

# GOLIATH.

It was raining—softly, fluently, persistently,—raining as it rains on the afternoon of the morning when you hesitate a minute or two at the hat-stand, and finally decide not to take your umbrella down-town with you. It was one of those fine rains—I am not praising it—which wet you to the skin in about four seconds. A sharp twenty-minute's walk lay between my office in Court street and my rooms in Huntington Avenue. I was standing meditatively in the doorway of the former establishment on the lookout for a hack or a herd. An unusual number of these vehicles were hurrying in all directions, but as each approached within the arc of my observation, the face of some fortunate occupant was visible through the blurred glass of the closed window.

Presently a coupe leisurely turned the corner, as if in search of a fare. I hailed the driver, and though he apparently took no notice of my gesture, the coupe slowed up and stopped, or nearly stopped, at the curbstone directly in front of me. I dashed across the narrow sidewalk, pulled open the door, and stepped into the vehicle. As I did so, some one else on the opposite side performed the same evolution, and the two of us stood for an instant with the crowns of our hats glued together. Then we seated ourselves simultaneously, each by this token claiming the priority of possession.

"I beg your pardon, sir," I said, "but this is my carriage."

"I beg your pardon, sir," was the equally frigid reply; "the carriage is mine."

"I hailed the man from that doorway," I said, with firmness.

"And I hailed him from the crossing," "But I signaled him first."

My companion disdained to respond to that statement, but settled himself back on the cushions as if he had resolved to spend the rest of his life there.

"We will leave it to the driver," I said. The subject of this colloquy now twisted his body round on the dripping box, and shouted:

"Where to, gentlemen?"

"I lowered the plate glass, and addressed him:

"There's a mistake here. This gentleman and I both claim the coupe. Which of us first called you?" But the driver "couldn't tell" other than "which," as he expressed it. Having two fares inside, he of course had no wild desire to pronounce a decision that would necessarily cancel one of them.

The situation had reached this awkward phase when the intruder leaned forward and inquired, with a total change in his intonation:

"Are you not Mr. David Willis?"

"That is my name."

"I am Edwin Watson; we used to know each other slightly at college."

All along there had been something familiar to me in the man's face, but I had attributed to the fact that I hated him enough at first sight to have known him intimately for ten years. Of course, after this, there was no further dispute about the carriage. Mr. Watson wanted to go to the Providence station, which was directly on the way to Huntington Avenue. The affair arranged itself. We fell into pleasant chat concerning the old Harvard days, and were surprised when the coupe drew up in front of the red-brick clock-tower of the station.

The acquaintance, thus renewed by chance, continued. Though we had resided six years in the same city, and had not met before, we were now continually meeting—at the club, at the down-town restaurant where we lunched, at various houses where we visited in common. Mr. Watson was in the banking business; he had been married one or two years, and was living out of town, in what he called a little box, on the slope of Blue Hill. He had once or twice invited me to run out to dine and spend the night with him, but some engagement or other disability had interfered. One evening, however, as we were playing billiards at the St. Botolph, I accepted his invitation for a certain Tuesday. Watson who was having a vacation at the time, was not to accompany me from town, but was to meet me with his pony-cart at Green Lodge, a small flag-station on the Providence railway, two or three miles from "The Briers," the name of his place.

"I shall be proud to show you my wife," he said, "and the baby—and Goliath."

"Goliath?"

"That's the dog," answered Watson, with a laugh. "You and Goliath ought to meet—David and Goliath!"

If Watson had mentioned the dog earlier in the conversation, I might have shied at his hospitality. I may as well at once confess that I do not like dogs, and am afraid of them. Of some things I am not afraid; there have been occasions when my courage was not to be doubted—for example, the night I secured the burglar in my dining-room, and held him until the police came; and notably the day I had an interview with a young bull in the middle of a pasture, where there was not so much as a birdcock left to fly to; with my red-silk pocket-handkerchief I deployed him as coolly as if I had been a professional *matador*. I state these unadorned facts in no vainglorious mood. If that burglar had been a collier, or that bull a bull-terrier, I should have collapsed on the spot.

