "harmless air." The emphasis, of course, was not noticed. In fact it was more a mental emphasis than a vocal one. Afraid lest her thoughts might betray some agitation, she excused herself on the fatuous plea of looking after her husband. She brushed past his berth without giving a glance in that direction, and, like the morphine fiend who rushes for his hypodermic needle regardless of all else, she rushed for a look at the aneroid. Of course it would have been easy for her to have found out by questioning at what hour the greatest altitude would be reached; but so astute had she become in reasoning out her criminal desires, so great was her pleasure in so doing, that she depended upon every detail to be worked out herself. If, she argued, the altitude of the Rockies did not accomplish her object, she would notice the effect, and when the Sierra Nevadas were reached she would assist nature. Such were her thoughts when she returned to her mother,

Breakfast over, Mrs. Newcomber returned to the platform. Mizpra went to her stateroom, ostensibly to read. Her husband asked permission to go with her. "No, Burke," she replied; "you go out and keep mother company. Now that the sun is warm, it will do you good. No, no, I tell you!" and she shut the door of her stateroom.

She opened her traveling case and took from it a

small book on *materia medica*. She turned to that portion of it relating to drugs controlling arterial pressure. The train moved on past gorges, over high bridges, through long sheds and dark tunnels; kept winding over passes and continued its tortuous way ever upward; but this was unnoticed by Mizpra, except the upward movement, and this only by means of the little instrument, which, probably for the first time since its invention, was now used to measure the length of time a human life should exist.

Enraptured with the beauty and magnificence of the huge mountains, and constantly attracted by the moving scenes as the train sped on, Mrs. Newcomber spent the morning on the observation platform with Burke Wood. When luncheon was announced Mizpra went to them and said:

"Come, mother, luncheon is ready."

"Oh, I don't want to lose this magnificent scenery. I am hungry for these sights, but not for food. I don't see how you can ignore this impressive grandeur."

"Well," answered her daughter, "Burke must eat. He needs all the nourishment he can get, and looking at scenery will not put on weight. So come along. Have you coughed much this morning, Burke?"

"No, Mizpra, not since we left the plains. I feel very well this morning."

So this trio of varied and strange psychologic emotions sat down to luncheon. They were indifferent as to what they ate, and ordered their luncheon automatically.

"We shall reach our highest point about five o'clock

this afternoon," remarked Mrs. Newcomber, as Mizpra forced her to take some beef and insisted upon her taking a glass of burgundy.

"Is that the time?" asked Burke.

"Yes, so the conductor told me. You'll certainly give up your reading long enough to be out on the platform; won't you, Mizpra?"

"Oh, yes, mother. Finish your burgundy, and take one more glass."

"Oh, I can't, Mizpra. My head feels now as if it would burst. It throbs, and there is a buzzing sound in my ears."

"I know, mother, but you have been up since early morning, and, also, you have not had your usual nap. This little stimulant you need;" and the poor woman was forced to take more wine, a stimulant she was not accustomed to use, a fact well considered by Mizpra.

Mrs. Newcomber expressed a desire to lie down after luncheon, but Mizpra persuaded her to return to the observation car, saying that the fresh air would soon cause her to feel better. She knew that once her mother became absorbed in the scenery she would not leave the platform to lie down, an action Mizpra wished to prevent. She also desired to find some plausible excuse to keep her husband—husband in name only—away from her at the present time, and told him to go with her mother, saying she would be with them in a short time.

The train was now rapidly climbing upward. The grade was increasing, as Mizpra could tell by the puff, puff, and snorting of the engines. Anxiously, feverishly, she noted the little innocent needle of the ane-

roid as it indicated by its delicate point the release of atmospheric pressure. "Would the altitude be sufficient?" mused Mizpra, and she turned to the little needle again as if it would tell her. "Why couldn't it point out to her at once the altitude needed for her nefarious designs? Every person did as she wished," she said to herself. Then she became desperate and active. She could not run the risk of waiting for the Sierras. It was now four o'clock. Only 1,500 feet more to go, then a descent. She went out on the platform and stood by her mother. The latter was apparently enthralled by the massiveness of nature as it stood out in bold relief. Mizpra watched her carefully. She noticed the increased respiration and flushed face. It gave her a thrill of joy.

"How do you feel, mother?" she asked. "Is it not rather chilly up here among the mountains for you? Wait, I'll run and fetch your shawl." She went to their stateroom, got the shawl, and returned to her mother immediately. She wrapped the shawl around her and stood beside her. In this position she waited for a few moments. All eyes were intensely watching the vastness of nature—all eyes except Mizpra's; hers were watching the now labored breathing of her mother.

"How do you feel now?" she asked. "Warmer? Is it not too cold for you? That is a good idea," she added, as she pointed to some passengers who were passing around a flask of liquor. "You need something out here to warm you;" and she hurriedly went into the car.

"Up," said the unconcerned needle as she looked at it. "Still up," she repeated to herself. "The release of atmospheric pressure is telling; the bluish, flushed face is showing this," she murmured. Back to her mother she went with a flask of brandy. She filled the glass with a goodly quantity and said:

"Drink, mother, drink. You must take this if you are to stay out here and see the glorious sunset." Mrs. Newcomber, without a word of remonstrance, did as she was told. "Have some, Burke?" inquired the now excited Mizpra. "Here, this is enough for you," and she passed him the cup.

Mizpra continued a desultory conversation. She gave her mother little opportunity to be quiet. The sun was setting, and the weather suddenly became damp and chilling. Most of the passengers had returned to their seats in the car. Burke Wood stood shivering beside Mrs. Newcomber. Mizpra in her excitement had forgotten him until she heard him ask:

"Is it not too cold out here for you, Mrs. Newcomber?" Mizpra turned round with a crimson tint on her face and her eyes bright. It was the brightness and brilliancy of psychic hysteria.

"Burke," she said, and she spoke rapidly, "must I always keep watch over you? Don't you know that you should not be out here? Can't you be of some help to me by taking care of yourself?"

Her husband, still shivering and glad to leave the platform, entered the car. Mizpra forced her mother to take some more brandy. The poor woman, flushed and stimulated by the former drink, was breathing

laboriously. The train had reached its highest altitude, and Mizpra was becoming restless and impatient. "Mother!" she shouted, as she harshly took her by the shoulder and half lifted, half dragged her from her chair. "Come, you must go in now."

They went to their stateroom. Mizpra had now lost all interest in the aneroid. This time she did not even glance at it. It was the face of her mother that now told the tale she wanted to hear. Mrs. Newcomber, affected by the large quantity of brandy she had taken, lay down on her berth. She soon fell into a deep sleep, which was marked by loud breathing. Her face assumed a reddish color, darkened to a bluish tinge around the neck and lips. Mizpra sat and watched her. Thus an hour passed. Suddenly, as if the horrible idea had come to her at once, she went over to her mother and violently shook her, meanwhile shouting: "Wake up, mother, wake up! We are approaching that wonderful gorge you wished to see. Wake up!" She shook the feeble woman, and with her strong arms suddenly jerked up her mother's head and shoulders until she was in a sitting posture. By this harsh treatment Mrs. Newcomber was aroused. She was for a moment dazed, but seemed to realize what her daughter wanted. She remembered she had expressed a wish to see this gorge. Mizpra lifted her to her feet and stood beside her.

"You had better put these on," she said, and she threw a pair of rubber overshoes at her mother's feet. The latter stooped over to put them on. This required some effort on the part of the feeble woman. While in this stooping position she began to breathe heavily,

loudly, and with labored effort. This lasted for a moment only; then she swayed, and fell on the edge of the bed unconscious. A gleam of triumph passed over the face of Mizpra as she saw the staring eyes, the distended nostrils, and the stertorous breathing of her mother. She calmly pushed the call button for the porter, then lifted her helpless mother on to the bed.

"My mother is ill; is there a physician on the train?" was all she said when the porter answered her call.

"There is, ma'am, in the next car."

"Then get him."

She turned and looked at her mother. The latter lay with staring eyes, puffing cheeks, and helpless limbs. No signs of recognition did she exhibit. Mizpra now knew that a blood vessel had broken, and the brain was being flooded. But how far had she gone in her hellish designs? Would her mother die, or would she gradually become conscious, and live partially paralyzed, her plastic mind ever amenable to suggestion? Mizpra knew time only would tell. She must wait. So far she had accomplished her purpose. With her, the end justified the means. She did have momentary thoughts of pity as she looked at the bluish face, staring eyes, and helpless, pitiful condition of the one who gave her birth. But she had planned her campaign, and successfully; and personal power, no matter how obtained, was all she recognized. She looked at her mother again, and said, pointing a finger at the unconscious woman:

"You have been conquered. I now hold the power I have striven for. Now to ruin Leigh and his beastly

brat. If my victims think I have any moral fear, or any superstitious dread of the future, they little understand me. Win in this life what you want. It is one's duty to be as happy as possible. I never will be happy until I have seen suffering in all its phases pass over Oberea." Still watching the distressful breathing of her mother, and fascinated by the gradual distortion of her features, she took a big drink of brandy, and, as she placed the glass down, said to herself in an undertone:

"Hell hath no horror; Heaven hath no hope."

CHAPTER XIV.

Bald was sitting in the library of his handsomely furnished apartments overlooking the park. It was about three weeks after the visit he had paid to Leigh and Oberea.

Bald was no ascetic in appearance, and his rooms had the hall-mark of taste and wealth. He had demanded all this luxury from Mizpra, explaining that it was necessary in order to accomplish her desires, as it was easier to ingratiate himself with certain people if he had pleasant rooms, a student-like library, and a goodly stock of wines and liquors. Bald had literary and æsthetic tastes; hence the library was what it seemed. His palate had also been educated, so his sideboard was carefully stocked. He knew whom to entertain with praise and prayer, to whom to distribute gossip and wine. Had he continued his education with the Jesuits he would have become a cardinal; had he been carefully reared by a loving mother and his training superintended by a careful father, he would have risen to diplomatic honors.

As he leaned back in his easy chair he picked up a letter that lay open on a mahogany table by his side. His clerical collar and waistcoat seemed to irritate him. He threw the letter on the table, and in a manner demonstrating annoyance, relieved himself of coat, col-

lar, and waistcoat; then tossed them to the lounge, where they lay scattered on the edge in wrinkled confusion.

He again picked up the letter, read it over carefully, reached for a cigar on the table, and, after lighting it, commenced to speak to himself as though it gave him great relief.

“So, she says it is the last thousand dollars she will send me until she reads in the newspapers of his disgrace. I must then contrive to give it to the press? Well, well, here is a pretty mess. How will it read? ‘Taken by the police to the hospital. Beaten and thrown out of a disreputable house.’ How does that read?” and for a moment he amused himself by writing on a tablet the headlines he had repeated. Then he continued his musings. “She insists upon low women being in the case. I must give his full name, lie about his double life, and state that he is a physician to a large private hospital and the asylum supported by the wealthy members of St. William’s parish, etc. Well, there will be no doubt about his ruin if these ideas are carried out.” Bald ceased talking to himself, and a frown passed over his forehead. For a moment he hesitated. Then he said: “No, no; it is too nasty work. I cannot do it. I do not know anything about a conscience, but this is too low and dirty even for me.”

He was about to tear up the letter when he paused, smiled, and, folding the missive, walked to a writing desk, where he placed the letter in a large blue envelope which he drew from a compartment.

“She wanted me to tear up the letters. She threat-

ened me if I did not. This means she understands their value to me. She says that she has absolute control of her mother's affairs; has the legal rights to dispose of the property as she wishes, and that it would be useless for me to play her false. I must look to her for money. Five thousand a year as long as I live when her brother is behind prison bars." He stepped to the sideboard, and, unlocking a door, pulled out a demijohn containing whiskey, and half filling a glass, literally poured the liquor down his throat. He returned to his chair. Then began a dispute between his two personalities. One saw the ease, comfort, and pleasure to be derived from a regular income, and seemed to convince him. But in a few moments the substratum of manhood protruded itself, and made the contemplated act so low, despicable, and debasing that the man shrunk from thinking out the details.

He pondered over his past and looked into the future. The liquor was now having its effect, and, like the suggestions of an evil acquaintance, it showed him all the pleasures ahead, all the misery behind.

"I am a fool," he repeated several times to himself. "No one ever hesitated to benefit himself at my expense; why should I neglect my opportunities? I won't ruin that young man and his family because I wish him any harm, but because I have the desire, the right impulse, to benefit myself. A man who does not look out for himself the world calls a fool. Here is my opportunity." Thus falsely arguing, he again appealed to his aid the demijohn, after which he sat down at

his desk and wrote a letter. The note was short and imperative. It read as follows:

"May, meet me about nine o'clock to-night at Haven's. We will dine together. Are you on for a hundred? Keep Billy in town, and out of jail. Fifty in it for him.

"Yours,

"C. D."

Putting on his waistcoat and coat, Bald went out and posted the letter. He did not dare send it by a messenger, as the address was a suspicious one for a minister of the gospel to make use of, and Bald was too clever to arouse suspicion regarding himself.

"To be poor is no crime," he mused as he returned to his apartments. "If this phrase has any meaning, then it can be no crime to become rich. But if you are poor can you be satisfied, will your hunger be appeased, by any such maxim as, 'To be poor is no crime?' The man who listens to a tale of some needy family in distress has the maxim ever at his call, but how many do we find who extend their benevolence beyond the expression? It proceeds from their lips a wretched phrase whose splendor is in the emptiness of the donation. What is it to me, hungry and forlorn, whether I be regarded as an honest, upright man by those who deny me the common wants of life? I require sustenance, I do not demand their pity; and he who should choose to extend the latter without granting wherewith to satisfy the former enjoys the milk of human kindness with the absence of its chief ingredients. He is universally admired as one of a charitable disposition, while I am famishing at the expense of a cheat.

“When I lived, or tried to live, the first few years after my entrance into the priesthood, what is called an upright life, I was a cheat, but not an intentional one. I was esteemed among people as chosen of God, and was distinguished by the appellation of pious and devout; but alas, I was mortal. Pursued by the frailties of human nature, I was not permitted to be so orthodox as they imagined, for in place of taking everything for granted, I could not learn to resist the evidence of my senses. Could I have had a little kindly appreciation or assistance I might have been of some use in my life. Thrown out onto the world, scorned by the religious and charitably inclined—God save the mark!—and laughed at by the worldly, I was forced to look out for myself. I shall continue to do so. I shall now live, live; yes, live; d—— the rest; let them starve, let them die. ‘*Habet et musca splenem.*’”

Three days after this discussion with himself, Bald was anxiously waiting in his rooms, as he was expecting a visit from Leigh.

There was a knock on the door, and Bald called out, “Come in.” The visitor was Leigh Newcomber.

“Ah! Dr. Newcomber, it is very kind and considerate of you to reply in person to my appeal; very kind, sir. Such Christian acts will never go unrewarded.” Mr. Bald was about to continue on the same lines, when Leigh Newcomber held up his hand in an attitude which distinctly meant, “Stop.”

“I received your letter,” said Leigh, in a rather curt manner, “and hesitated whether I could be of any use in the case. You know such cases, unless they have

the means to pay for a private treatment, go to the city hospital. How much morphine did you say she was taking?"

"All she can buy, she told me."

"Well, she is the first morphine fiend I ever knew who told the truth. Perhaps we may find it is not morphine that has brought her so low," and Leigh looked directly at Mr. Bald. The latter was for once saved from any acting, as he did not fully comprehend the purport of Leigh's insinuation.

The latter had come to see Mr. Bald upon his written request to do what he could to get a poor, unfortunate woman into some hospital where she could have the treatment necessary for her disease.

When Leigh received the letter his first impulse was to forward it to Oberea, who had gone to the country to visit Dr. Bell's sister. Thus she was comfortably and safely situated for a time. Leigh thought the matter over, and concluded that it would not be right to further worry his wife. "Besides," he thought, "she would raise all kinds of objections, and a woman is more often governed by her prejudices and intuitive faculties than incised reasoning."

Leigh had a feeling that somehow Mr. Bald was connected with his life, his future. He did not fear him, as he had found in him a man who could be governed by force, mental or financial. At least this was the conclusion he had come to after that first visit. He believed that if Bald was in the pay of Mizpra he would sell her out when it could be shown that such an act would redound to his interest.

He had no evidence—not the slightest scintilla of evidence—that Mr. Bald was anything but what he represented himself to be; still there was doubt in his mind, and he could not put that doubt aside.

He waited a day before replying to the letter asking him to come to New York, and then answered in the affirmative.

“If this fellow is up to any tricks,” said Leigh to Dr. Bell, whom he had called over to explain matters, “I will find him out. It will then be an easy matter for me to locate Mizpra. I’ll warrant you, Charlie,” said Leigh in an emphatic tone, “that he is my tool should he prove to be Mizpra’s.”

“Ha, ha,” laughed Dr. Bell. “There is an Hibernianism for you.” Leigh did not even smile; and noticing this serious attitude, Dr. Bell said:

“Better be prepared to defend yourself, Leigh; you may be led into a nasty hole.”

“Oh, Charlie, you know I understand the world. I have treated too many of the criminals in the city hospitals not to be on good terms with them. I rely upon my acquaintance with this class, and my knowledge of their character, to carry me through any trouble. No, I certainly shall not carry any weapons.”

“Why not?”

“Because should they desire to get me into a row, or get me on a drunk, as Mizpra would put it, which is the scheme if there is any, the carrying of weapons would be evidence against me unless I could prove I thought I was going into danger, and in that case the question would arise, why did I not ask for police pro-

tection? No; these personal matters must be settled personally."

"Well, I see you have thought it all out, Leigh. Have you decided to go?"

"Yes."

It all appeared to Leigh as if some impelling force was sending him to Bald. When he stopped to reason, he thought that to go to Bald was a foolish waste of time; that all it was necessary to do was to write a letter directing him to the proper authorities, and they would take care of the woman. During these periods of reasoning he decided not to go; but a few moments afterwards he would be in a dreamy reverie with compelling thoughts of how he would defeat Bald's designs. He did not feel like himself during these moments, and he knew he was hopeless against this inner impulse to act contrary to his more rational judgment.

In such cases the impulse to act and think is unconscious, and consciousness finds subsequent and, in some measure, plausible reasons for the thoughts and deeds the real source of which is unknown to itself.

Thus it was that we find Leigh entering the apartments of Mr. Bald one evening, three days after Bald had despatched his letter to the woman May, better known among her companions by the sobriquet, "Hartford May."

"Now, Mr. Bald," said Leigh, as he accepted a cigar, "I must return as soon as possible."

"Certainly. I fully appreciate your kindness in coming. I hope Mrs. Newcomber is well?"

"In splendid health," answered Leigh. "Tell me about this case now; it will save time."

Now, Bald was clever enough to know that he would blunder if he attempted to describe a suppositious case of morphinomania. He had inadvertently thus described the case in his letter, so he replied to Leigh in an evasive manner.

"Wait until you see the case, Doctor. I feel sure you will have sympathy for the unfortunate girl. She comes from a good New England family. Was well educated, refined, pure. Well, the life she entered, or was forced into, has lost its glare and tinsel. Wine and whiskey have lost their exhilarating effect, and no longer will remorse be drowned by morphine. Now in the last whirls of her whirlpool life, she wants to be tossed out of its vortex and quietly landed on the sunny shore to die. It is her one wish to be removed to a hospital where the lines and twitchings of dissipation will be partly smoothed away. Then to see her mother and little son. Death will claim her soon; there can be little doubt of that."

"Same old story," sententiously said Leigh. "I have heard it a hundred times; and the worst of it is that it is the truth."

"Ah, but this poor girl—she is only twenty-two—was a good Christian, and desires to make her peace with God before passing to the great beyond."

"Come, Mr. Bald," rather harshly replied Leigh; "let us deal only with the body and its desires."

"As you wish," and nodding acquiescence he retired

to his bedroom to replace his clerical garb by a stylish, though rather striking, suit of clothes.

Bald wanted to gain time, for it was necessary to detain Leigh until a late hour, so he leisurely made his preparations. Half dressed, he came into the library to apologize for his change of costume.

"Never mind," said Leigh; "I understand," and then flashed across his mind the query why it was that they were going on an errand of mercy at night instead of the daytime. "What a fool I was not to think of this before," he said to himself. "Well, I am in for it; I'll give him all the rope he wants," and he relighted his cigar, picked up a book on "Higher Criticism" that lay on the table, and read some of the marked passages which had attracted his attention.

"I trust you will not misjudge me by my books," smilingly remarked Bald. "I feel that you are a man I can trust with some of my thoughts. It is only with the ignorant that I have to dissemble. You would appreciate my present position if you knew the facts. I believed one thing, but was expected to preach and act what I did not, could not, believe. That is the reason I gave up preaching and now confine myself to belief in Christ only so far as His acts appeal to me. I could not tell my audience things which I did not believe. Too many preachers are doing that every day, and educated men know it."

Leigh now became interested, as Bald had intended he should.

"And I suppose," questioned Leigh, "if you gave them the truth they would consider you a liar?"

“Certainly. A bold man who tells the truth is generally considered a falsifier. There are a great number of people who never think for themselves. These are, I might say, in the majority. Such individuals are, mentally, children. They like to sit and hear fairy tales. They accept what pleases their gross senses. Allured by the pomp, the splendor, and the magnificence of external worship, they are slaves in proportion to the number of ceremonies which appertain to religion. Mark the attachment of the ancient Jews for their pompous and magnificent feasts, music, sacrifices, and varied ceremonies; the fondness of the pagans for the Aleusinian mysteries of such dubious purity; the veneration of the Christians for the Eucharist, for the miracles, and the virulence in their councils for and against the introduction of the word “Housmousian.” What was the consequence to this world? It produced the distinction between the Greek and Latin Churches, and finally destroyed the eastern empire of the Christians by introducing the Turks into Europe. Thus, by the introduction of an unintelligible jargon, we find the Christian Church, soon after its establishment at Antioch, divided against itself, and torn to pieces by renewed and endless quarrels down to the present day. In fact, look at the morning papers and see the petty church quarrels and disputes, with trials for heresy, that are served up daily for the amusement of the intelligent few.”

“Yes,” laughed Leigh, “these preachers remind me of children. They all want their own way or they won’t play.”

“That’s just it,” remarked Bald, as he reached for a decanter and placed it on the table. “You see the Scriptures, which every Christian makes the guide and rule of his faith, are variously interpreted, and every one imagines himself a competent judge of that which no one seems to understand. The doctrine of the real presence in the Eucharist, which is held by millions of mental slaves, is a tenet worthy of more ridicule than any to be found in paganism. We accuse the latter of absurdity and superstition in worshipping a reptile or a blade of grass; they, with equal justice, ascribe to us the folly and madness of eating the same God whom we adore. ‘If we worship a leek or an onion,’ they say, ‘we do not eat them. You devour your God, and while thousands of you are feasting upon the blood and flesh of your Messiah, you add the effrontery of praying to Him for remission of your sins.’ The former, in his turn, laughs at the idea of cutting each other’s throat for the preference of a cabbage or a cucumber. ‘Yes,’ said the pagan, ‘I allow it, if you will confess that those are still madder who fight about the preference among columns of sophistry, ten thousand of which are not equal in value to one cabbage or cucumber.’”

Leigh nodded assent, and Bald, after offering the decanter to Leigh, which was refused by a slight movement of the hand, took a drink. After placing the glass on the table he said:

“I realize that what I have just said is rather ancient philosophy and history, but as I know you look upon the matter from the view-point of a scientist I wanted you to see how the subject impressed one who

received his early training among ancient authors and teachers whose studies were of the past and who understood not the investigating mind."

"Religion," said Leigh, "is dependent on fashion and caprice, ignorance and superstition, hysteria and a submissive mentality. Though prejudice and superstition may prolong the period of an established worship, innovation will sooner or later, if it has not already done so, introduce her beneficial influence, and in proportion to the strides of science will be the feebleness of the Church's resistance, the rapidity of its decline."

"I do not consider, Dr. Newcomber," replied Bald, "as you do, that all religion is an illusion or a delusion; but even if it is as you describe it, remember it brings joy and blessing to most mankind."

"Do you know of any religion that has really made man better?" asked Leigh. "I think you will find that the moral and ethical progress which has been made has come from the marriage of science to philosophy. One of their daughters, Evolution, has done more for us than all religions from time out of mind."

"Oh, Doctor, Doctor! your dissecting knife destroys many a beloved ideal."

"It does not destroy any of your ideals," said Leigh, with a broad smile.

Bald was adjusting his necktie, a bold, big affair. He did not turn away from the mirror as he answered:

"I have no ideals to be destroyed; but I would not care to pull down the idols of others, although the Church does send our godly men to do among foreigners that which it teaches at home not to do."

"Yes, and man is no better and priests are no more than human. The same *sub rosa* indulgences, criminal opportunity and ignorance, come in for their share to-day as they did in the time of the pagans. Clergymen tell us that men in those days had the habits of beasts, and knew no laws but sexual license. To-day the greater portion of what we call the civilized world knows no laws save those of the billy-goat."

