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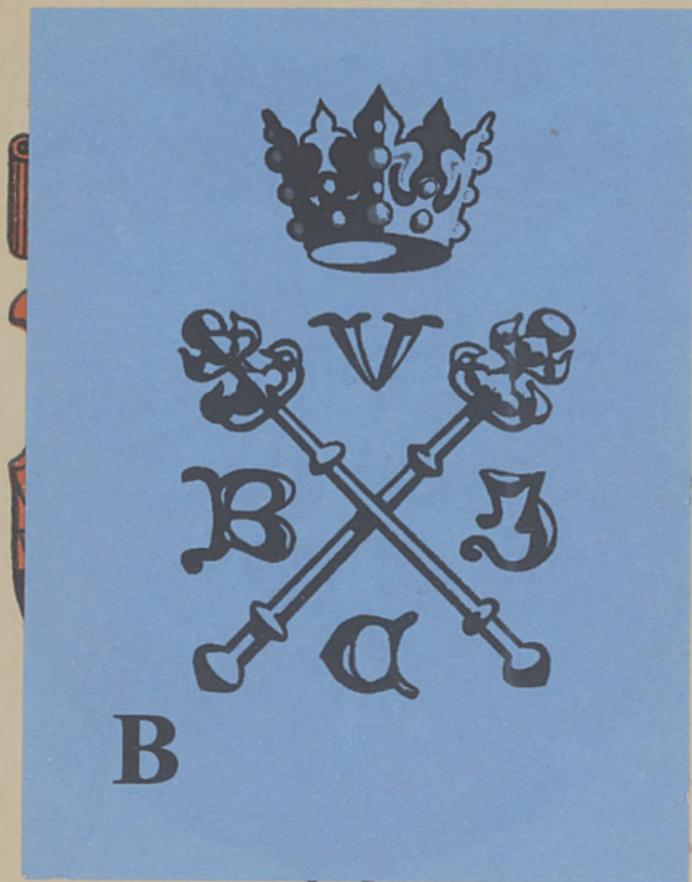
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*Her Tragic  
Fate*

by

*Sienkiewicz*



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# Her Tragic Fate

BY

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ,

Author of "Quo Vadis," "The New Soldier," "Where  
Worlds Meet," "So Runs the World," etc., etc.

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TRANSLATED BY

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# INTRODUCTION.

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HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

I once read a short story, in which a Slav author had all the lilies and bells in a forest bending toward each other, whispering and resounding softly the words: "Glory! Glory! Glory!" until the whole forest and then the whole world repeated the song of flowers.

Such is to-day the fate of the author of the powerful historical trilogy: "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge" and "Pan Michael," preceded by short stories, "Lillian Morris," "Yanko the Musician," "After Bread," "Hania," "Let Us Follow Him," followed by two problem novels, "Without Dogma," and "Children of the Soil," and crowned by a

masterpiece of an incomparable artistic beauty, "Quo Vadis." Eleven good books adopted from the Polish language and set into circulation are of great importance for the English-reading people—just now I am emphasizing only this—because these books are written in the most beautiful language ever written by any Polish author! Eleven books of masterly, personal, and simple prose! Eleven good books given to the circulation and received not only with admiration but with gratitude—books where there are more or less good or sincere pages, but where there is not one on which original humor, nobleness, charm, some comforting thoughts, some elevated sentiments do not shine. Some other author would perhaps have stopped after producing "Quo Vadis," without any doubt the best of Sienkiewicz's books. But Sienkiewicz looks into the future and cares more about works which he is

going to write, than about those which we have already in our libraries, and he renews his talents, searching, perhaps unknowingly, for new themes and tendencies.

When one knows how to read a book, then from its pages the author's face looks out on him, a face not material, but just the same full of life. Sienkiewicz's face, looking on us from his books, is not always the same; it changes, and in his last book ("Quo Vadis") it is quite different, almost new.

There are some people who throw down a book after having read it, as one leaves a bottle after having drunk the wine from it. There are others who read books with a pencil in their hands, and they mark the most striking passages. Afterward, in the hours of rest, in the moments when one needs a stimulant from within and one searches for harmony, sympathy of a thing apparently so dead and

strange as a book is, they come back to the marked passages, to their own thoughts, more comprehensible since an author expressed them; to their own sentiments, stronger and more natural since they found them in somebody else's words. Because oftentimes it seems to us—the common readers—that there is no difference between our interior world and the horizon of great authors, and we flatter ourselves by believing that we are only less daring, less brave than are thinkers and poets, that some interior lack of courage stopped us from having formulated our impressions. And in this sentiment there is a great deal of truth. But while this expression of our thoughts seems to us to be a daring, to the others it is a need; they even do not suspect how much they are daring and new. They must, according to the words of a poet, "Spin out the love, as the silkworm spins its web." That is their

capital distinction from common mortals; we recognize them by it at once; and that is the reason we put them above the common level. On the pages of their books we find not the traces of the accidental, deeper penetrating into the life or more refined feelings, but the whole harvest of thoughts, impressions, dispositions, written skilfully, because studied deeply. We also leave something on these pages. Some people dry flowers on them, the others preserve reminiscences. In every one of Sienkiewicz's volumes people will deposit a great many personal impressions, part of their souls; in every one they will find them again after many years.

There are three periods in Sienkiewicz's literary life. In the first he wrote short stories, which are masterpieces of grace and ingenuity—at least some of them. In those stories the reader will meet frequent thoughts about gen-

eral problems, deep observations of life—and notwithstanding his idealism, very truthful about spiritual moods, expressed with an easy and sincere hand. Speaking about Sienkiewicz's works, no matter how small it may be, one has always the feeling that one speaks about a known, living in general memory work. Almost every one of his stories is like a stone thrown in the midst of a flock of sparrows gathering in the winter time around barns: one throw arouses at once a flock of winged reminiscences.

The other characteristics of his stories are uncommonness of his conceptions, masterly compositions, oftentimes artificial. It happens also that a story has no plot ("From the Diary of a Tutor in Pozman," "Bartek the Victor"), no action, almost no matter ("Yamyol"), but the reader is rewarded by simplicity, rural theme, humoristic pictures ("Comedy of Err-

ers: A Sketch of American Life”), pity for the little and poor (“Yanko the Musician”), and those qualities make the reader remember his stories well. It is almost impossible to forget—under the general impressions—about his striking and standing-out figures (“The Lighthouse Keeper of Aspinwall”), about the individual impression they leave on our minds. Apparently they are commonplace, every-day people, but the author’s talent puts on them an original individuality, a particular stamp, which makes one remember them forever and afterward apply them to the individuals which one meets in life. No matter how insignificant socially is the figure chosen by Sienkiewicz for his story, the great talent of the author magnifies its striking features, not seen by common people, and makes of it a masterpiece of literary art.

Although we have a popular saying: *Com-*

*paraison n'est pas raison*, one cannot refrain from stating here that this love for the poor, the little, and the oppressed, brought out so powerfully in Sienkiewicz's short stories, constitutes a link between him and François Coppée, who is so great a friend of the friendless and the oppressed, those who, without noise, bear the heaviest chains, the pariahs of our happy and smiling society. The only difference between the short stories of these two writers is this, that notwithstanding all the mastercraft of Coppée work, one forgets the impressions produced by the reading of his work—while it is almost impossible to forget “The Lighthouse Keeper” looking on any lighthouse, or “Yanko the Musician” listening to a poor wandering boy playing on the street, or “Bartek the Victor” seeing soldiers of which military discipline have made machines rather than thinking beings, or “The

Diary of a Tutor” contemplating the pale face of children overloaded with studies. Another difference between those two writers—the comparison is always between their short stories—is this, that while Sienkiewicz’s figures and characters are universal, international—if one can use this adjective here—and can be applied to the students of any country, to the soldiers of any nation, to any wandering musician and to the light-keeper on any sea, the figures of François Coppée are mostly Parisian and could be hardly displaced from their Parisian surroundings and conditions.

Sometimes the whole short story is written for the sake of that which the French call *pointe*. When one has finished the reading of “Zeus’s Sentence,” for a moment the charming description of the evening and Athenian night is lost. And what a beautiful description it is! If the art of reading were cultivated

in America as it is in France and Germany, I would not be surprised if some American Legouvé or Strakosch were to add to his repertoire such productions of prose as this humorously poetic "Zeus's Sentence," or that mystic madrigal, "Be Blessed."

"But the dusk did not last long," writes Sienkiewicz. "Soon from the Archipelago appeared the pale Selene and began to sail like a silvery boat in the heavenly space. And the walls of the Acropolis lighted again, but they beamed now with a pale green light, and looked more than ever like the vision of a dream."

But all these, and other equally charming pictures, disappear for a moment from the memory of the reader. There remains only the final joke—only Zeus's sentence. "A virtuous woman—especially when she loves another man—can resist Apollo. But surely

and always a stupid woman will resist him.”

Only when one thinks of the story does one see that the ending—that “immoral conclusion” I should say if I were not able to understand the joke—does not constitute the essence of the story. Only then we find a delight in the description of the city for which the wagons cater the divine barley, and the water is carried by the girls, “with amphoræ poised on their shoulders and lifted hands, going home, light and graceful, like immortal nymphs.”

And then follow such paragraphs as the following, which determine the real value of the work:

“The voice of the God of Poetry sounded so beautiful that it performed a miracle. Behold! In the Ambrosian night the gold spear standing on the Acropolis of Athens trembled, and the marble head of the gigantic statue

turned toward the Acropolis in order to hear better. . . . Heaven and earth listened to it; the sea stopped roaring and lay peacefully near the shores; even pale Selene stopped her night wandering in the sky and stood motionless over Athens."

"And when Apollo had finished, a light wind arose and carried the song through the whole of Greece, and wherever a child in the cradle heard only a tone of it, that child grew into a poet."

What poet? Famed by what song? Will he not perhaps be a lyric poet?

The same happens with "Lux in Tenebris." One reads again and again the description of the fall of the mist and the splashing of the rain dropping in the gutter, "the cawing of the crows, migrating to the city for their winter quarters, and, with flapping of wings, roosting in the trees." One feels that the

whole misery of the first ten pages, was necessary in order to form a background for the two pages of heavenly light, to bring out the brightness of that light. "Those who have lost their best beloved," writes Sienkiewicz, "must hang their lives on something; otherwise they could not exist." In such sentences—and it is not the prettiest, but the shortest that I have quoted—resounds, however, the quieting wisdom, the noble love of that art which poor Kamionka "respected deeply and was always sincere toward." During the long years of his profession he never cheated nor wronged it, neither for the sake of fame nor money, nor for praise nor for criticism. He always wrote as he felt. Were I not like Ruth of the Bible, doomed to pick the ears of corn instead of being myself a sower—if God had not made me critic and worshipper but artist and creator—I could not wish for another ne-

crology than those words of Sienkiewicz regarding the statuary Kamionka.

Quite another thing is the story "At the Source." None of the stories except "Let Us Follow Him" possess for me so many transcendent beauties, although we are right to be angry with the author for having wished, during the reading of several pages, to make us believe an impossible thing—that he was deceiving us. It is true that he has done it in a masterly manner—it is true that he could not have done otherwise, but at the same time there is a fault in the conception, and although Sienkiewicz has covered the precipice with flowers, nevertheless the precipice exists.

On the other hand, it is true that one reading the novel will forget the trick of the author and will see in it only the picture of an immense happiness and a hymn in the worship of love. Perhaps the poor student is right when

he says: "Among all the sources of happiness, that from which I drank during the fever is the clearest and best." "A life which love has not visited, even in a dream, is still worse."

Love and faith in woman and art are two constantly recurring themes in "Lux in Tenebris," "At the Source," "Be Blessed," and "Organist of Ponikila."

When Sienkiewicz wrote "Let Us Follow Him," some critics cried angrily that he lessens his talent and moral worth of the literature; they regretted that he turned people into the false road of mysticism, long since left. Having found Christ on his pages, the least religious people have recollected how gigantic he is in the writings of Heine, walking over land and sea, carrying a red, burning sun instead of a heart. They all understood that to introduce Christ not only worthily or beautifully, but simply and in such a manner that

we would not be obliged to turn away from the picture, would be a great art—almost a triumph.

In later times we have made many such attempts. "The Mysticism" became to-day an article of commerce. The religious tenderness and simplicity was spread among Parisian newspaper men, playwrights and novelists. Such as Armand Sylvestre, such as Theodore de Wyzewa, are playing at writing up Christian dogmas and legends. And a strange thing! While the painters try to bring the Christ nearer to the crowd, while Fritz von Uhde or Lhermitte put the Christ in a country school, in a workingman's house, the weakling writers, imitating poets, dress Him in old, faded, traditional clothes and surround Him with a theatrical light which they dare to call "mysticism." They are crowding the porticos of the temple, but they are merely

merchants. Anatole France alone cannot be placed in the same crowd.

In "Let Us Follow Him" the situation and characters are known, and are already to be found in literature. But never were they painted so simply, so modestly, without romantic complaints and exclamations. In the first chapters of that story there appears an epic writer with whom we have for a long time been familiar. We are accustomed to that uncommon simplicity. But in order to appreciate the narrative regarding Antea, one must listen attentively to this slow prose and then one will notice the rhythmic sentences following one after the other. Then one feels that the author is building a great foundation for the action. Sometimes there occurs a brief, sharp sentence ending in a strong, short word, and the result is that Sienkiewicz has given us a masterpiece which justifies the en-

thusiasm of a critic, who called him a Prince of Polish Prose.

In the second period of his literary activity, Sienkiewicz has produced his remarkable historical trilogy, "The Deluge," "With Fire and Sword," and "Pan Michael," in which his talent shines forth powerfully, and which possess absolutely distinctive characters from his short stories. The admirers of romanticism cannot find any better books in historical fiction. Some critic has said righteously about Sienkiewicz, speaking of his "Deluge," that he is "the first of Polish novelists, past or present, and second to none now living in England, France, or Germany."