No man can be expected to be a hero in all directions. Doubtless Achilles himself had his secret little cowardice, if truth were known. That acknowledged vulnerable heel of his was perhaps not his only weak point. While I am thus covertly drawing a comparison between myself and Achilles, I will say that that same extreme sensitiveness of heel is also unhappily mine; for nothing so sends a chill into it, and thence along my vertebrae, as to have a strange dog come up sniffing behind me. Some inscrutable instinct had advised all strange dogs of my antipathy and pusillanimity.

The little dogs and all, Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.

They sally forth from picturesque verandas and unexpected hidings, to show their teeth as I go by. In a spot where there is no dog, one will germinate if he happens to find out that I am to pass that way. Sometimes they follow me for miles. Strange dogs that wag their tails at other persons growl at me from over fences, and across vacant lots, and at street corners.

"So you keep a dog?" I remarked carelessly, as I dropped the spot-ball into a pocket.

"Yes," returned Watson. "What is a country-place without a dog?"

I said to myself, "I know what a country-place is with a dog; it's a place I should like to avoid."

But as I had accepted the invitation, and as Watson was to pick me up at Green Lodge station, and, presumably, see me safely into the home, I said no more.

Living as he did on a lonely road, and likely at any hour of the night to have a burglar or two drop in on him, it was proper that Watson should have a dog on the grounds. In any event he would have done so, for he had always had a maniacal passion for the canine race. I remember his keeping at Cambridge a bull-pup that was the terror of the neighborhood. He had his rooms outside the college-yard in order that he might reside with this fiend. A good mastiff or a good collie—if there are any good collies and good mastiffs—is perhaps a necessity to exposed country-houses; but what is the use of allowing him to lie around loose on the landscape, as is generally done? He ought to be chained up until midnight. He should be taught to distinguish between a burglar and an inoffensive person passing along the highway with no intention of taking anything but the air. Men with a taste for dogs owe it to society not to cultivate dogs that have an indiscriminate taste for men.

The Tuesday on which I was to pass the night with Watson was a day simply packed with evil omens. The feathered cream at breakfast struck the key-note of the day's irritation. Everything went at cross-purposes in the office, and at the last moment a telegram imperatively demanding an answer nearly caused me to miss the six o'clock train—the only train that stopped at Green Lodge. There were two or three thousand other trains which did not stop there. I was in no frame of mind for rural pleasures when I finally seated myself in the "six o'clock accommodation" with my gripsack beside me.

The run from town to Green Lodge is about twenty-five minutes, and the last stoppage before reaching that station is at Readville. We were possibly half-way between these two points when the train slackened and came to a dead halt amid some ragged woodland. Heads were instantly thrust out of the windows right and left, and everybody's face was an interrogation. Presently a brakeman, with a small red flag in his hand, stationed himself some two hundred yards in the rear of the train, in order to prevent the evening express from telescoping us. Then our engine suddenly detached itself from the tender, and disappeared. What had happened? An overturned gravel-car lay across the track a quarter of a mile beyond. It was fully an hour before the obstruction was removed, and our engine had backed down again to its coupling. I smiled bitterly, thinking of Watson and his dinner.

The station at Green Lodge consists of a low platform upon which is a shed covered on three sides with unpainted deal boards hacked nearly to pieces by tramps. In autumn and winter the wind here, sweeping across the wide Neponset marshes, must be cruel. That is probably why the tramps have destroyed their only decent shelter between Readville and Canton. On this evening in early June, as I stepped upon the platform, the air was merely a ripple and a murmur among the maples and willows.

I looked around for Watson and the pony-cart. What had occurred was obvious. He had waited an hour for me, and then driven home with the conviction that the train must have passed before he got there, and that I, for some reason, had failed to come on it. The capized gravel-car was an episode of which he could have known nothing.