Bald turned round and looked at Leigh silently for a moment, and then said:

"You are getting facetious. I like to hear you talk when you are serious, but not when you let prejudice run away with your judgment. Come, let us go;" and as he picked up his hat he jauntily sang:

"Every quack can give relief,
And every doctor is a thief."

Leigh noticed that Bald's appearance and actions had greatly changed since he had first entered the room. With his gay clothes on he appeared a man of the world. They seemed to give him an air of lightness, of joviality. All his assumption of priestly pedantry and piety was lacking; all appearances of dignity had vanished.

"Bald is now himself," reflected Leigh. "This is his proper rôle, his real self; I am certain of it. Well, so much the better; I'll now see him in his true colors."

Bald had not mentioned to what part of the city they were going, and Leigh had not inquired. He was calm, and no trace of anxiety in himself could be found. It was delightful, this nervous equilibrium. He had never experienced such a condition over such a length of time.

He was physically ready for anything. He knew, what Bald did not, that they were now in his old ambulance district, and that there was not a dive nor a tough in the neighborhood with which he was not acquainted. He had saved many of the wretched denizens of the district from arrest and imprisonment. Many a young woman had known his gentle hand; many a drunken brute had felt the power of his trained muscles. "Doc," as he had been familiarly called, could go alone where no officer without aid cared to tread. Leigh knew that a short time brings many changes among the half-world; but when an officer on the corner came up and greeted him in the old familiar manner he knew he was not forgotten.

This latter incident troubled Bald, although he said nothing. He suggested a drink in the corner saloon. Leigh said the one in the middle of the block looked the better, so into this one they went. Leigh knew the owners and frequenters of the corner saloon, and was afraid in that place he would get too hearty a welcome, as in one of his attacks of dipsomania he had spent a whole week there, unwashed, unfed, and without any sleep but the alcoholic dumbness accompanying dipsomania when the symptoms of this disease are subsiding. Oh, how grateful he was now; how superior he felt to those he could see standing at the bar; and he made a mental note to the effect that he would keep superior, although he might have to shut himself up when he felt the oncoming of another attack.

Bald called for whiskey, and suggested that as they only had a block or so to go, Leigh had better take a

stimulant to counteract the effects of the close air, stench, etc., they would encounter in the place they were going. He called for a glass of club soda, and Bald did not press him further. Had the latter known the true state of his companion's nervous organization, and what dipsomania really was, it is probable he would have been more urgent in his request.

"How did you know that officer?" inquired Bald as they stood at the bar. "Do you know many people in this neighborhood?"

"Oh, that officer used to be detailed down at the hospital; that's all," and with this answer Bald was apparently satisfied.

It was now about twelve o'clock. The concert halls' doors kept swinging to and fro as the human dregs of Broadway's redundant life wandered in and out seeking whom they might devour.

Night life was active, and on the streets was a subdued discord of voices. The strident voice of a male outcast could be heard in a dark corner cursing the woman who supported his vile carcass, or else the solicitous tones of the harpy came to the ears. The gin laughter of girls yet in their teens was heard on both sides of the noisy street into which Leigh and Bald now turned. Bald stopped at a narrow entrance to a still narrower hallway next to a gaudily illuminated dive. Leigh knew the nature of the neighborhood and the character of its denizens. He knew that here could be found criminals of both sexes who for a small amount of money would commit any proposed crime.

Leigh delighted in excitement. He realized he was

going to get it; but to one thing he had made up his mind—that was, that Bald would be his victim. This accomplished, the latter would have to confess all, and thus easily be made a tool to be used against Mizpra. Leigh thought for a moment he would take Bald into the dive and have him “fixed.” He knew the signs and “blind lingo” used in these places, and would have put the idea into immediate execution had not the door just then opened and Bald slightly pushed him into the hallway. The door closed, shutting out the street’s many brilliant lights. At the head of the stairs a dim flame fluttered, and Bald, ascending the stairs, called out:

“Come on, Doctor. Tough hole for an ill girl, is it not?”

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CHAPTER XV.

Leigh followed Bald up the stairway. Faint sounds of ribald songs came from the adjoining den of vice and crime. The atmosphere of the stairway was mephitic. As they reached the first landing a door opened, and by the glare shed from the lighted room Leigh instantly recognized his surroundings. A mental picture of his first visit to this place stood vividly before him. Could he ever forget that pinched face disgustingly daubed with red paint and white powder; the mop of blond hair falling around unwashed ears, and those attenuated arms stretched out in beckoning attitude? He again saw the black nails of the fingers that were continually opening and closing like the talons of a vulture. These rapid flashes of association brought back to Leigh the memory of the first time he had ever entered this dark, opprobrious den of crime and shame.

There had been an awful murder, and in this same room. The tall dark man on the floor with stab wounds in his chest—Leigh's first murder case. How well he remembered it! Some of the air left the lungs through the wound, and entering the tissues under the skin, produced an inflated appearance. When the skin was pressed upon a loud, crackling noise was produced that could be heard across the room.

Stark naked on the floor lay the victim, unconscious,

and kneeling over him was a drunken harlot. Talking, cursing, and casting epithets at the two policemen stationed by the door awaiting the action of Leigh, were the slime of female depravity. Over the prostrate victim bent the diseased-eaten harridan. She was amusing her companions by punching the inflated tissues, laughing and shrieking at the crackling, whistling effect produced, while the dank denizens of the place gave vent to their pleasure by libidinous expressions and Paphian oaths.

Could Leigh ever forget the vile, malodorous curses or the strident and discordant laughter following his attempt to pull the woman away. He pulled at her befrouzled hair and off came a greasy wig, exposing the rotting skull and, beneath it, the pulsating brain tissues. He had seen many horrible sights since that night; but that, his first real sight into the degradation criminal man will push his still weaker sister, criminal woman, Leigh could never forget.

As these memories arose in all their vividness, Leigh realized the danger ahead, but he had no fear.

The two men turned into the hallway and started up the stairs. Doors on the first floor were slyly opened and invitations given to walk into the women's webs. Reaching the second landing, Bald knocked on the door directly in front. Here burned dimly a gas jet. Leigh, accustomed to think and observe in emergencies, had already planned his mode of action.

In answer to the knock came a reply to "Come in." The tone of the voice was familiar to the physician. It was not the voice of a very ill person. It had all the

coarseness of a throat toughened by drink; all the paucity of sympathy found in the outcast.

Leigh allowed Bald to enter the room first; or rather, he held back until Bald had no other alternative.

The room was dimly lighted by a single gas jet which hung from the center of the dirty white ceiling. In a corner opposite the door Leigh noticed a tumbled bed, and under soiled sheets the movement of restless limbs. Outside of the sheets dangled the bare arm of a female. The various odors in the room seemed to run in strata, as each step brought the visitors into a different zone of pungent, offensive nidors.

There was the old familiar odor of dead cigarettes. Another step forward and the smell of stale beer mingled with the fishy savor of broiled lobster, and the scent of rancid butter—left over night in a room in which fresh air only entered as the occupant went out—gave the atmosphere a gravolent pungency.

Leigh had expected all this, so as he stepped towards the bed, and the sickening perfumes of musk and chemical violet which hung around the woman in a stratum of their own penetrated his nostrils, he was not surprised.

On the other side of the room, facing the bed, hung long curtains of cheap material.

Bald was inclined to keep near the door, an inclination Leigh was quick to notice. In fact, Leigh was noticing everything except the odors, and they did not need close attention to be detected.

He stood close by Bald and said in a modulated voice: "Introduce me to your charge, Mr. Bald."

The woman in bed turned her face toward the light.

"Is that you, Mr. Bald? How glad I am that you have come. Is that the doctor?" she asked; and she raised herself in a sitting posture for a second, and then, as if remembering she was very ill, sank down again.

Bald moved slowly and began acting his part.

"Yes, Miss May; it is I. I hope your miserable life in these haunts of the devil is over. Our young Christian brother and physician needed no second appeal to come to the aid of the physically suffering." He turned round to Leigh, who now stood directly behind him. Without hesitation Leigh went to the woman, and taking her hand in his right hand placed the open palm of his left on her forehead; then bent down and looked into her eyes.

"Doctor," she said, "I want to get out of this place, this life. You do not know what it is. Sit down beside me; let me tell you something," and she attempted to draw him down to her, in so doing bringing her other bare arm from under the bedclothes.

She had on a frouzy, soiled, one-time pink wrapper, and it was redolent of gum opium and cheap perfumes. She continued: "I want to whisper something to you; come, bend over, Doctor. You won't mind, will you, Mr. Bald?" and she turned her head quizzically towards that individual.

"No," replied the pseudo-priest, "but I had better not stay. Dr. Newcomber will, I know, do his best for you. You have many secrets which you can confide to him, and which you would not care to have me know. I will go."

"Wait a moment, Mr. Bald," said Leigh. "Only a moment—then you may go;" and Leigh disengaged himself from the hands of the woman, though not without force. As he did so he lifted up the right arm of the woman and ran his fingers along the arm-pit. Dropping the arm carelessly, he turned suddenly and in a few steps was under the gaslight. In a moment he turned the light up, saying, as he did so:

"I must get a better look at your eyes; I can't make a diagnosis in the dark."

"I think now I'd better go," said Bald, with less steadiness than usual in his voice.

Leigh turned partly round so he could observe both the woman and Bald.

"No, Mr. Bald; my time is limited. You may go in a few moments, but I want to ask this unfortunate woman a few questions. You may have to go on an errand for us. Surely you wish to relieve us of as much burden as possible. Remember your Christian attitude in this matter." As he was talking he went over to the bed and sat upon the edge of it, facing the woman.

He looked the woman steadily in the eyes for a few seconds while he again picked up the arm he had, unknown to the other man, already examined. The attention of the woman became fixed, her breathing became rapid, her pupils became expanded, and the pallor of her cheeks gave way to a bright red tinge. She uttered a subdued "My God!" and raised her arms as if about to spring from the bed, when Leigh tightly grasped her wrists,

"Don't get nervous, please," he said. "I noticed a siphon of seltzer under the bed; let me get it for you. I have a little medicine which you must take with it."

He got off the bed, and, with eyes and limbs alert, reached for the siphon. As he bent down he whispered: "How is the boy?" Then he rose and handed her the heavy siphon. The woman's breathing was now fast and furious. She viciously clutched the heavy bottle, rising as she did so.

"You; d—— you; touch my Doc?" she screamed, and springing to the floor cursing, she started across the room.

Leigh roughly held her for a second.

"That d—— hypocrite, the preacher; watch him," he shouted, his eyes meanwhile directed toward the heavy curtains. There was a movement behind them, but he was too quick for the thug hidden there. With a powerful bound he reached within striking distance just as the man's head left the parting curtains, his hands being hampered by the hangings, then, smash went the indignant and nervous fist of Leigh on the man's jaw. Bump, thump, came the body of the unconscious man on to the floor; crash, went Leigh's foot against the badger's temple.

Leigh never forgot how mean he felt after that kick. It lingered in his memory a lifetime. But he knew it was necessary to keep the man unconscious as long as possible.

Bald had started for the door the moment the woman left the bed. His only idea was to get away from a scene which had been enacted differently from the one

he had expected. He had attempted to reach the door before the enraged and indignant woman, siphon in hand, could reach him. He turned the knob and pulled the door; it was locked. The woman was upon him. High in the air swung the glass weapon she held in her hand. Swiftly, and with the dexterity of a woman accustomed to barroom brawls, she struck him. He staggered against the door; his knees bent, but he was supported in a kneeling attitude by his grip upon the knob. The woman again swung her glass club, but allowed it to remain poised above her head as she heard her helpless victim moan and saw the blood from a gash in the scalp flow over his pale features. Time was too precious now to waste on useless blows.

It was not from pity that she stopped her trembling arm in mid-air, but her anxiety for Leigh. She knew, which he did not, the man with whom he had to deal. Her face lighted up with pleasure as she saw Leigh give the prostrate body of the brute the powerful kick.

"Give him h——" she shouted to Leigh. "They meant to do you," and giving force to her oaths she turned to look at Bald. He was fast losing his hold on the knob. Blind from his blood-filled eyes, dazed by the force of the sudden blow, he was slowly sinking to the floor. The woman was afraid he would slip from the position he was in. His head had just the right inclination for the death blow. This was the dominant idea in her mind. Three times around her head swung the heavy bottle. The third time it crashed upon the temple of the semi-conscious man. As it struck, the

sound of broken glass and a mournful moan could be heard mingled with the exultant curses of the now hysterical woman.

"Stop, stop!" shouted Leigh, as he rushed over and took hold of the woman's arm just as she reached for an empty beer bottle on the table. "Stop, woman; stop!" She struggled; struggled fiercely, and hissed her curses as she tried to get away from Leigh.

"Here; do you want the police? Stop; or you will get me into worse trouble than I have just escaped."

"You, you, you, you hell-hound," she shrieked. She struggled desperately to get away; struggled madly, blindly. Leigh picked her up and carried her to the bed. Her ferocity, her madness, now gave way to mumbling curses. This state continued for a few moments. Finally she looked up into Leigh's face, threw her arms around him and cried—the first genuine, real, feeling cry she had had in several years; and then it was over this same man.

"Oh, Doc, I didn't know it was you. God's truth, I didn't, Doc. Say, let me give that lying—the beer bottle."

"Sit still."

"Say; you done Bill, all right, all right," and she looked over to where the badger lay unconscious. "Say; Doc, honest; what's the trouble? You know I was always square with you."

"Yes, and I'll tell you all about the affair; that is, all I know, as soon as we get out of this place. Now listen; I must get the preacher——"

"Preacher be d——" interrupted the woman.

"Well, he is, if you have killed him."

"Hope to God I have."

"Now, keep quiet. This is a serious matter. Stay here."

Leigh went over to Bald and felt his pulse. "Good," he said. "No, he's all right now," he added, as she gave him a questioning look. "Can't tell what will be the outcome. I must get him to the hospital quietly."

"Oh! I don't understand you," said the girl. "It was he that put the job up," and she started to reach her skirt which hung on the wall.

"Sit down, and listen," said Leigh. "You stay here; I will go and get a hack, and then take him to the hospital. After I once get him there, you and I can explain matters. You see, I must keep him where I can watch him."

"And Billy?" and she gave a hearty laugh.

"When he 'comes to,' he will be glad to skip."

"Yes," and she laughed again, "when 'he comes to.' Say, Doc, I never thought that you would kick a man when he was down, and I've seen you put many down;" and again she merrily laughed.

"I feel awful mean about it; but I did not know how you were going to fix our mutual friend there," and he pointed to Bald. "I had to make him lie down. If he had got on his feet he would have skipped through the window behind those curtains, and in five minutes his gang or the police would have been here."

"Doc, you're a wonder."

Leigh went over to where Bald lay. He carefully

parted the bloody, matted hair in order to examine the wounds.

"Get me some water and a towel. I have to get his head cleaned so as not to attract attention as I take him out. We don't want to answer any police questions."

"But you can fix that, Doc," and she patted Leigh on the shoulder. "Do you remember how you saved Mag's boy from going over to the Island?"

Leigh smiled, but made no reference to the circumstances.

"Now," he said, "do as I tell you. I shall return in ten minutes."

He went to the door, gave the knob a turn and pulled, but the door would not open. "Well, that's odd. I locked it, but had forgotten the fact."

"It was cleverly done, Doc. But if Bald had gotten away I should have hunted him down. You can bet your sweet life I would."

Leigh took the key out of his pocket and inserted it in the keyhole. He opened the door, but immediately shut it, calling to the woman: "Search the badger's pockets, I will do the same with Bald's;" he hurriedly took all the papers and keys found in the latter's pockets. The girl came over to him, and handed him a black-jack and a pair of brass knuckles.

"Cursed lucky that I did not let him get any more than his head out of those curtains," he remarked, as he placed the ugly weapons in his pockets. "You're not afraid to stay here alone while I am gone a few moments?"

"Alone? I guess not," and she swaggered around

the room with an empty beer bottle in her hand and a grin of satisfaction on her countenance.

Leigh's plans had been forming in his mind from the time he started out with Bald. So far they had been followed out successfully. The one thing that now troubled him was the condition of Bald. He was afraid that the infuriated blows of the woman had fractured the minister's skull. If so, it was a serious matter, both for him and the woman; but especially for the woman. To him it would bring ruinous notoriety; to the woman, imprisonment. He went out of the hall unnoticed, and realized he was now free; that if he should not go back, his presence in that room would never be known. If Bald died, his name would never be connected with the affair. The woman give the police his name? Never; that he knew.

Ninety-five out of every hundred criminal women will at some time or another be false to their friends or lovers. This condition obtains in all classes of criminal society. The police rely upon this fact for many of their secrets. The few women who are true to their friends or lovers have a fidelity that is as immovable as Gibraltar. Their adhesion to one purpose, one man, is beyond any human power to destroy. Such women will willingly suffer and die for their cause; and the cause generally has one basis—motherhood.

The thought of not going back to the room never entered Leigh's mind. His thoughts were how to save the woman should Bald die. If he could get him to the hospital alive, Leigh felt that there would be no further trouble.

He got a "night hawk," and was soon back in the malodorous room. Bald was apparently in fair condition; the badger showed some signs of consciousness. The woman, Leigh noticed, had dressed, and was ready for the street. She had been crying, and was trying to hide the little rivulets left in her artificial complexion by the tears with the aid of a powder puff, which she quickly hid in the bosom of her waist as Leigh opened the door.

"You follow a few minutes after I have left. Meet me to-morrow noon at this place," he said, giving her a card. "Is the hour too early for you?"

"Of course not, Doc."

"Remember, then," and he stooped down and lifted Bald on his shoulders. This done, he turned to the woman and asked: "Have you money enough for to-night? Don't hang around here. Go over to Brooklyn."

"Anything you say, good Doc."

He closed the door upon her. His burden was heavy; yet in the room he left a frail woman whose burden was heavier.

At the foot of the stairs Leigh let his man down, holding him with one arm under the shoulders in such a manner that he kept the limp body upright. In this manner it took but a few seconds to place the apparently drunken man in the hack.

"Brace up, old man," spoke Leigh, as his seemingly drunken companion was taken across the pavement. "Get in there, and don't make a fuss," and Bald was shoved into the carriage, where he fell partly on the seat.

It was an old trick neatly done. Leigh had known many a dead person taken away in this manner.

The woman sat down on the bed. Her head drooped, and she was about to give way again to tears when the figure on the floor turned over with a groan. She approached it and hissed: "You cur; you coward; neither man nor beast. It is such as you that keep us women degraded. It is such as you that make us hide our shame and remorse in drink and opium. When an unfortunate girl is thrown out on the street hungry for sympathy, parched for one kind word from a true man or woman, does she find it? No; and it is such mackerel as you that know it. You get us in your toils when we are young and unwary, and ever afterwards, like turkey buzzards, fill your filthy stomachs from our earnings. Earnings, did I say? Yes, the wages of sin. You live on, while all our decency, self-respect, and maternal instincts—for we have them—are submerged so that you and your class may wear good clothes as bait to catch the ever-coming mass of unfortunate girls who could, at this period of their lives, often be returned to a happy home. Bah! we never return to anything but whiskey and crime. No woman who has once got into the vile clutches of your class ever reformed. Bah!" and she stooped and spat in his face.

CHAPTER XVI.

The woman went slowly but carelessly down the stairs and out into the noisy, foul-smelling street. She loitered not; neither did she give side glances, heed the remarks, nor answer the questions casually put to her as she passed along under the many red lights.

It was the hour of recklessness; the early morning of mental obscuration and moral palsy for those who seek the lowness of life; for those in the unfortunate coils of a neurotic inheritance. The human vultures who ever hover around for their prey were now boldly plucking their victims without resistance. They had come from their foul nests as it grew dark, and now plucked and gorged with fierceness and rapidity, to return early in the morning to feed innocent, as well as shameful, mouths. The woman saw them not. She held her skirts closely, and passed into the broad avenue with tears in her eyes. She was thinking of her past, and trying to look into the future; something she had not done for a long time. Heretofore she had not allowed herself to think of anything but the present. The cocktail in the morning, the luncheon, dinner, theater, supper, and what money she could get from her prey, composed the circle round which swung her thoughts, or rather, in this sequence rose her animal necessities and desires.

She was sober to-night; and her better passions were active. Her higher psychic centers were so aroused she did not feel the usual demand for stimulants; had not noticed their absence. She was yet in that young age where latent vitality could be drawn upon. At this moment it is probable that had she been taken by a kind and scientific hand, she would have been brought back to usefulness. She was not, physiologically, a degenerate. She had been born with a normal psychic stability. Her condition was due to acquired habits. Harsh treatment when a child; then the loss of parental control as she was growing into womanhood, caused careless action. The inevitable followed; evil environments and misunderstood pride drove her recklessly on when the first shock of deception passed over her. She knew, as the thousands who had gone before knew, and thousands to follow will know, that there was no alternative. Live, eat, and drink; exist, pour down, and forget; die. That is the motto of this pitiful class. They ask for no sympathy or prayers; understanding, they do appreciate.

The woman walked on for several blocks, and then turned toward Fourth Avenue.

"He told me to go to Brooklyn," she said to herself. "He knows best. Oh; I would like to return and wait around the hospital to see him. But it would endanger him." She wandered on to the Elevated, and was soon looking down on the many passing lights on and below the Bridge. She mechanically changed cars, for what place she did not know, nor did she care, and sank into

a corner seat, resting her elbow on the window sill, with her hand against her cheek.

Her mind began to trace out memories; dear but painful memories. She remembered that awful year during which she had struggled bravely to support her deformed and ill baby; a boy, now five years old. How she begged for help from its father who had deserted her as soon as he realized her condition of approaching maternity. It's an old story; and need not be repeated. "Only five years ago," she murmured to herself, "since I was taken to the hospital, where baby was born." It was the year following, that the fearful struggle for existence came upon her.

Ah, how well the memories of the past came to her now. There were no loving parents or kind friends to assist her in those dark days. Not even that starvation aid, the needle, could she call to her assistance. Money and food she had to have for the little one; only those, but she had to have them. It now seemed to her so long ago, so many years ago since he was born.

Out of the dreaded hospital, the little one needed more than ever. Illness and confinement had not added to the mother's beauty, so she had to limit her doleful labors to the night. Her child grew worse; her endeavors desperate. The demand upon her for police protection kept her from purchasing the necessities for her wan but patient baby boy. At any moment she might be taken to a police station. Then; oh, then, what would become of her only love? She would rather see him die than placed in the hands of the "Society,"

or the many well meaning, but often cruel—to the mothers—"Homes" and institutions.

No one but he that has an intimate acquaintance with the unfortunate half-world, knows with what hatred and fear these "Societies" are held by this class of unfortunate women. The basis for this hatred lies in their knowledge that these "Societies" have the mis-conceived idea that these women have no maternal love; that they should be kept from hearing and seeing their little ones, that they should not be allowed to talk with them, to fondle them or to kiss them. The fact is, the maternal instinct in most of these women is strong, powerful. It is increased beyond the normal, by the absence of a loving husband, a cheerful home, or the kind words and friendly admiration of relatives. In many cases the child is all the woman lives for, prostitutes for, or steals for; the little one whom the charitably (God save the mark) inclined would rob her of. Ay; rob her as completely as would the kidnapper, who, at least, would have the decency to keep up negotiations with the mother and return the child on certain conditions. These unfortunate women well understand that over the entrances to these societies and institutions is emblazoned, under a gilded cross, a sign which reads to them: "Give up all hope (and children) ye who enter here."

It was one day in a hot summer when she took her little son, faint and weak, to the dispensary as a last resort. She had hesitated many days, had tried many ways, to avoid getting aid from the hospitals. The hesitancy was from no distrust of the physicians' care,

of their interest—she had too often been there herself for treatment to think otherwise but good of the doctors—it was the awful dread of hearing them say that the child must be sent away where there would be no kind messages sent to her from him until the last message of all, one she had seen other mothers receive with shrieks and sobs. It was only a plain, chilling card sent by mail, upon which was stated, partly in print: “Leon Smith died yesterday afternoon. Body will be kept twenty-four hours.”

But she hoped for the best; perhaps they would not take away her darling, crippled and deformed though he was.

Pale, trembling, and weak—for she had not eaten upon that memorable morning, saving her little money for baby’s milk—she passed the clerk at the entrance to the hospital dispensary, getting a numbered ticket from him. She looked around the vast room filled with benches upon which sat men, women, boys, and girls, of all ages and all classes. Subdued voices could be heard coming from the little examining rooms located on each side of the large room; the anguished wail of mothers, the meaning cry of infants, and the false modest cry of the street girls, all mingling to make up the voicings of this busy medical caravansary. Young doctors in their white jackets, and younger students, were hurrying back and forth, some joking, some loafing, some earnest and working. An orderly went down the aisles calling out numbers and colors, these numbers and colors designating the order and class to which the patients belonged. The trembling mother who had just

entered had a white card showing that she must consult the children's physician.