Sienkiewicz being himself a nobleman, therefore naturally in his historical novels he describes the glorious deeds of the Polish nobility, who, being located on the frontier of such barbarous nations as Turks, Kozaks,

Tartars, and Wolochs (to-day Roumania), had defended Europe for centuries from the invasions of barbarism and gave the time to Germany, France, and England to outstrip Poland in the development of material welfare and general civilization among the masses—the nobility being always very refined—though in the fifteenth century the literature of Poland and her sister Bohemia (Chechy) was richer than any other European country, except Italy. One should at least always remember that Nicolaus Kopernicus (Kopernik) was a Pole and John Huss was a Chech.

Historical novels began in England, or rather in Scotland, by the genius of Walter Scott, followed in France by Alexandre Dumas *pere*. These two great writers had numerous followers and imitators in all countries, and every nation can point out some more or less successful writer in that field, but who

never attained the great success of Sienkiewicz, whose works are translated into many languages, even into Russian, where the antipathy for the Polish superior degree of civilization is still very eager.

The superiority of Sienkiewicz's talent is then affirmed by this fact of translation, and I would dare say that he is superior to the father of this kind of novels, on account of his historical coloring, so much emphasized in Walter Scott. This important quality in the historical novel is truer and more lively in the Polish writer, and then he possesses that psychological depth about which Walter Scott never dreamed. Walter Scott never has created such an original and typical figure as Zagloba is, who is a worthy rival to Shakespeare's Falstaff. As for the description of duelings, fights, battles, Sienkiewicz's fantastically heroic pen is without rival.

Alexandre Dumas, notwithstanding the biting criticism of Brunetière, will always remain a great favorite with the reading masses, who are searching in his books for pleasure, amusement, and distraction. Sienkiewicz's historical novels possess all the interesting qualities of Dumas, and besides that they are full of wholesome food for thinking minds. His colors are more shining, his brush is broader, his composition more artful, chiselled, finished, better built, and executed with more vigor. While Dumas amuses, pleases, distracts, Sienkiewicz astonishes, surprises, bewitches. All uneasy preoccupations, the dolorous echoes of eternal problems, which philosophical doubt imposes with the everlasting anguish of the human mind, the mystery of the origin, the enigma of destiny, the inexplicable necessity of suffering, the short, tragical, and sublime vision of the future of the soul, and the future

not less difficult to be guessed of by the human race in this material world, the torments of human conscience and responsibility for the deeds, is said by Sienkiewicz without any pedanticism, without any dryness.

If we say that the great Hungarian author Maurice Jokai, who also writes historical novels, pales when compared with that fascinating Pole who leaves far behind him the late lions in the field of romanticism, Stanley J. Weyman and Anthony Hope, we are through with that part of Sienkiewicz's literary achievements.

In the third period Sienkiewicz is represented by two problem novels, "Without Dogma" and "Children of the Soil."

The charm of Sienkiewicz's psychological novels is the synthesis so seldom realized and as I have already said, the plastic beauty and abstract thoughts. He possesses also an ad-

mirable assurance of psychological analysis, a mastery in the painting of customs and characters, and the rarest and most precious faculty of animating his heroes with intense, personal life, which, though it is only an illusionary life appears less deceitful than the real life.

In that field of novels Sienkiewicz differs greatly from Balzac, for instance, who forced himself to paint the man in his perversity or in his stupidity. According to his views life is the racing after riches. The whole of Balzac's philosophy can be resumed in the deification of the force. All his heroes are "strong men" who disdain humanity and take advantage of it. Sienkiewicz's psychological novels are not lacking in the ideal in his conception of life; they are active powers, forming human souls. The reader finds there, in a well-balanced proportion, good and bad ideas of life, and he rep-

resents this life as a good thing, worthy of living.

He differs also from Paul Bourget, who as a German savant counts how many microbes are in a drop of spoiled blood, who is pleased with any ferment, who does not care for healthy souls, as a doctor does not care for healthy people—and who is fond of corruption. Sienkiewicz's analysis of life is not exclusively pathological, and we find in his novels healthy as well as sick people as in the real life. He takes colors from twilight and aurora to paint with, and by doing so he strengthens our energy, he stimulates our ability for thinking about those eternal problems, difficult to be decided, but which existed and will exist as long as humanity will exist.

He prefers green fields, the perfume of flowers, health, virtue, to Zola's liking for crime, sickness, cadaverous putridness, and manure.

He prefers *l' ame humaine* to *la bete humaine*.

He is never vulgar even when his heroes do not wear any gloves, and he has these common points with Shakespeare and Molière, that he does not paint only certain types of humanity, taken from one certain part of the country, as it is with the majority of French writers who do not go out of their dear Paris; in Sienkiewicz's novels one can find every kind of people, beginning with humble peasants and modest noblemen created by God, and ending with proud lords made by the kings.

In the novel "Without Dogma," there are many keen and sharp observations, said masterly and briefly; there are many states of the soul, if not always very deep, at least written with art. And his merit in that respect is greater than of any other writers, if we take in consideration that in Poland heroic lyricism

and poetical picturesqueness prevail in the literature.

The one who wishes to find in the modern literature some aphorism to classify the characteristics of the people, in order to be able afterward to apply them to their fellow-men, must read "Children of the Soil."

But the one who is less selfish and wicked, and wishes to collect for his own use such a library as to be able at any moment to take a book from a shelf and find in it something which would make him thoughtful or would make him forget the ordinary life,—he must get "Quo Vadis," because there he will find pages which will recomfort him by their beauty and dignity; it will enable him to go out from his surroundings and enter into himself, *i. e.*, in that better man whom we sometimes feel in our interior. And while reading this book he ought to leave on its pages the traces

of his readings, some marks made with a lead pencil or with his whole memory.

It seems that in that book a new man was aroused in Sienkiewicz, and any praise said about this unrivaled masterpiece will be as pale as any powerful lamp is pale comparatively with the glory of the sun. For instance. if I say that Sienkiewicz has made a thorough study of Nero's epoch, and that his great talent and his plastic imagination created the most powerful pictures in the historical background, will it not be a very tame praise, compared with his book—which, while reading it, one shivers and the blood freezes in one's veins?

In "Quo Vadis" the whole *alta Roma*, beginning with slaves carrying mosaics for their refined masters, and ending with patricians, who were so fond of beautiful things that one of them for instance used to kiss at every mo-

ment a superb vase, stands before our eyes as if it was reconstructed by a magical power from ruins and death.

There is no better description of the burning of Rome in any literature. While reading it everything turns red in one's eyes, and immense noises fill one's ears. And the moment when Christ appears on the hill to the frightened Peter, who is going to leave Rome, not feeling strong enough to fight with mighty Cæsar, will remain one of the strongest passages of the literature of the whole world.

After having read again and again this great—shall I say the greatest historical novel?—and having wondered at its deep conception, masterly execution, beautiful language, powerful painting of the epoch, plastic description of customs and habits, enthusiasm of the first followers of Christ, refinement of Roman civilization, corruption of the old world,

the question rises: What is the dominating idea of the author, spread out all over the whole book? It is the cry of Christians murdered in circuses: *Pro Christo!*

Sienkiewicz searching always and continually for a tranquil harbor from the storms of conscience and investigation of the tormented mind, finds such a harbor in the religious sentiments, in lively Christian faith. This idea is woven as golden thread in a silk brocade, not only in "Quo Vadis," but also in all his novels. In "Fire and Sword" his principal hero is an outlaw; but all his crimes, not only against society, but also against nature, are redeemed by faith, and as a consequence of it afterward by good deeds. In the "Children of the Soul," he takes one of his principal characters upon one of seven Roman hills, and having displayed before him in the most eloquent way the might of the old Rome, the might as it

never existed before and perhaps never will exist again, he says: "And from all that nothing is left only crosses! crosses! crosses!" It seems to us that in "Quo Vadis" Sienkiewicz strained all his forces to reproduce from one side all the power, all riches, all refinement, all corruption of the Roman civilization in order to get a better contrast with the great advantages of the cry of the living faith: *Pro Christo!* In that cry the asphyxiated not only in old times but in our days also find refreshment; the tormented by doubt, peace. From that cry flows hope, and naturally people prefer those from whom the blessing comes to those who curse and doom them.

Sienkiewicz considers the Christian faith as the principal and even the only help which humanity needs to bear cheerfully the burden and struggle of every-day life. Equally his personal experience as well as his studies made

him worship Christ. He is not one of those who say that religion is good for the people at large. He does not admit such a shade of contempt in a question touching so near the human heart. He knows that every one is a man in the presence of sorrow and the conundrum of fate, contradiction of justice, tearing of death, and uneasiness of hope. He believes that the only way to cross the precipice is the flight with the wings of faith, the precipice made between the submission to general and absolute laws and the confidence in the infinite goodness of the Father.

The time passes and carries with it people and doctrines and systems. Many authors left as the heritage to civilization rows of books, and in those books scepticism, indifference, doubt, lack of precision and decision.

But the last symptoms in the literature show us that the Stoicism is not sufficient for our

generation, not satisfied with Marcus Aurelius's gospel, which was not sufficient even to that brilliant Sienkiewicz's Roman *arbiter elegantiarum*, the over-refined patrician Petronius. A nation which desired to live, and does not wish either to perish in the desert or be drowned in the mud, needs such a great help which only religion gives. The history is not only *magister vitae*, but also it is the master of conscience.

Literature has in Sienkiewicz a great poet—epical as well as lyrical.

I shall not mourn, although I appreciate the justified complaint about objectivity in *belles lettres*. But now there is no question what poetry will be; there is the question whether it will be, and I believe that society, being tired with Zola's realism and its caricature, not with the picturesqueness of Loti, but with catalogues of painter's colors; not with the

depth of Ibsen, but the oddness of his imitators—it seems to me that society will hate the poetry which discusses and philosophizes, wishes to paint but does not feel, makes archeology but does not give impressions, and that people will turn to the poetry as it was in the beginning, what is in its deepest essence, to the flight of single words, to the interior melody, to the song—the art of sounds being the greatest art. I believe that if in the future the poetry will find listeners, they will repeat to the poets the words of Paul Verlaine, whom by too summary judgment they count among incomprehensible originals:

*“De la musique encore et toujours.”*

And nobody need be afraid from a social point of view, for Sienkiewicz's objectivity. It is a manly lyricism as well as epic, made deep by the knowledge of the life, sustained

by thinking, until now perhaps unconscious of itself, the poetry of a writer who walked many roads, studied many things, knew much bitterness, ridiculed many triflings, and then he perceived that a man like himself has only one aim: above human affairs "to spin the love, as the silkworm spins its web."

S. C. DE SOISSONS.

"The University," Cambridge, Mass.

**HER TRAGIC FATE.**



# HER TRAGIC FATE.

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## CHAPTER I.

“Blucher,” the German emigrant steamship running between Hamburg and New York, was rocking across the waters of the Atlantic ocean.

It was on the fourth day of the voyage. Two days ago it had passed beyond the view of Ireland's green borders, and now found itself on high sea. From the deck nothing was visible, so far as the view extended, save the even desert of green and gray, furrowed and streaked in all directions, moving slowly and incessantly, here and there with patches of foam; farther away becoming darker and more and more shrouded, and finally merging into the cloudy horizon.

Here and there these bright masses of clouds were reflected in the surface of the water, and from this pearly foundation the ship's dark body rose majestically. This massive-looking hull, facing toward the west, would ascend one wave, climbing swiftly upward, whereupon it plunged into the depths beyond, as if rushing away, never again to be seen. Now entirely invisible, now riding high upon the back of the foamy waves—now carried so far into the air that one might almost see the whole of its bottom, it was speeding onward, safely and steadily. One wave after another rose up against it: the ship cut into them, drove them aside, one by one, and pursued its steady course. And in its trail was a long furrow of foam not unlike a gigantic serpent. Over and about the stern followed a flock of gulls.

A favorable wind was blowing; the ship

went half speed, and the sails were set. The weather seemed to grow better and better. Here and there the mass of black clouds was shattered, admitting to view a scrap of the blue sky, which continually changed its shape. Since "Blucher" left the harbor at Hamburg there had been a constant wind blowing, yet without any approach of stormy weather. The westerly breeze would occasionally subside; then the sails collapsed with a soaring noise, and soon afterward the wind filled them anew, causing them to expand as before. The sailors, in their close-fitting wool garments, pulled a rope somewhere about the main mast, accompanying each strained movement with a moaning "Ho—ho—o," and raising or lowering their bodies in time to the cry, which mingled with the sound of the officers' whistle and the feverish breathing of the smokestack with

its successive black clouds and light rings of smoke.

The passengers, taking advantage of the favorable weather, had come out on the deck. At the stern of the steamer the elegant cloaks and overcoats of the first-class passengers were in evidence. Toward the bows there was a motley crowd of emigrants that commanded only the accommodations of the steerage. Some had seated themselves on benches, smoking their short-stemmed pipes; others stretched themselves at full length, and still others stood by the gunnel looking down into the water's depths.

There were several women with children on their arms and divers tin utensils fastened at their waists. Young men walked cautiously and with some difficulty up and down, singing, "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?"—thinking, probably, that they would never

again see this fatherland, which idea added nothing, indeed, to their cheerfulness.

Among this crowd were two persons who kept themselves somewhat apart from the common jovial intercourse. It was an old man and his daughter. Neither had learned to master the German tongue, so they were really quite alone among strangers. At first glance they were seen to be strangers.

The man's name was Lorenz Toporek; Marys, that of the girl, his daughter. They had ventured out upon the deck the first time a few moments ago, and their faces bore an expression of surprise and awe. They viewed their fellow passengers, the sailors, the steamer, the powerful, imposing smokestack, and the threatening waves, which threw their foam out over the ship,—they viewed all this with apprehension, scarcely daring to speak to each other. Lorenz held the railing with

*Tr. from the German?*

one hand and his square cap with the other, in order to prevent the wind from carrying away this necessary garment. The girl kept close to her father; at each movement of the ship she would cling to him, scarcely able to suppress the ejaculation of terror that rose to her lips. After some time the old man broke the silence:

“Marys.”

