

EBEN HOLDEN

By IRVING BACHELLER

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I have never forgotten the kindness of that Irishman, whom I came to know well in good time. Remembering that day and others, I always greeted him with a hearty "God bless the Irish!" every time I passed him, and he would answer, "Amen, an' save yer siverence."

He did not leave me until I was on my way home loaded with fact and fable and good dialect with a savor of the sea in it.

Hope and Uncle Eb were sitting together in his room when I returned.

"Guess I've got a job," I said, trying to be very cool about it.

"A job?" said Hope eagerly as she rose. "Where?"

"With Mr. Horace Greeley," I answered, my voice betraying my excitement.

"Jerusalem!" said Uncle Eb. "Is it possible?"

"That's grand!" said Hope. "Tell us about it."

Then I told them of my interview with the great editor and of what I had done since.

"Ye done wonderful!" said Uncle Eb, and Hope showed quite as much pleasure in her own sweet way.

I was for going to my room and beginning to write at once, but Hope said it was time to be getting ready for dinner.

When we came down at half after 6 we were presented to our host and the guests of the evening—handsome men and women in full dress—and young Mr. Livingston was among them. I felt rather cheap in my frock coat, although I had thought it grand enough for anybody on the day of my graduation.

Dinner announced, the gentlemen rose and offered escort to the ladies, and Hope and Mrs. Fuller relieved our embarrassment by conducting us to our seats—women are so deft in those little difficulties.

The dinner was not more formal than that of every evening in the Fuller home—for its master was a rich man of some refinement of taste—and not at all comparable to the splendid hospitality one may see every day at the table of a modern millionaire.

But it did seem very wonderful to us, then, with its fine mannered servants, its flowers, its abundant silver. Hope had written much to her mother of the details of department at John Fuller's table, and Elizabeth had delicately imparted to us the things we ought to know. We behaved well, I have since been told, although we got credit for poorer appetites than we possessed.

Uncle Eb took no chances and refused everything that had a look of mystery and a suggestion of peril, dropping a droll remark betimes that sent a ripple of amusement around the table.

John Trumbull sat opposite me, and even then I felt a curious interest in him—a big, full bearded man, quite six feet tall, his skin and eyes dark, his hair iron gray, his voice deep like David's. I could not get over the impression that I had seen him before—a feeling I have had often facing men I could never possibly have met. No word came out of his firm mouth unless he were addressed, and then all in hearing listened to the little he had to say. It was never more than some very simple remark. In his face and form and voice there was abundant heraldry of rugged power and oxlike vitality.

I have seen a bronze head of Daniel Webster, which, with a full beard and an ample covering of gray hair, would have given one a fairly perfect idea of the look of John Trumbull. Imagine it on a tall and powerful body, and let it speak with a voice that has in it the deep and musical vibration one may hear in the foaling of an ox, and you shall see as perfectly as my feeble words can help you to do this remarkable man who must hereafter play before you his part—compared to which mine is as the prattle of a child—in this drama of God's truth.

"You have not heard," said Mrs. Fuller, addressing me, "how Mr. Trumbull saved Hope's life?"

"Saved her life?" I exclaimed.

"Saved her life," she repeated.

"There isn't a doubt of it. We never sent word of it for fear it would give you all needless worry. It was a day of last winter—fell crossing Broadway, a dangerous place. He pulled her aside just in time. The horse's feet were raised above her. She would have been crushed in a moment. He lifted her in his arms and carried her to the sidewalk not a bit the worse for it."

"Seems as if it were fate," said Hope. "I had seen him so often and wondered who he was. I recall a night when I had to come home alone from rehearsal. I was horribly afraid. I remember passing him under a street lamp. If he had spoken to me then I should have dropped with fear, and he would have had to carry me home that time."

"It's an odd thing a girl like you should ever have to walk home alone," said Mr. Fuller. "Doesn't speak well for our friend Livingston, or Burnham there, or Dobbs."

"Mrs. Fuller doesn't give us half a chance," said Livingston. "She guards her day and night. It's like the monks and the holy grail."

"Hope is independent of the young men," said Mrs. Fuller as we rose from the table. "If I cannot go with her, myself in the carriage I always

used a maid or a man servant to walk home with her. But Mr. Fuller and I were out of town that night, and the young men missed their great opportunity."