She was standing up hesitating which way to go, when she was roughly accosted by an elderly man who apparently had charge of the large room.

"Where's your card?" he said, and at the same time he snatched it out of the hand which struggled to hold the baby. "You've been here before;" he stated, as he shoved the card back in her trembling hand. "Don't stand here and block up the place; go over to your side," and he moved on to order others.

As she moved to that portion of the room where were numerous women gossiping with half grown, brazen girls—marks of early dissipation showing on their undeveloped features—and mingled with them many little innocent girls with babies in their arms; a doctor having on a white jacket, came and spoke to her. He spoke so kindly, his voice was so sympathetic, that the woman's eyes brightened, and her heart felt glad. She instinctively felt that in this man she had a friend. The doctor said: "Come with me, little mother, we'll see what we can do for you," and he gently looked at her card as she held it in her hand. He led her to a seat; and, standing over her, questioned her while he watched the child. He was interrupted by the door of the small room next them being opened, and the appearance of a fat, stubby little fellow about eleven years old, carrying a baby whose head was swathed in bandages and whose mouth was wide open, letting its voice out without hindrance or cessation. The boy was smiling as he tried to hold his ticket between his teeth and a bottle

in each hand, while chin and both arms hung on to the yelling infant. The physician turned round, and a broad smile came over his face; he reached out and took the baby in his arms. It ceased crying.

"Well, Carl," he said laughingly, "you've got your hands full."

"Hully gee, Profess," ejaculated the youngster, "dis ain't no cinch. De nex' time I'll wear me brudder's rubber coat."

The physician laughed heartily, and after seeing the medicine stowed away in the boy's pockets, and the baby placed in his sturdy little arms, gave him some advice and change, and bade him good luck. He then turned to the woman, who was smiling. She was now no longer afraid that her baby would be taken from her. The doctor's assistant stood in the doorway, while there flocked around him numerous clamorous women all wanting to be first, notwithstanding most of them knew they must wait for their turn. Even those who were "regulars" would insist upon immediate attention. On the men's side all went regularly and in order, but no amount of instruction or ordering had ever brought order out of a chaos of daily argument, pleading, and scramble from the women's side.

Diplomacy and judgment governed Dr. Newcomber's clinic. He called to his assistant: "Dr. Sharp, look over these women's tickets; weed them out as fast as you can. Here, my good woman," he called to a dirty Pole, speaking to her in her own language, "didn't I tell you to come back to-morrow? Come, girl," he said, and he gently touched on the shoulder

the woman with the crippled child. He led her into the little room, and, after closing the door, placed her in a chair. The change from the dark, noisy waiting room to the bright, white consulting room of Dr. Newcomber was cheering and pleasing to the tired, hungry woman. A white screen, delicate white sash curtains, and a vase of roses showed the character of the man; at least, such were her thoughts.

The nature of the child's illness was soon settled. The little fellow must be operated upon. "No, she could not pay; would do all she could." Then she broke down; and, after a good cry, she poured out in all the agony of her heart the story of her life, her trials, and her absorbing love for her baby. She was bad, wicked, perforce damned; but she loved her child, and would not be separated from him.

Leigh had money then, and did what he had often done before; made an outcast believe that there exists, outside of the professing Christians, real, sympathetic, and practical charity. The child should go to a private hospital where the mother could visit him as often as she wished. Yes, she could spend the days alone with him, in a little room all his own.

"And you will operate, Doctor?"

"Yes."

"Thank God! I love you, Doctor, for his sake," she said, kissing the quiet, pale boy. "Only for his sake, you understand? I am too vile, too low, to mean anything else, Doctor. You do understand; don't you?"

It seemed to her as if she was walking on air, so light-hearted was she as she went out of that great room

which she had entered so heartsick and fearsome. He had given her some money to procure clothes for the baby. It was the first money she had ever received from a man that was not stamped with the bar sinister.

There was happiness, glory, in this fact. Her baby would be clothed in garments not purchased by the wages of sin. They would all be pure, white clothes. Ah; if she could always keep them so!

Thus she dreamed of the past, ever thus went her memories back to that time when she first met Dr. Newcomber.

The train stopped, and she was rudely aroused from her reveries by the guard shouting, "All out." Down the station's dark stairs she went only to find that the terminus was out in the sparsely settled district. She was not tired; the early morning hours were no stranger to her. She hesitated, then turned and retraced her way up the steps of the station, and asked permission to remain in the waiting room for the next return train. The kindly old Irishman who was cleaning up the station saw she was quiet and sober, so he allowed her to go in and wait for the first morning train.

Again she dropped into memories and reveries. She smiled as she remembered how she often had told "my doctor," as she familiarly called him, that if there ever was justice in this world she would repay him for his kindness. He always turned aside such conversation, and would tell her that what he did was his pleasure, so there could be no credit given him. She had had no time to think of love in her life, or rather, she had not allowed herself to think of the past or the future; but

in her own lacerated heart she knew that she would gladly suffer or die for "her doctor." She longed many, many a time to go and visit him, but the knowledge of her position kept her from seeing him only when she went to the hospital to watch her baby. He never asked her where she lived; and she never told him. There seemed to be silent understanding; she of his kindness, he of her shame.

So matters had gone on. Her darling boy was cured, and Leigh Newcomber at his own expense had placed him with a kindly disposed family in the country, not far from the city. He had paid the good farmer's wife a sufficient sum of money to bring the boy up to a self-earning age. Then for a while Dr. Newcomber dropped out from her sight, but not from her life or memory.

One night a year or so after she had first met him, as she was sitting at a table in one of the numerous "all night cafés" which indent Broadway, she was attracted by a flock of foul parasites and scavengers of the night, sitting around a table in the rear of the room. A man and his money were being separated; no new thing to her. Some of her women friends were beckoning to her to come over. She went and sat down at the table, not noticing the man the waiters were robbing, and who was also being watched by the human vultures outside in the shadow of the doorway. But when he asked her to drink, she turned and looked at him. A pain shot through her heart; she shuddered and would have spoken, but just at that moment the brutish waiter said: "Give yer order, May; wine or nuthing." She nodded assent; it mattered little to her what he brought.

She got Leigh—for it was he—to her room; but not without slander and curses from those who considered that she had robbed them by taking him away. Leigh showed that he was physically able to take care of himself, and willingly went with the woman. He demonstrated no outward signs of intoxication, and his conversation with a stranger was rational and sane; albeit, nervous and tongue thick. The woman made up a bed on the sofa for him in her room, locked the door, and laid down on the outside of her bed. Leigh Newcomber sat on the sofa and smoked, meanwhile keeping up a running, rambling conversation. Seeing he would not sleep, the woman rose and went to him.

“Doctor, won’t you lie down and sleep?” she asked. “Have you been hurt? Are you dopey? For God’s sake, what is the matter?”

“Nothing, May; nothing. Let’s have a drink.”

She humored him in his request, and pretended to drink when he handed her a flask of whiskey. From out of his pockets he brought several bottles of whiskey, and placed them on the table. He consumed a quart before his incessant talking ceased. Finally he dozed. She hid her face in the pillows and wept in sadness for him. That was the first time she had cried for him. She cried from sorrow that night. This night, in the lonely station, she wept in thankfulness for his safety. Yes, to-night she cried for joy.

For ten days she was his nurse, his companion, his sister. If he insisted on being out at night she guided him into safe places, and where he would not be seen by any one who knew him. He was ugly at times, but

became gentle when she pleaded with him. Not a word concerning their former relations passed between them. She was heartsick, and grieved for him. She would have led him to his friends, as she first thought him insane—she, who had seen his other self; but he had told her, when he awoke from dozing on the first morning, about himself, his disease, his attacks.

“Don’t leave me, May,” he pleaded. “Let me stay with you. Take my purse. I am safe here, I know. I shall be on the town until it is over if I don’t stay here, and God knows how this attack might end. I have these attacks several times a year. Let me stay; take care of me, won’t you? Let’s have a drink. No? Well, here goes,” and he filled a glass with half a pint of whiskey and drank it with avidity.

How well now she remembered all this. How vividly came back the recollections of those days and nights.

At the end of ten days, when the attack was over, he offered her a few words of explanation in a calm, reasonable manner. On this last morning, about two o’clock, he had gone to bed on the sofa a restless, bloated, bleared-eyed, old-looking man. He arose about noon from the first normal sleep in ten days. He walked steadily to the washstand, picked up a demijohn of whiskey, and emptied its contents in the sink. The woman looked at him in amazement. The dazed, uncertain look had disappeared; he was young again. She smiled, held out her hand to him, and said: “You’re my Doc, again. Oh! why do you do it?”

“I don’t do it.”

“What do you mean, Doctor? You mean that a man

of your cultivated brain and intelligence don't know better than to drink the way you've been drinking?"

"Yes, I really know nothing about it."

"Do you want to know what you have said and done?"

"I do not want to know; I am frightened enough as it is."

"Oh, Doc, and I thought there was no one like you. Oh, I do now; but can't you, will you, not stop it? You surely have the will power."

"May, as long as I have the will power I never drink; I mean as long as I have my own power. You cannot understand the matter. Physicians, with few exceptions, do not try to understand the matter. Believe me when I say, that when the attack sweeps over the brain and nervous system, overwhelming the so-called will power, to attempt to stop it by persuasive methods is like trying to push back a tidal wave with a shovel."

"Is it really so, Doc?"

"It is."

"Oh! can't you do something to stop it?"

"From this time on I shall devote my time and energies to that one subject. Dipsomania is a form of temporary insanity brought about by the accumulation of natural poison in the system; poison that should pass off daily. From some unknown cause, like a holocaust it drives the individual into the condition you have just witnessed. Find the cause of this excess of poisonous matter and the temperance question will have made the stride of the century. Good-bye, girl," he said, and he took her hands in his, pressed them gently, and walked.

out of the room. How vividly was all this pictured in her memory. She seemed to live the ten days over again, and fancied herself back in her room.

She commenced to recall other memories of him, but just then the janitor came into the room, and her reveries of the realistic past were disturbed.

"When is the next train due?" she asked.

"Twinty minutes."

It gave her time for more memories. She now recalled the last time she had heard from him. On the afternoon of the morning he had said "good-bye," there came a short note from him; inclosed were twenty ten dollar bills. "Am going to Europe to study," he wrote, "God bless you and yours. Your 'Doc.'"

The train was coming; and as she rose from her seat she said to herself, "To think that the next time I should see him was in that same room; that same room where last night I had agreed to see him pounded, battered, and arrested, and that for half the sum he so freely gave me. But I saved him. I believe there is a God after all. Doc don't, or did not. He must now."

"Train for the bridge, Miss," shouted the janitor.

CHAPTER XVII.

"You are not drinking anything, Doctor," said the woman, as they sat at a table in an uptown restaurant. She had kept her appointment, and Leigh also was on hand, blithe and calm, at the appointed hour.

"No, May, I do not drink," he replied, in answer to her question. "You know I never did, except when those attacks of dipsomania came on."

"And you have stopped those?"

"I think so; thanks to my studies of abnormal passions and the physiology of psychic life."

"How did you do it? Tell me. I am interested."

"Oh, May, you would not understand should I try to tell you. The old feelings do come over me at periods, but I recognize them in time. There are such methods as examining the secretions, etc. Careful watchfulness, and the ever-present knowledge of an unstable nervous inheritance are the principal factors. As I said, the details are too technical for you to comprehend. Perhaps the secret is best explained by Schelling's remark: 'Give man the consciousness of what he is and he will soon be what he ought.' My; that fellow's slow in bringing the lobster. Have another cocktail, May?"

"If you say so, Doc."

"Now tell me all about Bald."

"Oh, yes," she replied, as though recalling something that had been upon her mind, and she quickly and deftly reached under the table. Leigh heard the rustle of silk, then her hand tossed a roll of bills on to his plate. Without giving him time to speak, she said:

"That's his dirty money; I have not touched it. I couldn't. Take it away; put it out of my sight."

Leigh looked at her pale face; the dark marks of dissipation and sleeplessness were under her big eyes, and her lips were bloodless. He wanted to return the money to her, but her earnestness, and a knowledge of her character told him that any such action would offend her, would pain her. In his presence the finer feelings of her sex were aroused, her self-respect was active; and he knew it. She saw him hesitate, so quickly remarked:

"Oh; I know what you are about to say. Of course I know you have plenty of money;" Leigh winced, and a smile unconsciously appeared on his features, "and you want to repay me, and all that. But I tell you again, as I have often told you before, that I can never repay you for the happiness you have given me. Now, quit your nonsense, take the money, and tell me why Bald wanted to 'do you.' Wait, take that dirty money off the table." She was becoming excited, and Leigh, fearful of an hysterical scene, placed the money in his pocket.

The woman was nervous. After leaving the train she had wandered up to the park, tired and hungry. From early in the morning until noon, she had aimlessly moved about. As she now sat opposite Leigh she did

not tell him that no food had passed her lips since the day before, and then but a cheap sandwich. She had intended to have a glorious spree on the money given her for playing the badger game. She was too proud to tell him that her last five cents had been used in car fare so that she could keep the appointment; that faint as she was for food, she would not touch one cent of the money which seemed to burn, to scald, the skin on her limb as it lay packed beneath her stocking. "No, he might know of her happiness, but never of her pains, her miseries." The drink he offered her was repulsive to-day, but so faint and weary was she that to hide her condition from him she was forced to take it.

When she called him wealthy he did not deny it. He knew her heart too well to let her know of the change in his condition. So, both dissembling in these personal matters, they were glad to talk of the subject that had brought them together.

The woman told him all she knew about Bald, and that was little. She had only met him a few weeks ago. He was a gambler, she understood. The women disliked him and doubted him. He was too mean and selfish to be a gambler, she thought. He was one of those over-educated, useless men, who are neither loafers nor gentlemen. Bald would be a loafer; a man who would live off women, if he had no other means of support. He always appeared to have money, but spent it on himself. In fact, she knew two women whom he had frequently promised to pay what he owed them, but he always beat them out of their sinful wages. He was disliked; sometimes shunned; but as he paid for

drinks now and then, he was tolerated. "No, he was not a regular 'hanger on' in the Tenderloin," she added. Made his appearance occasionally. She thought he had "a past," but as many of her associates were in the same class, he was not given much thought. "In fact," continued the woman, "we don't care for anything around here but money. Where it comes from, or from whom, it matters not, except," and she looked wistfully at her companion, "when it was obtained for doing you an injury. Under such conditions it would be returned if my life paid for it."

"I believe you," replied Leigh. "Here comes the waiter at last." When the waiter was out of hearing the conversation was renewed by Leigh.

"Tell me; did not Bald make some excuse for wanting your assistance in the matter?"

"Certainly."

"What was it?"

"Not an unusual one. A fellow had welched him out of several bets, he said. We were not to kill him, but to beat him, scar him, and throw him into the street for the police and ambulance to pick up."

"Is that all?"

"That is all he told us. What, in Heaven's name, have you had to do with that——"

"Nothing. He was the hired scoundrel of a perverted woman."

"A woman!" almost shrieked his companion.

"Be quiet; don't get excited," Leigh sternly said as she raised her knife in the air with an excited exclamation. "It is not what you think. It is my sister.

"Waiter," he called, "a small bottle. Yes, of course, very cold."

The woman being quieted, Leigh told her all that was necessary about his affairs. She listened attentively, interested, until it was all told. Not a word or a question passed her lips during the telling.

When his story was finished she looked across the table to Leigh, looked him directly in the face, and, with tears in her eyes, softly said:

"Doctor, may I see your little son some day? If I go out in the park some morning, may I see him? Will you bring him to see me?"

He knew she meant it; and answered, "Yes."

They reached the street, and as the woman again took his hand to thank him for promising to let her see little Mops, Leigh remarked: "I do not think we shall have any more trouble with Bald. He was still unconscious when I left him; we have been unable to find any symptoms but those of simple concussion. The papers I found upon him are evidence sufficient for my purpose. I will send for you when I have anything of importance to tell you. Now, good-by for a day or so," and he dropped her hand, turned away, and walked sadly down the street.

The woman slowly and aimlessly walked up the avenue. She was sad and listless; tired, but thoughtful. She had not even car fare, and her room was a weary walk from where he had left her. No, she wouldn't go back to her room to-day; she wanted to rest a few days, she was so weary, so heart-sick. "Oh, yes," she repeated to herself, "I'll have to go back in a few

days; there is no other life for such as I. How foolish to think otherwise. Even if we wanted to live differently, we couldn't; any other life would be drudgery, imprisonment." Thus talking to herself she walked on. She passed a large red brick building with high windows across which ran iron bars. She knew that place, and cursed it as she looked at it. Once she had gone there with another woman of the town to plead for a mother. The mother was dying and wanted to see her child before she passed away. The woman in charge of the place gave the emissaries faint courtesy and curt refusal. "The child was legally given us," said the matron as she toyed with a chain of keys which dangled from her shapeless waist; "and it would not be allowed to leave the building." "Is has been taught to forget its mother; in fact, it legally has none," was her answer when the women further pleaded that the dying mother might be allowed to see her child for the last time. When the haughty and self-assertive matron made these insulting statements she remained at the entrance to the reception room and refrained from approaching the visitors, appearing ready to retreat should they come near her, acting as though she feared the women were carriers of small-pox germs, or some other insidious bacilli.

May's companion commenced to plead, but she was silenced by the matron shutting the door, though not in time to prevent the two women from seeing several chattering, over-dressed women, one with a greasy pet dog in her arms, pass down the hall. The two disgusted women left the reception room and passed out into the

hall. The entrance door was quickly opened for them by a liveried servant, and shut against them with force and alacrity before their skirts had cleared the sill.

On the walk they passed the same coterie of women they had gotten a glimpse of in the hall. They overheard a masculine-voiced woman talking, and both turned to notice the creature. She was tall, excessively stout, and ungainly. She was dressed in black satin trimmed with bluish beads. A large hat with waving plumes increased her appearance of height. Her voice would have frightened the boldest child, as she half directed, half questioned, the female companions standing round her.

"Ladies, you are all going to hear Miss Lentz at the club-room to-night, I hope? The paper is a most excellent one. In fact, h'm," and she put a fat, coarse hand up to her lips, "I revised it for her. It's a paper 'On the Early Training of Girls as a Factor in Future Citizenship.' The idea she wishes to convey is, that if we can get girls away from doting mammas' influence, we can weld them to our cause."

May and her companion passed the speaker. As they did so the woman in black satin impudently put on her eyeglasses and insolently stared at the two girls. When the gate had been reached, May turned and pointed to the inscription over the entrance.

"Read that, Lottie;" she demanded. "What does it say?"

"Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me," the girl repeated.

"Is that the way you read it?"

"Yes, certainly. What's the matter with you?" she asked, as she saw her companion mimicking the woman with the eyeglasses.

"It reads differently to me."

"How differently?"

"Little Children Suffer Who Come Unto Me." and then she icily laughed.

That visit to plead for a dying mother came back to the memory of the unhappy woman as she looked up at the prison-like building. In a second her features brightened. "That's what I'll do," she murmured. "I'll pawn the watch, and go and see my little darling for a day or so. No, no, he will miss the watch; he always wants to take it and play with it. Oh! what can I do?" she leaned against the fence; her knees rested on the iron bars. She gave a sudden start, and a smile of pleasure appeared on her tired features. It was a lucky message that was sent to her tired brain by pressure of her knees on the iron bars. "Oh, I had forgotten these gold buckles," she said, and she felt for her garters. "I'll go and pawn them and get him some little present; and then, mamma and baby will walk the woods together," and she blithely turned down the street.

* * * * *

"He's about the same, Dr. Newcomber," said a bright-eyed nurse as Leigh entered the private room where Bald had been placed. "Shall I call Dr. Blood? He's just been in to see your patient. Here's

the chart. No change in temperature, but I think his pulse is better."

"Thanks, nurse; no. I'll see Dr. Blood when I go out. Who is on night duty? Who relieves you?"

"Miss Murphy; she is dressing to go out. Would you like to see her?"

"If you please."

Leigh gave his orders; and after a long talk with the house physician, left the hospital, saying he would return the next day.

Leigh's thoughts were now centered on his wife. He knew she was in good hands; but he missed her, and wanted her home. Bald out of the way, there was no reason why Oberea should not return home. She had been very patient, but Leigh saw by her letters that his wife was lonely and missed him and her home.

He had to report for duty at once, so wired Oberea that all was well, and to come home; a message Oberea received with joy.

Leigh waited for an answer, and late in the afternoon met his wife at the station.

Bruno with the dogs made merry music as they came down the walk to greet Oberea, Mops, and Leigh. Oberea looked lovingly at her husband as he put his arm around her waist and led her into the library. He knew how anxious she always was for him, and how well she could tell by his appearance and actions his condition. His calm manner and clear eyes made her joyous. She began to hope, to have confidence in his mastery of the horrible symptoms of his unstable nervous inheritance. Never for a moment had Oberea doubted his sincerity

and earnestness, or his determination to supply the force his parents had ignorantly allowed him to be born without. She was very hopeful now, when she saw his physical equilibrium, for it demonstrated his psychic equilibrium; this much she had learned from hearing her husband and physicians discuss the matter. That "every psychic manifestation has its physical antecedent," was to her a well-known axiom.

That evening when they were alone, Leigh tried to answer the many questions of Oberea. She looked radiantly beautiful, and in that full activity of healthy womanhood, which only true love and motherhood can develop. Leigh looked at her, and noticed how beautiful she had grown. He had not thought before that she could be prettier. But he now saw the difference between girlhood prettiness and womanhood beauty.

He went to her and gently kissed her, an action which brought a blush of pleasure to her cheeks. They were now more like lovers than ever. Leigh's former irritability and restlessness had disappeared, and this made both happy. Their hearts were in harmony, and their understanding was as one.

Leigh told Oberea all that had happened. Every detail was given her. Nothing in his recital of the affair in the city was suppressed; nothing exaggerated. It was the calm, reasonable tale of a normal man. Oberea listened with fervor and anxiety. When all had been told, she quietly asked:

"What do you intend to do, Leigh?"

"There is only one thing we can do; only one thing we must do."

"What's that, Leigh?" and before he had time to reply to her question, she asked: "Are you cold? Just feel my hands; they're like ice. My; how warm yours are," and she placed her little hand in his big warm one. He took her in his lap, and she snuggled up like a little bird in a warm nest.

"Now, tell me, Leigh, what must we do? Don't leave me again. I am getting afraid to stay alone, now. I never used to be like this. Do, do something. I feel as if I must fly, get away, go away from here. Isn't there something you can do? Have her arrested, shut up? No matter if it does kill your mother; think of Mops and me. It is killing me. I don't believe she's crazy, as you say; she's only a bad, selfish woman. No, I don't believe she is a woman. What is she, Leigh? Mizpra, I mean. Oh! Leigh, do something, do something," she vehemently cried out. Both arms were tightly placed around his neck, her body and limbs trembled, and alternately crying, sobbing, and hysterically talking, she clung closer and closer to her husband. Gently wiping the tears from her cheeks and eyes he held her closer to himself as her muscles became lax, and her senses weak. Deep breathing followed the hysterical gasps, and she soon deeply slumbered.

"Poor little girl," sighed Leigh. "She tries to understand it all; but she constantly lives under the horror of some impending crime of Mizpra. No wonder. When she awakes I will tell her my plans; that is, as far as I have any." He looked at her dark eyelashes which sparkled with tear drops; he kissed her forehead,

which lay in its wreath of sweet smelling, jetty black hair, and then thought of Herbert's lines:

"Here is love, which having breath,
Even in death
Which death can never die."

Thus musing on their love he held her while she slept. The hours passed on, but sore and stiff though Leigh was from his cramped position, he would do nothing to disturb her.

It was early in the morning when she awakened.

"Have I slept long?" she inquired. He smiled as he gently, though not without pain to himself, lifted her to her feet and deftly turned his back to the clock, thus hiding its face so she could not see the time.

Clinging trustfully to him she allowed him to carry her up to their bedroom, after which he returned to the library to smoke. In a short time he thought he heard her sobbing, and noiselessly went to the head of the stairs and listened. "Yes, the poor child is crying again," he softly said to himself. "How frightened she must be. I wonder if I did right in telling her all? These attacks of fright are coming too often. Lately it seems as if every time I went away I returned to witness her suffering from fright. This must cease, or the poor girl will break down."

He went up to her. Oberea, her face hid in the pillows, her magnificent hair falling around her, was sobbing piteously. Leigh leaned over her and said: "Don't worry, Oberea dear; now that we have Bald where we want him we hold Mizpra in our power.