“What is it, father?”

“Do you see?”

“I do.”

“Do you wonder?”

“I do.”

Fear was, however, far stronger than wonder, in the girl's mind. Old Lorenz, himself, was similarly affected. Happily for them the violence of the sea had now somewhat subsided; the velocity of the wind decreased, and the sunshine broke through the clouds. On

seeing the "dear sun" they again were relieved; it was the same as had always shone over Lipince. But here everything bore new and strange traits; only the bright, beaming dial of the sun appeared to have remained their friend and protector.

The sea, in the meantime, became more and more even on the surface; the sails hung down loose, and from the high bridge sounded the captain's command, whereat the sailors hastened to take them in. The sight of these men, who seemed almost to float in the air high above the ocean's waters, filled anew the hearts of the two spectators with fear.

"Our boys would not be able to do that," said the old man.

"Why," returned Marys, "if the Germans can climb as high as up there, then Jasko—he would not remain below."

"Which Jasko? Sobek?"

“Sobek!—no, I speak of Smolak, the groom.”

“He is an able boy, but you must think no more of him. He is not fitted for you, nor you for him. Over in the new country something else will be in store for you. He is but a groom, and will remain such all his life.”

“But he possesses a——”

“Whatever he possesses, it is located in Lipince.”

Marys made no reply, but merely thought that no one evades fate. She sighed with a great longing. By this time all the sail had been taken in, and the propellers commenced pulsating so vigorously that the whole frame of the ship vibrated. The rocking, however, ceased almost entirely, and far away the water's surface appeared quite even and smooth. One new figure after another appeared on the deck: Workmen, German peasants, vaga-

*cf. the description of a ship at sea*

bonds that sought adventure instead of work in the new world. The deck became filled far beyond its capacity with crowds of people from below, so the two, fearful of being in any one's way, retreated to an obscure corner and seated themselves upon a coil of cord.

"Father," said the young girl, "how long are we yet to remain on the water?"

"Do I know? No Christian soul can answer such a question as that."

"How shall we make ourselves understood in America?"

"Have I not told you that we should find very large numbers of our own countrymen there?"

"Little father!"

"What is it?"

"It is true that here is much to wonder about, but it was far better in Lipince."

“Do not utter such sinful words,” retorted the old man. But in another moment he added, in an undertone:

“God’s will be done!”

Tears were rising in the girl’s eyes, and both she and her father thought of home. Lorenz Toporek considered the reason why he emigrated to America, and how it all had come. How it all had come? Well, half-a-year ago—it was in the summer-time—some one had discovered his cow browsing about another man’s meadow. The owner of this pasture demanded the sum of three ruble for damage sustained, which amount Lorenz declined to pay. They took the matter into the courts, and the decision was retarded. Now the man who claimed damage demanded not only the aforesaid sum of money, but also a reimbursement of the expense incurred in the keeping and feeding of the cow, so the total

grew continually larger. Lorenz stolidly refused to pay; the case was dragged from one court into another, until finally the decision went against Lorenz. The cow had by this time caused him considerable expense, and inasmuch as he was without means the creditor seized upon his horse, while the debtor himself must suffer imprisonment for contempt of court. Lorenz objected to this treatment with might and main; harvest drew near; his hands as well as his horse were indispensable to the work required for the maintenance of his farm. In spite of all his efforts his grain could not, however, be stored in due time, but remained in the fields where, owing to the advent of the wet season, it sprouted and was all spoiled. Now he stopped to consider that owing to that paltry affair of the meadow a great deal of money, some of his machinery and all of the year's crop had been lost, conse-

quently all that was left for the subsistence of himself and his child during the remainder of the year was only such Groschen as might be begged of the neighbors.

As he had been heretofore a farmer of some means, whose affairs were above reproach, his anger and pain led him to drown his sorrows in strong drink. At the public-house he now became acquainted with some Germans that traveled over the country, ostensibly for the purpose of buying up hemp, but really acting as emigrant agents. One of them told the most wonderful stories of America. He promised to every one more free land than was possessed by the entire town of Lipince, and, in addition, woods and meadow-land,—until the peasants' hearts beat with joyful anticipation and desire. Our friend had some doubts in his mind, but the Jewish administrator of a neighboring estate corroborated

the statements made by the German, asserting that over yonder the government donated to each man as much land as he chose to care for. This the Jew had learned from his son-in-law. The German displayed sundry sums of money, the like of which had not been seen for a considerable length of time by either the peasant or the owner of larger estates. And the peasant was tempted so often that he at length succumbed. Why, really, should he remain where he was? He had lost, in fact, through the lawsuit so much money that it would have been sufficient for the keeping of a servant. Would it be better to wait until everything was lost and he might take his stand by the church-door, a stick in his hand, singing old, popular songs to win a penny from the listeners? No, that would lead to nothing! So he shook hands with the German; toward fall his entire property was sold; he brought

his daughter away and went with her to America.

Yet the voyage was by no means such an easy matter as he imagined. In Hamburg he was required to pay a very large sum of money. On the ship they both shared the cabin assigned to them with a good many others. The rocking of the vessel and the endlessness of the ocean inspired them with horror. They possessed no power of making themselves understood; they were treated like lifeless things; like stones in every one's way they were pushed from one side to another—a source of mockery to their fellow-passengers. At noon, when all gathered about the cook, with plates and buckets in their hands, they were thrust back among the last ones, so that occasionally their hunger was not at all stilled. How miserable, how lonely and strange-like they felt on board this ship. Save God they

had no protector. Toward his daughter the old man assumed the rôle of one that has no fear; he wondered at everything and turned the girl's attention to everything strange and remarkable, yet without trusting to the genuineness of anything. He often feared that "the heathens," as he termed the other passengers, might throw himself and his child into the water; that they would be forced to accept some new religion, or that somebody would induce them to sign some document or other, perhaps even a bond of some kind.

And this ship, which sped across the endless surface of the ocean day and night,—it shook and moaned, like a monster breathing, until the waters foamed about its sides and threw out fiery sparks into all directions,—even that appeared to the old peasant a suspicious, indomitable source of power. His heart was full of childish fears, though he

did his best to conceal them from his daughter.

Was, however, this Polish peasant, who skipped out of his old nest,—was he not like a defenseless child, always dependent upon the grace of God? Besides, it seemed impossible that all the new things by which he was surrounded could be assigned to their proper place in his head, and so we must not wonder that he, while sitting on the coil of rope, bent his poor head under the burden of care and uncertainty. The cool breeze that waved across the ocean whispered into his ear: “Lipince,—Lipince!” The sun seemed to call to him: “How do you do, Lorenz, old friend! I just passed over Lipince;”—but the screw hurled away the water incessantly; the smokestack kept on puffing and puffing. Both appeared to him evil spirits that crushed him further and further out into destruction.

*cf. Konopnicka's Pan Balcer w Brazylii*

The girl, whose attention had for a while been arrested by the flock of gulls which followed in the foamy trail of the ship, was occupied by a different line of thought. She recalled to herself those autumn evenings in Lipince, when, at a late hour, she had gone down to the well with her bucket. The stars twinkled from the sky far above; the air was clear and calm. She let down her bucket and pulled it up again, humming some old tune,—she felt as mild and great a longing as that of the swallow which prepares itself for a flight into a strange land.— — Then, suddenly from out of the stillness of the forest there came a sound, a long tone—the sign which tells her that Jasko had observed the movement of the well-sweep. Nor does a long time pass before he comes driving up, jumps from the wagon, shakes his flax-like hair, and—and never will she forget the words that

passed from his lips then and there. She closed her eyes and thought she heard anew the voice that trembled in her ear:

“If your father persists in his unreasonable determination, well and good;—I give up my place, dispose of my hut and what else belongs to me, and follow you. Marys, my own,” said he, “then I, too, shall fly away on the wing of the wind, swim through the ocean, seek you in the wilderness,—my beloved,—and find you! Where you go I must follow; whatever you suffer, I, too, must go through. We are united in life and death. And as I have made you this promise over the water of this well, I ask that God forsake me if I ever leave you,—Marys, my own!”

Recalling to her mind these words the girl saw before her the well, the ruddy-looking dial of the moon, which rose behind the forest, and her Jasko, who stood before her, live and

strong. These thoughts were a source of much consolation to her troubled heart. Jasko was a determined young fellow, and she never doubted that he would do as he told her then and there. Ah, how she wished he was already with her, and that he and she could listen together to the roar of the sea. On his account she had no fear whatever; he feared nobody, and was able to take care of himself anywhere.

She wondered what he might be doing now, when the first snow had likely fallen at Lipince. Had he gone to the woods with his axe, felling trees? Was he tending his horses, or had they sent him out with the sleigh on some errand? Where might her lover now be? Before her vision arose a picture of her native town, as it lay there, the snow covering the frozen roads;—the ruddy tinge of the sunset covering the dark branches of the leafless

trees;—the flocks of crows and jackdaws that went quacking from the forest down over the village; the bands of smoke which rose from the chimneys toward the sky, as straight as candles; the crust of ice around the edge of the well,—— —— and over there, in the background, the woods bathed in the reddish glare of the setting sun.

Ah, and where was she herself? Where had her father's will brought her? As far as one can see there is water, water, nothing but greenish, foamy furrows, and on this immeasurable ocean nothing was visible save this ship, which seemed like a stray bird. Above her the sky, below, the infinite desert of water, the rush of the waves,—about her the wind howling,— — — and there, the stem of the ship pointing toward the promised land.

Poor Jasko, will you be able to find her over there? Will the breeze and the waves carry

you to her? Do you think of her in Lipince?

Slowly the sun sinks down in the west and disappears in the ocean. Over the furrowy waves rests a broad, sparkling band, which shines with a golden, glittering light, rising and falling, until at length it disappears far, far away. The ship, continuing its course along a golden stream, now appears to speed directly toward the sinking sun. The mighty bands of smoke assume a ruddy tinge, likewise the sail and the ropes. Now the seamen begin to sing, whilst the orb in the sky grows larger and larger. Soon there is but one-half of it above the water, then the rays alone are visible, whereupon the whole of the western sky assumes a fiery glow. The sky, the air and the water form one great mass of light, which finally fades out by degrees. The rush of the water is more subdued; milder than be-

fore, as if the waves now say their evening prayers.

In such moments the soul of man seems endowed with wings; all that it loves is folded more warmly in its embrace; it soars toward everything for which it is longing. Lorenz and Marys both felt that the wind was now carrying them to a foreign place, and that the tree from which they originated had no roots in the soil they now approached. Their own roots still remained in the place from which they had departed. Polish soil, fruitful, with flowery, moist, glistening meadows, where storks would stalk about—the white mansions amidst blooming linden-trees;—swallows sailing about the straw-covered huts;—numerous representations of the Crucifixion, where one would pull off his cap, saying: “Praise unto Jesus Christ,” eventually receiving the rejoinder, “In eternity, amen;”—Poland, our be-

loved mother, dear to us above anything else in the world! What the simple minds of the two peasants had not before dreamed of, was now before them. Lorenz pulled off his cap; the fading sunlight touched his grayish hair. His thoughts came and passed, but with great difficulty, as it was not clear to him how the things that weighed upon his mind could be made clear to the child.

At length he began:

“Marys, it seems to me that something has been left behind over beyond the sea.”

“Happiness has remained behind, and so has love,” returned the girl, in a subdued tone, raising her eyes like in prayer.

In the meantime darkness set in, and the travelers gradually retired from the deck. There was an uncommon stir all about the ship, however. A beautiful sunset is scarcely ever followed by a peaceful, quiet

night, so the officers' whistles sounded everywhere, and the sailors manoeuvred about, pulling the ropes. The last purple-colored rays had scarcely been drowned in the sea, when a dense fog arose, as it seemed, out of the water, and the stars, hitherto scarcely visible, disappeared from view. The fog, growing denser and denser, shrouded the entire structure of the ship. Only the main mast and the smokestack were yet protruding, but the figures of the sailors appeared like dark shades. In the course of one hour everything was wrapped in a cloak of misty white, even the lighted lantern that had been fastened to the end of the main mast, and the sparks which came soaring out of the smokestack.

All rocking on the part of the ship had ceased, and one felt as if the weight of the fog had even paralyzed the force of the waves.

Night came,—a dark, dull night. Suddenly

there sounded through the deep quiet of the darkness a singular roar, emanating, as it seemed, from the remotest line of the horizon. It made the impression of a giant's breath, approaching nearer and nearer. Sometime one thought he heard voices calling from out of the darkness; then there was a tempest of sad, moaning cries,—a powerful rush of voices soaring toward the ship from out of infinitude beyond.

Some sailors, on hearing these sounds, expressed themselves to the effect that now the storm fetched the winds out of hell.

The signs of perturbances became more and more plain. The captain, wrapped in a rubber cloak and cap, mounted the steps of the highest bridge, while one of the officers took up his position next to the compass, which was illumined with a strong light. There were no more travelers on deck; Lorenz and his

daughter had retired to their places down in the steerage. The lamps, fastened to the ceiling of the low arch which overhung the space, lighted but faintly the group of emigrants. Quiet reigned among these people, who had seated themselves on their berches along the walls. The space was large and somber, as is always the case with the portions of the lower decks allotted to travelers of scant means. The berths, which ran along the side of the ship, seemed like dark caves rather than sleeping places, and the whole bore a disagreeable resemblance to a vaulted cellar. The air was saturated with a smell of tarred canvas, hemp ropes and perpetual moisture. How far apart from here the gorgeous salons of the First Cabin seemed. Even a brief sojourn in these miserable steerage-cabins poisons the lungs with impure air, blanches the cheeks and gives frequently rise to scurvy. Lorenz and his

daughter were but four days on the water, but anyone that had previously known the rosy-cheeked, blooming village child would scarcely have recognized her in this dejected-looking maiden.