A walk of three miles was not an inspiring prospect, and would not have been even if I had had some slight idea of where "The Briers" was, or where I was myself. At one side of the shed, and crossing the track at right angles, ran a straight, narrow road that quickly lost itself in an arbor of swamp-willows. Beyond the tree-tops rose the serrated line of the Blue Hills, now touched with the twilight's tenderest amethyst. Over there, in that direction somewhere, lay Watson's domicile.

These reflections were not calculated to heighten my enjoyment of the beauties of nature. The gathering darkness, with its few large, liquid stars, which a moment before had seemed so poetical, began to fill me with apprehension. In the daylight one has resources, but what on earth was I going to do in the dark with Goliath and, likely enough, a couple of bloodhounds at my throat? I wished myself safely back among the crowded streets and electric lights of the city. In a few minutes more I was to be left alone and defenseless on a dismal highway.

When we reached the junction of the Green Lodge road and the turnpike, I felt that I was parting from the only friend I had in the world. The man had not spoken two words during the drive, and now rather gruffly refused my proffered half-dollar; but I would have gone home with him if he had asked me. I hinted that it would be much to his pecuniary advantage if he were willing to go so far out of his course as the door-step of Mr. Watson's house; but either because wealth had no charms for him, or because he had failed to understand my proposition, he made no answer, and, giving his mare a slap with the ends of the reins, rattled off into space.

On turning into the main road I left behind me a cluster of twinkling lights emitted from some dozen or twenty little cottages, which, as I have since been told, constitute the village of Ponkapog. It was apparently alive with dogs. I heard them going off, one after another, like a string of Chinese crackers, as the ancient farmer with his creaking axle passed on through the village. I was not reluctant to leave so alert a neighborhood, whatever destiny awaited me beyond.

Fifteen or twenty minutes later I stood in front of what I knew at a glance to be "The Briers," for Watson had described it to me. The three sharp gables of his description had not quite melted into the blackness which was rapidly absorbing every object; and there, too, but indistinct, were the twin stone gate-posts with the cheerful Grecian vases on top, like the entrance to a cemetery.

I cautiously approached the paling, and looked over into the inclosure. It was gloomy with shrubbery, dwarf spruces, and Norway pines, and needed nothing but a few obelisks and lacrymal urns to complete the illusion. In the center of the space rose a circular mound of several yards in diameter, piled with rocks, on which probably were mosses and nasturtiums. It was too dark to distinguish anything clearly; even the white gravel walk encircling the mound left one in doubt. The house stood well back on a slight elevation, with two or three steps leading down from the piazza to this walk. Here and there a strong light illumined a lattice-window. I particularly noticed one on the ground floor in an ell of the building, a wide window with diamond-shaped panes—the dining-room. The curtains were looped back, and I could see the pretty housemaid in her cap coming and going. She was removing the dinner things; she must have long ago taken away my unused plate.

The contrast between a brilliantly lighted, luxurious interior and the bleak night outside is a contrast that never appeals to me in vain. I seldom have any sympathy for the outcast in sentimental fiction until the inevitable moment when the author plants her against the area-railing under the windows of the paternal mansion. I like to have this happen on an inclement Christmas or Thanksgiving eve—and it all ways does.

But even on a pleasant evening in early June it is not agreeable to find one's self excluded from the family circle, especially when one has traveled fifteen miles to get there. I regarded the inviting facade of Watson's villa, and then I contemplated the somber and unemployed tract of land which I must needs traverse in order to reach the door-step. How still it was! The very stillness had a sort of menace in it. My imagination peopled those black interstices under the trees with "gorgons and hydras and chimeras dire." There certainly was an air of latent dog about the place, though as yet no dog had developed. However, unless I desired to rouse the inmates from their beds, I saw that I ought to announce myself without much further delay. I softly opened the gate, which, having a heavy ball-and-chain attachment outside, immediately slipped from my hand and slammed to with a bang as I stepped within.