Don't worry; try to sleep; and in the morning we will decide what to do. I am going to find Mizpra. I'll use for that purpose the money she sent Bald. See, Oberea, see, I have her letter to him," and he reached in his pocket for it. She arose from the bed, stretched out her arms to him, and said: "Oh, Leigh; don't take Mops to see that horrid woman; don't, Leigh. I won't let you. She don't want to see Mops. No; I won't let you see that horrid, bad woman." She again sank into semi-consciousness, and Leigh lovingly watched her throughout the early morning.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Seated limp and helpless in a high-back chair, with her white, uncombed hair and emaciated face sunken in many etiolated pillows, whose once polychromatic coverings could be slightly discerned, Mrs. Newcomber watched the flutter and quarrel of a family of bullfinches as they flew in and out of the vine-covered porch.

She was alone and wished she could remain alone. The constant watch kept over her by her nurse, a strange and harsh woman, worried her, saddened her. She liked to look at the beautiful flowers and silently breathe the fragrant odors of this land of perpetual spring. From the west would come the cooling, moist air of the Pacific, laden with ozone and suggestive of purity. Or, perhaps the wind would be from the east, when it would waft air fragrant with the perfume of the mountain foliage. The mother of Leigh loved to face the distant mountains and look at the brilliant green; green to the very crest with the olive and vine. Her thoughts now were on her early girlhood, of flowers and poetry. Her present life had no sentient existence for her; it was merely automatic; she did as she was told, more often as she was ordered. Completely paralyzed on her right side, her tongue and face distorted, the poor, suffering woman was but a toy in the hands of

Mizpra. She was constantly watched; and any inclination or disposition to take rightful interest in what should have been her affairs, were quickly suppressed. Mrs. Newcomber was mentally so feeble that gradually she forgot all but her childhood days. These reveries and dreams contented the feeble woman, and as far as her understanding enabled her to do so, the perverted daughter assisted her in the harmless memories.

The pitiable woman smiled as she watched the family of red-breasted birds disputing. It was a smile to bring tears to one with a human heart. Only a small portion of the old, thin face could express the feeble emotions of the ill woman. She painfully struggled to articulate, to repeat some words, and the weak, unaffected hand trembled violently with the effort. She tried to lean forward to closer watch the birds, but the attempt was useless, so with her hand drawn to one side on the unshaken pillows, she mentally repeated one of the poems of her school days.

“Soon after father bird and mother
Grew quarrelsome and pecked each other ;
Parted without the least regret,
Except that they had ever met.”

For a moment the thin blood rushed to her cheeks, and she violently trembled. It was but a momentary flash of suspicion that she had done some one a grievous wrong. For a second she looked defiant and determined, while at the same time she grasped her helpless arm with the weakened left and drew it across her withered limbs. Her daughter had been watching her

from behind the vines, and to her memory at once came the lines of Byron:

“ But in an instant o’er her soul
Winters of memory seem to roll,
And gather in that drop of time,
A life of pain, an age of crime.”

Mizpra rushed to her mother, calling loudly as she descended from the porch: “ Mother, you must come in now.” The sudden, harsh call disturbed the elder woman’s thoughts, as the caller had intended it should. Mrs. Newcomber, startled out of her reveries, looked up and tried to hold her gaze upon the hills on which the setting sun now cast brilliant lines of red and green. The giant redwood trees on the mountains cast their Titan shadows on the waving fuchsias, heliotropes, and roses; but Mizpra did not notice the beauty of the evening hour.

“ Yes, Annie is coming to wheel you in,” she shouted in the sensitive woman’s ear.

The feeble old woman pleaded by signs and expressions to be allowed to remain and watch the beautiful sunset; but her daughter was obdurate.

“ No, you must not stay out, the mist will soon commence to fall.” The helpless woman assented without complaint to Mizpra’s orders.

She was wheeled into her room, which was a bright and cheerful one, and through which the balmy air of southern California constantly passed. Opening on one side was the room of the attendant, the woman Annie; and opposite, the library and bedroom of Mizpra; while

her husband was relegated to the top, or second floor. So placed, Mrs. Newcomber was ever watched, and no one could approach her without being seen by one of the watchers, as Mizpra always remained with her mother when the nurse went out.

Mizpra had gone too far now to fail through a little neglect; so every precaution was taken to avoid the possibility of Mrs. Newcomber hearing outside news. Already Mizpra had established herself as a desirable and respected citizen in the little town so much frequented by delicate individuals from the East.

This town of oranges and vines lies about half-way between the ocean and the Sierra Madre, and its citizens are mostly those who have fled for physical reasons from the push, rush, and labor of the energetic North and East. Such conditions were favorable for Mizpra's plans. She had purchased the house and extensive grounds where they lived. Enough money had been invested in the town and surrounding country to give her some authority among its languid citizens. With her energy, moral palsy, masculine effrontery, and unbridled control of a large fortune, she moved the men and women around her. The amusing weekly paper of the orange-grown valley shouted her pæans and described her many doings, while the more energetic dailies of Los Angeles conservatively mentioned her latest movements. Mizpra was somewhat indifferent to this notoriety; there was not enough of sex instinct in her to enjoy being flattered as a woman. Nevertheless, she assisted in promoting this notoriety because it was a

useful ally in her schemes for satisfying her damnable passions.

She had surrounded herself with all the precautions she could devise. She had studied all possible exigencies, and was ready to meet them as they arose. She had full control of, and had in her name, all the vast estate left by her father to be divided equally among his children. Upon her mother's death, which Mizpra anticipated daily, it would be found that she was the only recognized member of the family. There would be no division of the property; Mizpra owned it all.

Mizpra had written her mother's will. The latter did not read its contents, did not realize its importance as it was handed to her, but signed it in the presence of witnesses, as she had signed many other documents, automatically, placidly, and willingly. Mizpra knew what kind of witnesses to this document she needed, and had secured them.

In the town was a physician of plastic mould and credulous mind. A woman physician, one of the big-footed, short-haired kind, had married him.

In this combination Mizpra saw her opportunity to control useful factors necessary to the completeness of her designs. A mild sort of fellow-feeling—not womanly—brought about business arrangements between Mizpra and the female physician. The former engaged the muliebrious husband as medical attendant to her mother. This man was an easy tool for the unscrupulous pervert. The woman physician tacitly fell in with Mizpra's desires; in fact such an arrangement well suited her *menage*. The arrangement kept her

husband away from home, although sometimes she did need him evenings to mix medicines and roll bandages. Mizpra put the weakling on a salary, and he earned it, unconsciously, by his constant gabble of her most christian virtues.

The older inhabitants of the surrounding country had become interested in Mizpra. The Spaniards, Mexicans, half-breeds, and Indians, all bigoted and ignorant, were now singing her praises. She had freely given to the missions, parishes, and churches of the Catholics; and now rumor had it that she was under instruction by Father Francisco and had only recently been the guest of the Archbishop.

This was the condition of affairs on the afternoon that Mrs. Newcomber had been ordered into the house. It had been a distressing day for Mizpra, and she was ugly in mood, and agitated in feelings.

It was the fear of Leigh that caused her worry; to be, for the time being, almost terror stricken. She had just returned from a visit to the heirarchal nobleman. On this visit the archbishop had taken a monograph off his table and handed it to her. It was entitled: "Insanity in the Adolescent Caused by Religious Rites and Mysticism in the Catholic Church," by Leigh Newcomber, M.D.

"Daughter," he said, "is the author of this malignant screed any relation to you?"

"No, father," deliberately and coldly answered Mizpra, "I have no brother."

"It is well, daughter. We never reply to the many scurrilous attacks, like this one, that are constantly

made upon us; but seldom do such ignorant and bigoted individuals as this one shows himself to be, succeed in life. The Church is far-reaching, and he who lies about us is treading on dangerous and fearsome ground. I am glad that this person," pointing to the name on the monograph, "is no blood relation of yours. Here is a letter to Father Francisco; present it to him. You will come to me again on the appointed day. To-day a multiplicity of necessary duties engrosses my attention."

"The action of the archbishop does not require explanation," replied his visitor. He smiled, and thanked her for her comprehension. She laughed when she was out of sight of the hierarchal residence; flattered herself an astute diplomat, and felt pleased throughout the return railroad journey to her new house; home was a name she knew not. Arrived at her house she felt relieved when the nurse assured her that she had not left Mrs. Newcomber alone night or day.

"Annie, mother wants something," called Mizpra, as she noticed her mother trying to attract her attention. "See what it is. Yes, mother," shouted the daughter as she passed into her room, "in a minute."

Mizpra was unable to calm the agitation that swayed her, so she went to her room for a stiff drink of brandy. Lately she had frequently relied upon this insidious assistant.

"If I don't hear from Bald in a few days I shall have to employ some scamp to look him up as well as Leigh," she murmured. "Leigh might come here and make

trouble. He must be placed were I shall have no fear of him. It's a good thing that mother has forgotten him, and other things, too. Leigh is no fool if he is himself. He must be kept out of the way, even if he has to be put out of the way. Nothing will stop me now. Oh! I must hurry and get the place ready. Father Francisco says the Pope will bless me for carrying out such an holy idea. Oh, how simple-minded; how little of the real world these people know. However, I cannot go on with my plans until Leigh is dead or confined. Oh! what fools or knaves these half-breeds and Spanish are. No, upon my word, they are not more so than all religious slaves, be they Puritans or negro Baptists. I hope the old woman Penitente who this deluded priest has sent for, will soon come. I must go up to the place at once; I can't stand this. I saw a pretty Indian girl to-day. I'll have as many as—" at this moment the blood rushed to her heavy cheeks, and her hands and feet began to feel cold. She grasped the back of a chair to steady herself for a moment, then strode to the bed to throw herself down upon it when she heard the gurgle, the wheeze, and the semi-articulate efforts of her mother to call her.

"Yes, mother, dear, I'm coming. No, there were no letters at the post-office; perhaps Burke will bring some."

For three weeks Mizpra moved around worried and irritable. It was now known that she would embrace the Catholic faith and devote her money and time to some form of teaching the Indian and half-breed girls. These rumors Mizpra did not deny. She paid but little

heed to statements or questions. She now, more than ever, feared Leigh might appear in southern California. No letter had come from Bald, and she became furious at times at his supineness in writing. Her passions, her abnormal vices were rushing her onward; but self-fear prevented her from acting at once on these impulses.

She had so far accomplished her objects, but they were only the means for her yet unacquired end. No possession was sufficient to satisfy her; her avarice was unbounded; her perversion unsatisfied; and every additional acquisition was a new source of vicious ambition, a fresh incentive to further gain. She was now becoming desperate, and regardless of risks in her precarious schemes. She was thinking about sending her husband to some Mexican resort to keep him from possible inquisitive tongues, and going herself on a hurried trip to New York, and finishing, forever, her brother. Her mother was helpless; Mizpra no longer feared trouble from her, and the stupid, ignorant nurse knew nothing but what was good of her employer; and besides, she was a slave of the Romish Church, and had not Father Francisco called her mistress a woman worthy to be classed among the blessed? No fear, here, thought Mizpra. "I'll go to-morrow, unless Bald replies to my telegram," she repeatedly said to herself.

In the morning the expected telegram came. "All finished, ruined. Letter on way," thus read the message.

"God! but that's good," cried Mizpra, as she read over and over the message. "No, I'll not wait for the

letter, but go and see Francisco; oh; I beg pardon," and she awkwardly bowed and crossed herself before the glass, "Father Francisco; and we'll go up to the place together. I suppose I had better give him the money for the promised altar piece for his church. I'll tell him he knows how and where to buy it better than I.

"I've other things to buy. Oh; joy, at last. Oh, yes, I'll buy the leather things for *my* altar; he can purchase his own gewgaws for his;" and with these words and similar self-satisfying phrases continually on her tongue, she stuffed some gold pieces in her pocket and started for the priest's house.

There was a bustling and nervous vivacity in Mizpra on the days following the receipt of the telegram and her visit to the priest. She would leave the house in the morning, and return, flushed and excited, late in the evening. The second day after she had received the telegram she went away and did not return until the following. She offered no explanation for her absence, and there were no questioners. With restful satisfaction she saw that her mother had no interest in, no knowledge of, affairs around her. Mizpra impatiently inquired daily for the expected letter; and as time passed she became domineering in her orders to her husband and the woman attendant. These latter individuals were accustomed to cringe to her arrogance and oppression, and offered no resistance to the increasing tyranny. The excitement Mizpra was now under increased her passions and dulled her controllable faculties. She no longer checked her rioting impulses, and her active psychic life had in consequence full play.

An incident occurred one evening on Mizpra's return after being away all night, that exhibited somewhat the turbulent and strained mental tumult of this moral pervert.

An Indian lad, a *protege* of Father Francisco, arrived at the house with a note from that priest. He was a fine specimen of his race; lithe, bright-eyed, and cunning. He had all the pride of his ancestors, all the independence of his tribe; but under the kind treatment of his master, who well understood the nature of the Indians, he was willing and tractable. He had seen Mizpra at the priest's house, and, moreover, had heard her talk. His dislike of her was expressed in a few words to a half-breed stable boy who had lately been driving Mizpra, with a pair of mules, out of the town and into the country.

"Big bone squaw. Too much talk. Want chief," he sententiously remarked to the stable boy.

After handing the note to Mizpra he started away. She called him back.

"Boy," she excitedly said. "When did the woman arrive? Is she at the priest's house?" The boy did not answer, but continued on his way. He was half-way down the steps, when she followed him and stepped down to him. Then, as he saw anger in her eyes, he answered:

"Yes, bad squaw come."

As the deliberate answer came in a defiant tone, Mizpra trembled with rage and excitement. The boy edged away from her, and tried to avoid her, but she grasped him by the shoulders. The grip was a strong

and nervous one, and her bony fingers on his bare back left their marks. In an angry tone she said:

“Bad, you say, boy? Quick; tell me why? Why is she bad? Don’t stop now; tell me; or I’ll have you flogged.”

The Indian was enraged, insulted; but he remained outwardly calm, and, looking up into the woman’s now blood-shot eyes, he deliberately said:

“She says, ‘good Catholic Indian be crucified on cross; same Christ. Many time seen same thing in her tribe.’”

Without thought, with an impulse as uncontrollable as the maniac’s, Mizpra struck him full in the face. The boy, taken by surprise, reeled back for a second. Recovering himself and standing upright he looked at his assailant, then hurriedly said:

“Indian boy understand. He white squaw no Christ squaw; Indian boy no white papoose. He squaw, look out.” He then walked, dignity showing in every movement, out of the yard and on to the street.

Three days after this incident Mizpra received the expected letter from Bald. She gleefully read it over. The letter read as follows:

“The deed you so anxiously wished to be done, is consummated. Your brother’s career is ended. I decoyed him into a vile woman’s den. He fought desperately. (You never told me he was an athlete and fighter.) For this reason I am hiding from the police. Your brother is badly done up; and just think of the good luck; he ran off with the woman. She has him in her clutches. They were seen together yesterday. They will keep out of your way, and a few months with this woman will finish him. His wife knows all, and with the

baby—who, I hear, has been badly poisoned, no one seems to know how—has departed, broken-hearted. I send you a paper with the notice of your brother's dismissal from the hospital. In order to accomplish all this, and to keep out of the hands of the police, I have had to spend all the money you sent. You know it might be awkward if they got hold of me; *so it is for your safety* that I need the money now. I notice by your last letter the enthusiasm regarding your contemplated mission for the little Indian maidens. May God be with you in this Christian spirit and undertaking.

"I am pleased to hear that you have joined the Romish Church. I have been long convinced that it has the only religion. It saves one thinking for himself. The enlightened priests do that for you. But don't get so engrossed in your good work as to neglect your husband. Your confessor has probably instructed you fully in these matters. If not, let me tell you your first duty: *Teneri utramque conjugem sub mortali injustiæ peccato comparti reddere debitum, dum vel expresse vel tacite exigitur, nisi legitime causa denegandi intenderit. Id constat ex S. Paulo, I Corinth. 7.*

"As soon as I receive the money I shall go away and leave this place thousands of miles behind.

"Ever yours to command,

"B."

Mizpra was purblind to the audacity of this letter. The deed she had so long hungered for, craved for, and feverishly anticipated, had been accomplished; this fact dulled her astuteness of judgment and perception. She had been accustomed to slurs and sarcasm from Bald; it was a privilege her accomplice had always taken. But, had Mizpra been in a lesser state of psychic intoxication, her astuteness of mind would have caused her to have replied to the letter, asking for further particulars, and denying, in toto, the schemes imputed to her. In fact, she would not have mentioned such

matters in her last letter to Bald had she not lost control of her governing centres. When she wrote him her excitement was too great to allow her to retain her usual cool, calculating thoughts, so she mentioned her contemplated acts, forgetting for once that Bald would laugh at her pretended sincerity.

Psychic intoxication, in any form it takes, follows the law of all intoxications. At first pleasurable and exhilarating, it seemingly gives energy and vigor to the mental processes. Uncontrolled and often uncontrollable, this symptom of an unbalanced nervous organization merges into a habit which widens and deepens as the nerve cells become fixed and habituated to their weakness.

As the chronic alcoholic gradually loses his mental grasp, has his memory impaired until all interest in self is lost; so does the unfortunate psychic inebriate find that his astuteness, powers of introspection and outward government of morbid, and oftentimes disgusting, impulses and passions pass from his control. Wrought up to the point of passion, the cleverness of the past and the caution of the future are submerged by the overwhelming impelling neurotic force, and the individual sinks to the level of the beast; ay, beneath the level of the lowest beast.

Mizpra had but one thought, one passion now; that was, to wallow in her perverted pleasures to the saturating point of satiety.

CHAPTER XIX

The reader has probably already surmised from the letter received by Mizpra that Bald had recovered.

Leigh visited the hospital daily to see Bald. The patient showed by his symptoms that the injury was not severe, although he was suffering from a severe shock.

On the afternoon of the third day after his arrival at the hospital, and a few moments following Leigh's daily visit, Bald turned over in bed and watched the nurse as she was writing down her instructions. When she turned to face him he smiled, and slightly nodded to her. Pleased with his return to consciousness, the nurse poured out his medicine, saying, as she did so, "Pleased to see you awake, you will soon be well now. Take this, please, and don't ask too many questions. My orders are to keep you quiet;" and with these words, said in a soothing voice, she gently approached the bedside.

Without question or remonstrance Bald did as the nurse directed. Then his eyes turned to view his surroundings. On the table by the window were fresh flowers. The afternoon sun came in through the western windows and lighted up the bright woodwork of the room, and caused the highly polished floor to glisten. The quiet, rosy cheeked, healthy looking nurse with

her immaculate white cap, cuffs, and dainty apron, all harmoniously placed against the light blue skirt and waist, were pleasing to the innate æsthetic tastes of the patient.

Bald was not a man to be surprised or bewildered by sudden scenes and changes, but the instantaneous cutting off of his memory from the malodorous spot he last remembered, to the delightful, peaceful room, was mystifying. However, he had his ever-present sense of self-preservation, and governed his actions accordingly. The nurse was arranging the flowers.

“Nurse, how long have I been here?” inquired Bald.

“Three days, Mr. Bald. Now be careful and not ask too many questions, or I shall be obliged to leave you alone.”

“Mr. Bald,” mused the patient, “then they know my name. How much more, I wonder.”

“How was I—” and he hesitated a moment; “I mean, what has been the matter with me? I think I feel all right.”

“Don’t you remember being hit by the trolley car?”

“Hit by a trolley car? Why, I was— Oh; yes, of course; I remember now. I just remember being hit; that’s all. I think I must have been hit on the head, everything seems so hazy about the affair. Please, nurse, tell me about it, and I promise I will ask no more to-day.”

This was said in a quiet, pleading voice, an earnest tone, that the nurse could not ignore.

“Well, Mr. Bald, your friend, and our great friend, Dr. Newcomber, saw the accident, and, as he was well

known to the police officer who was stationed on that block, he was allowed to bring you here at once, without waiting for the ambulance; a fortunate thing for you."

"Dr. Newcomber?" queried Bald.

"Yes, Dr. Newcomber; and any further information you must get from Dr. Newcomber; I've told you all I know. No, you must not talk any more," she said, as she saw the patient was about to ask other questions.

"But, nurse, please, just one question to satisfy me. Who gave me this private room, those beautiful flowers, and who so judiciously selected you for my nurse?"

Although Bald was still weak, his knowledge of women was not dulled, and he had purposely added this last question, knowing it was certain to be answered.

"Dr. Newcomber," blushing replied the nurse. "Now, hush, sir."

"A minute, nurse; a minute, please. When can I leave here?"

"Not until Dr. Newcomber says so."

"No one else is going to detain me? The—the—oh, yes; I mean the trolley people."

"No, you are absolutely in charge of your friend, Dr. Newcomber. We obey his orders. No one is allowed to see you. You are in the kindest hands anyone could possibly be. Dr. Newcomber's heart is a big one. Now, you must be quiet. He will be here tomorrow."

"Who?"

"Dr. Newcomber."

"Dr. Newcomber, Dr. Newcomber," and Bald mum-

bled the name over and over as he turned his face to the wall. But he turned not to sleep. Eyes closed, he half dreamed, half thought; and when, an hour later, the nurse leaned over to look at him, she saw big teardrops rolling down his cheeks. She went to the table, sat down, and took up her studies for the day.

Leigh arrived at the hospital the next day later than usual. He met the nurse in the hall, outside the door of Bald's room.

"I think he has had some great shock," she said. "He seems sad, sorrowful, and often I notice tears in his eyes."

"Yes, nurse, such accidents often bring about some psychic disturbance."

"He's sleeping now. Will you go in, Doctor?"

"Yes."

Leigh found Bald in a normal sleep. His hands were clasped together on a pillow, and his head rested upon the clasped hands. He was sleeping soundly. Leigh now noticed a distinct refinement in Bald's features. He was pale, and the whilom sensuous lips had lost some of their grossness. Even his short illness had caused the vulgar veneer of acquired coarseness to wear off, and the face was now that of a thoughtful man.

Again did Leigh notice the peculiar attitude of the sleeper. Such a position was not a natural one; it was an acquired one, and the sleeper rested as if it was one of long habit. Suddenly there flashed across Leigh's memory the history of one of his patients. He smiled, and said to himself: "I am not surprised. He has distinctly marked on his personality all the

suavity, diplomacy, and skillful methods of deceit and mendacity which belongs to that school and society. Here is a man compelled to exist by deceit on account of his early false and insidious training. There is something good in every man. I believe this man has never been shown his true self. I'll change my plans if he can be made the man I think he can." He quietly closed the door and left the room, but not before he had placed on the table some periodicals of the week and a basket of luscious fruit he had brought with him.

"Tell Mr. Bald," he said to the nurse when he reached the hall, "that I shall call to see him early tomorrow. Good night, nurse."

"Good night, Doctor."

"And nurse, you say he has done all this for me?" asked Bald the morning after Leigh's visit.

"I am afraid you know little about your friend, the doctor," said the nurse.

"Yes, yes, I know him well; but I didn't think he would take quite such an interest in me."

"Why not you, his friend, Mr. Bald, when he is kind and lovable to all? It is a tradition here that men and children cried when he finished his service at this hospital. He was kind and sympathetic to the patients, and charitable to all. It was his money that made Christmas Eve merry, and his skill that caused many grateful prayers.

"He must be wealthy, then."

"He was."

"He was? Is he not now?"

"I believe not; at least, there is a rumor that he has lost all his wealth. At any rate, he would not hold the position he now has if he possessed his former means. Perhaps I should not tell you these things; but we are all so devoted to Dr. Newcomber that his affairs are of great interest to us."

"Does he know?"

"That we are interested in his affairs?"

"Yes."

"No; he is too unassuming, too modest in these matters, though perhaps not in others, to ever suspect. Sh!" she said, putting a finger to her lips. A knock on the door, a cheery "Come in," from the nurse, and Leigh entered the room. Nodding to the nurse, the latter immediately handed him the chart and left the room.

The two men looked at each other silently. On the face of either nothing was shown of antipathy or hatred, disgust or dislike. Bald was anxiously curious; Leigh all watchfulness.

Bald, sitting up, stretched a shaking hand to Leigh.

"I am not going to say 'Thank you,' " he slowly said, "but I am going to show my thankfulness. A moment, please," he requested, as he saw his visitor was about to speak. "I think I know how matters stand. I am on your side with all my heart. I was on her side— Oh, well, don't let us go over that shameful and criminal business."

Leigh took the hand in his own, held it, and, looking Bald in the eyes, replied with a question.

“Can I, I ask you, trust one who has been trained a Jesuit?”

Bald quickly withdrew his hand, and turning around in bed, his face now pale with fear, whispered: “My God! how did you— Wait. No, she never knew, no one ever knew here. No, no, I left Rome too long ago for that;” and, struggle as best he could, the tears rolled down his pale and now unbloated face.

Leigh had unexpectedly touched the hidden spring, and out had come the secret thoughts and hints of the past. He would not destroy the delusion of Bald by showing how little he knew about that past. In fact, he really knew nothing but what keen observation had made him suspect. He felt sorry for the weeping man on the bed, yet was distrustful, not of the man, but of the one who had owned him body and soul, his own sister Mizpra.