Even old Lorenz had become yellow and shrivelled-looking, as they had not until this day ventured out upon the deck. They thought it was forbidden! Scarcely daring to stir, they also hesitated about leaving alone their hand-baggage. And not only they, but most of the other passengers kept close to their belongings. The steerage was fairly blocked with all kinds of emigrants' bundles, and the general disorder prevailing did much to intensify the dismal aspect of the place. Bedclothes, garments, articles of food and kitchen utensils lay scattered all over the floor. Among the packages and bundles the emigrants rested in different attitudes, the ma-

majority being Germans. Some chewed tobacco, others smoked; dense clouds of smoke clogged the narrow space and dimmed the faint glare of the lamps. There were some children sitting in different corners, but their merry romps had ceased, as the fog had filled everyone with evil forebodings, fear and unrest. The more experienced persons among the emigrants knew that a storm was coming, yet every one felt that danger, perhaps even death, was ahead. Only Lorenz and Marys realized nothing save the ominous noise that was heard from overhead, whenever anybody pushed his way into the cabin-room.

Both were sitting in the narrowest nook, nearest to the keel, where the rocking was felt more intensely than in other parts of the ship. They had been pushed down here by their fellow-passengers. The old man had just begun to refresh himself with a piece of home-made

bread, while Marys, tired of being idle, plaited her hair for the night.

Little by little the general silence roused their attention and wonder.

“Why are the Germans so quiet to-day?” asked she.

“How can I know!” replied Lorenz, as usual. “Probably they celebrate some holiday, or maybe something else—”

Suddenly a powerful shock passed through the whole structure of the ship. It almost seemed to collapse and sink; the tin utensils clashed together; the lamps flickered up as if trying to catch breath, and several voices cried out:

“What does this mean?—what has happened?”

Nobody answered. Another shock, more powerful than the first, now passed from one part of the steamer to another. The fore

part rose high into the air and in the next moment fell back into its former position, while a wave came rolling up against the bull's eye.

"A storm is coming!" whispered Marys, quite frightened.

In the meantime the wind soared about the ship, like the storm sweeping down among the trees in the forest. There was a sound which seemed like the sighing and moaning of thousands. The gale occasionally swept against the ship, forced it down to one side, turned it around and lifted it high up, as if preparing to precipitate it among the depths beyond. It creaked in every corner; all loose articles were thrown down upon the deck. Several persons tumbled down from their berths, tearing with them the beddings and clothes, and the glassware rattled dismally.

Again a deep soaring; the rush and wash of

the waves, as they overflowed the upper deck, the quivering of the vessel; shrieking women, yelling children; people hunting together their property; and amidst this chaotic condition of things the penetrating shrill of the officers' whistles, or the heavy footsteps of the sailors upon the upper and lower decks.

"Holy Virgin of Czestochau!" whispered Marys.

Now the fore part of the ship, where father and daughter were sitting, rose and fell with appalling swiftness. Although they clung in agony to their berths, the movement was forcible enough to throw them with some force against the wall. From moment to moment the noise of the waves increased, and the decks creaked so intensely that those underneath expected a collapse of the ceiling any minute.

"Hold on, Marys!" cried Lorenz, hoping to be heard above the noise of the wind, but very

soon fear lamed his tongue as well as that of the others. Within the cabin everything was oppressively quiet; everyone clung to this or that thing, caught in the frenzy of the moment, holding his breath.

The fury of the storm constantly increased; all Nature's elements appeared to be set free. Darkness deepened the fog all about. Sky and water plunged into each other; the wind carried the foam in everywhere. The waves, like heavy artillery, beat upon the steamer, turned it right and left, up and down. Now and then a foaming mountain of water would rush past and across the ship, inundating everything in its course.

Little by little the oil in the steerage lamps was consumed, and at length the light dwindled down, whereupon darkness prevailed all around. Marys and Lorenz felt as if the eternal night of death had descended upon them.

“Marys,” commenced the peasant, catching his breath, “Marys, forgive me that I brought you away into destruction. Our last hour has come. Our sinful eyes shall no more look out upon the world. Without a last confession, without the extreme unction, we, miserable as we are, must face eternity. We are deprived even of a resting place in the earth’s soil, and must be content with a grave in the sea.”

Marys, hearing him speak thus, knew there was no hope for them. Through her mind many thoughts were passing now, but amidst it all her soul cried out in agony:

“Jasko, Jasko, my beloved, can you hear me in far-away Lipince?”

A terrible pain pressed her heart together within her, and it commenced beating hard. Amidst the occasional lull, when the quiet of the cabin was left, one might hear the girl’s

loud sobbing. From one of the corners a voice broke out: "Be still!" but was mute again, as though the person was scared at his own outcry. One of the lamp glasses fell down and was shattered. The passengers now crowded together in a corner, in order that they might at least be nearer to one another. A hush, full of anxiety, prevailed in the crowd, when amidst deep silence the voice of the peasant rang out:

"Kyrie Eleison!"

"Christus Eleison!" returned Marys.

"May Christ hear us!"

"Almighty, heavenly Father, have mercy upon us!"

Both repeated the conventional prayers. The old man's voice, filling the silent space, and the maiden's supplications, often stifled by sobs, lent a singular solemnity to the scene. Some of the emigrants uncovered their heads.

Little by little the girl regained her composure; the voices became more and more steady, and from without the wind continued to render its dull, monotonous accompaniment.

Suddenly those nearest to the entrance raised their voices to a loud cry. A wave of unusual size had forced its way through the upper door and rolled down over the staircase through the steerage. There was a splashing of water in all corners; the women cried out in agony and retreated hastily to their berths. Everyone thought his last hour had arrived.

A moment afterward one of the officers, excited and wet from head to foot, opened the door and entered, carrying in his hand a lantern. In a few words he reassured the women and stated that the water had come in only by accident. As the ship sailed in the open sea, there was no great danger.

Nearly two hours had passed. The storm

was yet increasing in violence; the ship broke away at a fearful speed, creaking throughout its structure, tumbled from side to side, but without sinking. By and by the people were appeased; many of them even sought their berths. In the course of the next few hours one ray of light after another forced its way through the bull's eyes, shattering darkness within and filling the cabin with the gray haze of the dawning day. Light fell upon the waters all about,—the pale, dazed light of a stormy day, yet it brought to the exhausted passengers fresh courage and hope. Lorenz and Marys, having said all the prayers they knew by heart, slipped into their berths and fell asleep in an instant.

The bell, calling out for breakfast, roused them, but they could eat nothing. Their heads were as heavy as if they carried therein a burden of lead. The old man felt considerably

more exhausted than the girl; his dull senses were scarcely able to comprehend anything that passed about him. The German who had persuaded him to emigrate to America had told him it was necessary to cross the water, but never had he supposed this sheet of water to be so large; never had he thought that the voyage would extend over so many days and nights. It was true enough, as he had surmised, that a ship of some kind must carry him across,—he had crossed rivers and lakes a good many times in his lifetime,—yet in case it would have been explained to him how great the ocean really was, he would certainly have remained in Lipince. And besides, another thought troubled him. Had he not really reduced his own soul and that of his child to destruction and doom? Did he, a good Christian,—did he not, in taking leave of Lipince, commit a great sin and plunge into

a labyrinth through which he and his child must move for five days and more, ere they could reach the opposite shore, if such a shore there really was?

His fears and doubts were destined, however, to last more than seven days. The storm continued for about two days, then the weather once more became quiet. So they once more took courage enough to walk out upon the deck, but the sight of the immense force of the restless ocean,—these gigantic mountains of water, which rolled past the ship, across, made them reflect once more upon the question if anyone except God,—if anything short of Divine power,—if any plan of human origin could carry them over to the safe coast beyond.

At length the sky grew perfectly clear and serene. One day passed like another, and from the steamer one saw as before nothing

but the endless sheet of water, now shining with a silvery splendor, now wrapped in a greenish hue, and far, far away the union of sea and sky. Bright clouds rose here and there against the blue above; toward evening they would assume a rosy tone, which faded out when the sun went down far away in the west.

The ship rapidly pursued its way in the same direction as before. Lorenz thought the ocean would never end. At length he gathered up courage enough to inquire of someone. So one day he pulled off his square-cut cap, bowed obediently to one of the sailors who passed by, and asked the following question:

“Gnädiger Herr, will this voyage last long?”

And to his great wonder the sailor not only refrained from laughing outright, but even condescended to stand still and listen. The

muscles in his rough, weather-beaten face twitched like in a great effort, or as if he labored with remembrances that refused to take shape at once. After a while he opened his mouth and spoke:

“What?”

“Will it take us long time to reach firm soil, gnädiger Herr?”

“Two days, two days,” returned the sailor in a weary tone, but using the peasant’s mother tongue. To make it perfectly intelligible he stretched out two fingers.

“I thank you humbly.”

“Where did you come from?”

“From Lipince.”

“And what is Lipince?”

Marys, who had come forward during this discourse, flushed over and over, but, lifting her eyes to the sailor’s stoical face, answered

in that high-pitched tone usually found among peasant girls:

“We came from the province of Posen, gnädiger Herr.”

The man stared thoughtfully at the brass clamps by which the boards of the deck were held together, whereupon he allowed his glance to pass over the girl's flaxy hair. A slight shadow of something like an emotion passed over his hardened features. Then he continued, by way of explanation:

“I once lived in Danzig, therefore I understand the Polish language. My name is Kaszuba, and some time long ago I was your countryman. Now I am a German.”

Having said this he once more took hold of the rope at which he had been pulling, turned away and pulled the line, calling out his “ho—o—o,” after the fashion of seamen.

Whenever Lorenz and Marys afterward

appeared on deck, he would give the girl a kind glance and a smile as soon as he caught sight of her. So the two forsaken ones had at least one living soul on the large emigrant steamer who wished them well. Still, the voyage would soon be ended. When, in the morning of the second day following, they came out on the deck, a singular object arrested their attention. They saw at a distance a dark object which floated on the water and was moved back and forth by its movements. Approaching they observed that it was a large, red tun, with which the waves played continuously. Far away there appeared another and yet another. Both air and water seemed shrouded in a fog, fine and mild. The ocean's surface scarcely stirred, and the farther the view extended the more tuns were visible, rocking on the sea. Great flocks of white birds with black wings circled around the ship

and followed it like dense clouds, screaming and piping. An unusual bustle reigned on the deck. The sailors had donned new clothes; some polished the brass ornaments here and there, others were busy in the rigging. A flag was hoisted in one of the masts, and another larger one paraded in the stern.

All the travelers looked glad and fresh. Some emigrants were busy among their hand-baggage, gathering together their belongings and lacing them into bundles in the most convenient manner.

Marys, noticing this, said to her father:

“It seems, in spite of everything, that we are approaching land.”

A new, invigorating feeling came over both persons. On the eastern sky rose the island of Sandy Hook, and soon afterward came into view another island, crowned with a huge building. Far away the misty atmosphere

seemed to become concentrated in a dense haze, which assumed the shape of distant, indistinct stripes extending across the water's surface. The passengers grew more and more interested; all hands pointed toward these objects; the steamer sounded its powerful whistle with a penetrating, shrill cry, as if it, too, was anxious to give vent to its joy.

"What is that?" inquired Lorenz.

"New York," replied Kaszuba, who was standing at his side.

The foggy outlines now successively retreated and became effaced, and the steamer, as it progressed farther and farther, brought into view the contours of houses, roofs and chimneys. Pointed spires rose more and more plainly and the outlines of towers and high factory smokestacks, surrounded by dense clouds of smoke, became visible everywhere. About the feet of the city clustered a forest of

ships' masts with flags in different patterns and shades, which fluttered in the breeze. Closer and closer the steamer approached; more and more plainly did the beautiful city shoot up, as it were, from the bottom of the sea. Now old Lorenz was conscious of a great joy and a great surprise. He put off his cap, opened his mouth and stared at the revelation in speechless amazement. Then he turned toward the girl, saying:

“Marys!”

“Father, for heaven’s sake, what may this be?”

“Do you see it all?”

“I do.”

“And do you wonder?”

“I do wonder.”

Lorenz, however, did not only wonder; he was full of avidity. As he recognized the firm lines of the shore along the city’s edge, the

parks and open squares, he poured out his heart:

“Now then, God be praised if they will give me some land and a homestead near the city, —the right place would be close to the meadows yonder. At fair-time there would be splendid opportunities for bringing in your cow and your hog and selling them at good figures. Here are people, it seems, as numerous as the sands on the ocean’s shore. I, from being a mere peasant in Poland, shall become a real gentleman here.”

As they passed by a park, Lorenz, looking at the select groups of trees, continued, enthusiastically:

“I shall go before the most gracious, the commissioner, and address him in the very choicest language I know, and ask him give me two acres of this beautiful forest. If we shall build a homestead it must be one worth

looking at. We'll clear out some of the trees and let our hired man go to town with the wood. It will be sold easily enough. The Lord Almighty be praised, I see that the German has not taken advantage of me."

Even to the girl the view of a life in wealth now became quite pleasant, yet she did not know why at that moment she found herself thinking of the little song with which a bride always receives her husband, at Lipince:

Who mayest thou be,  
What sort of man?  
All thou possesseth is  
A cap and a caftan.

Was she to sing that hymn to her Jasko, when he would come and find her the heiress of a large estate?

In the meantime a boat from the quarantine office came up to the steamer. Several men came aboard, and there was much talking and considerable bustle. In a little while

another boat hove to, carrying with it a swarm of hotel agents, money-changers, guides and railroad agents. All these persons yelled on top of their voices, ran about the deck, pushed aside one another and went over the ship, from one cabin to another, in a mad career. Lorenz and Marys felt as if they had suddenly been transferred into a bee-hive and knew not where to stir.

Kaszuba advised the old peasant to have his money exchanged for American coin: He would see that no one took advantage. So he did it. For what he possessed Lorenz received forty-seven dollars in silver. By this time the steamer had, however, approached quite close to the city, and both houses and men became plainly visible on shore. A number of larger and smaller vessels passed the ship, which finally touched its wharf and glided into its narrow dock.

The voyage was ended.