The next sound I heard was the scuffle of the animal's four paws as he landed on the gravelled pathway. There he hesitated, irresolute, as if he were making up his diabolical mind which side of the mound he would take. He neither growled nor barked in the interim, being evidently one of those wide-mouthed, reticent brutes that mean business and indulge in no vain flourish. I afterward changed my mind on the latter point.

I held my breath, and waited. Presently I heard him stealthily approaching me on the left. I at once hastened up the right-hand path, having tossed my gripsack in his direction, with the hope that while he was engaged in tearing it to pieces, I might possibly be able to reach the piazza and ring the door-bell.

My ruse failed, however, and the gripsack, which might have served as a weapon of defense, had been sacrificed. The dog continued his systematic approach, and I was obliged to hurry past the piazza-steps. A few seconds brought me back to the point of my departure. Superficially considered, the garden-gate, which now lay at my hand, offered a facile mode of escape; but I was ignorant of the fastenings; I had forgotten which way it swung; besides, as I had no stop-over ticket, it was necessary that I should continue on my circular journey.

So far as I could judge, the dog was now about three yards in my rear; I was unable to see him, but I could plainly detect his quick respiration, and his deliberate fo to falls on the gravel. I wondered why he did not spring upon me at once; but he knew he had his prey, he knew I was afraid of him, he was playing with me as a cat plays with a mouse. In certain animals there is a refinement of cruelty which sometimes makes them seem almost human. If I believed in the transmigration of souls, I should say that the spirit of Caligula had passed into dogs, and that of Cleopatra into cats.

It is easily conceivable that I made no such reflection at the moment, for by this time my brisk trot had turned into a run, and I was spinning around the circle at the rate of ten miles an hour, with the dog at my heels. Now I shot by the piazza, and now past the gate, until presently I ceased

to know which was the gate and which the piazza. I believe that I shouted "Watson!" once or twice, no doubt at the wrong place, but I do not remember. At all events, I failed to make myself heard. My brain was in such confusion that at intervals I could not for the soul of me tell whether I was chasing the dog or the dog was chasing me. Now I almost felt his nose at my heel, and now I seemed upon the point of trampling him underfoot.

My swift rotatory movement, combined with the dinner which I had not had, soon induced a sort of vertigo. It was a purely unreasoning instinct that prevented me from flying off at a tangent, and plunging into the shrubbery. Strange lights began to come into my eyes, and in one of those phosphorescent gleams I saw a shapeless black object lying, or crouching, in my path. I automatically kicked it into the outer darkness. It was only my derby hat, which had fallen off on one of the previous trips.

I have spoken of the confused state of my mind. The right lobe of my brain had suspended all natural action, but with the other lobe I was enabled to speculate on the probable duration of my present career. In spite of my terror, an ironical smile crept to my lips as I reflected that I might perhaps keep this thing up until sunrise, unless a midnight meal was one of the dog's regular habits. A prolonged angry snarl now and then admonished me that his patience was about exhausted.

I had accomplished the circuit of the mound for the tenth—possibly the twentieth—time (I cannot be positive), when the front door of the villa was opened with a jerk, and Watson, closely followed by the pretty housemaid, stepped out upon the piazza. He held in his hand a German student-lamp, which he came within an ace of dropping as the light fell upon my countenance.

"Good heavens! Willis; is this you? Where did you tumble from? How did you get here?"

"Six o'clock train—Green Lodge—white horse—old man—I—"

Suddenly the pretty housemaid descended the steps and picked up from the gravelled path a little panting, tremulous wad of something—not more than two handfuls at most,—which she folded tenderly to her bosom.

"What's that?" I asked.

