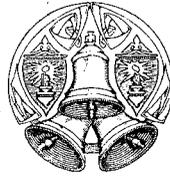


faded gingham and patched shoes? Helmeted in its magnificence, serenely I could face a frowning world. Also, I cried like the great goose that I undoubtedly was, when on the thirteenth spring I took it out of its hibernating bandbox to find my darling lilacs faded past recall. Whereat Frederic went straightway and bought me another lilac bonnet, far more splendid, all billowing plumes and flashing buckles, although there were five babies by that time, and crops were none too good, and he ought by rights to have saved that money toward the new barn roof. I scolded him roundly for his extravagance. But, as Charles Edward has said, extravagance always did run in the family.

Ah, me! When I hear them talk of the Heaven that all their wise ethical leaders affect nowadays, I realize sadly what an abject old materialist I really am. For I cannot make myself look forward to gaining a pale, intangible ideal of Heaven with-

in me. I want a real and tangible Heaven, instead—modelled upon western Ohio in the late sixties, if I may have my say. Neither am I orthodox, and old-fashioned, and pining for a visible golden halo. Indeed, I should much prefer just my bonnet with lilacs. Moreover, I don't want to be pestered with riches, and power, and glory. Not I! I'd far rather have the fun of being poor again, the chance to work and scheme and contrive, side by side with my big reckless boy husband. Not Charles Edward's sedate father, nor Mary Caroline's dim-remembered stately grandfather. But the splendid headstrong boy with whom I threw away those golden years; and the brave gay life that we two sinful young spendthrifts won and squandered together. And I am quite convinced that I shall be granted all that I ask, even to the last diamond moment. For, surely as Heaven is Heaven, so surely will it give us back our youth.

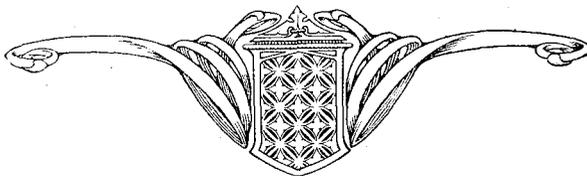


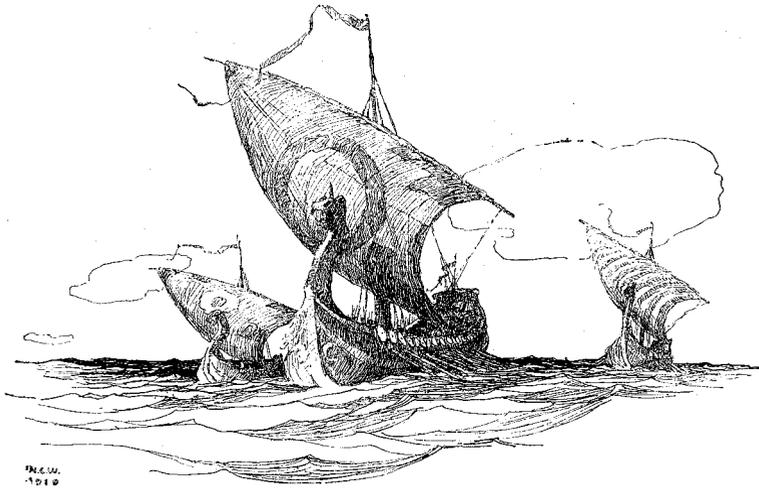
## SUPPLIANT

By Alan Sullivan

GRANT me, dear Lord, the alchemy of toil,  
 Clean days of labor, dreamless nights of rest  
 And that which shall my weariness assoil  
 The Sanctuary of one beloved breast:

Laughter of children, hope and thankful tears,  
 Knowledge to yield, with valor to defend  
 A faith immutable, and steadfast years  
 That move unvexed to their mysterious end.





THROUGH THE MISTS

II

THE FIRST CARGO

“Ex ovo omnia”

By Arthur Conan Doyle

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH



WHEN you left Britain with your Legion, my dear Crassus, I promised that I would write to you from time to time, when a messenger chanced to be going to Rome, and keep you informed as to anything of interest which might occur in this country. Personally, I am very glad that I remained behind when the troops and so many of our citizens left, for though the living is rough and the climate is infernal, still by dint of the three voyages which I have made for amber to the Baltic, and the excellent prices which I obtained for it here, I shall soon be in a position to retire, and to spend my old age under my own fig-tree, or even perhaps to buy a small villa at Baia or Posuoli, where I could get a good sun-bath after the continued fogs of this accursed island. I picture myself on a little farm,

and I read the Georgics as a preparation, but when I hear the rain falling and the wind howling, Italy seems very far away.

In my previous letter I let you know how things are going in this country. The poor folk, who had given up all soldiering during the centuries that we guarded them, are now perfectly helpless before these Picts and Scots, tattooed barbarians from the north, who overrun the whole country and do exactly what they please. So long as they kept to the north, the people in the south, who are the most numerous and also the most civilized of the Britons, took no heed of them; but now the rascals have come as far as London, and the lazy folk in these parts have had to wake up. Vortigern, the king, is useless for anything but drink or women, so he sent across to the Baltic to get some of the North Germans, in the hope that they would come over and help him. It is bad enough to have a bear in your house, but it does not seem