Men, women and children went down the gang-board, like bees crowding out of a hive. Over the narrow bridge which connected the ship with the dock, came down the motley swarm of passengers. First those from the first cabin, then those from the second, and at last came the steerage passengers with their bundles. Lorenz and Marys, having been pushed hither and thither for a while, finally succeeded in finding the sailor, Kaszuba. He pressed the old man's hand warmly, and said:

"Brother, I wish you success, and the girl there too. God help and guide you."

"May God reward you," said both, but there was no time for a prolonged leave-taking. People were yet crowding down over the gangway, and soon the custom house officials claimed their entire attention.

An officer with a shining star on his coat directed the movements of our friends; their bundles were examined, an "all right" was pronounced, and they were directed toward the gate. Passing through this, they found themselves in a street.

"Father, dear, what are we now to do?" inquired Marys.

"We must wait. The German said that as soon as we landed the government commissioners would come and inquire for us."

So they kept standing against a wall close to the gate, waiting for the commissioners to put in an appearance, surrounded by the bustle and noise of the immense city. Never had they seen anything like this. Straight and endless the street extended before them, and everywhere surged a crowd of busy persons. Carriages, vans and street cars chased up and down in endless course. Everywhere sounded

the singular strains of a foreign language; workmen, salesmen and by-passers cried out in different tones. Once in a while a person with curly hair and a face as black as pitch strolled past. At the sight of them the peasant and his child would cross themselves devoutly. How singular appeared to them this noisy city, where locomotives whistled, wagons rattled and people yelled all at once. All walked so fast, and seemed to chase one another, or to be chased by some one;—and then, what a diversity of men! What singular faces,—some black, some olive, some red. Around them, too, the bustle was general. Vessels were loaded and unloaded; wagons drove up, while others departed; trundle-cars rolled up and down. Everywhere a surge and a noise, as if everything, and everyone, aimed to turn upside down, or stand on the head.

One hour passed after another, and they

were yet standing there, waiting for the commissioners.

A queer sight it was, these two Polish emigrants, in their national garb, amidst these surroundings. Yet the by-passers scarcely looked at them, but seemed to view their presence as well as their appearance as a matter of fact.

Another hour passed; the sky was cloudy; it rained at intervals, then snowed, and across the water blew a cool, moist, penetrating breeze.

But they remained where they were, waiting for the commissioners. The peasant is naturally of a patient disposition, yet as time passed the hearts of the two grew heavy.

On the ship they had been lonely; here, among strangers, their loneliness was intensified by fear. Like children who have lost their way, they prayed that God would guide

them happily across the vast sea. They were certain that if they had once reached the other shore, fate would favor their every step. Now they had reached their destination, this immense city; they once more felt the firm soil beneath them; but amidst this noisy crowd of entire strangers they were more lonely and more helpless than on the steamer.

Yet the commissioners had not arrived. What should they do if they did not come at all,—if the German had deceived them?

Their poor peasants' hearts shuddered at this thought. What could they do;—would they not die miserably?

“Are you cold, Marys?” asked Lorenz.

“Very cold, father,” answered the girl.

Their clothes were drained by the moisture, and the icy wind penetrated into their very nerve and bone. ma

Another hour had passed; twilight began to

set in; there was less life and stir displayed about the harbor. Lanterns were lighted. Soon the whole city lay bathed in a sea of light. The workmen from the docks came out on the street and walked toward the city, one by one or in groups, some humming a popular song. By degrees everything assumed a quiet, subdued tone; the docks were closed, and so was the custom house.

But they held their place yet, waiting for the government commissioners.

At length night came. A hush fell over everything far and near. Only from time to time the smokestack of the steamers would sputter forth a fiery spark, which flew about, its glare becoming gradually fainter and fainter, until it extinguished. Or a single wave would fling itself against one of the quays. Here and there sounded a tune sung by some sailor who returned to his ship in a pleasant

frame of mind. The street lanterns grew dim in the dark, dense fog;—but the two remained where they were, waiting patiently.

But even if they had not determined to wait, where should they go; to which direction should they turn, and where should they lay their weary heads to rest? The cold grew more and more intense, and they were hungry. Even if they had some shelter, however, their clothes were soaked through.

Ah, the commissioners have not arrived, nor will they arrive, for they do not exist. The German was an agent for one of the steamship companies and counted his percentage by heads. He had no further interest in their welfare.

Lorenz felt the earth totter beneath his feet; it seemed as if a fearful burden weighed upon him, pressing him down;—as if God's judgment hung over his head. He waited

and listened, as only peasants can wait and listen. The voice of the girl, whose teeth were chattering with cold, finally roused him from his stupor.

“Father!”

“Quiet. Nobody pities us.”

“Father, let us return to Lipince!”

“Can we go through the water, girl?”

“Lord, our heavenly Father!” whispered the girl.

“My unfortunate child!” cried he. “If God would at least take pity on you.”

But she listened no more to him. She leaned her head against the wall and closed her eyes. A heavy sleep, interrupted by spells of fever, overpowered her, and amidst the desolate surroundings she dreamed of her old home and heard the voice of the one she loved.

Dawn came, and looked through a gray fog

down upon the two figures which lay close to the wall, pale, their limbs drawn together by the cold, in a death-like stupor. Yet their cup of suffering was not yet full.

## CHAPTER II.

Passing through the city of New York from Broadway to Chatham Square one is obliged to walk through a number of narrow streets, which form a sad-looking, poverty-stricken quarter of the city. The streets seem to grow narrower and narrower. The houses, which may yet belong to those originally built by the Dutch colonists, are badly broken and half collapsed, with damaged roofs and marred walls. The windows in the first stories are scarcely above the paving. Instead of the straight-lined thoroughfares, which otherwise are a constant feature of every American city, everything here is curved and angular, and the imperfect roofs almost appear ready to fall down over one another.

The low level on which this part of the city it situated is responsible for the failure of the pools to dry, and the densely crowded structures seem to lie in the midst of a pond which never dries out, but in the muddy mirror of which the dilapidated houses look down upon their own ruin. These pools, as well as the streets in general, are filled with any kind of refuse, which heightens the impression of abuse and misery everywhere prevailing.

In this part of the city are to be found certain institutions called "boarding houses," which offer all kinds of accommodations for a consideration of two dollars per week. Here we find the drinking houses—barrooms—where the whalers hire their crews of bandits for their ships. Fraudulent agents from Brazil, Venezuela and Ecuador seek these places to catch hold of colonists that afterward fall victims to deadly fevers in strange countries;

here may be found the cheap restaurants, which feed people on salt meat, half-spoiled fish. Here is an abundance of Chinese laundries, gambling dens, sailors' "homes,"—and, finally, robbers' dens and meeting places, resorts of vice, misery, and where hunger is as frequent as tears are scarce.

Yet this part of the city teems with life, for the large numbers of emigrants who cannot even afford the commodities of the resorts always surrounding the landing places, and whom employment agencies neither can nor will assist,—these are conspicuous here; here they assemble, find shelter, live and die. It may be truly said that if the emigrants represent the refuse of the nations, the refuse of the emigrants may be found in this quarter of the city of New York. These persons idle away their time partly because they find no occupation, partly for the reason that they have no

desire of work. In the dead of the night cries of help and hoarse yells of rage are often heard about these places, with songs from drunken Irishmen and yells from colored people, who knock one another over the head. At break of day one may see crowds upon crowds of vagabonds, in ragged clothes, pipe in mouth, watching with interest and satisfaction a fight between two of their like, setting bets on each smashed eye. White and black children, instead of being sent away to school, wade through the dirt all day and look among the litter for scraps of vegetables, oranges and bananas. Irish women who venture outside stretch out their hands when by chance a man in decent clothes happens to pass along these streets.

In such a place of human misery we again meet our friends Lorenz and Marys. Their hopes of coming into possession of landed

property had passed like a dream, and the terrible reality discloses them to us in a narrow room, with sunken walls and windows devoid of panes. Dirt and decay stare out of the moist walls, the entire furnishment of which consists in a cracked, rusty stove, a chair with three legs and a bundle of straw heaped up in a corner. This was all. Old Lorenz Toporek kneels down by the stove and searches in vain underneath and behind it for some eatable thing—a potato or the like. He has been searching the room for two days with the same result. Marys is sitting on the straw, both hands folded over her knees, looking hopelessly at the floor. The girl is sick, pale and thin. Her cheeks, formerly red and full, are now gray and emaciated; the whole countenance, as it were, had grown smaller. Her large, blue eyes had in them a look of preoccupation. How plainly was reflected in

this face the traces of insufficient nourishment, the moist dwelling, their whole deplorable condition. They ate nothing but potatoes, but even this food had been wanting for two days, so they scarcely knew what to do in order to uphold their lives. For over three months had they been dwelling in this miserable place; now their small store of money was gone. Lorenz had tried to find work, but no one was able to comprehend the meaning of his words. He tried to obtain a place as porter in the docks, but in the first place he had no wheelbarrow, and then the Irish "bosses" would strike him in his face. He went to dig in the docks, and once more the overseers struck him. What importance could otherwise be attached to a workman that did not even comprehend what was said to him? Wherever he reached out his hand, wherever he turned, he was met by ridicule, abused and

beaten. Thus it was impossible for him to do anything, to embrace such opportunities as there might be. Through sorrow and shame his hair became gray; there was no hope; his means were exhausted, and hunger stared them in the face.

In his native country he would have picked up a living, even if everything were lost, if sickness had exhausted his means, or he had been turned out of his own house. He could have stationed himself, as others had done, a stick in hand, by the crucifix at the public road or on the church steps, and prayed: "Heavenly Father, have mercy on my bloody tears." The magnate, passing by the road, would always open his hand, and his tender little wife would place her gift in the pink hand of her little son, who fixed his large, blue eyes on the beggar and gladly handed him all. Nor did

the farmer withhold his bread, and his wife would rather give a bacon-rind to one in need, than throw it away. Yes, in his native land he might have lived after the fashion of the birds that neither sow nor reap. And again, when he stood under the cross in the public road, Christ would guard him, he would remain beneath the sun of his old home and walk over the soil he knew best of all; surely, amidst these quiet, reposeful surroundings, God would hear his prayers.

Here, however, in this large city, there was a roaring in the air, like that of a powerful machinery. Everybody pushed on, without regard of the welfare of his brethren. One would grow faint at all this; one's arms would lose all their strength. The eyes could receive no clear impression of what was going on; one thought dispelled another. Everything presented itself in a strange, repulsive, foreign

and vain light. It seemed to Lorenz that everyone that was drawn into this bewildering tumult must surrender and be crushed.

Oh, what a difference between here and there. In quiet Lipince Lorenz had been a farmer, a possessor of landed property; he had his little circle of acquaintances and friends, enjoyed the respect of his fellow-citizens, was one of the assessors to the court, and had had enough to eat from day to day. Every Sunday he stepped out before the altar with his lighted candle;—here he was the least of all, less respected than a dog which runs into a stranger's yard, obedient, fearful, shaking with terror, half-starved. During the first days of their affliction remembrance often whispered to him: "You were happier in Lipince!" And conscience cried into his ear: "Lorenz, why did you leave your old home?"—Why? Because God had forsaken him.

Still, he must carry his cross and wait to see the end of his sufferings, realizing that every day that passed brought new suffering, and that each new sunset witnessed the nameless misery of himself and his child.

And what would happen next? Should he procure some rope, say his prayers and hang himself and his child? He would not flinch, if it were to be. He was not afraid of death,—but how would the girl take it? When pondering over these things he felt that God had indeed left him, and that His help and guidance could no longer be counted upon. Amidst the dark surrounding them on all sides there was not a single ray of light, and he was unable to name even the greatest pain he felt.

His greatest sorrow was, however really his longing for home. It pained him day and night,—pained him all the more, because he

could not explain to himself what it was. His simple mind was unable to fathom this feeling. He longed for the pine woods, the thatched huts, the green fields, the masters, peasants and priests,—all that was beneath the roof of the sky at home, to which his heart clung in love and sympathy. From these things he could emancipate himself only at the risk of bleeding to death. The peasant realized that something weighed heavily upon him; from time to time he was seized with an impulse to tear his hair out, to knock his head against the wall, to throw himself on the ground and yell like a dog in his chain; to cry out his misery before someone. Before whom? He did not know. He bent and staggered beneath this awful burden of unknown suffering. Around him the gigantic city keeps on roaring and boiling with nervous excitement; he throws himself panting and

weeping before the feet of Jesus Christ, yet without even once seeing His cross. No voice answers his call; the surrounding city remains unaffected, and there, on the straw, sits the girl, her eyes stolidly fixed on the floor, always hungry, but ever patient. How queer! He and she often sat for days in this room, without stirring, without uttering a word to each other. They lived like two persons that secretly hate each other. The hearts of both were heavy, almost too heavy for speaking. When one feels the misery of want he would rather not speak. And again, what would be a fitting subject of discussion? Better not touch those bloody wounds. Should one cry to the other that they had neither money nor food, and that there were no prospects in view for them?

No one would come to assist them. There were enough of their countrymen in New

York, but no one in good, or even in moderate circumstances, lives in the neighborhood of Chatham Square. A week after their arrival they became acquainted with two Polish families, one from Silesia, the other from Posen, but these, too, were facing starvation. The Silesians had lost two children, and the third one was sick, yet it slept every night with its parents under a bridge. They all fed upon such scraps as they might find in the streets. Later someone found them and had them brought to a hospital, where all trace of them was lost. The other family was in a much worse situation, for the man had fallen sick. Marys assisted his wife as long as she could endure the strain; now she, herself, needed some care.

They might have sought and obtained relief from the Polish congregation in Hoboken. The priest would have appealed to their

countrymen on their behalf, but what did they know, poor people, of the Polish congregation, unable, as they were, to explain to anyone what they wanted? Thus every cent they paid out of their scant fund was equivalent to a fresh step down into the abyss that threatened to swallow them up.