"That's Goliath," said Watson.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

## LOST IN THE SAND.

### Tragic End of a Traveller White Crossing the River Platte.

Some years ago, before that great overland route, the Union Pacific Company, was constructed, at a time when the whoop of the Indian, the bellow of the buffalo and the howl of the coyote were not uncommon sounds on the prairies of Nebraska, a handsome, cultured man riding a well-bred horse and evidently fresh from the States, accompanied by one of those familiar characters of the West, of bronzed and swarthy complexion, wearing a sombrero and riding a broncho, left the main trail and turned in the direction of the Platte. Within half an hour they reined in their horses on the north bank of that mighty stream of sand. The river appeared then as it does to-day, a mile or more in width, straggling streams of shallow water and numerous islands of sand. For a few moments they gazed upon the south bank, then earnestly debated the question of crossing. There was a difference of opinion, but the matter was soon settled by the handsome stranger riding straightway into the bed of the river. At first everything

#### SEEMED TO FAVOR HIS DECISION,

and he had proceeded one-third of the way across. The other ventured to follow him, and was fifty yards from the bank when he noticed the tracks in the sand made by the first horse and filled with water. He called loudly to his companion and turned back to the shore. The warning word was given too late. The horse was struggling in sand and water to the depths of the saddle skirts. At this moment his rider stood erect and leaped upon an island of white, dry sand. He landed upon his feet, but was ankle deep in the sand—a few steps forward and the sand was to his knees. One desperate struggle he made to bring himself upon the surface, but the effort carried him waist deep. He seemed then to realize his terrible position, and lifting up his voice gave a message to his horror-stricken companion, striving by word and gesture to make him comprehend it, but without success. The creeping insidious, devouring sand was now to his shoulders. He had taken from the

#### INSIDE POCKET OF HIS COAT

what seemed to be a package of papers, and holding it above his head was evidently trying to impress upon his companion the importance of their preservation, but his voice was stifled by the cruel sand in his throat. A moment more and it had closed over his head, entombed alive in that far-away, desolate spot, and the island of sand presented the same smooth, dry, and apparently firm surface. A small damp spot, and near it a package of papers, was all to indicate that but a moment before it had treacherously engulfed a human being. The man upon the bank, transfixed by the fascination of horror, gazed at the spot he knew not how long. As he turned away from the weird, mysterious river he saw a short distance down the stream a riderless horse still struggling with the sand and water. Back he rode to the main trail and eastward on the trail to the first settlement. There he told the story of

#### THE MAN LOST IN THE SAND.

He was himself one of those hardy spirits of the plains who as guide or scout was ready for any enterprise that promised adventure and life in the open air. He knew naught of the lost man—had been employed as a guide to him to a certain settlement in the South Platte, country. Who the stranger was, from whence he came, and the purpose of his lonely journey, are secrets held by the quicksands of the Platte, unless revealed by the package of papers left on the sand, which, it is hinted, were afterwards secured by one who heard the guide's story, and that large and very valuable landed property is wrongfully held by virtue of the possession of that package of papers. There may yet be an interesting sequel to the guide's story of the lost stranger.

There is a tribe in Central Africa among whom speakers in public debates are required to stand on one leg while speaking, and to speak only as long as they can stand. This would be a good standing rule for our Legislators.

## READING THE HUMAN FACE.

### How to Trace in its Lineaments the Proof of Intellectual Characteristics.

As every face has an individuality of its own, and is different in many respects from every other face, it may be interesting to trace the varying sentiments and characteristics of humanity as exhibited by the lines and expression of each face. Thus the horizontal lines seen upon the forehead are produced by mental anxiety, the worry and fret of life. They indicate a tendency to nervous anxiety, and are wholly opposed to the serenity of unruffled brows. If the upper part of the forehead is intersected with conspicuous lines, especially if they are circular, arched wrinkles, while the under part of the brow is smooth, the subject is certainly droll and stupid, and almost incapable of any abstraction.

Benevolence is indicated by short horizontal lines just above the roof of the nose. When found just below the roof of the nose they show one used to exercise authority, especially when it takes the form of forbidding.

Noes which easily and continually turn up in wrinkles are seldom to be found in truly good men.

A single vertical wrinkle between the eyebrows shows strict honesty in money matters. A disposition to require justice in others is shown by two wrinkles each side of the first. Wrinkles outward from these show conscientiousness.