Leigh spoke kindly, yet in an authoritative manner. Bald soon recovered his composure, and gained confidence in the man and the physician as the latter drew him out, word by word, incident by incident.

Simply and earnestly Bald recited the history of his connection with Mizpra. Her character as Leigh had known it was despicable, criminal. As limned in detail by the voluble ex-priest, it forced the physician to consider the woman mentally irresponsible; an attitude that made him more considerate, but more decided than ever that he owed himself and the public a duty. Mizpra was undoubtedly mentally ill, and he would see her placed where she could no longer do injury to herself or others.

"We'll start for California as soon as you are well," said Leigh, when Bald had finished telling about his relations with Mizpra. "You send the telegram and letter to her to-day. Do you think she will send the money you have asked of her?"

"Certainly. She is somewhat in my power, but she does not realize how much. Nevertheless, her passion for seeing others injured will always bring forth cash. Dr. Newcomber, it is charitable in you to look upon her as insane; but it is a dangerous form of insanity, as you know. She should be—and we can see that it is done—punished as a criminal."

"Bald, Bald, remember you are to do as I desire, not as you wish. Recall, also, if you care to do so, your early teachings; I mean some of them. My sister shall be treated as of my mother's flesh and blood. She is not responsible for her actions. I know it, I well know it," and his voice and gestures were earnest, decided. "She shall be gently confined, and with all the comforts money can bring. Grant her actions are infamous and criminal, but still remember that while crime ought, in being punished, to be exposed, the infamy of the perverted should be buried out of sight."

"It will be difficult to catch her," said Bald. "She has such large resources and is ever on the watch. She wrote me that she had matters so fixed that should you make your appearance in the neighborhood you would find yourself in jail. You do not realize the extent of that woman's hatred, passions, and perversions."

"I do, I do, Bald. Has she not almost ruined me, tried to murder my little son, poison the pure heart

of my wife, and worse than murdered my mother? I feel convinced that Mizpra had something to do with the decision of her sister to enter the hospital where I last saw her. I believe she also paid that Swede to take Marcia away. I don't know the depths of the sinful passions of this moral and sexual pervert? I do, and yet," almost shouted Leigh:

"I hate and love thee,
Why, I cannot tell;
But, by my tortures, know
The fact too well."

"Ah, even as far back at Catullus," murmured Bald.

"Enough for the present, Bald; I shall get too excited over this matter. I want time to consider, to plan. Be ready to-morrow to go with me to your rooms for her letters and the balance of the last money she sent you. It's legally mine, and we need all we can get. Good-by until to-morrow. I believe, after what you've told me, that I can trust you; if not, you know the consequences." He shook hands with Bald, asked him if there was anything he needed for his comfort, and then left the room.

Bald was ready when Leigh called the next day, and there was no delay in leaving the hospital. Pale, weak, and trembling, the ex-priest allowed his companion to assist him down the steps and into a coupé.

The physical weakness he displayed was not altogether due to the injury and its subsequent shock, but more to the moral awakening and psychic disturbances

the conditions had produced. The kind treatment he had received, the thorough knowledge of the causes and the pathological consideration that Leigh took of the criminal part played by Mizpra and himself, was to him a true Christian revelation. The treatment of the affair in the calculating spirit of a trained alienist, and one, too, whose vital worldly interests were in jeopardy, Bald thought was the noblest exhibition of mental and moral strength he had ever witnessed.

The two men had but little to say as the carriage rolled noisily over the pavements. Upon reaching Bald's rooms, the latter immediately unlocked his desk and handed the letters and money to Leigh. As the latter placed these valuables in his pocket, Bald spoke.

"The matter of getting your legal rights is not so easily accomplished as you might imagine, Dr. Newcomber. Please listen to me for a moment. This woman, your sister, has remarkable powers of acting, of dissembling. The art of misrepresentation and prevarication has reached its culminating point in her; or, as I would have said in my earlier days, *ambiguas in vulgum spargere voces*. With the financial power she now possesses to back up her cunning schemes, she has been able to lay almost unsurmountable plans. Do you know anything about the rascally lawyer who married your eldest sister?"

"No, I do not; but I intend to find out. I do know that Mizpra has for years controlled this weak sister and filled her plastic mind with infernal lies. I surmise that, on account of these untruths, she thinks me an outcast, 'a jail bird.' You see, her husband does not

allow her to receive letters before he reads them. Poor woman!"

"You understand the case fairly well; your surmises are correct as far as they go. Have you ever wondered why this grasping and impecunious lawyer has not demanded his wife's share of the income? Why he, with all his miserly and legal instincts, was not clawing away at the estate?"

"Yes, I have thought frequently of the matter," said Leigh, with an awaking interest in Bald's acumen and information. "But I knew of Mizpra's powers."

"Exactly. Several years ago when this viragint—Mrs. Wood by name only—began to get control of your mother, she was cunning enough to suggest that this husband of your eldest sister be her adviser, and also that he should be allowed to invest some of the estate's money. With avidity he grasped the opportunity.

"Mizpra—I beg pardon, Mrs. Wood—apparently careless, allowed the lawyer full swing for a short time. Either through silent acquiescence, or perhaps by insidious suggestions on the part of the woman, the stupid parasite fell into her trap. He misappropriated funds—stole, in plain words. Secretly and quietly your sister Mizpra told him he must hereafter take what she sent them to live upon. There was no alternative except prison."

Leigh listened, and uttered not a word of inquiry or exclamation, but appreciated the value of the information Bald had given him. He saw that Bald would be of greater assistance to him than he had

realized, and decided to take him into partial confidence. Bald continued:

“ Possession, it is said, is nine points of the law; in this case we should not forget that axiom. If it is suspected by your sister that you are coming to see your mother, you will find all will disown you, deny you, and the repudiation will be complete. Everyone and everything will be arrayed emphatically against you. Now wait, please; I know what you would say,” added Bald, as Leigh was about to speak. “ You think you can demand your rights through the courts.”

“ Yes.”

“ You might, after a duration of ten or twenty years, find your rights acknowledged, but your money would be gone. Think how, with the wealth this unscrupulous woman has, and your whole family arrayed against you with all the power and influence the conditions of ready money bring, they can carry the matter from court to court and ruin your professional career by causing you to keep ever on the go. Think of what witnesses they can buy; think of your mother’s signatures denying you all rights, and the paid evidence Mizpra can bring forth, proving her horrible statements about you. Remember, also, that your mother was under no bonds, and no matter how morally criminal her acts have been, she had the power, if not the right, to give the property to Mizpra. Your first claim would be thrown out of the courts, and by the time you had gathered your witnesses to prove your identity and rights, your quarry would have flown to unknown parts. Remember your mother and sister have stated in Cali-

fornia that there is no male heir. That there is not, and never was, a son or brother. I have a California paper giving an account of a donation to the town library. The donor is your mother; of course it was the daughter's scheme. This paper, in giving a fulsome history of the Newcomber family, does not mention you, but does the rest of the family. Now, without going into further details, you can see how helpless we should be if we walked into your sister's trap and demanded your rights. Do you think anyone would believe you when you stated that Mizpra was mentally irresponsible, when every act of hers known to the public has been the act of a charitable Christian woman? No, you would be the one called mentally irresponsible."

"Yes," answered Leigh, "I see it all now. Many of these facts have puzzled me, and I have been thinking for a long time of other methods of doing my duty as my father would have me do."

"The only way," said Bald, "is to secretly and suddenly capture Mizpra. We must catch her when she is alone; sometime when she is away from her mother and friends. We must catch her in one of her perverted periods; but how we are to accomplish this, I don't know."

"Neither do I," dolefully responded Leigh. "You speak Spanish, of course, Bald?"

"I spoke it when a youth."

"Will you play your old part of priest again?"

Bald nodded assent.

"Come along, then, back to the hospital," nervously

jerked out Leigh as he moved towards the door. "I am tired; you too need rest."

Leigh saw Bald to his room in the hospital. He left his few instructions with the nurse, then turning to Bald said: "I expect to return here to-morrow; that is, if nothing intervenes to prevent me. I may not be able to get off to-morrow; however, you are to remain here until I return. Good night, Bald. Good night, nurse."

CHAPTER XX

When Leigh told Bald, upon leaving him at the hospital, that he might be prevented from calling the next day, he knew almost for a certainty that he would not be able to leave his home. He had become convinced, in that last distressing hour during which Bald had detailed the state of affairs in California, of the complete exhaustion of his nervous system.

The old familiar sinking away of energy, the ever present forcible fears were coming over him. The dread of self, and the hot skin and parched lips were evident. The little that remained of will power was used to hide his condition from Bald and to take himself safely home, where he could rest and be carried over the period of physical restlessness and psychic intoxication. He felt certain that it would be but a short struggle this time to control the oncoming attack.

The tense mental strain, the continuous active demand of the last few days on his inherited weak and unstable nervous organization, had been too great. However, he realized how much he had fortified that cursed inheritance; how much it had been put to the test the last few days, and also that he no longer weakened his morbid birthright by feeding the brain cells on stimulants.

Leigh remained in the carriage until it brought him to the station, not daring to trust himself to walk the

distance, well knowing the fearful temptation, the almost mad impulse certain to control him and force him to take a glass of liquor to relieve his physical suffering and loss of energy.

The feeling he had was akin to the agoraphobia afflicted individuals. These unfortunate victims of a morbid impulse are not few. Normal in all other respects, there is always some particular place, generally a height; some tower or monument perhaps, or a dark room, which they must, even at the cost of severe injury or death, jump from, escape from. In these persons, as with the dipsomaniacs, there is an ever constant increase of extreme nervousness, loss of judgment, volition, and personality. These individuals are wholly irresponsible for acts arising from temporary insanity. The most common of these symptoms of an inherited nerve cell exhaustion is shown in the disease inebriety, and its more distressing form, dipsomania. In the United States, it is probably true that the ordinary drinking of strong stimulants is on the decrease. This is so because the normally developed man recognizes its curse, sees its fearful ravages on those who suffer from a disease which tyrannically demands alcohol, and later on morphine, to quiet an agonizing unrest, and profits by the lesson. But, unfortunately, it is also a fact that the *conditions* which produce the rabid impulse to consume enormous quantities of stimulants—the disease dipsomania—is on the increase in this country. Nothing but an early knowledge, either in the parents or in the individual himself, of a tendency to neurotic disease, will check the progressive and forceful

growth from gradual stimulation to the disease inebriety, or the insane conditions of dipsomania.

Let the parents be as careful in watching for some direct or atavistic neurosis, as they are in watching the child's physical and religious formation, and the question of intemperance will be seen to be goverend by natural laws, and the cure of inebriety and dipsomania shown to rest on a purely physiologic basis. The vices and habits of man, as vices and habits purely, will always be with us. But the increase of vice can be controlled by a frank admission of facts.

When Aristotle said that drunkenness was voluntary madness, he was correct only so far as his statement regarding the mental alienation. Modern clinical researches in nervous diseases and physiology show that in the cases of periodic inebriety and dipsomania we have an involuntary insanity, and this mental disturbance is the cause of the excessive drinking, and not the effect.

Leigh looked anxiously at the clock as he walked restlessly up and down the platform waiting for his train. One moment he feared himself, and in another felt elated that he was master of the psychic storm which was lowering upon him. He knew that a year ago such periods would have been accompanied by a complete loss of personality.

In that state he would have been talking to one of the veriest strangers who was hanging around the station. He would have taken him over to the saloon to have a drink, and even before he himself had tasted a drop of liquor would have been confidentially telling

the stranger, and all others who would listen, about serious personal matters, which were either false or true, just as they happened to roll unconsidered and unknown from his temporary chaotic and entangled brain. Such had been the past.

With a pleasant feeling of relief he took his seat in the cars and felt that now, he at least had controlled this psychic disease; and the future seemed brighter to him. Physically he felt very miserable. His respiration was rapid, the breath hot and malodorous, and his skin harsh to the touch and intensely irritable. But he could endure all these physical discomforts as long as he knew that the point of doing stupid and foolish things, that fatuous condition which had always preceded the long period of self-oblivion, had been safely passed.

He quickly dropped into a large leather chair in his library the moment he reached home. Oberea took hold of his hot, dry hands. She understood well his condition, and had been anxiously awaiting its onset for several days. She knew, realized, better than he did, the effect on him of the terrible strain and revelations of the last few days.

The strain upon her had been even as tense, but the inheritance of an equally balanced, physical and psychological organization, fortified by an ancestral history of normal physiologic growth and development, enabled her to accept the conditions in a calm but yet apprehensive attitude.

Oberea was laboring under a twofold strain; the worry and fear of Leigh's ruin by Mizpra, and her

trepidation of the effect on her husband's unfortunate, and cursed inheritance.

Again and again, she had read over the dreadful tale of his family's history which he had given her that summer on the Rhine.

As she now held his hot hands, looked into the trembling, watery eyes, and saw the aged and anxious countenance, her love welled up and choked her voice. She knelt down beside him, buried her face in his arms and silently wept. She cried for joy; and her heart beat with sympathy as her firm faith silently told her of his successful struggle.

She knew it was useless to ask him to come to dinner, so had a table brought into the room where she and Mops tried to make a merry dinner party; the struggling man attempting to fix his attention upon them.

Satisfied now that he had controlled; that he understood his condition; and by treatment of himself, and ever watchful, he could suppress, if not conquer his inherited infirmity, Leigh went to work instantly to eliminate the poison which his faulty nervous system had allowed to accumulate in his body and thus produce a self-intoxication.

There was no attempt to sleep; he knew how futile that would be. So did loving, watchful Oberea.

In the morning he had so far relieved his mental agony as to be able to think of Bald. He tried to write a few lines to send him, but the power to control his hands was not sufficient; and to exhaust by forcible efforts the little energy the brain cells now had, was not advisable. What they needed was rest; rest from

stimulants, which they formally were so accustomed to demand and unfortunate enough to receive, and rest from auto-stimulation. It was absolutely necessary to avoid disturbing the natural attempt of these cells to regain their protoplasmic energy. For these reasons Leigh asked Oberea to telephone Dr. Bell to come over when he was off duty, as he wished him to write to Bald and the nurse. He did not think that Bald would attempt to get away; but told his wife he would feel easier if the letters were sent.

As Oberea was passing out of the door on her errand, she noticed a bottle of brandy on the mantelpiece. It was her family bottle, to be used in case of emergency, and she had had occasion to use it during Leigh's last absence. She had forgotten the bottle was in the room.

Leigh saw her look at it and hesitate. With an effort to smile he said: "Don't worry, Oberea dear. I've seen it there ever since I first entered the room. It does not tempt me."

"Why, Leigh, I did not place it there on purpose."

"I feel certain you did not; nevertheless, let it remain. I like to watch it; it encourages me. But I really need no encouragement now. Let the bottle remain in my sight; it stands there like a sentinel doing its duty, and I can almost hear it repeat:

"Drink not the first glass which thou canst not tame,
When once it is within thee; but before
May'st rule it, as thou list; and pour the shame
Which it would pour on thee, upon the floor.
It is most just to throw that on the ground,
Which would throw me there, if I keep the round."

"Is it not queer, dear, how old lines learned years ago will push themselves up through this old racked brain of mine when I cannot hold that same brain down to any kind of fixed, studious attention? This is one of the curiosities of physiologic psychology, and some day I am going into the subject. Run along now, and telephone Dr. Bell."

After luncheon Dr. Bell came over to see Leigh. The latter had devoted the morning to his own case, and through active measures had tried to drive off the harrowing, burrowing horror and fear of real impending danger; now changed to an intangible, ever distant danger. These fears hung over him like a mental pestilence, and environed him in their fearful uncertainty.

Dr. Bell entered the library, where he found Leigh stretched out on a divan with blankets, robes and pillows scattered in confusion around him. As usual, Dr. Bell brought a pleasant smile and sympathetic manner into the room.

"Well, old man, how is it? Slightly nervous this time?"

"Slightly nervous? Well, I don't believe you or any other man can understand what I suffer. Never mind the want of continuity in my thoughts now," he added. "Physical pain we all suffer; it is a condition we can all form some idea of from personal experience; but no amount of study or clinical research will ever enable a man to realize the mental suffering of the neurotic. Poe, Charlie, is the one author who describes it in an understanding manner. In 'The Fall of the House of

Usher' he describes his feelings by saying: 'An irrepressible tremor gradually pervaded my frame; and at length there sat upon my very heart an incubus of utterly causeless alarm.' I know what his feelings were, Charlie, when he wrote those lines. When he uttered those words of wail," continued Leigh; "I realize exactly what that tremor was he so feelingly describes. The 'intense sentiment of horror, unaccountable yet unendurable' was upon him. The neurosis he suffered from was now demonstrating itself and overwhelming his poor, suffering physical body. His pen was trembling, his body restless—all, all, striving to shake off the incubus now closing around him. But it was useless. So this trembling pen, unconsciously perhaps, limned the clinical picture of the onset of one of his attacks of dipsomania.

"Listen to this precise description of the approaching psychic storm: 'His actions were alternately vivacious and sudden. His voice varied rapidly from a tremulous indecision—when the animal spirits seemed utterly in abeyance—to the species of energetic concision—that abrupt, weighty, unhurried, and hollow-sounding enunciation—that leaden, self-balanced, and perfectly modulated guttural utterance, which may be observed in the lost drunkard, or the irreclaimable eater of opium, during the periods of his intense excitement.'"

"But, Leigh," interrupted Dr. Bell, "you have, and in a marvelous manner, practically cured yourself of the curse which would have ruined you. My, my, but you should be happy."

"I am, Charlie. The brightness of the future, the effervescence, I might say in my enthusiasm, that I see in the life before me, cannot be expressed in words. My inheritance will always remain with me, will ever remain active until the decline of life, but I know how to handle it, how to strengthen myself against it. Never again will I allow it to control me. I shall be in control of myself hereafter. I understand the matter physiologically, that's all."

"Poor Poe," continued Leigh, "what a pity there were not physicians and sympathizers to aid him; to understand him, instead of a herd of puritanical detractors to denounce his morals, and jealous writers to join Hudibrastic versifiers in sneering at his periods of psychic epilepsy, and gleefully exploiting those symptoms of a nervous disease as drunken fits."

Leigh raised himself to a sitting position, and turned, facing Dr. Bell, placing his constantly moving feet on the carpet.

"I'll tell you, Charlie, Edgar Allen Poe, consciously or unconsciously, realized that he suffered from a disease; but he had none to assist him, none to sympathize with him in his affliction. Read what he wrote to his friend, George W. Eveleth: "But I am constitutionally sensitive—nervous in a very unusual degree. I became insane, with long intervals of horrible sanity. During these fits of absolute unconsciousness I drank—God knows how often or how much. As a matter of course, my enemies referred the insanity to the drink, rather than the drink to the insanity." Listen, also, to

this description of Usher; in him, Poe was describing himself; at least, that is how I read it."

Leigh took from his pocket a note-book, and read: " 'It was, he said, a constitutional and family evil, and one for which he despaired to find a remedy—a mere nervous affliction, he immediately added, which would undoubtedly pass off. It displayed itself in a host of unnatural sensations. Some of these as he detailed them, interested and bewildered me, although perhaps the terms and general manner of the narration had their weight. He suffered much from a morbid acuteness of the senses; the most insipid food was alone endurable; he could wear only garments of certain texture; the odors of all flowers were oppressive '—How well I know what that means, Charlie—' his eyes were tortured by even a faint light, and they were but peculiar sounds and these from stringed instruments, which did not inspire him with horror.' "

" And you can feel how Poe suffered, Leigh? "

" All, and more; at least more than he has given us. One hears so much about Poe's rich imagination, his horrible ideas and fantastic dreams. They were nothing of the kind. There was no studying of the formation of ideas, no concentration of gathering thoughts to paint horrible phantasmagoria and ghostly pictures. His description of Usher's feelings was nothing but the impulsive writing of what were to him bleeding realities; the silent crying of the acute suffering life of the rack-tortured neurotic whose symptoms were demonstrated by insane periods of dipsomania."

"I never thought of that before," Dr. Bell thoughtfully remarked.

"No; like the rest of physicians, to you the torture produced by a mangled limb is more interesting, because it is easier understood, than the torture caused by the psychically injured brain."

Leigh rose from the lounge and went to his desk. Taking two test tubes partly filled with amber colored fluid, he handed them to Dr. Bell.

"Take one of them, Charlie, and give it to your laboratory chief; the other give to Henderson at the Post-Graduate. Oh, I forgot; I want you to go to my old hospital and see Bald. Oberea told you about our present relations with him, didn't she?"

"Yes," answered his friend; "but there are some questions I wish to ask you," and he hesitated a moment as if doubtful of the questions, then said: "This whole affair is a very serious one, Leigh."

"I know, I know it is; but I am not in a condition to talk about it to-day; you know that. Now listen, please. Write down what I wish to tell Bald." Dr. Bell went to the table and wrote as Leigh dictated. When the latter had finished, Dr. Bell said: "I understand now. Do you think Bald will be frank with me? Will tell me all? This is a more serious affair," and he reached for a cigar, "than I had any idea of. Your duty is plain."

"I am pleased to find that you see it in the proper light. Yes, I do think Bald will follow the instructions given in the letter; at any rate, he'll have to, later on."

Dr. Bell held up the two tubes in front of Leigh.

"Those, Charlie, contain the perspiration from my body for the last twelve hours. It was wrung out of flannels. I believe it will be found that a small injection of this perspiration will produce all the symptoms of restlessness, sleeplessness, hysteria, and convulsions in the animals. I think they will all show symptoms of acute poisoning. Impress upon the laboratory workers the necessity of keeping careful notes and constant observations. Let the investigations be carried over a long period. Upon my return from California I will continue the work myself."

"Are you certainly going to California?"

"Yes, and with Bald, I am going in a few days. I believe, in fact feel certain, that I shall return to a normal state, normal for me, in a few days."

Dr. Bell placed the tubes carefully in his waistcoat pockets, then re-lighted his cigar, which had gone out.

"May I see your wife, Leigh? Just a minute. I think one thing ought to be settled here before I see Bald."

"Certainly," said Leigh, although wondering what reason his friend had for such a request. "You will find her in the rear room." These words said, he laid down again on the divan; then, as an afterthought, added: "I don't feel like going there."

Dr. Bell returned to the room immediately, with Oberea.

"I think, Mrs. Newcomber," he began, turning to her, "that your husband is justified in leaving at once for California. You know I was well acquainted with

Leigh's father, and knew what his intentions and ambitions were regarding his son."

"I know also concerning the moral insanity, to use a charitable term, with which his sister Mizpra is afflicted. She demonstrated this affliction early in life. I have letters and other evidence proving her determination to ruin you both. I have heretofore kept quiet on the subject for obvious reasons, but now the time has come to act."

Oberea nodded in approval.

"Now Leigh," continued Dr. Bell turning to the suffering man on the divan, "write at once your resignation, and I will send it to the trustees this afternoon when I go to the city. I am going to put it in the daily papers so that it will look a little shady—your severance from the hospital—I mean. This notice will reach Mizpra, and disarm her."

Both Leigh and Oberea listened; astonished, pleased. Their friend had never shown such interest, such active interest, in their affairs. He continued: "We must all be ready to start next week."

"We?" exclaimed Leigh.

"Yes, we. I am going with you; you may need me. You certainly will if Mizpra puts up a legal fight. I was a witness to your father's will."

"But, Charlie——"

"No 'buts' about it, Leigh. When you get your rights you can pay my expenses; if that will make you any happier. Remember, though, I shall bring money, enough for all.

Oberea went to her husband's side, and they were

both about to thank their friend when he interrupted them by saying: "What a wonderful forethought nature possesses. All your sisters, Leigh, have inherited a faulty psychic organization, and nature prevents its further reproduction. It was left to you, Leigh, to see these facts in their proper light. I, too, have pity instead of blame for Mizpra, but nevertheless, we must protect the well and innocent ones from the baneful effects of her disease. Little Mops should not suffer because his unfortunate aunt would, through a diseased brain, injure him and his parents. The morally insane need watching and control over them more than the mentally diseased individuals with homicidal mania. The former work secretly, insidiously, and number their victims by the score before their disease is recognized and they are confined; the latter's condition is recognized as soon as they have attempted to attack their first victim."

CHAPTER XXI

"There is the danger, Dr. Bell. You see Mrs. Newcomber was under no bonds, and as she has turned all the property over to her morally insane daughter, we shall have to come upon this woman unawares. I mean, that in her psychopathic condition she would destroy and hide the property; even become poor herself, in order to defeat her brother's chances of success and comfort."

It was Bald who spoke; and as he finished, Dr. Bell turned to Leigh and remarked:

"Come, Leigh, you are the one to understand the scientific reason for this state of affairs. I believe Mr. Bald is correct, but do his surmises agree with the rule in these cases?"

"Unfortunately, yes. Their passions, pleasures, and lives are devoted to cruel acts and painful deeds. Sometimes these deeds are performed purely from lustful motives; sometimes, as in the case of my sister, the dreams, hallucinations and vivid imaginations of the mental pain they are causing—with an almost objective realization of the cruel deeds that gives them pleasure—will be carried out in reality when place and victims are at hand. But this is getting away from our subject. You ought to get her letter and money in a day or so, Bald?"