So he was now crouching before the stove, and she sat immovably on the straw. One hour passed after another; it grew darker and darker, although it was scarcely past noon time, but a misty fog pervaded the atmosphere among the dingy dwellings. Although the air was quite warm outside, both shuddered with cold.

Finally the old man abandoned his search.

"Marys," said he, "I cannot endure this longer, nor can you. I shall go down to the harbor and try to find some wood. Then, at

least, we shall not be cold. Perhaps I may also find something to eat.”

She made no reply, so he left the room. He had already succeeded in finding the way to the harbor and in hunting forth such old scraps of timber and empty boxes as the water would carry up to the shore. This was done by all that could afford no coal. In picking up these things Lorenz was often hurt, yet from time to time he succeeded in finding some eatable things, waste matter that had been thrown overboard from the ships. When walking about in this manner, seeking what he had not lost, there were certain moments when he forgot his need as well as the nameless pain and longing, which otherwise loomed up behind everything else.

He reached the water's edge, and as the afternoon had not progressed very far there were a number of people around the yards and

landing places. Some boys began calling, and even threw stones, sea shells and the like after him, yet he remained. There were many pieces of wood floating at the water's edge; one wave might wash them ashore, another would suck them back, but he picked up as much as he could carry.

A number of green fragments were tossed about by the water's movements. Lorenz wondered what they were, and if they might be suitable for eating. None were so near that he could reach them, but the boys fished for them with hooks and strings and pulled up one after another. He himself had no string, so he could do nothing but peer eagerly in the direction where they were. When finally the boys left the place, he fell upon the fragments they had left and devoured them eagerly, without thinking of the girl who waited for his return in the cold, bare room.

This time, however, fate rewarded his patient search. On returning home he saw a wagon heavily loaded with potatoes. It was evidently bound for the harbor. One of the hind wheels had rolled down into a hole and could not be lifted out. So Lorenz seized a pole and helped the driver in lifting the wagon. It was very heavy, and the old man's force became strained almost beyond endurance, but finally the horses made a powerful effort, and the wheels began to turn. On account of the height of the load a large number of potatoes dropped down in the dirt. The driver, however, paid no heed to this, but uttered a few words in appreciation of the help he had received, whereupon he lifted his whip over the horses and advised them to "get up."

Lorenz at once fell upon the potatoes. With shaking hands did he pick them up and stuff

them into his pockets, until the latter were fairly bursting. His heart at once became lighter than before. The bit of bread which a hungry man finds calls forth a world of joy. Hastening homeward the peasant said to himself:

“Our heavenly Father be praised that He has mercy upon his unhappy children. Here is enough of wood, now the girl will fry these potatoes, and there will be more than enough for two. God is merciful. Now the room will be much more pleasant. Why, Marys, too, had nothing to eat since the day before yesterday! Now she will be glad. Oh, God is merciful.”

Thus speaking to himself he carried the wood in one arm and fumbled with his one free hand at the potatoes in his pockets, fearful of losing even a single one. His feelings were those of a man who carries home a great

treasure. Presently he raised his glance toward the sky, murmuring:

“I almost thought I should have to steal them. Now they have fallen down to me, as it were, from the sky, and I have not been forced to steal. Hitherto we have hungered, now we shall eat and be satisfied. God is merciful. Marys will rise from the straw as soon as she hears that I have secured these potatoes.”

Marys had not moved from her straw bed when her father left her. Usually her father went out early in the morning and brought home wood, whereupon he lighted a fire, brought in water and ate in her company whatever might happen to be in the house. Then, every day for a long time she had gone out to seek some work for herself. She had even succeeded in securing a place in a boarding house, where she washed dishes. But as

the work was new to her and the people could make her understand nothing, they had sent her away in two days. Upon this she sought no further, and, consequently, found nothing. For many days she did not even leave her room, being afraid to move about the streets, where drunken sailors and Irishmen would pursue her. This enforced idleness added to her unhappiness.

The longing for home, like rust in iron, ate into her heart. She was more unhappy than her father, for added to all her physical suffering was a firm conviction of their miserable fate, and to her burning homesickness clung the thought of her Jasko. True, he had promised that wherever she went he would follow, but the dismal presence could not spurn hope sufficiently to convince her of his faithfulness.

He was a servant at the castle, and possessed, besides, a parental heritage by no

means insignificant. She, however, possessed nothing; no church rat in Lipince could be more hungry than she was.

Will he come, and—if he comes—will he press her to his heart and say “My poor, unhappy little girl?” Or will he thrust her aside with the slighting remark that she is, after all, but a beggar? In any case, what did she possess, save rags. Even in Lipince they would now, such as they were, be barked at by dogs, and yet—some powerful feeling draws her back there; her soul might soar aloof with the birds, across the wayless ocean,—homeward, even if death were all that awaited her there. He, her Jasko, was there, and whether or not he thought of her, he was dearer to her than anyone else in the wide world. Only with him was there joy and peace; among all persons on earth he was the only one to whom her whole heart belonged.

While there had yet been a fire in the little stove, and she did not suffer with such intense hunger as she now felt, the flickering glare would yet remind her of the evenings at home, when she sat among her girl friends, spinning, until Jasko thrust his head in through the window and called to her: "Marys, you and I will some day go before the priest, for I love you better than anyone else." Then she might have answered, in jest: "Off with you, you don't say the truth." And her heart had been so light and glad,—like that night, when he brought her out of one of the corners in the room, and they joined in the dance, while she hid her eyes and whispered: "Let me go, I am so ashamed!" When she sat in the glare, thinking of all this, the tears would come rolling down her cheeks. Now the fire was out, however, and even the flow of her tears had ceased, for she had drained them all out. Of-

ten she felt as if all the tears had flowed down into her heart and now weighed upon it, like a heavy burden. She was terribly tired and her resistance threatened to become exhausted; in fact, she had scarcely power enough to control the course of her thoughts. Otherwise she bore her suffering quietly and patiently, and sat staring with her big eyes at nothing definite, like a bird that is tortured.

So she sat now, resting on the straw, when steps were heard outside and someone approached the door. Thinking it might be her father she did not even raise her head,—when suddenly a strange voice sounded in her ear:

“Look here!”

It was the owner of the dingy dwelling, a mulatto of unprepossessing appearance, with torn clothes and both cheeks expanded by chewing tobacco.

At the sight of him the girl was terribly

frightened. She must pay him the room-rent for the coming week, and there was not a cent in her possession. Only by complete submission could she hope to pacify him. She fell upon her knees and made an effort to kiss his hand.

“I have come to get my dollar,” said he.

She understood only the word “dollar,” shook her head, said something, she hardly knew what, and looked up to him piteously, hoping to make him comprehend that she had neither money nor food, and that he must show mercy.

“God almighty will reward your grace,” said she in her mother tongue.

But his grace did not feel the least flattered by the title she conferred upon him; he understood, however, that there was no money to be had. He comprehended this so well, in fact, that he at once picked up the bundles

that lay on the floor, seized the girl by the arm, forced her up the steps and into the street, where he threw the things before her feet, turned around phlegmatically, opened the door of the public-room and cried:

“Hello, Paddy, here’s a room for you.”

“All right,” someone returned; “I’ll move in to-night.”

The mulatto disappeared in the dark bar-room, leaving the girl alone in the open street. She humbly picked up her bundles and placed them near the house wall, to prevent them from coming in too close contact with the mud in the street, whereupon she stationed herself at the doorstep, waiting patiently.

The drunken Irishmen who passed by paid no attention to her. In the room was dark, outside, however, clear daylight shone upon her, bringing into view her sickly looking face.

Her flaxen hair had retained its brightness, but the lips were pale and the face piteously thin. She looked like a withered flower.

Those passing by looked at her with some compassion. An old negro woman even stopped and spoke to her, but receiving no answer she proceeded on her way, disgusted.

In the meantime Lorenz was hastening homeward, spurred on by the agreeable feeling which a visible proof of God's mercy produces in the mind of the poverty-stricken. He had his potatoes; he reflected how they would eat and be satisfied; how he would be careful of walking the same way next day. Beyond this his thoughts did not go; he was too hungry to make plans for the future. As he approached the house and saw the girl standing in front his surprise was aroused, and he quickened his steps.

"Why do you stand here?" asked he.

“The owner threw me out, father,” answered Marys.

“Threw you out?”

The wood fell from his shaking hands.

This was too much. Thrown into the street at the moment when he had secured what they needed to bite and to burn. What could they do now, in the absence of a place where to make fire? How could they fry their potatoes, and where would they direct their steps? He took off his cap and threw it into the mud where the wood was already. He turned away, uttered a “Holy Christ,” looked hopelessly at the girl, and repeated once more:

“Threw you out?”

Then he stepped forward, fell back, stepped forward once more and cried in a hoarse tone:

“Why did you not ask him to let you stay, you sheep?”

She sighed deeply.

"I did ask him."

"Did you throw yourself before his feet?"

"Yes."

Once more Lorenz turned and turned back like a worm that is trodden upon. He became dizzy and almost faint.

"Wish you were dead!" cried he.

Full of agony the girl looked up to him:

"How can I help it, father?"

"Wait here, and don't stir. I am going in to ask him to permit us at least to fry these potatoes."

He went. In a few moments there was a cry inside, followed by a shuffling of feet. Then Lorenz flew out of the door, evidently thrust out by a forceful hand.

One moment he stood still, then he turned to Marys and said, briefly:

"Come!"

She bent down and gathered up her things,

but her force was nearly exhausted, and she was scarcely able to lift the bundles. Yet he made no effort to help her; nay, scarcely perceived that the burden was nearly too great for the girl. So they plodded on. The sight of two persons so miserable and forlorn would undoubtedly have attracted the attention of those whom they passed on their way, were it not that they were so accustomed to see all phases of misery. Where would they find shelter? Was a higher degree of wretchedness possible?

The girl's breath grew more and more labored; from time to time she nearly would lose her balance, and finally she said, in a pitiful tone:

“Father, take these things, I cannot carry them further.”

Her voice roused him, as it were, from a dream.

“Throw them away, then.”

“We may need them.”

“No, we shall have no more use for them.”

Noticing that the girl yet tarried, he cried, furiously:

“Throw them away, or I kill you!”

In her fear she obeyed instantly. The peasant repeated several times by himself:

“Well, if it must be, it must be.” Then he said no more, but there was a desperate expression in his eyes.

Through the dingy lanes they finally, by numerous circuits, arrived at the harbor near the water's edge. High bulwarks dotted with moorings extended to both sides along the sea, and among the boards and landings a great many persons moved around, engaged in different ways. The girl hastily seated herself on a pile of boards; she was unable to

make another step. Lorenz, without uttering a word, sat down by her.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon. A busy life pervades the whole place. The fog had given way to a friendly, mild sunshine, which offered its light and warmth to the two homeless and friendless persons. A light, soft breeze wafted across the water. There was brightness and bustle all around; the sunlight blinded their eyes, and the reposeful sheet of water lay in full extension before them. A motionless forest of ships' masts and smokestacks rose against the sky. In the horizon one steamer rose after another, bound for the port, or leaving for other shores. Their white sails bathed in the sunlight, like bright clouds which soared across the deep blue of the sky. Other vessels steered out into the open sea beyond, setting the water before them in foam. They passed away into the di-

rection where Lipince was,—the place which to our both unhappy friends meant the same as happiness, peace and abundant content. The girl was firmly convinced that she and her father must have committed some disgraceful, sinful deed, which called down upon their heads God's vengeance. Why should otherwise He, the All Graceful, hide His face from both of them and leave them among strangers, in a state of complete helplessness? Did He not have the power to make them happy? So many vessels passed across the sea in different directions, not one of them would bring them home. And once more the girl's thoughts reverted to Lipince and to her beloved one. Did he yet think of her?

In any event, she had not forgotten him. Only happiness makes people forgetful; when we must bear misfortune alone, our thoughts will cling to the dear ones far away, like ivy

clings to the tree. But he? Had he not forgotten his first love and sought out someone else? No wonder if this was the case, for it would be a shame to think of a being so wretched, and who possessed nothing at all in her own name;—a fettered, poor little thing, whom death alone could set free.

Sick as she was, hunger did not pain her much, but a tired and weak feeling closed her eyelids, and her thin, pale face sank deeper and deeper. She dreamed of the dear ones at home; that she fell down into a great, void space; that she sank into the water,—far, far down,—when suddenly she roused herself, a little fresher, and the dream vanished. Near by was not her beloved one, but her father, and the water of which she had dreamed flowed rapidly through the New York harbor. The mild air of a spring day, drawing near its close, wafted across earth and sky. A sacred

peace pervaded whole Nature. Everything about her was radiant with joy and life;—only she and the old man beside her were unhappy and forgotten by the whole world. Now the workmen prepared to return home; they alone among them all possessed no home.

With increasing intensity old Lorenz was harassed by the pains of hunger. Mute and self-contained he remained by his child, secretly brooding over a terrible plan. His want of food gave him the appearance of a wild beast; outwardly he remained quiet and composed, though unnaturally so. While the shadows grew long, he remained immovable, did not once speak to the girl, and preserved the expression of desperate passivity. When night set in, he said, in a strange, unnatural tone:

“Marys, come with me.”

"Where shall we go, father?" asked she, wearily.

"Let us go and lie down on that platform near the water. Let us try to sleep."

They went. On account of the darkness it was necessary to walk with some caution, to avoid falling into the water.

The American piers are built in a somewhat intricate manner. They form a sort of broad gallery, with a broad platform covered with a roof, at certain intervals. These platforms were deserted by this time, as all the workmen had returned home.

The place was quite lonely. When they had reached the outer edge, that close to the water, Lorenz again spoke:

"Here we will lie down and sleep."

The girl dropped down upon the boards, perfectly exhausted. She was not disturbed by the swarms of mosquitoes which sur-

rounded her immediately, but fell asleep almost instantly.

Suddenly, in the middle of the night, she was roused by the sound of her father's voice:

“Marys, wake up!”

He spoke in a tone that awakened her immediately.

“What do you want, father?”