"Had a differ'n't way o' sparkin' years ago," said Uncle Eb. "Didn't hev t' please anybody but the girl then. If ye liked a girl ye went an' sot up with her an' gin her a smack an' tol' her right out plain an' square what ye wanted. An' that settled it one way or t'other. An' her mother she sley' in the next room, with the door half open, an' never paid no 'tention. Recollec' one col' night when I was sparkin' the mother hollered out o' bed, 'Lucy, hev ye got anythin' round ye?' an' she hollered back, 'Yis, mother.' An' she hed, too, but 'twan't nothin' but my arm."

They laughed merrily over the quaint reminiscence of my old friend and the quainter way he had of telling it. The rude dialect of the backwoodsman might have seemed oddly out of place there but for the quiet, unassuming manner and the fine old face of Uncle Eb, in which the dullest eye might see the soul of a gentleman.

"What became of Lucy?" Mr. Fuller inquired laughingly. "You never married her?"

"Lucy died," he answered soberly. "That was long ago."

Then he went away with John Trumbull to the smoking room, where I found them talking earnestly in a corner when it was time to go to the church with Hope.

CHAPTER XX.

HOPE and Uncle Eb and I went away in a coach with Mrs. Fuller. There was a great crowd in the church that crowded, with sweeping arches, an interior more vast than any I had ever entered. Hope was gowned in white silk, a crescent of diamonds in her hair, a birthday gift from Mrs. Fuller.

First Henry Cooper came on with his violin—a great master as I now remember him. Then Hope ascended to the platform, her dainty kid slippers showing under her gown, and the odious Livingstonescoring her. I was never so madly in love or so insanely jealous. I must confess it, for I am trying to tell the whole truth of myself—I was a fool. And it is the greater folly that one says ever "I was" and never "I am" in that plea. I could even see it myself then and there, but I was so great a fool I smiled and spoke fairly to the young man, although I could have wrung his neck with rage. There was a little stir and a passing whisper in the crowd as she stood waiting for the prelude. Then she sang the ballad of "Auld Robin Gray," not better than I had heard her sing it before, but so charmingly there were murmurs of delight going far and wide in the audience when she had finished. Then she sang the fine melody of "Angels Ever Bright and Fair" and an old ballad.

Great baskets of roses were handed to her as she came down from the platform, and my confusion was multiplied by their number, for I had not thought to bring any myself.

I turned to Uncle Eb, who now and then had furtively wiped his eyes.

"My stars!" he whispered. "Ain't it ree-markable grand! Never heard ner seen nothin' like that in all my born days. An' t' think it's my little Hope!"

He could go no further. His handkerchief was in his hand, while he took refuge in silence.

Going home the flowers were heaped upon our laps, and with Hope beside me, felt some restoration of comfort.

"Did you see Trumbull?" Mrs. Fuller asked. "He sat back of us and did seem to enjoy it so much—your singing. He was almost cheerful."

"I heard my door open presently, and then I lifted my head. Uncle Eb stood near me in his stocking feet and shirt sleeves.

"In trouble?" he whispered.

"In trouble," I said.

"Bout Hope?"

"It's about Hope."

"Don't be hasty. Hope'll never go back on you," he whispered.

"She doesn't love me," I said impulsively. "She doesn't care the snap of her finger for me."

"Don't believe it," he answered calmly. "Not a single word of it. That woman—she's tryin' t' keep her away from ye—but 'twon't make no difference. Not a bit."

"I must try to win her back—somehow," I whispered.

"G'n'y the miffen?" he asked.

"That's about it," I answered, going possibly too far in the depth of my feeling.

"Whew-w!" he softly whistled. "Waal, it takes two mittens t' make a pair. Ye'll hev t' ask her ag'in."

"Yes, I cannot give her up," I said decisively. "I must try to win her back. But I must do it."

"Consarn it! Women like t' be chased," he said. "It's their natur'. What do they fix up so fer—d'omon's an' silks an' satins—'t 'tain't set men a-chasin' uv 'em? You'd orter enjoy it. Stick t' her—jes' like a puppy t' a root. That's my advice."

"Hope has got too far ahead of me," I said. "She can marry a rich man if she wishes to, and I don't see why she shouldn't. What am I anyhow but a poor devil just out of college and everything to win? It makes me miserable to think here in this great house how small I am."

"There's things goin' t' happen," Uncle Eb whispered. "I can't tell ye what er when, but they're goin' t' happen, an' they're zoin' t' chance ever'thine."

We sat thinking awhile then. I knew what he meant, that I was to conquer the world somehow, and the idea seemed to me so absurd I could hardly help laughing as melancholy as I felt.