"Yes, I think so."

The three men—Leigh, Dr. Bell, and Bald—were together in Bald's room at the hospital. Bald thought it best to remain there rather than to return to his rooms, as he mistrusted Mizpra too much to run the risk of having Leigh come daily to his apartments. "It was a precaution," he had told them, that cost nothing.

"You think now, Mr. Bald, that we had better go to California in two parties, and by different routes?"

"Well, replied the ex-priest, "You know how I look upon that woman. She is cunningness incarnate, and all her mental activities are centered on one subject; all her motives are derived from one source."

"Before we discuss these details," hesitatingly interrupted Dr. Bell, "I think Mr. Bald has something of importance to tell you, Leigh. The psychological study of this woman's character is interesting, but we have more urgent facts to consider just at this moment."

Bald looked at Dr. Bell as if he wished the latter to take the initiative. Leigh, seeing both hesitate, motioned to Bald in a manner indicating impatience, and said: "Oh, out with it, Bald; nothing would disturb me now."

"You expressed the other day, Dr. Newcomber, a wish to know what had become of your unfortunate sister; Marcia, I believe you called her?"

"Yes, I must know, must find out where she is, and follow her history. She needs my help; and as she is a mental and physical wreck, it is my duty to care for her."

"Just so. Dr. Bell has told me of that pitiable scene when you last met her. It was in your hospital, I be-

lieve, Dr. Bell?" Bald queried, turning his face to the physician.

"Dr. Bell nodded in the affirmative.

"Open the window, please, Charlie," said Leigh as he rose to close the transom. "I am going to have a cigar. Try one, Bald? Now go on with your story."

"When I first received the commission ordering me to bring disgrace upon you," continued Bald, "I was told also to look up an old servant of Mizpra. That was the way it was put to me. A few days after arriving in New York I received full directions where to find her."

"How in the d—" Leigh exclaimed.

"Wait, Leigh; wait until Mr. Bald finishes," calmly requested Dr. Bell.

"That's just the point, Dr. Newcomber. How did she know where her sister was? I think you were about to say. You now see how completely the plans your sister marks out are carried through. No one knows this better than I.

"My instructions were to give this pretended old servant enough money to keep her supplied with rum and morphine. 'The poor old soul,' so wrote your sister, 'has not long to live, and as she is incurable, I don't wish her to suffer for what she so madly craves.'"

Bald looked at Leigh, the latter's face flushed, but was immobile.

"I did not at the time doubt but what she wrote was the truth, especially as her desires to see the woman dragged down to the depth of mental despair and physical degradation was in line with the writer's character.

“Compunction? No; I had none at that time,” the speaker stated as he saw Dr. Bell look at him inquiringly. “Philosophy? Yes, some, fatuous though it might have been. ‘Better,’ I said to myself, ‘that this degenerate old woman be poisoned and killed by rum and opium, than poisoned by infuriate and unruly passions like her former mistress.’”

“Wait, Bald; I don’t understand. Old woman, you say? Why this sister of mine is only in middle life. Haven’t you all made a greivous error?”

“No, Leigh, no,” replied the other physician. Do let Mr. Bald finish his story.”

“I will; but hurry up about it.”

“I found the unfortunate creature. What had been written me about the rum and morphine was true. All she lived for was liquor and morphine. All that kept her shaking body together were the drug and alcohol. She would have been sent to the Island many times but for my interference in paying police fines, and keeping her constantly under the influence of her necessary stimulants.

“My orders were not to let her go to an institution, asylum or jail. At the time I thought this desire might be due to a spark of kindness on the part of your sister, but I now see why it was done. Of course it was done to prevent her from ever regaining her faculties,” he added, as Leigh smiled superciliously. “Well, I fulfilled my orders faithfully; as I saw it was to my interest to do so. I continued to furnish her the poison up to the day you brought me here to this room”—and he waved his hands indicating his gratefulness. “Now,

let Dr. Bell tell the last chapter of the story."

"Yes, the last chapter, Leigh. We saw your sister yesterday. It was then that hell was open to my view."

"I didn't want you to know all this, Dr. Newcomber," sorrowfully spoke Bald; "but your friend said it was necessary."

"Yes, and Dr. Newcomber will heartily agree when he knows all."

"You know best, Charlie. I see, it is only because I have to face this cursed inheritance all my life. That's all I shall see in this whole horrible affair under any and all circumstances."

"We went yesterday——"

"We went?" asked Leigh, "I don't understand you. I left orders for Bald to remain here."

"All very well, Leigh," kindly broke in Dr. Bell. "I caused your orders to be disobeyed. I alone am responsible for Mr. Bald leaving here to go with me. Now sign, please," and he handed to Leigh a legal looking document.

Leigh took the paper and read it.

"I think you have done what is right; only, before I sign it, as her nearest relative, I must see her."

"Could not that be avoided?" asked Bald, putting the question to Dr. Bell.

"It might be," answered Leigh, before his friend could speak, "but it shall not be. How did you get this signature of Myers, M.D.? Of course, I know you had to have another physician's signature to the commitment, but it must be one who has examined the case. Did you take this Dr. Myers with you?"

"No, Leigh, he is the police physician of the precinct in which Marcia exists; I can't say where the poor woman lives. He knows all about her."

"God! is it as bad as that?"

"It is."

"Come, let us go at once, then," Leigh demanded, as he arose and took up his hat.

"I have already made arrangements, Leigh, to send her to Brown's private asylum. Two nurses will meet us in a carriage near the house where Marcia will be found."

"Two nurses, Charlie?"

"Yes; she is liable to become violent, unless under the influence of big doses of morphine. I am so sorry for you, old man"—and he gently placed his hand on Leigh's shoulder.

"Sorry? why, Charlie? Is it not merely a case to be looked upon in the light of cold science? No, we should not be sorry; we should be glad that nature became so disgusted with the insults my ancestors, including my parents, were continually offering her, that she would no longer allow the female line of the family to pour out on the community imbeciles, criminals and neurotics. She made an exception in me; one who has tried to pacify her by ever making obeisance to her rigid laws when and where recognized. Come on."

They reached the purlieus of the East side, passing big Bellevue, and stopping on a corner not far from that hospital. Stern and stolid stretches this refuge for the city's unfortunates; the willfully vicious, the insane criminal, the abhorrent degenerate, and the irrespon-

sible pervert. Here, also, comes that social outcast, the child mother, the malingerer with petty criminal instincts, and that antisocial being, the alcoholic bum. Here police and ambulance bring the morphine fiend dressed in silk and satins; the educated and the ignorant, the vicious and conscientiously virtuous; the unfortunate and the worthless; the female android and the delicate, refined girl. All, all these types of humanity are here brought to a realization of a physical level. In this massive place of haven and help the recognition of the truth that nature finally brings them to one school to ponder and think; to acknowledge that her laws have been ignored and trammelled upon, is constantly active in their minds. That this disobedience of nature's laws is due either to ignorance on the part of those who were responsible for their being and training, or else to the faulty and inhumane ideas emanating from theology and society, is a fact constantly forced upon them. Yet of all those who make up this mosaic of brains and bodies, few learn the lesson offered them, few see its application.

"Come in here," Bald said, as he pushed open the side door of a saloon upon which was painted the apocryphal announcement "Family Entrance." When they were inside, Dr. Bell whispered to Leigh: "It's just across the way. This is the place where her money goes; this, and the corner drugstore."

"It was the saloon's dull hour of the day, and no customers were to be seen standing around the bar. The dirty, slouchy ill-smelling Italian who cleaned the brass and cuspidors for the privilege of the boot-black

stand, was perfunctorily performing his duty. A young specimen of the East side citizen, on a chair tipped back in a semi-dark corner, was sleeping, trying to make up for the lost hours of rest due to a night's prowling. The low-browed barkeeper ceased his cutting of villainous looking sausages, which answered for the daily meal of many of his customers, and with arms extended on the mahogany bar, the dirty, foul sleeves of his shirt rolled up, waited for the orders of his new customers. Beer being ordered for two, Leigh taking a disease-breeding cigar, casual conversation was carried on by the barkeeper and his three customers.

"You are the gentleman that comes to give the stuff to the Queen?" he asked, addressing his remarks to Bald.

The latter nodded.

"You are from the Society?" he further questioned, turning to the two physicians.

"We have come to take her away," slowly remarked Leigh.

"I guess yer just in time. I heard Callagan—he's the copper on this beat—say that they were looking for you," with a jerk of his head indicating that he referred to Bald.

"What's the matter now?" asked the latter.

"Oh, I guess the Queen's gone daffy. Too much booze and dope. It'll do the best of them. She raised h—— yesterday at the funeral of a girl's kid."

"Let's have another one?" Leigh asked. "Take one yourself, barkeeper."

"Well, I don't mind a little one," replied the man.

"Say, Jimmy," this was shouted to a weak-faced young man, who was ostensibly reading a sporting paper at a table by the window, "you know all about that racket yesterday. Tell these gentlemen about it."

The individual addressed slowly arose and came to the bar. He scarcely waited to be asked to have a drink, as he well knew his cue.

"These gentlemen are from the Society," was the barkeeper's introductory remark.

Jimmy nodded.

"I guess yer going to put de woman away," he said, after emptying his glass.

"Come into the private room," requested Leigh. "Barkeeper, send in cigars and drinks."

Seated at a table with a vile cigar between his lecherous lips, the Eastsider soon had his story told. Encouraged by drinks and questions he continued:

"She's no good now, anyway; she's always dopey and daffy. De perlice won't stand for it no more. She got kid crazy a few days ago and brot a kid to her room dere," and he jerked his thumb in a direction indicating across the street, "a poisoned-eyed, hump-back ting. She placed dat on her trone, and wouldn't put up fer de growler, until de wimmen and gurls would bow before de kid. Say, she always wus daffy, but she's got cobwebs in her tink box now, all right, all right."

"Put that on her throne? What do you mean?" asked Leigh, thinking the expression was some new East side slang.

"I taut yer knew all about it. Well, yer friend does," indicating Bald.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, Doctor. She is known here as the 'Queen.'"

"Are yer a hospital Doc?" quickly interrupted the East sider. "Oh, yer can't do 'De Queen' no good. Yer ought ter see her fire the sasaity angels. Say, but she's a peach on hell talk."

"We know that, friend; but tell us about that throne," Dr. Bell said.

"Well, yer see she has de dough reglar. She blows it in on de gang, and dey stand fer it; dey stand fer all de grafts wot she gives dem. She tells pipe stories as how she is a princess, an always had her vessels. In her front room der is a red and gold trone, and she sits on it wit a teater crown. When all de gang is broke, dey rings her up, and she does funny business wid her septer, and den de gang gits de stuff fer de duck. Dat's why she gits de name of 'de queen.'"

This product of the barroom began to talk rapidly as the liquor loosened his tongue, so he had gradually drifted into the verbiage and colloquialism of the neighborhood.

He would have continued in the same strain, but Leigh was anxious to get through with the horrible story, so he asked:

"What was all this trouble yesterday?"

"Didn't yer read it in de poipers?"

Leigh signified that he did not.

"I taut dat's wot brot yer here."

"Is it in the papers?" asked Leigh.

"Sure;" and without further remark he left the room and soon returned with a morning paper. Dr. Bell

took it and looked at the heading pointed to by the dirty fingers of the Eastsider. He hesitated a moment, then looked up at Leigh, with a side glance at Bald. Both understood the reason for his hesitancy; but Leigh was the first to speak.

“Read on, Charlie. I want to know the facts. I shall feel easier when all is told.” The youth of the streets went out of the room when Leigh told him to order what drinks he wanted.

Without uttering any comment Dr. Bell read: “One of the most disgraceful affairs that ever occurred in this city was the funeral yesterday of little James Webb, the supposed son of the notorious Marcia Newcomber, or Andersen, as she calls herself. The services were held at a resort conducted by Fanny Bennett, No. 427 — Street. The alleged mother was found by her acquaintances carrying on pornographic orgies over the little boy’s deceased body. The body was taken to the — Street house Monday night, and a wake was held. It was a drunken debauch of the lowest order, and the presence of the dead had not the slightest effect. It is said that beer was even poured on the face of the corpse in an effort to get it between the thin, drawn lips, and other shocking revelries were indulged in.

“The funeral took place at three o’clock yesterday afternoon, and a hearse and two hacks were sent into the narrow thoroughfare. The arrival of the cortége was the signal for the assemblage of a large throng of drunken and degraded men and women, who laughed and joked, drank beer out of kettles, and used vile language. While the minister was saying a few words over

the dead, a drunken woman asked him to hurry, as she wanted to rush the growler. By the time the funeral was ready to start Marcia Newcomber was drunk, and others who attended the funeral were nearly in the same condition. The pallbearers were also drunk and nearly upset the casket while carrying it to the hearse. The minister, who had become disgusted with the disgraceful orgies, retired from the scene.

“ Marcia Newcomber and two other women carried a large kettle of beer with them into the hack, and frequently on the way to the grave stopped at saloons to get it refilled. When the cemetery was reached all were in a state of intoxication, and Marcia Newcomber fell out of the hack and laid on the ground screaming and yelling in a drunken frenzy. She tried to jump into the open grave, and cursed and raved until the cemetery officials threatened to send for the police and have her arrested. She was carried bodily to the hack after the interment, and held there by other women until she reached the — Street house. During the rumpus the women lost their bonnets and cloaks.

“ Another drunken revel followed at the — Street house, and the police had to take a hand last night.” *

The reading ceased. For a few moments silence reigned in the little room.

Business at the bar had begun. The noise of pails and pitchers being landed on the bar, and the shuffling

* This affair was witnessed by the author; and the account is taken verbatim et literatim from the newspaper description. Only names are changed in this account.—W. H. L.

of feet on the sanded floor was now heard, mingled with the hoarse disputes and coarse jibes of the customers.

Dr. Bell laid down the paper. Leigh's forehead rested between his hands, while his elbows rested on the soiled and damp table.

Suddenly he rose and faced his friends. His lips were bloodless, and his face white, except for a bright, startlingly bright, crimson spot on each cheek.

"My poor, poor sister," he cried out. "Oh! if I had only been old enough; if I had had the knowledge of her heredity that I now have, what misery I might have prevented. But misery and disgrace only. The conditions were unavoidable, irreparable. If mother had only been a mother. I can remember, just slightly remember, Marcia as a child. She was selfish; yes, Charlie, hellish selfish, immorally rampant, a fiendish liar; and oh, what a cold temperament; dull and rebellious to culture."

His face now became red, and tears fell down his cheeks. He put on his hat, and, struggling to be calm, directed his friends to find the carriage with the nurses and take Marcia to the asylum at once.

"I don't care how you do it. No; I will not see her until she is in the asylum. You have the power and authority. Go, Charlie, and help me do my duty. I will follow you and be at the asylum a few minutes after you."

"She shall have a cottage and servants, horses—all, all I will give her when I get for her what belongs to her. And to think, Charlie, I have the other one to

put away, also. Please go;" and Leigh sank down in a chair and buried his face in his hands. He was sobbing when the two men left the foul-smelling place.

CHAPTER XXII.

"And you really believe, Leigh, the time will never come when you will regret marrying me?"

It was Oberea who spoke. She was standing by an open window looking out on the long curving beach and at the steady roll of the Pacific as it pushed its way up the incline of white sand and lazily slipped back in rippling laughter.

Leigh had been reading a letter received from Bald that morning.

As Oberea finished her question her husband went over to her, and placing his arm around her waist, bent down his head and lovingly kissed her.

"What troubles your little head now, darling," he smilingly rejoined. "Have I done or said anything that has caused you to have such strange and unreasonable thoughts?"

She clung closely to him as she returned his caresses.

"No, Leigh, dear. But you know how a divorced woman is treated by the world. How it will talk about us when we commence to go out into the world. Oh, I hope the money will not be the cause of our unhappiness. People will be sure to talk about how we first met."

She could get no farther in her remarks, and hid her blushes by pressing her face against her husband's breast.

"You were a child, Oberea, when I first met you. You knew not of sin, neither did you of love. We met, and loved. My love has grown constantly from a wavering feeling of affection and respect, to the sturdy, staunch, powerful emotion of deep, strong-rooted, true love. That love which takes hold of the brain, body, and whole being. It has been absorbed into my life, existence and heart, and when I die I shall take it with me. It has moulded my character, and built an edifice into which regret, the opinion of others, or false social customs, will never find an entrance."

She clung closer to him, and her little body vibrated with thrilling emotions.

Leigh and his wife were stopping at a small hotel just outside San Francisco. They had not thought it prudent to remain at a hotel in the city for fear their presence might be made known to Mizpra.

Bald had gone to Los Angeles. In his garb and character of Jesuit priest, and with letters of introduction, no anxiety was felt for the outcome of his mission. Leigh well knew the power, influence and cunning of the man. He had left the details of the work to be done in southern California to the priest. The latter evidently had his plans, into which Leigh did not pry, knowing that no amount of questioning would reveal Bald's past or present relations with the church.

Dr. Bell, under an assumed name, was investigating Mizpra's schemes on his own account. As Mizpra had seen him once only, and that was many years ago, there was but small chance of recognizing him should she

ever meet him; a contingency he did not intend should arise.

Leigh and Oberea stood silently by the window for some moments. The wife laid one hand on those of her husband's, while with a handkerchief in her free one she dried her eyes.

She was the first to speak.

"But Leigh, you know there are always mean, jealous people in the world. You see we have been living practically out of the world since our marriage, and I think it will be best for both of us to still keep out of it."

"Yes, Oberea, but you need comforts which have been denied you; and it will be almost impossible to keep to ourselves when I am placed in a position to go on with my work. Don't worry about the matter. Mizpra's lies will sink to the bottom of the well when truth is pulled up."

"But I am afraid it will be a long time before the haze of prejudice through which the world sees, will disappear."

"Not the world we care for, Oberea. We have had our trials, severe ones too, but it has made us both stronger in love and characters. Life, without its severe lessons, is a putty-like existence, easily moulded into any grotesque shape until the dry age sets in, when the least blow will scatter that shape, leaving only lumps and dust for a character. To understand the world, every period of existence should show a man that he has a calamity to encounter."

"Leigh, do you really think you will get, without trouble, your rights? I mean without expensive law-suits?"

"I do. My first duty, though, is to place Mizpra in some quiet and comfortable retreat without publicity and scandal. You would not understand, if I should tell you, the diabolical nature of her insane passions. Neither would the courts."

"I don't want to; I know enough already. I did not believe such creatures existed until you explained what inherited weaknesses may develop. But I don't exactly understand how Dr. Bell and Bald are going to get her to give up the stolen money."

"Practical experience and mature reflection can unfold many problems, Oberea."

"I must suppose so, if you say so," and for the first time during the conversation she smiled.

"Oberea, how would you like to spend a year or so in your old home? We are so near there now, I think it would be a good idea to remain a winter on the islands.

"Oh, Leigh, may we? Oh! how I have wished to get back to the peaceful islands. Oh, yes, yes, let's go;" and like a happy child she clapped her hands.

"Yes, we'll go as soon as possible. I have my notes to write up, and the quietness of the islands is a good place for me to finish them, and I also shall enjoy the freedom from the terrible strain we both have had. In your home we shall not be scathed by the noxious weeds of scandal and social hypocrisy.

"We have been living too long among moralists, and

I am sick of their inhumane and self-imposed judgment of others. Moralists may talk as they will; they may assume propositions and draw their inductions to the end of the time, but the laws of nature will still remain the same, and, however observed by error and custom truth is yet unimpaired; yet clothed in all her pristine purity. Love and truth are one and the same; one cannot exist without the other. Truth is love, and love is truth."

He drew up a chair to face the window and assisted Oberea to it.

"Did I not hear Mops crying this morning?" he asked.

"Yes, he did not want his shoes put on; he wanted to go barefoot, and threw his shoes at me."

"Now, Oberea, he must be studied carefully, and all those little symptoms of uncontrolled impulses recognized. He can be trained so as never to have any of my distressing inheritance demonstrated. Of course, his greatest safety lies in the nervous stability derived from your ancestral stock. Still, intelligent training and proper environment will do much for the future of a neurotic child."

"Yes, I have often thought of what you told me back in our dark days."

"What was that?"

"That 'some cases of dipsomania and unreasonable criminal acts can be directly traced to the neglect in early education of correcting apparently uncontrollable impulses in childhood. But it is doubtful,' you said, 'if these cases of dipsomania and allied insanities ever occur

except in those who have inherited a richly neurotic soil. This neurotic soil, if allowed to propagate its original seed, can only grow a crop of rank weeds and untrained, ruinous vines.' ”

“ You remember my remarks well, Oberea.”

“ But you also told me that some day you would tell me the maxim for training children to be healthy adults. What is your secret of training children, Leigh ? ”

“ It is expressed in two words : train yourself.”

“ I hope that's no reflection on Mops's mother,” and she gave a merry laugh in which her husband joined. When their mirth had subsided Leigh continued :

“ Of course it is no reflection upon you, Oberea ; decidedly not. It is only a general maxim. A thorough understanding of nature is one necessary qualification for parentage. Someone says : ‘ Reason borrows from nature. Nature can be repaid if reason is well invested.’ Nature has no tolerance with an unreasoning man. She will not loan him any of her strong, beautiful traits. She severely punishes the man who can learn from her and will not. A single embrace given in a moment of drunkenness, may be fatal to an entire generation. Such a fact is an example of what I mean.”

“ It is generally considered harsh and unjustifiable that the father's—mother's also—sins should fall upon the children and grandchildren, but in truth, the man suffers—from either seeing or realizing this fact—a mental agony compared with which the physical agony of his children is as nothing. Then, how would nature

present her lesson if not in these reproductions of unreasoning man?"

"Some of the laws made by man seem to be the acme of unreasoning. See the laws made by man to protect man. How carefully they are adjusted in regard to taking life; how regardless of care in making life."

"Then you believe in the attempt being made in some of the states to regulate marriage on a purely physiologic basis?"

"Yes."

"You think then, Leigh, that marriage should be regulated by law?"

"Yes, again; to a certain extent."

"What do you mean by 'a certain extent'?"

"This; that some law, or laws, should control the marriage of the unfit; that is, the marriage of criminals; those afflicted with, or having a family history of, consumption; the physically weak and diseased."

"How about the insane?"

"There are laws preventing the marriage of the insane; but unfortunately the layman only sees the insane from the objective view point. I mean the majority judge a man's sanity or insanity by his external actions and words. Thinking physicians know of thousands of cases of latent insanity never suspected by the public, and of individuals certain to beget children who will be a curse and care upon this world. These are the cases which offer problems for the future, and make every scientific physician disgusted with the arbitrary opinions of many lawyers, and ashamed of the ignorance or indifference of the church.

"Crime in this country is increasing at a fearful rate, to use a wrong but expressive adjective, and it will increase until physicians are placed in such a position as to say: A has contracted or inherited this or that disease; he, or his progeny, will show it in moral or mental insanity just as certain it is that there are physiologic and biologic laws."

"I suppose it is necessary," answered Oberea, "to have these laws regulating marriage, but to me the idea seems horrible. It would never have entered my mind had you not explained these facts, and had I not seen the conditions which prove these facts. Such suggestions two years ago would have appeared to me to have come from a crazy man. But, Leigh, I have seen so much, heard so much, of the ill side of humanity that my views have broadened. Oh, how glad I shall be to get away and see the bright side of life."

"I too," rejoined Leigh with a sigh. "Nevertheless, I think the little you have seen will better enable you to educate Mops; to care for him. Few mothers and fathers think beyond the clothes and toys of their children. They do not know, as a recent medical writer puts it, that the question before them is not the ability of parents to raise children, that is to clothe and educate them; but the ability to produce proper children."

"With our son be careful to notice any over excitability, hypersensitiveness and mental explosion. Very often we have in children an outburst that looks exceedingly like uncontrolled temper or wickedness. In such cases it is the warning of a neurotic inheritance, and the child should be treated accordingly to save it from a

ruinous life ever governed by morbid impulses, or else an existence dependent on brain-destroying drugs."

"Children are a greater responsibility than the generality of parents realize; and in most cases of crime, stupidity and perversion in children it's the parents who should be punished. If ignorance is no excuse in civil law, then ignorance of physiologic law should be made a crime."

"Mothers too often forget, or do not know, that the little brains of their children are capable of realizing facts and real impressions, and at other times they are simple slaves of their over excited imaginations. The mother should——"

"Excuse me, Leigh," interrupted Oberea, "there's some one knocking on the door. It's the girl with the mail. Wait; I'll go," and Oberea went and opened the door.

"Yes, it's the mail," she said, as she closed the door. "Here's a letter to you from Bald. Why, you got one only this morning. Open it quickly; I want to see what he says."