Through the dark and quiet of the night Lorenz Toporek's voice sounded ghastly and fearful in its forced steadiness:

“My daughter, you shall not die of hunger. You shall not ask for your bread at any one's door, nor shall you sleep under the open sky. We are deserted by men; God has forsaken us; you are suffering from want. So Death shall receive you, and put an end to your suffering.”

She was unable to see him in the dark,

though her eyes had opened themselves wide in horror.

“I will throw you in the water, my poor girl, and jump in myself, too. There is no salvation, no pity, for us. To-morrow you will feel no hunger; you will be better off than you are now.”

No, she would not die. She was but eighteen years old; she loved life and was frightened at death, as youth always is. Her soul revolted against the thought that to-morrow she would be a corpse and sink into the darkness at the bottom of the sea, down among the monsters in the muddy sea-bed. For no price in the world! A terrible fright seized her, and her own father, who had pronounced her death-sentence, appeared like an evil spirit. In the meantime both his hands rested on her narrow shoulders, and he continued, in the same manner as before:

“Even if you call for help no one will hear you. I’ll push you down; it will be over in no time.”

“I will not, father, I will not,” cried the girl. “Have you forgotten that God is above us! Father, dear, kind father, have mercy upon me! What have I done that you should kill me? I have not complained over our misfortune. Have I not suffered patiently hunger and cold with you? Oh, father!”

His breath came faster and faster; his hands held her like in an iron grip. She begged pitifully for her life.

“Have mercy, mercy, mercy! Am I not your own child, your poor, sick child? Besides, I cannot live very long. I am afraid to die.”

So she clung to him in agony, grasped his clothes and pressed her lips against the hands that meant to throw her into the sea. But he

minded nothing. His equanimity had flashed out in desperation; he began to snort and to grind his teeth. There was a moment's silence, a deep breath, and a creaking of the boards in the platform. The night had become pitch dark; there was no possibility of help, as they had chosen a place far away from the thoroughfares, where no one save the workmen would ordinarily come.

"Mercy, mercy!" cried the girl, in a penetrating tone.

He pulled her violently down to the edge of the pier and beat her head in order to subdue her cries. But to these no response came;—only a dog was barking far away.

Marys felt that her resistance was on the point of giving out. Suddenly the ground disappeared beneath her feet; but her hands clung to her father's body, though she had scarcely any power left. Her cries of help be-

came more and more faint; then he realized that she hung directly over the water.

She had fallen from the platform, but grasped a board and thus escaped death—for the present.

The peasant bent down and tried to push her hands off the board.

A world of thoughts flashed through the girl's head. Lipince, the public well, the ship, the storm, their wretchedness in New York. And she sees—she sees a gigantic ship, towering high above the pier, where a crowd of people are standing. Two arms are stretched out toward her. Heavenly father, there stands her Jasko, reaching for her, and there—there, above the ship,—the likeness of the holy Virgin, in gleaming splendor. She pushes every one aside: "My Jasko, my Jasko!" Another moment, and she lifts her eyes toward the old man:

“Father, there I see the mother of Christ, the mother of Christ!”

The next second the same hands that would precipitate the girl into the sea pulled her up with superhuman power. Then she stood once more on the firm soil. Two arms folded her into their embrace,—the arms of her father, not of her murderer. Her head rested upon his breast.

Waking from her swoon Marys found herself resting quietly near her father. In spite of the dark she realized that his body was shaking, and that he sobbed from the bottom of his heart.

“Marys,” said he, in a broken tone, “forgive me, my child.”

The girl felt for his hand, pressed a kiss against it and whispered:

“May God forgive you, as I forgive you.”

A faint shimmer which rose in the east soon developed into a strong light. The moon rose, and in the light haze surrounding her Marys fancied she saw a number of little angel figures, which descended about her, circled about her.

And she became gradually quiet,—quiet enough for a sounder sleep than she had enjoyed for a long time.

Night passed. Dawn rose and shed its light over the water, the ships and their masts. Out of their faint outlines things evolved themselves more and more plainly.

With a prayer in his heart Lorenz bent over his child, fearful that the girl might have drawn her last breath. Her slim body lay there, without the slightest movement; there was a bluish shadow over her wax-like face; the eyes were closed. Again and again the old man tried to rouse her, finally he held his

hand to her mouth and felt that she was still breathing.

Her heart beat still, though weakly. He feared that she might be near dying

If she did not wake when the sun rose, he thought, she must surely die.

A flock of gulls began to circle about them; one even flew down near their resting place. A light breeze sprung up from the west, scattered the morning fog and carried down to them a pleasant stream of warm, soft air.

The sun rose. Her first rays struck the highest points, the roof of the platform; then lowered themselves and spun a golden halo around the young face, pale as death, of the girl. They kissed her forehead and wound themselves around her. Her golden hair, untidy and dishevelled with moisture and with the nightly struggles, lay around her head like

a frame, and imparted to her a trait of something exquisitely innocent and angelic.

A beautiful spring day rose above and around them. The sunshine grew warmer and warmer; the wind blew softly over the girl's outstretched form on the planks.

Lorenz took off his coat and covered her with it, hoping that her life might yet be spared.

Gradually a faint color mounted to her cheeks, and finally she opened her eyes.

The old man fell upon his knees, lifted his eyes toward the sky above, and a stream of tears rolled down over his cheeks. He now realized how dear she really was to him; the soul of his soul, a sanctified trust, above everything else in the world.

She awoke, looking much fresher and healthier than the day before. The pure air which wafted across the harbor was infinitely

healthier than the poisoned atmosphere of the narrow room to which she had been so long confined. She awoke to life's reality, for scarcely had she opened her eyes when the appeal burst from her lips:

“Father, I am so hungry.”

“Come, my daughter,” said he, “and let us walk along the water's edge. Perhaps we may find something that will satisfy our hunger.”

She arose without much difficulty, and they went. This day seemed destined to form an exception to all others, for they had walked but a few steps when Lorenz came across a bundle hidden somewhere in the structure of the pier. It contained bread, smoked meat and several boiled corn ears.

This discovery was easily explained by the fact that a workman had left part of his lunch here, for the day following. This is custom-

ary here; but Lorenz and Marys viewed the matter still more simply. Who had placed this food directly where they would find it? They could but think of Him who considers the birds in the air and the flowers in the field.

God, the Almighty!

So, saying their prayers, they sat down and ate what had been given to them by so wonderful means, whereupon they walked over in the direction of the larger docks.

Both were strengthened and in better mood. Having reached the Custom House Building they turned down Broadway. As they were yet somewhat weak, it took them several hours to walk this way. They plodded on, hardly realizing where they went, and with no definite end in view; but Marys felt that they must at any cost walk up the city. Numerous wagons, heavily loaded, passed them, wending their way toward the harbor.

In Water Street an intense life and stir was going on. People rushed out of the houses, hastening on, pursuing their business. At a certain door stood a tall, elderly gentleman, with gray hair and beard, in the company of a young fellow. He looked at the peasants in their national costumes, and a trait of surprise and wonder passed over his face. Scrutinizing their appearance, he allowed a smile to pass over his face.

That in the great city of New York there should be a single human being who smiled kindly at them, was indeed a wonder, for which they were not prepared.

But the old gentleman stepped up to them and said, in pure Polish:

“Where did you people come from?”

They came to a dead stop then and there. From the peasant's face every drop of blood disappeared; he staggered, and refused for a

moment to trust his own eyes and ears. But the girl quickly regained her equanimity. Dropping a courtesy before the old gentleman she said:

“From the Province of Posen, sir, from Posen.”

“What are you doing here?”

“We are on the point of being starved. We suffer from want of bread and all other necessities.”

She could say no more. Lorenz, however, fell upon his knees before the stranger, grasped the seam of his coat and kissed it as fervently as if he had taken possession of a portion of heaven itself.

Here was a man, one of their own race; he would not let them die from hunger, or scorn their hopes, but help them on their way.

The young man who stood by opened his eyes wide. People stopped and looked at the

strange scene, where one man kneeled before another, kissing the hem of his garments. An unheard-of scene in America.

Their curiosity seemed to bore the old gentleman, as he addressed them: "Never mind this, gentlemen. Better go about your business." Whereupon he turned to Lorenz and his daughter.

"We cannot remain standing in the street," said he. "Come with me."

He led the way to a restaurant in the neighborhood, ordered for himself and his followers a separate room and conducted them in. The young man followed.

Once more they wanted to throw themselves before his feet, but he motioned them to desist, and said, a trifle vexed:

"You had better not do that. Are we not countrymen, children of the same soil?"

Evidently the smoke of his cigar had drifted

**into** his eyes, for he wiped them stealthily and said:

“Are you hungry?”

“We have had no food for two days, until this morning we found a few things in the harbor.”

“William,” said he to the young man, “let the people bring us something to eat.”

Then he continued his examination:

“Where do you live?”

“Nowhere, your grace.”

“Where did you sleep last night?”

“On one of the platforms down by the sea.”

“Were you thrown out of your house?”

“Yes.”

“Have you no property except what **you** carry with you?”

“We have nothing else.”

“Have you no money?”

“No.”

“What are you going to do?”

“We do not know.”

The old gentleman spoke in a rapid and, seemingly, vexed tone. Suddenly he turned to Marys, asking:

“How old are you, child?”

“By Mary’s Ascension I shall be eighteen.”

“You have suffered enough by this time, have you not?”

Instead of answering, she humbly fell before the feet of her deliverer.

Once more the cigar smoke seemed to affect his eyes, but in this movement the victuals, roast meat, potatoes, a mug of beer and other things, were brought in. He told them to sit down and eat, but they answered that in his presence they dared not do it; whereat he became angry and called them fools. But in spite of his impulsive manner they considered him an angel sent from heaven.

Their eating appeared to afford him genuine pleasure. When they had finished, he bid them relate under what circumstances they had emigrated, and what had befallen them since their arrival. Old Lorenz now gave a detailed account of their experience. He told all, not even omitting his own fault,—as if he was confessed. The stranger became angry and scolded, and when Lorenz arrived at the point where he made an attempt to take his daughter's life, the old gentleman cried:

“Ah, I could knock you down!”

Addressing Marys, he said:

“Come here, child.”

As she came up to him, somewhat embarrassed, he took her head in both his hands and pressed a kiss against her forehead.

After a pause he said:

“You have gone through a great deal of suf-

fering. But the country is good, if one only knows how to help himself."

Lorenz looked at him in astonishment. This worthy and good man called America a good country.

"Well, my old friend," said he, "so it is." And he smiled at the peasant's expression of wonder. "A good country. When I came here, I had nothing; now my income is even abundant. You farmers should remain on your land, however, and not roam about the world. If you leave your old place, what will become of you?"

"There are no prospects for you here. It may be an easy matter to come here, but the return is more difficult."

For a while he remained silent, then, as if speaking to himself, he continued:

"Forty years ago I arrived here, so one is apt to forget his native place. But sometimes

we are seized by a great longing. William must go over and see the land where his father's cradle rocked.

"William is my son," said he, pointing to the young man.

"You will bring back a handful of soil from home and place it in my grave, William?"

"Yes, father," answered he, in the English tongue.

"You will place it right on my heart!"

"Oh yes, father!"

The old gentleman was moved, but checked his feelings and continued:

"The boy comprehends the Polish language quite well, yet he prefers to speak English. Yes, whoever finds himself at home here, is lost to the old place, and so it must be. William, go up to your sister's house, and tell her we shall have some guests with us."

William hastened out. His father remained

for a while mute and seemed to ponder over some problem. Finally he said:

“Even if one might send you home, it costs a good deal, and you would have no property to live on, even if you did return. All you had is sold; you would come home as beggars. If this girl is sent out to earn her bread, heaven knows what may befall her. Now that you both are here, you might as well try to find some work. If you were to live in some country colony the chances are that the girl will be married before long. Then, if the young people come into possession of something, they may want to return home.”

“Did you hear of our colonies in this country?” said he to Lorenz, in an abrupt manner.

“No, your grace.”

“For heaven’s sake, then, why did you emigrate to a foreign country? In Chicago there

are more than twenty thousand persons like you; in Milwaukee as many; in Detroit another great number. They work in factories; but the farmer feels best when working in the fields and stepping on his own soil. If you were to go to Illinois, it might be difficult for you to find some suitable piece of land. A New Posen has been founded in Nebraska, I learn; but that is far away, and so is Texas. The railroad fares to these places are high. Borowina would be the best place; besides, I can obtain for you a pass to that place. So you would not need to pay for the journey, but could use what money I gave you for buying land."

Once more he relapsed into thoughtfulness, then, in an off-hand manner he continued:

“Listen, my old friend! In Arkansas a new colony has been founded. The land is good,

the climate fine, and the land is entirely new. There the Government will give you a hundred and sixty acres of land and pay your railroad fare besides. There are no taxes—do you understand me? I shall give you what you need to make a beginning, and procure free passes for you and your daughter. You will proceed as far as Little Rock and drive in a wagon as far as your destination. There you will find other colonists, whom you can join in cultivating the soil. I shall furnish you with letters of introduction also. I mean to help you all I can, for we are sons of one country, we are brethren. I feel a thousand times more sorry for your child than for yourself,—understand? You must thank God that I found you.

“Listen to me, child,” said he to Marys. “Here is my card. Take it, and preserve it like a great treasure. If you should ever come

into trouble; if you should ever find yourself alone and defenseless in the world, seek me. You are a good girl. If I should die, my son will protect you. Do not lose this card. Now follow me!"

On the way he bought clothes for them and finally brought them to his daughter's house, where they were kindly received. Every member of this family seemed kind and good, and William and Jenny, his sister, received them as old friends. William treated the girl as a lady, which often caused her considerable embarrassment. From time to time, in the evening, a number of ladies paid their visits at the house. All were beautifully dressed; their hair was arranged according to the latest fashion, and they approached the poor village child with much kindness, flocked about her, wondered over her beauty and her pale complexion, and were embarrassed, in their turn,

when she knelt down and wanted to kiss their hands. The old gentleman went about the groups, muttering by himself, sometimes being vexed, talking a mixture of English and Polish, discussing with Lorenz the conditions of their native country, reviewing old memories. Sometimes he withdrew in order to conceal from the company his emotion.