"Now, you go t' bed," he said, rising and gently touching my head with his hand. "There's things goin' t' happen, boy, take my word for it."

I got in bed late that night, but there was no sleep for me. In the still hours I lay quietly, planning my future, for now I must look to myself with having and as soon as possible.

Some will say my determination was worthy of a better love; but, bless you, I have my own way of doing things, and it has not been always so unsuccessful.

CHAPTER XXI.

HOPE was not at breakfast with us.

"The child is worn out," said Mrs. Fuller. "I shall keep her in bed a day or two."

"Couldn't I see her a moment?" I inquired.

"Dear, no!" said she. "The poor thing is in bed with a headache."

If Hope had been ill at home I should have felt free to go and sit by her as I had done more than once.

and ask her to let me go. I was unbidden. What to say I know not; what it meant I could vaguely imagine. There was a moment of awkward silence.

"Of course I will ask her if you wish to go," I said. "When do you sail?"

"They haven't fixed the day yet," she sat looking down at her fan, a beautiful, filmy thing between braces of ivory. Her knees were crossed, one dainty foot showing under ruffles of lace. I looked at her a moment, dumb with admiration.

"What a big man you have grown to be, Will!" she said presently. "I am almost afraid of you now."

She was still looking down at the fan, and that little foot was moving nervously. Now was my time. I began framing an answer. I felt a wild impulse to throw my strong arms about her and draw her close to me and feel the pink velvet of her fair face upon mine. If I had only done it! But what with the strangeness and grandeur of that big room, the voices of the others who were sitting in the library near by, the mystery of the spreading crinoline that was pressing upon my knees, I had not half the courage of a lover.

"My friend writes me that you are in love," she said, opening her fan and moving it slowly as she looked up at me.

"She is right, I must confess it," I said. "I am madly, hopelessly in love. It is time you knew it, Hope, and I want you quickly."

She rose quickly and turned her face away.

"Do not tell me, do not speak of it again, I forbid you," she answered coldly.

Then she stood silent. I rose to take her hand and ask her to tell me why, a pretty ranking in my heart. Soft footsteps and the swish of a gown were approaching. Before I could speak Mrs. Fuller had come through the doorway.

"Come, Hope," she said, "I cannot let you sit up late. You are worn out, my dear."

Then Hope bade us both good night and went away to her room. If I had known as much about women then as now I should have had it out, with short delay, to some understanding between us. But in that subject one loves and learns. And one thing I have learned is this—that jealousy throws its illusions on every word and look and act. I went to my room and sat down for a bit of reckoning. Hope had ceased to love me, I felt sure, and how was I to win her back?

After all my castle building what was I come to?

I heard my door open presently, and then I lifted my head. Uncle Eb stood near me in his stocking feet and shirt sleeves.

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seemed a true severe to be shut away from her now, but Mrs. Fuller's manner had forewarned any appeal, and I held my peace. Having no children of her own, she had assumed a sort of proprietorship over Hope that was evident. That probably was why the girl had ceased to love me and to write to me as of old. A troop of mysteries came clear to me that morning. Through many gifts and favors she had got my sweetheart in a sort of bondage and would make a marriage of her own choosing if possible.

"Is there anything you would like particularly for your breakfast?" Mrs. Fuller inquired.

"Hain't no way pertic'lar," said Uncle Eb. "I gen'rally eat buckwheat pancakes an' maple sugar with a good strong cup o' tea."

Mrs. Fuller left the room a moment. "Dunno but I'll go out t' the barn a minit an' take a look at the hosses," he said when she came back.

"The stable is a mile away," she replied, smiling.

"Gran' good team ye druv us out with las' night," he said. "Hed a chance t' look 'em over a leetle there at the deer. The off hoss is puffed some for'ard, but if ye'r husband'll put on a cold bandage ev'ry night it'll make them legs smoothen'r a bound's tooth."

She thanked him and invited us to look in at the conservatory.

"Where's yer husband?" Uncle Eb inquired.

"He's not up yet," said she. "I fear he did not sleep well."

"Now, Mrs. Fuller," said Uncle Eb as we sat waiting, "if there's anything I can do t' help jes' le' me know what 'tis."

She said there was nothing. Presently Uncle Eb sneezed so powerfully that it rattled the crystals on the chandelier and rang in the brass medallions.

The first and second butlers came running in with a frightened look. There was also a startled movement from somebody above stairs.

"I do not see free advice which will put her on the right road to strong, healthy and happy womanhood."