Leigh nervously opened the letter. It was a short note, reading:

"*Dear Doctor Newcomber:*—I send you a marked copy of a newspaper. You remember what I told you and Dr. Bell on the train. I then suspected her motives. Now, I feel certain, but as yet I have no evidence.

"Have you looked up the matter of modern flagellation from a psychologic view point? You will be surprised how numerous the books are that deal with this subject. *En passant:* I recall your question regarding its origin in the Church. Well, as certain forms of insanity, hysteria, and allied condi-

tions are correlated to religion, I leave the psychologic study of the subject to you. In the history of the Church, these facts are stated: 'The founder of the Dominicans was Dominicus de Guzman, a native of Spain, and a great and famous flagellator. His mother before she conceived him, is said to have dreamed that she was with a child of a whelp, carrying in his mouth a lighted torch, and that after he was born he put the world in an uproar by his fierce barkings and set it on fire with the torch he had in his mouth.'

"Expect to send some important facts in a day or so.

"Cordially yours,

"B."

"Toss me the paper, Oberea. Let's see what's up now." He tore off the wrapper, and unfolding the paper saw the marked article. Oberea moved up closely and looked over her husband's shoulder.

"I'll read it aloud," he said:

"The ruins of the picturesque and beautiful Mission of San Rafael are to be partly restored, and once again serve as an outpost of Christian charity and education. Our ever charitable townswoman, Mrs. Mizpra Newcomber-Wood"—"She still keeps the name hyhenated," interjected the reader—"seeing the unfortunate neglect of education in the many little half-breed and Indian girls in this section of the country, has determined to rebuild the interior of old San Rafael, and, gathering under its twice-blessed roof the many bright-eyed children of the valley, teach them to live a God-fearing life. Situate as it is on a high, commanding cliff, overlooking our verdant and beautiful valley, the old church offers an ideal place for such a Christian Mission.

"We understand that, with the exception of the refectory, the roof of which long ago disappeared through man's neglect and the violence of the sonora,—which on these mountains attains destructive force—the exterior of the picturesque building will remain as it stands. The little chapel will be remodelled on its old plans as near as possible, and the ruins of

the once tall towers which back against the mountain side on the east, are to be covered at the remaining second story. Here will be located the sleeping cells for the little scholars. The Moorish dome over the sanctuary, which still stands, as built by the Padres in 1797, is in a good state of preservation.

"This part of the old mission was built on the edge of the high cliffs which descend a sheer thousand feet. Here, divided off from the refectory and schoolroom, will be the private chapel and altar of the good woman who is to devote her time and wealth to the little Indian girls. May the blessings of God be with her."

Leigh said not a word; but a sensation of choking, a feeling of suffocation as if from foul, mephitic atmosphere came over him. He went to the window to inhale the pure, fresh air. Oberea picked up the paper where it had fallen, and commenced to read the article over again. When she had finished she leaned back in her chair.

"What do you think of it, Leigh? Can it be true?"

"Certainly. We all expected something of the kind. It's all true, except that last line."

"Why, what should that be?"

Leigh turned around, his cheeks were red with anger and shame. He could not have told which of the emotions controlled him most. He remained silent for a moment; then solemnly said:

"None that go to her return again, neither take they hold of the paths of life," he quoted.

"You know, Oberea, I have no belief in, nor tolerance of, orthodox religion or polemical theology. See how this woman, this mentally diseased thing, under the

guise of religion fools the simple, deceives the credulous, and blinds the ignorant.

“Over the Baldachin—which she has probably had erected in her private chapel—should be written in letters of blood-red, ‘The carnal mind is enmity against God, and is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can it become. To be carnally minded is death.’

“There are many physiologic truths in the Bible, Oberea; and that is why I like to study the wonderful book, howsoever I may look upon its origin.”

“Do you remember, Leigh, hearing ‘Siegfried’ sung in Dresden? How I shuddered at that frightful scene in which the fiery dragon Fafner awaits at the mouth of his cave for his victims?”

“Yes.”

“Well, it has just crossed my mind that this woman must be a human Fafner. I seem to see her in all the fury and passion of her dragon-like personality, roaring or purring as suits her purpose, while her cruel claws are deftly concealed until she has her victims within her reach.”

“Come, such thoughts must not enter your head, Oberea. Let’s go out on to the beach and find our little boy.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

The day after receiving the paper giving the account of the establishment of the mission, a long letter came from Dr. Bell. Leigh read it over carefully to himself; then re-read it aloud to Oberea. Dr. Bell wrote:

LOS ANGELES, —, 189—.

Dear Leigh:—Bald and I have just finished a Spanish breakfast at Illich's. You would have enjoyed the food and service. But more of this later; or rather, it is a treat you have awaiting you; for you will see, before you finish this letter, that I expect you here the day after you receive it.

This is a charming country for a lazy man or an ill man. All sunshine, flowers, half Spanish women and half Mexican women who are owned by the Church; rose-bordered cottages, orange groves and vineyards. I am sitting under "the shade of the eucalyptus trees," while Bald is stretched under the shade of the pepper, smoking. The Spanish breakfast,—well, wait until you come down. It is not right that I should mention that again, for you know, "nothing injures good so much as the idea of the better." But I must get down to facts, a difficult labor in this land of indolence. I write you only of my discoveries and plans; Bald says he will wait for your arrival to tell you his. For reasons best known to himself he refuses to write letters.

As you know, Mizpra has well laid her plans, and down here, to say anything against her character is to slander the Holy Mother herself. Financially, she has the influential citizens interested in many of her schemes and projects; so, to attack her, means to attack their pockets, and if we took legal means to compel her to return the stolen property, we should find the whole country arrayed against us.

The devotion of the Indians to the Church is remarkable, and it is not to be wondered at, when one considers that in earlier times their happiest days were those spent under the complete and autocratic control of the Franciscan Fathers. Your sister has revived some of the old religious enthusiasm and fervor by her outward display of pomp, ceremony, and wealth. She is protected by the Padres, is acknowledged a woman of piety, and honored by the Eastern sojourners and consumptive residents here, and her Mission held inviolate by the half breeds and Indians. No visitors are allowed in her Mission Church; and around it is a veil of secrecy and mystery which fairly intoxicates the ignorant natives. All this assumption and idea of sanctity surrounding your sister is fostered and stimulated by the Church.

The woman spends freely your money on the Mission and its pupils; and many of the latter send home to their simple parents fine presents, consisting of gaudy trinkets and bright clothes. No man is allowed on the extensive Mission grounds, and the warder of the place is one of the insane enthusiasts imported from the colony of "The Penitentes," which exists in the San Luis Valley, Colorado.

This old woman Penitente would not hesitate to kill any intruder; and, in fact, the natives would willingly do the same. I believe, such is the state of affairs here, that an act of intrusion would be resented by murder, and this crime held justifiable by the community. Such is the critical state of affairs as I view them. I am convinced that the whole scheme is only one to enable the insane woman to gratify her diabolical lust in some form after the manner of the earlier religious rites; such as existed among the Carmelite nuns in the sixteenth century, perhaps; and that her capture in the place during one of these horrible ceremonies, whatever they are, is the only way to accomplish our object. Bald evidently knows more than he will tell; but advises to have you come here at once, as no time should be wasted. I believe he is right. You know better than we the instability of purpose and lack of perseverance in these abnormal persons. The basic purpose

to bring unhappiness to you and yours is a fixed obsession ; of that much we are all certain.

Inclosed find a letter of introduction to my old college chum, S. Get off at the station indicated in the address. I will meet you at S's place, unless something unforeseen prevents. Bald will come up—it's only an hour from Los Angeles—in the night. We can get weapons at S's. The affair is a ticklish one, as you know the woman will not hesitate to kill or to give the order to kill. Her place is considered inviolate, and no man can, with safety, enter the arcana of this pseudo nunnery.

My kindest regards to Mrs. N.

Fraternally yours,

CHARLIE.

For a few moments Leigh held the letter in his hand, and his attention was fixed upon thoughts suggested by the letter. His appearance was that of one gazing into the distant landscape. The letter was gently taken by Oberea from its wavering hold in his hand; but he uttered no protest, showed no objection. He sat silently thinking, now the crisis had come, of his father; what his wishes would have been, what he would have done, what he would have his only son do, in the matter. He had no regret for his actions in pursuing Mizpra thus far; in fact, he felt that he had too long been negligent in his duty to his father and himself in allowing the estate to be squandered, taken away from its rightful owners, and spent in fostering morbid passions and supporting legal parasites and criminal participants.

"Yet," he argued with himself, "I am not to blame. I was born without business instincts; trained and educated for what I am. I trusted implicitly in my mother and sisters, only to be deceived through the encroach-

ment of disease which has destroyed in them the tissues and fabrics of all moral sense and mental balance. The pus of passion and greed has undermined and poisoned all spirit of right and duty in those who should love and assist me."

"Leigh, when are you going?" was the question from Oberea which disturbed his reverie.

"I'll go to-night. I want this anxiety and worry over."

"And so do I. I hope there will be no trouble. Is there no other way? How long do you suppose you will be gone? It will be so lonely here without you. You'll hurry back as soon as you can, won't you?"

"Of course, dear; but I can't tell how long I will be gone. If she escapes us I can't tell what we'll do. If we capture her in her alleged mission I think I shall return in a few days. It seems to me," he began thoughtfully to say, "after all, as if things in this world were fairly adjusted. Many have said what a pity it was that I was a dreamer, a mere student; a man who had no ideas of the value of money. It used to be chattered in business circles how unfortunate it was that I did not control the money that is now being so recklessly wasted, etc., etc., until the moaning and wailing of this class of money grubbers has fairly disgruntled and disgusted me. However, see the result: My studies and education enable me to save my family and father's name from publicity and disgrace, except the slight exposure of Marcia's insanity. Had I had the narrow understanding of the business man in these matters I undoubtedly would have made public the

criminal acts of Mizpra, and exposed her many forgeries and those of her sister's husband, and considered Marcia's disease a disgrace and shame. Thus, I would have allowed the proper authorities to imprison the diseased, and through all this seemingly business astuteness killed with shame and horror my poor mother. Such actions were fortunately denied me, and the power given me to recognize the whole affair in its true light, while I confidently expect in the end to have all our rights properly adjusted. Thus, it seems to me, nature untrammelled, and her laws respected, will render justice to him who deserves it. If I thought otherwise, life would appear a sham, a fraud, and a horrible hardship. It would appear to be a cruel joke to be laughed over by some undefinable power; and for my part I would get off the buffoon's stage at once. Well, dear, these thoughts won't put linen in my grip."

"I have everything ready, Leigh. Shall I help you pack?"

"No, thanks; it won't take me a minute," and with Oberea handing him the few needful articles it did not take much longer than he stated.

Dr. Bell and his friend met Leigh at the station, and the three men were soon driving along the road towards S's home, passing many orange groves and vineyards on the way. The beauty of the scenery was unnoticed by Leigh, and Dr. Bell's friend soon gave up calling attention to the many attractive spots which were scattered around them, as he saw his friends had other matters to engross their attention. At S's place were found all the comforts of civilization and all the free-

dom of a gentleman's home. In the dewy cool of the evening Bald arrived, and soon the three friends were sitting and reclining on the verandah planning their future actions. Their host was around the stables and out-houses giving his orders and arranging the next day's work on the irrigation ditches.

"It's the only way it can be done, Leigh," Dr. Bell was saying. "Let's hear what Bald has to say."

The latter, dressed in knickerbockers with all the addenda and appearance of a tourist, helped himself to a high-ball, accidentally squirting the carbonic water on his loud clothes, and took a long drink.

"Yes, it's the only way it can be done," he said. "You see, gentlemen, this woman, in all the cunningness and astuteness of her passion, has so surrounded herself and her mission with plausible lies and actual deeds, that to catch her in an active criminal act, or to prove any insane condition sufficient to overrule the public's idea of her goodness and piety, is going to be difficult."

"We might go up to her place only to find her little scholars sweetly sleeping, Mizpra humbly kneeling before a statute of the Virgin in her chapel, while the crooning old Penitente was wakeful and watching. Such a predicament would spoil all our plans and bring ridicule and ostracism upon us. Before we could, by other means, regain the lost ground, the quarry, protected by a powerful hierarchy, will have flown. No, Dr. Bell is right; there is but one way to go about the affair."

"And that?"

"As we have said before, to pounce upon her in the height of one of her deliriums, thus taking her un-awares, and I believe, in her fury and rage she will exhibit her real character, break completely down, and beg for mercy."

"She'll do nothing of the kind;" Leigh vehemently retorted.

"Well, have you any other plans to suggest?"

"Unfortunately, no."

"Then why not follow the one suggested by Bald?" asked Dr. Bell.

"But he has not detailed it."

"That's what we're here for," replied Dr. Bell.

"Go on, please, Mr. Bald."

"This Mizpra, as you both call her, spends most of her time in her church on the mountains. It has become an inviolable and sacred retreat through the order and ceremonies of the Archbishop. It has the sanction and authority of the Church, and in the hearts of the people it is written: *Deo gratia*."

"Poor, innocent children; from the Archbishop down," laughed Leigh.

"Does she ever go and see her old and helpless mother?"

"Seldom now."

"Go on with your plans, please."

"It is not necessary to tell you how I received my information about the place, but here is a picture of the church as it is to-day," and from his pocket he took out a photograph and handed it to Leigh.

"Now, look at it carefully, while I point out the

salient features and its peculiar architecture. Remember well the points I describe, they will be useful to you; to all of us.

“ This former edifice of a one time power is situated about sixteen miles from Mizpra’s house. It is reached by a long drive down the valley; then comes a gradual ascent over the fairly decent road which stops about three miles from her retreat. Thence the way is over a rough, stony mule path, steep and dangerous, right up to the entrance; for there is only one, the building as you see, being built on the edge of a very steep cliff.

“ Around the building, running parallel to the side of the cliff walls, you see these old ditches are readily discernible; while those deep, dark holes are the remains of the old reservoirs. You notice the many bushes and neglected olive trees in the rear of the building? Here used to be the mission flower beds; traces of which may now be seen among the sage brush and shrubs.

“ The building, judging by the ruins, was an imposing structure, and must have stood out on the mountain cliff clear, distinct and impressive, and in the rarefied atmosphere is now visible from all along the valley. The Moorish dome that you see, arises from the flat-roofed, dwarfed appearing tower, which has two narrow windows, one overlooking the fearsome precipice and the valley below and beyond, the one on the opposite side overlooking the gardens and the shielding mountains back of them. The other end of the building you notice, was the church proper, and is connected with the dome end by long buildings with flat roofs? The

tower and spires have fallen. On what is left of the towers roofs have been built.

"The small windows directly under the dome have recently been closed; for what reason, I know not; we shall probably find out later. Now look at the old ruin from the gardens. The low arch you see is in a good state of preservation. It is directly under what looks like a large square building with a flat roof and adjoins the short, square tower on which stands the Moorish dome.

"This archway is the only entrance to the buildings. You can just see in the dark shadow cast by the brick wall steps descending into a cellar-like space."

"Then you've been there?" interrupted Leigh.

"No. I have not been there. Had I attempted any such rash act your chances of getting there would have been ruined," retorted Bald with some asperity.

"Come Leigh," requested Dr. Bell, "let Mr. Bald tell us these facts in his own way. You do not know how much you are indebted to our friend here," and he motioned with his head toward Bald. "You should not ask questions that are not pertinent to our subject. You are impatient and irascible, but under the circumstances we will forgive you if you will not ask questions about matters of no concern to you."

Bald gave Dr. Bell a grateful smile of understanding, while Leigh silently nodded his head in approval of the reproof.

Bald turned to Leigh and slowly said:

"When power is wanting to effect any plan or

scheme, recourse must be had to artifice, or it must be abandoned altogether."

He again called attention to the photograph.

"The archway," he commenced by saying, "led to the passage opening into an ample cellar; for, you must remember the monks made their own wine and oil. In this underground room were also stored products from their farm.

"On the left, halfway down this covered passage, arises stone steps leading up to a massive wooden door once rich with its hand-wrought iron hinges, bolts, bars, locks and hangings. This door leads into what was the library. This latter room joined the refectory on one end, and on the other communicated with the chapel under the dome. Continuing down the passage we come to the entrance to the cellars. Arising from the end of this dark passage are found stone steps leading up to another old door still in its place and in a good state of preservation. This was undoubtedly a private way into the library and chapel of the superior. This apartment as I have pointed out, is under the Moorish dome."

"Here it is Mizpra carries on her devotions; and this is the place we must view in its activity."

"Can we not enter the place from the other end; the old church proper?"

"No; there is no other entrance but this semi-underground one. The others have been bricked up."

"Apparently there is no intention of replacing the beauty of the gardens, although handsome bronze bells gathered from some of the other missions have been

placed in the ruins of the old tower, and a handsome font brought from a Mexican mission now stands in the nave. Under the tangled brush you can see the ruins of the old fountains which once merrily played night and day; the splashing waters of which, with the trinkle and ripple of its purling rivulets, must have made sweet music for placid rest and tranquil thoughts. The stone basin of the fountain is split by the ever increasing size and strength of the trees and shrubs surrounding and under it. Once a silent and seemingly solid adjunct of the church, carved and cemented by the holy brothers; blessed and expected to stand as firm as the religion represented by its builders, nature has slowly, silently, but nevertheless surely, split it asunder, its parts lying broken and useless."

"All this would be interesting," remarked Leigh, "were it not for the fearful anxiety and unknown results of our contemplated visit there. The multiplicity of thoughts and ideas which present themselves, torture me, and I am constantly struggling amid the contending passions of terror and of hope, of duty and despair."

Dr. Bell saw with regret the restless humor the speaker was in, and it was also noticed by Bald. The latter seemed to grasp the situation, and was desirous of relieving this condition of Leigh, so availed himself of the opportunity when Dr. Bell asked:

"Were not these old missions originally built and conducted by the Jesuits, Mr. Bald?"

"They were; and while the ruins scattered around here are neglected, they still attest the pious zeal of their founders. While the Jesuit pioneers labored

under great difficulties, and oftentimes in hunger and poverty, this was mostly due to their isolation and the territorial exigencies of reaching them; for the mention in Mexican history and legislation of the 'Pious Fund of the Californias' proves that the Society of Jesus was not neglected."

"But why is it that we hear of these former beautiful flower beds, the prosperous farms and the rich vineyards, being the results of the labors and industry of the Franciscans? Is it not also true that the devotion and faith of the older Indians to the Church is the result of the sacred and faithful teachings of these same Franciscans?"

The question has been put to Bald by Leigh, who was now lightly interested. Bald noticed the change in the questioner's attitude, so immediately continued his discourse.

"Yes, those are undeniable facts. But the transfer of the missions, the giving over the religious teachings to, and the apparent assumption of all the Jesuit's prerogative by the Franciscans, were not the voluntary acts of the followers of Ignatius."

"What was the cause of this rather strange change of activity?"

"The Spanish monarch ordered that the Society of Jesus should be expelled from all his dominions; and the edict was faithfully carried out in this part of his sovereignty.

"Without giving sufficient time for the holy fathers to collect their little belongings, before they could even say a reverent good-by to their Indian pupils, they were

unceremoniously driven out of their chapels and missions. In the night, during the storm and darkness, they were pushed and dragged into carts drawn up to the doors of every Jesuit institution—even the novitiates were scoured for young men—and placed aboard ships. They were suddenly aroused from slumber; the well and the ill, the old and feeble, and made to depart without money or clothes; many not having time to get their breviaries, beads, or prayer books.

“The Franciscans lovingly took up the work of the unfortunate brothers, and kept it up until a comparative short time ago.”

“How many of these missions were there?”

“About twenty-seven in what is now California.”

“Then this accounts for the strong hold the Romish Church has here?”

“Certainly; you must also remember that the Romish Church was the only religion here until 1854. Hence, the Protestant Americans married the Spanish and Mexican women, and the children of these marriages, of course, were brought up in the Catholic Church: this being the law of the Church—a law which does much for the Romish religion, and probably never interferes with the mental quietude of the fathers of these children.”

Leigh laughed. His humor had returned, and in the mocking attitude of taking a solemn oath he intoned: “‘I do further declare the doctrine of the Church of England, of the Calvinists, Huguenots and other Protestants to be damnable, and those to be damned who will not forsake the same. I do further declare—’”

Then the speaker suddenly ceased quoting, and queried: "You have never read the oath of these pious Jesuits, have you, Charlie? Well, some day, I'll read it to you; some day when Bald is absent."

Dr. Bell made no reply, but turned to Bald and said:

"When is the best time to start down the valley on our errand?"

"Yes, Charlie," slowly interjected Leigh. "It is an errand, an 'errand of mercy.' I am anxious to have this awful affair off my mind."

He had regained his patient and thoughtful manner, and both his companions noticed moisture in his eyes as he spoke.

"From what Bald has told us, I judge we ought to go at once," Dr. Bell remarked.

"You must wait until I return from the house of Mizpra and have learnt of her whereabouts;" interrupted Bald. "If she has returned to her house she will remain but a day or so, and as soon as she departs for the mountains I will inform you, and also when you are to meet me at the appointed place. I shall return to-night by the train which leaves about midnight."

"We'll stay up and keep you company, Bald," was all Dr. Bell replied.

"Yes, I could not sleep. I am glad to have an excuse to remain up," was Leigh's remark.

CHAPTER XXIV.

All the afternoon the clouds had been lowering; the atmosphere close, humid and uncanny. The horses ambled listlessly along, and neither man nor beast had energy enough to complain or vigor enough to rebel. The leaves of the orange and fig trees drooped with the deadness of the air, and not a movement could be seen among the luxuriant vines that lined the dusty, hot road. Bald, who was driving, had allowed the reins to rest on the dashboard, placing his foot in the loop of the reins, and with a cigar between his lips puffed and panted. Leigh on the rear seat was continually applying a handkerchief to his face and neck to absorb the perspiration that rolled down his face. One of the horses, almost beaten down by the heat and humidity, would, now and then, pull his unresisting mate to the side of the road, and with limp tail and drooping head attempt to get under the shade of the trees.

Slowly the party proceeded down the valley.

As night approached the sky became steely colored, and sombre banks of clouds moved slowly and heavily, but ever nearer the earth. The sun had a sickly glare; the mountains gradually faded away, and the forest tints deepened to murky indistinctness. One of those storms which, on rare occasions, pass over the range of mountains now being approached by the three men, was gathering force and speed in its flight.

"We shall have a rare night, my friends," remarked Bald as they drove into the stable yard of a hostelry situate at the foot of the mountain pass they were to ascend.

"Yes; a fearful one, I think," rejoined Leigh, as he jumped out of the buck-board.

He looked up to the sky and saw the clouds now heaving along like ridgy waves. On the mountains the showers had commenced, and squally winds were twisting and rolling along the narrow skirts showing between the horizon and the stormy mass.

Before the horses had been safely stabled and the men dressed for their darksome journey, the night closed upon them with warning sonorous murmurs. The mountains were now hidden from their view; and the murky and tenebrious clouds were spreading over the men and surrounding objects in thickening confusion as the little party emerged on the ascending path. Bald was the guide; and not without difficulty did his two companions follow him by touch, and by sound when, in the intervals of deep booming thunder, his voice and footsteps could be heard.

With the exception of monitory voicings from Bald, the trio silently climbed on. The storm increased in its fury, and from the bosom of the black force above them issued vivid lightning and reverberating and hollow rolls of thunder. The path was deep and muddy, making progress slow and wearisome. Wet and steaming as were the men, no thought of regret or idea of returning entered their minds. The streamy mountain

sides were now adding their waters to those in the path, which soon became a dirty, muddy brook ankle deep.

For two hours the men struggled on, the storm continuing in force and severity. Continuous flashes of lightning showed a high flat rock on the side of the water swollen track, and upon this rock the men rested for a few moments. Higher up the mountains could be heard the rattle of hail as it cut through the leaves and danced around the rocks and shrubs. The thunder and lightning now became a continuous exhibition of nature's pyrotechnics; the heavens were resplendent in illumination, and its irradiation was a glare of splendor.

Leigh became intensely interested, fascinated; and his imagination swelled in unison with the sublimity of the awful grandeur.

But there was no time to waste in poetical thoughts, for Bald hurried them forward.

As he arose from the wet rock he stood still for a moment while a clashing peal of thunder broke over them. As it rolled off up the mountain peaks he said: "Our place is not far from here, as well as I can judge. Follow me carefully."

Dr. Bell was exhausted. Heavy with wet clothes and tenacious mud he struggled and panted along with pain and difficulty. Leigh noticed his distress, and taking a firm hold of his arm assisted the tired physician over the rough and muddy path they were trying to follow.

"How much farther is it, Bald?" asked Leigh as their guide halted for a moment.

"I really don't know. I told you I had never been there."

"We are in a nice fix if you have lost the way. Poor, Bell is done already."