These lines are often marked in those deeply absorbed in business, in thinkers, writers and inventors; and with straight lowered brows indicate strong concentration of purpose, long and hard thinking, absorption in affairs. The lines radiating outward from the eyes show capacity of employment as well as the two deep furrows forming the mouth by the upper lip; they are the penalty we pay for mirth and form the future channel of the tear.

Clearness on the power of perceiving and expressing truth clearly, especially when the lines turn outward from the nose to the cheek. These lines are deepened when pleasurable sensations draw back the upper lip, or it is extended by laughter; therefore they indicate capacity for such sensations.

Scorn forms a transverse line between the lower lip and the end of the chin, the under lip is pushed outward, the chin rises upward.

The close-shut mouth, with downward lines at the angles tells a miser deaf to the cries of human needs.

Hospitality marks the face with irregular curved lines not far from the outer angles of the mouth—when they are pronounced a warm welcome is given the stranger within the gates. Economy broadens the nose, making it rather short and thick above the nostrils; it gives in age a broad double chin.

The wrinkle extending from the side of the nostrils toward the end of the mouth is one of the most significant. On its obliquity, its length, its nearness to or distance from the mouth depends the evidence of the whole character. If it is curved without gradation or undulation it is a certain sign of stupidity. Also when the extremity joins without an interval the ends of the lips as well as when it is at a great distance from the ends of the lips.

A masculine character is shown by straight eyebrows; arched eyebrows show a feminine character. When this is accompanied by a round, open eye, one sees much but reflects little. One often finds this type among curious children before reason has developed but while memory is active.

The pug or retrouse nose shows a quick, pert and saucy nature, one quick to take offense, while the aquiline nose indicates a mild, prepossessing, sensitive and loving disposition.

The mouth, ears, eyes, are all affected by the mind and reveal the higher or lower tendency of the character as faithfully as the looking glass reflects the objects before it.

## THE EGYPT OF TO-DAY.

### Described by Alfred Milner, Late Under Secretary for Finance in Egypt.

"Imagine a people the most docile and good tempered in the world in the grip of a religion the most intolerant and fanatical. Imagine this people and this faith, congenial in nothing but their conservatism, flung into the maelstrom of European restlessness and innovation. Imagine a country full of turbulent foreigners, whom its police cannot arrest except flagrantly delicto, whom its courts cannot try except for the most insignificant offences. Imagine the Government of this country unable to legislate for these foreigners without the consent of a dozen distant powers, most of them indifferent and some ill disposed. Imagine it carrying on its principal business in a foreign tongue, which yet is not the tongue of the predominant foreign race. Imagine it struggling to meet the clamorous growing needs of to-day with a budget rigorously fixed according to the minimum requirements of the day before yesterday. Imagine the decrees of this Government liable to be set at naught by courts of its own creation. Imagine its policy really inspired and directed by the envoy of a foreign State, who in theory is only one of a large number of such envoys, and the chief administrative power wielded by a man, who is a mere 'adviser without executive functions.' Yes; imagine all these things, and then realize that they are no Mikado-like invention of comic opera, no nightmare of some constitutional theorist with a disordered brain, but prosaic, solid fact—an unvarnished picture of the political Egypt of to-day.

"Your friend, Mr Barlow, isn't a very civil man. He was positively rude to me last night," said Maude. "That's Henry's great fault," said Ethel. "He has very little respect for age."

"Your tickets were complimentary, were they not?" "Well," replied the man who had seen a painfully amateur entertainment. "I thought they were until I saw the show."

Mrs. McCordle—"It strikes me that it is awfully disagreeable for you to talk in your sleep every night." McCordle—"I agree with you, my dear; but it's the only chance I have at home, you know."

Mrs. Grimply—"I was just reading about a woman who was on the point of being buried when she came to life. That's awful. I hope I will never be put into my coffin alive, George." Mr. Grimply—"I hope not, Maria."