"I want to tell you that I am enjoying better health than I have for years, and I owe it all to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

"When fourteen years of age I suffered almost constant pain, and for two or three years I had soreness and pain in my side, headaches and was dizzy and nervous, and doctors all failed to help me."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended, and after taking it my health began to improve rapidly, and I think it saved my life. I sincerely hope my experience will be a help to other girls who are passing from girlhood to womanhood, for I know your Compound will do as much for them."

If you know of any young girl who is sick and needs motherly advice ask her to write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and she will receive free advice which will put her on the right road to strong, healthy and happy womanhood.

one shop was a wooden stair ascending to the chalet. The latter had a sheathing of weather worn clapboards. It stood on the rear end of the brick building, communicating with the front rooms above the shop. A little stair of five steps ascended from the landing to its red door that overlooked an ample yard of roofing, adorned with potted plants. The main room of the chalet where we ate our meals and talked of an evening had the look of a ship's cabin. There were stationary seats along the wall covered with leathern cushions. There were port and starboard lanterns and a big one of polished brass that overhung the table. A ship's clock that had a nautical and cheerful tick was set in the wall. A narrow passage led to the room in front, and the latter had slanting sides. A big window of little panes in its farther end let in the light of William street.

Here I found a home for myself—"I mustn't," he said cheerfully.

"Fore long I'm comin' down ag'in, out I can't fool round no longer now. I'll jes' go an' git my new clothes an' out fer the steamboat. Want ye t' go an' see Hope tomorrow. She's comin' up with Mrs. Fuller next week. I'm goin' t' find out what's the matter w' her then. Sumthin's wrong somewhere. Dunno what 'tis. She's all upset."

"You must come and see us again," she answered cordially. "On Saturday I shall take Hope away for a bit of rest, to Saratoga probably, and from there I shall take her to Hillsborough myself for a day or two."

"Thought she was goin' home with me," said Uncle Eb.

"Oh, dear, no!" said Mrs. Fuller. "She cannot go now. The girl is ill, and it's such a long journey."

The postman came then with a letter for Uncle Eb.

It was from David Brower. He would have to be gone a week or so buying cattle and thought Uncle Eb had better come home as soon as convenient.

"They're lonesome," he said thoughtfully after going over the letter again. "Tain't no wonder—they're gittin' old."

Uncle Eb was older than either of them, but he had not thought of that.

"Le's see; 's about 8 o'clock," said he presently. "I've got t' go an' ten' to some business o' my own. I'll be back here some time t'day, Mrs. Fuller, an' I'll hev t' see that girl. You mustn't never try t' keep her 'way from her. She's got on my knees too many years that—altogether too many."

We arranged to meet there at 4. Then a servant brought us our hats. I heard Hope calling as we passed the stairway.

"Won't you come up a minute, Uncle Eb? I want to see you very much."

Then Uncle Eb hurried upstairs, and I came away.

I read the advertisements of board and lodging—a perplexing task for one so ignorant of the town. After many calls I found a place to my liking on Monkey hill, near Printing House square. Monkey hill was the east end of William street and not in the least fashionable. There were some neat and cleanly looking houses on it of wood and brick and brownstone inhabited by small tradesmen, a few shops, a big stable and the chalet sitting on a broad, flat roof that covered a portion of the stable yard. The yard itself was the summit of Monkey hill. It lay between two brick buildings, and up the hill from the walk one looked into the gloomy cavern of the stable, and under the low roof on one side there were dump carts and old coaches in varying stages of infirmity.

There was an old iron shop that stood flush with the sidewalk, flanking the stable yard. A lantern and a mammoth key were suspended above the door, and hanging upon the wall

CRISIS OF GIRLHOOD

A TIME OF PAIN AND PERIL

Miss Emma Cole Says that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has Saved Her Life and Made Her Well

How many lives of beautiful young girls have been sacrificed just as they were ripening into womanhood! How many irregularities or displacements have been developed at this important period, resulting in years of suffering!



Miss Emma Cole

Girls' modesty and oversensitiveness often puzzle their mothers and baffle physicians, because they withhold their confidence at this critical period.

A mother should come to her child's aid and remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will at this time prepare the system for the coming change and start the menstrual period in a young girl's life without pain or irregularities.

Miss Emma Cole of Tallahoms, Tenn., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham—

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We Can Answer Your **Holiday Questions**

With all sorts of Beautiful Things.

The latest and best styles, Reasonable prices, and An immense variety are our three best arguments to induce you to visit us.

Once at our store our goods will speak for themselves.

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