"I don't believe we have lost the way; we should, according to my instructions, be close to our destination. Sit down here, behind this big stump. If this thunder and lightning could only be turned off and on at our will, what an aid it would be to us. "Whew; that's a good one," he ejaculated, as a burst of thunderous noise circled over them. As it gradually lessened its force and its reverberations began to tintillate in distant space, Bald stepped into the path. It was too dark to see his movements, but his companions heard the screech of an owl come from the spot where he could dimly be discerned. Again the owl uttered its screech of fear. Bald could be heard as he turned his head toward the two men and said: "Sh; hush," and again the owl-like cry broke through the trees. A moment of silence, then Leigh clutched his friend's arm and whispered to him:

"There it is. Don't you hear it? The answer. Sh; there it is again," said Leigh, as the answering call of the simulated owl was distinctly heard whistling down the path.

Bald crossed over to his companions and said:

"Come, we are all right. He is waiting for us. It is only a few steps from here. You heard it, didn't you?"

"Yes. But who is waiting for us, Bald? I don't understand. If you've played me false," and Leigh laid a hand on the priest's shoulder in a manner showing suspicion and excitement.

"Calm yourself, Dr. Newcomber. How do you sup-

pose I could, unaided, find my way up here in the night? How could we avoid the empty reservoirs, the old ditches, the cliff? Tell me this, pray. What I have done for you I would do for no other man. Listen now: This night's work means my ruin; but I have done this out of love for you, and as my duty to a fellow man. Come, you will soon see how wrongly you have misjudged me."

Leigh's hand dropped from the priest's shoulder, and he would have answered, but the latter stepped up to Dr. Bell and whispered so both could hear:

"Silence now; keep close to me and"—just then a long vivid flash of lightning brightly lighted the heavens which directed their reflected rays on the deep and sodden path.

"See; quick now, see; there it is!" exultantly called out Bald, and he pointed a trembling hand straight ahead.

For a second, Leigh caught a glimpse of a small square building of unburnt brick. It appeared roofless and tumbled down. He was astonished at the small size of the ruin; and doubts again entered his mind. Bald hurried on. They soon reached the wall of the small building, and Bald was following it along with his hand, when a clear voice which sounded directly in front of them said:

"Indian boy here. Bad night, climb. Good night corral bad he squaw."

The three men followed the Indian boy through the scattered ruins of the doorway into a room partly roofed, but with the old walls standing. Bald pro-

duced a pocket lantern, and lighted it. Leigh looked at the sweet-voiced lad who stood under the partial roof. His long black hair shining from the rain drops which trickled from it, fell on his bronze, bare shoulders. Dr. Bell had immediately sat down upon entering the ruin, and was reviving himself with a drink of brandy.

"That's right, Doctor," said Bald; "this is the place to get rested, and here we can wring the water out of our clothes. I think we have time, Luis?" he asked, addressing the boy. The latter nodded assent, then said: "We wait midnight. I fix all things. Made holes while big thunder roared."

"Good boy," said Bald, as he began taking off his clothes to wring the water from them, meanwhile taking a drink from his own flask after Leigh had refused it with thanks.

Leigh tried to ask questions; made every effort to have the presence of the Indian boy explained, but Bald gave him no opportunity. Finally Leigh said:

"Come Bald, please explain this place. Surely, this can't be part of the old mission?"

"It is, and it is not," he replied with a smile, looking up at Leigh; "if it were, I should ask you not to talk so loudly. Before we start on the real work for the night, I will have our little faithful guide here," and he pointed to the Indian lad, "explain matters that are troubling you."

"But this—" and Leigh pointed to the walls of their shelter.

"Oh, yes; this that is, and this that is not," he replied

as he swung the lantern around, lighting up the sides and corners of the room.

"We are in the ruins of the old guard-house belonging to the mission. It is about an eighth of a mile from the mission. You notice there are no windows in this guard-house; there were windows on the upper floor, which, you see, has disappeared. The opening is the broken-down doorway. As this opens on the side away from the mission there is no danger of our light being seen—if it could be seen at all through such a storm. There can be no suspicion of intruders on such a wild night. To continue: This guard-house was originally for lodging the escorts of priests when they visited the mission. These escorts consisted generally of a few cavalry soldiers under a sergeant who acted as couriers, carrying correspondence and orders from one mission to the other, besides protecting the mission from incursions of hostile Indians." Bald here hesitated, and Leigh turned to Dr. Bell and asked:

"How do you feel now, Charlie? Can you go on?"

"Yes, I am all right now. It was my wind. I never thought a fellow could get so stale;" and with the latter remark he gave his shirt an extra twist before putting it on again. His answer being satisfactory, each man silently went about attending to matters which suited him best.

Bald was still trying to get the water out of his clothes. The Indian boy stoically leaned against the wall. Leigh lighted his pipe, and for a few moments not a sound was heard except the patter of rain and the near and distant roll of thunder.

There was no abatement of the storm. Thunder and lightning played around the ruins; the darting electric flashes entered the door of the old guard-house and momentarily made the half-dressed men appear so weird that it put every one in good humor.

Bald took another pull at his flask, begged some dry tobacco from Leigh, and after lighting his pipe stood in the corner of the doorway and said:

“This woman’s chapel which we are about to attempt to enter, has been quietly and almost secretly decorated and furnished by herself and the old Penitente. The material was taken up to the arched doorway by the Indians—fathers of her alleged pupils—and there left.

“This brave little Indian boy lived with good Father Francisco. For this reason Mizpra allowed him access to the chapel as helper and errand boy while the mission was being placed in condition for its assumed Christian work. This boy, as you see, has all the taciturnity of his race, hence I explain for him.

“A week ago to-day, when the mission was put into activity by the present owner and Superioress, as she calls herself, this faithful lad was driven away, and with many powerful and awful threats ordered never to come again to the mission.

“As I explained to you when I first showed you the photograph of the buildings as they now stand, there is a door at the extreme end of the underground passage to the cellar. This massive door stands at the head of the stone steps, and was originally the secret way out of the private chapel to cells for the punishment of those who had transgressed the laws of the Jesuits.

"This door was securely held by bolts on the chapel side. Now Luis, our little black-haired friend who answered the owl call, assisted in tacking the red cloth which forms the entire covering of the walls of the chapel. In doing this work the bolts were surreptitiously slipped, and the door is ready to be pushed open as soon as a sharp knife slipped between the sides of the door cuts the cloth."

Bald ceased talking to light his pipe. Leigh went over to the Indian boy and took him by the hand.

"Oh! you needn't thank him too much. Luis's got it in for the Superioress, too. Haven't you Luis?"

The Indian, his face mobile as far as expression of any feeling showed, answered:

"Bad, bad woman. Little Angelina, my sister, she there," and for the first time he showed animation by jerking his thumb in the direction of the mission. "I take her away to-night."

"Bald," said Leigh, "you have arranged this thing well and nobly. You have my heartfelt thanks."

Bald raised his hands in an attitude of acknowledgment, and, as if the subject was embarrassing to him, and he wished to avoid talking about his part of the affair, turned to the Indian boy and said:

"Luis, woman in mission crazy; we take her away. You must not harm her. She sick sister to this good man," pointing to Leigh. "Good man he take sister away, same you good boy take your sister away. Now we will go. You go slow, very slow, Luis." Bald then blew out the light, and for a few moments the little

party remained in complete darkness before again passing out into the storm.

Silently, and so closely as to touch each other, they followed the lithe steps of the barefooted Indian. Leaving the guard-house they debouched on a small plateau. The way was wet and thick with mud, but it was broad and level, which made progress easy compared with their past tramp.

They soon rounded the pile of stones which once composed the garden wall, and as the lightning in one of its brilliant flashes showed the archway directly ahead, the Indian boy stopped and hid behind an olive tree. His followers did likewise. The surroundings being dark again, the boy noisily crept up to each man and whispered:

“ You take hold of coat and follow me. No talk, big hole. Don’t see, fall in; ” and with these curt words of advice he crawled to Bald and told him to take his hand.

The storm was furiously lashing the trees and bushes; the wind whistled through the boughs, and as it drove past the arched entrance to the mission it created a sirenic sound. This siren of nature, in its solemn distinctness, pointed the way like a guarding human being animated in its desires and watchfulness.

Pitilessly, unceasingly, the rain came down; the rivulets could be heard coursing among the old gutters and waterways, while the roar of a cataract, tearing over the cliff, plainly pointed the way to the danger side.

Carefully the men felt their way along. Every few yards the boy would stop and feel around. Not a light

showed in the old mission; and except for the lightning which at intervals exhibited the building in sharp outlines, the mountain plateau would have appeared desolated, deserted, and uninhabited.

The men soon began to feel they were slipping down an incline; the footway began to appear smooth and hard, and the pitiless rain ceased to pour on their backs.

"In mission; no talk. Wait I come back," said the Indian, and without further explanation he noiselessly disappeared in the darkness. The three men again attempted to lessen the amount of water absorbed by their coats, and Bald was about to assist Dr. Bell in this necessary act, when both were startled by the noisy whirr and flutter of some rapidly moving body directly above them. Surprised for a moment, they stood still; then they tried to grope their way to the side of the wall. The weird and startling whirr and flutter continued around them, became irritating to their nerves, and inspired them with strange and timorous feelings.

"Let's move on," said Dr. Bell.

"It's bats and owls, only," Leigh, faintly and regardless of his grammar, whispered; and a sigh of relief could be heard in the dampness and darkness of the passage.

"All right," whispered the Indian lad, directly in Bald's ear.

So silently had he departed and so noiselessly returned, that his sudden announcement affrighted and chilled Bald. He was glad to move on, to continue

up the passage; any activity was preferable to the unknown and uncanny quietude of the last few minutes.

As they reached the first door which led into the library, the Indian stopped them, and crawled lissomly up the stone steps.

The three pair of eyes followed the direction of his supple bronze body, and the gazers thought they could discern a dim gleam through the sides of the door. A moment only did they have for these thoughts, for the boy almost immediately reappeared and said:

“Think old hag squaw sleep there. Come.”

A few moments of slow moving and they saw faint spots of a bright red color having the appearance of the fiery eyes of some cavern beast of lore. The red spots glimmered above them, and they knew that the alleged religious rites were being performed in the chapel. The anticipation of this scene stimulated the already agitated impressions of the men.

With fervid desire and expectant hope, the intruders crawled softly towards the small red symbols of passion now shining directly above them.

CHAPTER XXV.

At the head of the steps the boy stooped down, and, drawing a slender-bladed knife from his girdle, made a slight slit in the cloth by inserting the blade between the door and the sill. He remained with his eyes to the slight opening for a few moments, then rising, punctured the cloth covering the small holes he had previously bored through the door.

Leigh was at the center of the door, Bald and Dr. Bell on each side; the Indian crouching, peering through his first opening.

The storm overhead raged and roared, but all was still for a few moments on the dark, damp steps of the passageway. This silence was broken by chilling groans of horror from Bald and the physician as they had their first glimpse of the interior of the chapel. Leigh uttered no signs of surprise or horror; he was dumb with sorrow. The expected was too fully realized.

His eyes were first dazed by the crimson flood of light poured into them; then as they gradually became accustomed to the warm incardine color of passion, they carried to his brain a tinted and tainted picture never to be effaced in this world.

The walls and ceiling of the chapel were covered with blood-red material, while on the floor was a carpet of funereal black. An enormous chandelier, lighted with candles, was suspended from the ceiling and diffused

added brightness to the spectacular effect of the flaming walls.

Under this chandelier stood an immense cross, ebony black; at its base was a waxen life-size figure of a woman.

This woman was bending over, her arms extended, the fingers agonizingly clutching the foot of the cross. Her head was bent between the outstretched arms, and her black hair fell over her shoulders and hung waving against her breasts. She was bare to the waist, and around her body pressed a wreath of thorns whose sharp points penetrated the delicate flesh from which the blood was trickling and oozing. On her white, slender back and shoulders large crimson stripes and dark-colored welts were depicted; the whole figure exhibiting a wonderfully like-life appearance of pain and suffering.

Directly under the chandelier a canopy of pink and white silk hung, shedding a fleshly tint over the figure of the quivering flagellant.

On the black floor and at the figure's feet was thrown in disarray the garb and tokens of a Carmelite nun.

Although Leigh knew it not, he was viewing the figure of Marie Magdalena, of Pazzi, a Carmelite, seventeen years of age, who rose in the seventeenth century to religious distinction through humility and penance. This humility and penance was shown by wearing belts of thorns, jacket of haircloth, and submitting her bare body to constant and furious whippings.

She became a noted and saintly woman in the Church's history; the cynosure of many religious hy-

sterics; and her example was ecstatically emulated by many young nuns.

Directly across from Leigh's view point he noticed a small latticed confessional having golden tracery running around its black outlines, and its small entrances covered by golden curtains. On a black onyx pedestal to the right of this inquisitorial apartment stood a golden crucifix. The sacred character of the cross had been prostituted to the demands of Mizpra's perversion.

On this cross the figure of the Saviour was absent, and in its place was the Virgin, her naked body bleeding from the many stripes and bruises caused by the harsh application of a thorny flagellum, which instrument of torture lay conspicuously across the horizontal bar of the cross.

On the walls hung many signs of Mizpra's mania. Haircloths, wreaths and belts of thorns, sharp steel hooks and rods of iron, whips of leather straps and whips of knotted ropes, were the decorations of this Saidistic Gehenna. Iron and steel instruments of torture hung around another suppliant wax figure of a woman. This figure was placed in a small niche, or little chapel, built out from the wall. Its background was of the same ebony-black as the carpet, but relieved by gilt ornature and embellishment. This waxen figure of a penitent and self-accused woman represented the nun Caterina, of Cordova, who hysterically flogged herself with steel rods and lacerated herself with steel hooks. On the wall opposite hung another little chapel, this containing the dying prostrate figure of St. Theresa, the Carmelite, who offered her life for the glorious

opportunity of whipping the world. This woman was the incarnation of pain and punishment, and her malady has been handed down in ecclesiastical lore as typifying the height of humility and penance.

The side of the room facing the entrance to the library was occupied by a magnificent specimen of an old Spanish chapel. It was once a private chapel of a Spanish gentleman; one of the few private chapels still to be found in southern California, and had been purchased by Mizpra at a great expense.

The altar was beautiful in its intricate tracery and ornamentation. Its listels, arcuation and Damascene splendor were in the work of sixteenth century artists, and all the richness of color and detail still remained to demonstrate the religious zeal which inspired its makers. But its beautiful sacred character, the solemn symbolism of its architecture was poisoned, destroyed, by the lecherous and realistic painting which hung over it. This was a representation of the flagellation of Catherine Cadière by the carnal and lewd Father Gérard.

As Leigh recognized this last evidence of his sister's mental condition, the whole chamber swam before his eyes as one flaming pornographic panorama. He sank to his knees, and but for the assistance of his companions would have fallen down the stone steps.

"Charlie, I can't," he hoarsely whispered.

"You must, Leigh; you must. As soon as we see her enter we will break in. Hush; I hear a voice;" and the men resumed their watching. Leigh, trembling, followed their example.

Muffled tones, apparently the voices of women, indistinct and irregular, were heard. They appeared to come from the library. For a moment only were they audible to the excited watchers; for other sounds were coming to them.

A clear-sounding silvery vibration passed through and over the mission. The rhythm of the vibrations, the mellifluous timbre and the solemn musical dignity of the ringing bells were entrancing, and for a few moments acted as a sedative to the over-stimulated nervous systems of the watchers behind the door.

The bells of the mission were ringing out the midnight hour of penance. The hour of humility and submission was being proclaimed by these harmonious, clear-toned instruments. As they finished ringing out the awful hour, the Indian lad ripped the cloth along the bottom of the door, and silently handed the knife to Bald. He then returned to his crouching position and noiselessly continued his lynx-like watching.

A slight rustling, then the sound of a door or panels being moved was heard. It appeared to come from behind the beautiful old chapel, and the breathless little party turned to look in that direction.

Soft foot-steps were heard, and from behind the once sacred altar a figure in black emerged. It was dressed in the garb of a Carmelite nun, and its movements were weak and wavering; its attitude, that of a humble *religieuse*.

The Carmelite sister turned and faced the altar, the rattle of beads and jingle of keys being plainly heard as she executed the movement.

Slowly the nun lighted the altar candles, then turned and faced the opposite side of the flaming chamber of torture. She turned back her hood, and in apparent unctuous edification, stood motionless.

Leigh's heart beat fast and hard as he gazed with amazement on the short-haired figure. "Poor, poor sister," he murmured to himself. "Death is marked on your face. What, oh; what a change mental disease has worked." He now fixed his attention on the woman's face. All else was shut from his view. He now saw nothing but the sunken eye, the lengthened visage, the cadaverous look depicting the countenance of sin and the havoc deep desire and tumultuous ideas had wrought. The face he was gazing upon had the appearance of sinking beneath the calamity created by perverted nature, and woe and misery framed the picture.

The woman bowed her head in saintly dignity, and stepped towards the large cross under the chandelier. The curtains of the library side parted slightly, and through the small opening passed a dark-haired Indian maiden.

Her feet were bare; and she wore a skirt of white and gold material which reached to her slender ankles. The upper part of the body was enclosed in a red loose jacket which was profusely embroidered with gold braid and costly ornaments.

She gracefully walked around the black cross and the shocking wax figure at its base, and stood on the opposite side with back to it, where she faced the woman awaiting her.

With bent head, and in an attitude of humility and

adoration she reverently knelt for a moment at the feet of Mizpra. The latter lightly touched her on the forehead. The kneeling maiden arose.

The sweet child-like voice spoke ; her voice penetrated Leigh's brain like burning rods of steel.

"I surrender myself; I deliver myself up. I am prepared to say, to do, and to suffer, all that you may desire of me."

"Daughter thou has spoken well. Only by the shedding of blood for Her sake can you ever reach the kingdom of Heaven."

"What you are about to undergo is a necessary act of submission to the Church. It is a part of the satisfaction due Her who suffered for all. It is Her suffering that was so fearful, not His. But Man, as has ever been his wont, has neglected the real sufferer and given to Him the credit of bleeding wounds and burning bruises that belong to Her."

In this style of specious argument did the woman continue to instruct her credulous victim. For some time were the watchers content to listen to her remarkable teachings.

She was at first cautious, then employed ambiguous, mystical language. The elements of the system of Molina were stated with subtlety. But soon her sententious manner gave way to rapid speech, and as she expatiated on the complete despotism she possessed, her caution disappeared and her cunning lost its mask.

The Indian maid was now trembling and pale; but faithful submission was depicted upon her dazed countenance. If there had been any doubts as to the justice

of the punishment to be inflicted, these doubts vanished before the persuasive eloquence of her teacher.

It was undoubtedly the child's first appearance in this chamber of horrors; for, as the woman became more eloquent, as her manner lost all semblance of piety and dignity, as her words were hurled out in a voice that was fast becoming harsh and masculine, the Indian girl gazed on her in fear and wonder.

"Off with your jacket," Mizpra harshly demanded, and as though the girl was not active enough in obeying the order, the long, bony hands stretched out from the black, loose sleeves and roughly pulled the girl to her.

Realizing that she had too suddenly given way to her passion the excited woman ceased her hold on the trembling victim and said: "You are here at the request of that man of God; Father Francisco. He is right in having you educated in this Holy Mission. Here is where you submit your sins to the Holy Mother. The world is not the place to repent of sins. It is not proper or just that we get beyond the narrow confines of papal prescription, lest we discover wherewithal to subvert our faith."

Then, as if she knew the frightened victim did not understand her words, she further added: "Sins can only be washed away, excommunication repealed, Hell avoided, Heaven reached, by the penitent submitting to a whipping."

The voice was now of a masculine tone, her demands were shouted, and the woman's face had assumed a swollen and red appearance.

She excitedly pulled off from the girl, and in no gentle manner, the red jacket. The maiden now stood before her naked to the waist, and her pretty bronze shoulders and supple back shone radiantly under the purposive light of the chandelier and its pink and white canopy.

The woman eagerly, and with shaking arm, pointed first at the bending wax figure on the other side of the cross, and the child not comprehending quickly enough to suit the now frenzied woman, this pervert shouted as she threw down the girl: "Over, bend over!" Mizpra reached for a knotted whip that hung on the cross, rolling up her sleeves at the same time. Her neck had become swollen by the passions controlling her, and the fastenings of her robe had burst asunder.

The child had bent over; her little hands were grasping the foot of the cross. Mizpra looked at the smooth, bronze back. For a moment only did she hesitate. Then she swung the torturing instrument several times in the air, and when it descended on the delicate bare shoulders of the frightened child the swish of the lash through the air and the dull, sodden sound of tearing flesh sang through the red chamber.

The woman again straightened herself, and stood bull-necked and stallion-nostrilled, ready to strike again. The red beam of pain and desire was passing through her.

"Now, altogether!" shouted Leigh in stentorian tones, and the heavy door was hurled aside as he and his companions rushed into the den of infamy.

Startled by the intense cry of her brother, Mizpra's

arm remained extended as though paralyzed, and the intended blow was stopped in midair.

Without a word being spoken the three men surrounded the woman, fearful that she might have deadly weapons within her reach. For several moments all was wonderment and silence.

Mizpra stood immobile as marble. The red swollen face had disappeared, and in its place was the visage of senility; pale, haggard, and expressionless. The turgescient neck had shrivelled to a flacid, powerless one. What had been a few moments ago a figure of excessive vigor, force, and excitation, now remained transfixed by shock and fright, a mere breathing being of impotence and fear.

Leigh broke the awful silence.

“Sister, you are not well. I have come to take you away to a place where you may regain your health. We have not come to expose you, or to harm you. Will you go with me?”

His voice, his words, were the sparks which entered her rebellious nature and cut loose the ferocity of the woman.

To his words she gave a defiant laugh, and some of the past vigor and excitement returned as she broke into a coarse, vulgar voicing with which the vilest curses were mingled. This demoniacal roar and cursing resounded throughout the mission. The three men stood until it should pass over.

As the noise of the raging laughter and tameless cursings died away they heard the curtains rustle at the library entrance, and at the same moment a shrill voice

exclaimed "Jesu!" For a second all turned to see who the intruder was, but Bald, noticing a movement on Mizpra's part, said: "Watch Mizpra, look out for her." As Leigh faced his sister he saw the old Penitente as she rushed through the curtains, draw a bright stiletto from her bosom and advance on the Indian boy. The lad was bending over the unconscious girl, his sister, who had fallen at the foot of the cross. Leigh would have shouted a warning to the lad, but it was unnecessary. The native instinct in the Indian was active; he had seen all. The old hag was almost upon him ready to strike the death blow, when, with the agility of a panther the youth sprang aside, the mad woman, uttering curses in Spanish, following. The boy reached the side of the onyx pedestral; took from it the small, heavy metal crucifix, and swinging it over his head with both hands brought it down on the head of his would-be murderess.

The noise of crushing bones, the sight of gushing blood and the quivering figure of the dying woman once more aroused Mizpra to an active attitude.

"You'll all hang for this night's deed," she roared as she pointed to the dying Indian woman.

"Know, you; you hell-hounds," and the animal roar changed to the serpent's hiss, "that you have desecrated a holy place? This," and she gave a maniacal laugh, "this, means the death of you all. No; not all," and she pointed a lean and trembling finger at Bald. "You; you dead scum of villany. You know what I hold in readiness for you," and the smile of the torturer distorted her raging features. "Did you think I was

to be caught like a rat in a trap?" Again the uncanny laughter over which she appeared to have no control, interrupted her, but, when it subsided she added: "No; I was not. Here you all are caught in your own trap. Murderers, and despoilers of a sacred retreat for girls. Oh, Newcomber, you and your simple-minded friends will be taken care of by the pious parents of my pupils; while you, Bald—oh! it will be delightful enjoyment when I tell all I know about you. See, you can't get down this mountain, can't get away from my torturing Indians. I have but to ring my alarm, but to fire my signals, and your captors will be here." Again the maniacal laughter echoed through the ancient and once sacred building.

She was moving slyly to the side of the altar. Bald noticed the movement. As she finished her threats she turned and dashed to the side of the room. When she reached it she turned, and with hysterical phonation struggling from an uncontrollable throat, pointed to Bald and shouted: "No, the Indians will save you for me. I'll have my pound of flesh."

Bald, fury shown in every movement he made, rushed after her. The side of the wall glided apart, showing the vastness of space beyond. There appeared to be what looked like a platform built out from the floor. As the wall further parted, Leigh saw a wooden balcony overhanging the cliff. Madly on rushed Bald. He caught the woman by the throat. She still laughed; laughed until her pulsating neck was furiously choked by her captor. As she struggled, she pulled Bald with fearful force towards the side of the balcony, keeping

one arm free. With this she reached up and pulled a cord. When she grasped this cord an indistinct chuckle of victory entered the red chamber. The noise of bolts slipping, and the horrified cry of Bald as the balcony gave way was over in a second. A brilliant flash of lightning shot out from the heavens, and the white face of Mizpra, defiant as ever, was lighted up as she and Bald turned over in the emptiness of the abyss——.

THE END.

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