When retiring to rest the first night, Marys wept from the bottom of her heart. These people were kinder and better than any she had met before. No wonder, however, the old gentleman was born in Posen.

In due time Lorenz and Marys were on their way to Little Rock. In his pocket the farmer carried a hundred dollars, at the thought of which he forgot everything else. Marys herself felt that God's hand was once more over their heads. She now firmly believed that He would help them in days to

come, as He had helped them in their troubles thus far. Probably He would also bring to America her Jasko, and unite them and bring them back to Lipince!

On their way they passed a number of cities and smaller towns. They looked quite different from New York. Here were woods and fields and small houses, shielded by green foliage. Large fields extended to all sides, and they were exactly like those of their old home. At the sight of all this old Lorenz felt his heart expand, so that he would almost call out a hearty greeting to the woods and the fields, where large and small herds of cows and sheep were grazing. Men were at work in the woods. Onward the train sped, further and further out into the wilderness. Houses and other habitations at length became scarce, and finally nothing was seen except the wide, desolate prairie, where the wind played in the grass

and shook the numberless wild flowers. Here and there a scant crop of brush was seen, the short branches waving to and fro. High above hung the eagle, scanning with his sharp eyes the deep grass. The train listlessly pursued its way, plunging, as it were, with all its might into the distant far away, where the horizon joined the prairie. Occasionally there were seen a number of hares or prairie wolves. Far and wide no house, no dwelling, not even the most primitive village. Only the stations, otherwise the same endless, blooming desert. Lorenz looked out upon it, shaking his head and wondering how people could allow so much land to lie there unused.

One day and a night, too, had passed in this manner; but on the following day they approached a forest of mighty trees. Numerous vines clung to the old stems, forming a brush that seemed almost impenetrable. Strange

birds were occasionally seen in the green masses of foliage overhead. On seeing this wilderness, this strange, unknown country, Lorenz could not forbear turning toward Marys, saying:

“Marys!”

“What is it, father?”

“Do you see all this?”

“Yes, I do.”

“And do you wonder?”

“Yes, I do wonder.”

Finally they arrived at a river larger than any they had ever seen before, and learned that this was the Mississippi. Late at night they arrived in Little Rock.

From here they were to proceed as far as Borowina, their destination, where we take leave of them for the present. The second stage of their wanderings was now reached. The third was in the woods, where we shall

again find them, sharing the toilsome life of the colonist. Was it destined to give them less sorrow, pain and misfortune than all that had preceded?

## CHAPTER III.

What was Borowina? A settlement in being. Judging from appearances, the foundation of this colony had been laid under the impression that if a name was found the place corresponding to it would soon find itself. At the outset all newspapers printed in the Polish language, and even the American ones in Chicago, New York, Buffalo, Detroit and Milwaukee,—all the places where Polanders were represented, and where Polish emigrants were found,—had explained in clear and convincing language that whoever among them was desirous of becoming wealthy, of preserving their health, of eating well, of living long and dying a peaceful death, might obtain his share in an earthly paradise named Borowina, by as-

sisting in the colonization and development of the place. The notices contained information to the effect that the state of Arkansas, where Borowina was located, yet presented the appearance of an uncultivated desert district, yet was the healthiest land under the sun. Although the town of Memphis, which had been built on the eastern border of the state, near the Mississippi river, might be designed a breeding place of yellow fever, the truth was that neither this nor any other fever was able to cross the great river. These diseases dreaded the river for one reason among others, namely, that the Indians on the farther side, belonging to the tribe of the Choctaws, would fall upon them and scalp them without mercy. The fevers themselves quaked before the sight of a redskin. Consequently, the settlers at Borowina would live between the fevers in the eastern and the Indians in the western dis-

tracts, on neutral soil, and for as much as <sup>1000</sup> Borowina would number, a thousand years hence, at least two million inhabitants, each acre of land, which was now offered for one and one-half dollars, would in time be valued something like one thousand dollars per square rod.

To withstand such prospects and eulogies was no easy matter. In the case of such as were not quite pleased with the prospect of a too close proximity to the Choctaw Indians the assurance was given that this valiant tribe was filled with sympathy with the Polanders, <sup>1000</sup> so the most friendly relations only were to be expected. Otherwise it was a well known fact that wherever a railroad crosses the prairies and the woods, and telegraph poles, with their cross-like appearance, had been raised, these crosses would soon become monuments to the destruction of the Indians. Inasmuch as all

the land in Borowina was owned by a railroad company, the total extinction of the Indians could be but a question of time.

The land had really been secured by a railroad company, which gave promise of a constant connection between the settlement and the outer world, as well as of an easy disposition of products and a rapid development. The public notices had not mentioned, however, that the railroad in question existed only in the minds of certain promoters, and that those very tracts of land, which the government had ceded to the railroad, were to yield the fund necessary to the construction of the road. A slight oversight like this is, however, easily pardoned in such an immense affair. With reference to Borowina it made only the slightest difference that the colony, instead of being situated close to a great railroad line, was located in the lone wilderness, where

one could move about only with great difficulty.

This circumstance might lead to great trouble, but, after all, it was a matter dependent merely upon the development of the railroad itself. At any rate, the prospectus of this settlement should not be read too closely, but viewed in the light that advertisements of this character often grow at the cost of the fruit, so that it is somewhat difficult to separate the grains of truth from the chaff of phrases. So, if one separated all "humbug" from the truth contained in the notices of Borowina, enough alluring facts remained to testify that the colony was neither better nor worse than thousands of others that had been founded in a like manner.

For many reasons the conditions on which the land was to be had appeared most promising, consequently a large number of Polanders

from all parts of the country contributed to the development of the new settlement: Magyars, Silesians, Galicians, former inhabitants of Posen and Lithuania; people from the factories in Chicago and Milwaukee, who longed once more for the free life in the country, seized with great eagerness the opportunity of being removed from the smoke- and dust-laden atmosphere in the large cities and of gaining for themselves a free life in the extensive districts of Arkansas.

Those to whom Texas seemed too hot, Minnesota too cold, Michigan too moist and Illinois too barren, joined the rest, and several hundred persons, mostly men, but also women and children, started for Arkansas. The appellation, "bloody Arkansas," was not especially horrifying to these colonists. The land really was swarming with rapacious Indians, outlaws and robbers; with wild squatters that

preyed upon the woods and brought large amounts of wood away down the Red river; with numberless adventurers and vagabonds, who had fled from the gallows. Even if the western part of the state was in those days the scene of terrible fights between the redskins and the white hunters of the buffalo,—this could not be avoided, and against such dangers the colonists could guard themselves one way or other. When a Magyar is armed and surrounded by his own men, he will not easily yield to violence, and anyone that might presume too much upon his rights, would soon learn that he can be neither bent nor broken. It is also a well known fact that the Magyars are very apt to hold together, and that one neighbor will always be ready to help another.

The majority of the colonists assembled in Little Rock and Claesville, the nearest towns

of importance near Borowina, which was situated some twelve hours' ride from either. Unfortunately, the road ran through meadowland, woods and places where stagnant water was abundant. Some persons who would not await the common start, had disappeared without a trace. Later, the remaining settlers reached the place and pitched their tents in the woods.

In truth, at their arrival they were disappointed at the appearance of the place. They had hoped for open land and some forest, but found that they were required to clear the primitive forest. Black oaks, redwood, light platanes and dark sycamores stood close together, as a firm mass. This wilderness bore no promising appearance; the ground was covered with moss, and high up the tenacious vines spun their net around the trees, forming a living bridge, a dense infiltration almost en-

tirely impenetrable. It was not like at home, where one could look out among the tree-tops. He who ventured into the thicket would soon lose sight of the sky above, lose his way in the dark and expose himself to innumerable dangers. Some of the Magyars viewed the gigantic oaks with distrust and feared their hands and axes would not prevail against them. Of course it is pleasant enough to command the use of timber for one's own house and for burning; to be protected against the cold and to make one's own calculations;—but to clear a hundred and sixty acres of primitive forest without the help of others, pulling the deep roots out of the soil, and little by little make the land yield a profit, this would require years and years of one's life.

Yet, as there was no other choice, the settlers went to work at once, crossed themselves, seized their axes with a sigh and began to cut

down the trees. Henceforth the click of the axe was the only sound heard in the forest, and sometimes it was even accompanied by a song of many voices.

The colony was centered in an imposing square in the depth of the forest, where the town was to be located. A school and a church were planned to form the center of the settlement. It would require some time, however, before these plans could be carried out, so at present the wagons must serve as houses, where the settlers arranged things as comfortably as circumstances would allow. The camp was well defended against attacks from without, and contained even a grazing place for cattle, sheep, horses and mules which were under the protection of young men well armed. The settlers slept in the wagons, or around the fires, wherever a clearing had been made.

Women and children remained in the day-time inside the limits of the camp, while the men were at work in the clearings. At night the cries of the wild beasts were heard in the surrounding woods, especially jaguars and wolves. The terrible gray bears, which were less afraid of the fires, would sometimes approach the wagons quite close, therefore cries for help and the reports of guns were often heard in the night. Such of the settlers as had come from the wilderness of Texas, were mostly experienced hunters; they usually provided the camp with fresh game, such as antelopes, deer and buffaloes. Others fed chiefly upon the provisions they had procured in Little Rock and Claesville, and which consisted chiefly in corn flour and salt meat. Of sheep, nearly every family had procured a number, which were successively killed for food.

In the evening, when the great camp fires

were started, the young people, instead of seeking at once their resting places, amused themselves with dances. Some one of their number, perhaps a violinist in former times, had brought his violin, and when its thin tones were lost in the open air, the people accompanied by tin cans and other queer instruments. The heavy work proceeded steadily, but slowly. First the cabins had to be built, and for this purpose timber must be procured with as little delay as possible. The redwood was quite easily worked, but it was scarcer than any other kind. A number of the settlers had pitched their canvas tents on their land; others, especially young men, who did not ask for a pillow under their heads at night, and who began to grow tired of the incessant work in the brush, began to study the possibility of cultivating the soil. For the first time the Arkansas air began to vibrate with the

cry with which the oxen are driven forward.

In general, it might be said that such a burden of work rested upon the settlers that they hardly knew where to begin.

It was found that the Borowina settlers had bought the land of the railroad company in good faith. No one had ever set foot on it before, otherwise it would have been a difficult matter to dispose of a primeval forest, since prairie land could be had at a much less <sup>che</sup> figure. When the representatives of the railroad company arrived, they were met by a delegation of settlers and proceeded at once to distribute the available area of land to the colonists individually; but difficulties arose, and before long the party quarreled, and in a few days the representatives left the settlement for the alleged purpose of procuring, in Claresville, the necessary leveling instruments. They never returned to the place.

It was soon found that the settlers had procured claims of unequal size. The worst of it all was, however, that no one knew where his claim was, or how it should be located. Nor did anyone know how the cultivation of this foreign soil was to be carried out. If the settlers had been Germans, they would have cleared the land by a united effort, so far as it was fit for cultivation, and afterward divided it into lots, or plats, of equal size, built huts, and left the perfection of each allotment for agricultural purposes to each individual settler. But every Polander had only his own land in view and cared nothing about the rest. Besides, each man was anxious that his house should be built as near as possible to the fortified camp and the river. This occasioned much trouble, especially as one day the large wagon of a certain "Pan Gruenmanski" appeared on the scene. Pan Gruenmanski was

hitherto known among the Germans only as Gruenmann; but in Borowina he deemed it necessary, for business reasons, to add a "ski" to his Christian name. His canvas-covered wagon bore a large sign on which was painted the word "Saloon," and beneath this the legend: "Brandy, Whisky, Gin."

How it came to pass that this wagon arrived safely in the camp without having suffered any molest from the robbers or the Indians that haunted the dangerous road between Claesville and Borowina, was never known. How the dangerous redskins that swarmed the country in larger and smaller bands could refuse to take Mr. Gruenmann's scalp, remained this gentleman's own secret. The fact remained that he arrived safely and made excellent business on the very first day after his arrival. Trouble and strife were abroad at once, and in the course of the next few days

bloomed beautifully throughout the settlement. The more earnest objects of the animated discussion at once allied themselves to a longing for the old home. Those settlers who had come from the northern states had much to say in favor of their former homes and against those in the south, of which Borowina was the nearest example. There was developed a jargon composed of perverted Polish, with an admixture of English, partly pure, partly adapted.

Among the colonists we find our friends Lorenz Toporek and Marys, his daughter. They had arrived safely in Borowina, Arkansas, and shared the fate of their brethren. At the outset they were, however, better situated than the rest. The primeval forest is a much better soil to a poor man than New York can ever be; besides, they were not altogether penniless. They possessed a wagon and some

implements, which had been procured at reasonable rates at Claesville. Homesickness was their only affliction; but it was, too, a source of much suffering to them. Still, the hard work required of both did not permit of much reflection. Lorenz worked nearly all day in the woods, in order to gather as rapidly as possible the necessary material for a log house. The girl prepared their meals, washed clothes in the river and busied herself from morning to night. In spite of her toilsome life the work in the open air soon effaced all traces of the sickness which resulted from her wretched life in New York. The fresh, cool air in the woods had a favorable effect upon her whole system. The hot sun burned her face until it assumed a golden red hue. The young men who had come to Borowina from nearly every state in the Union, and who were always ready, on the slightest

provocation, to assail one another, agreed in their wonder at the girl's beauty, noted the soft, mild, even humble expression in her lovely face, the light in her eyes and her golden hair. The girl's beauty was a direct help to Lorenz. He had chosen for himself a certain strip of the forest, and no one contested his right of ownership, as all the young men supported him. Many of them helped him in his work, and the old man realized quite readily in what direction the wind was blowing, in consequence whereof he chose not to discourage any one.

“My daughter is like a flower, like a veritable princess,” said he. “Whoever appears to me the best lad in the settlement, will succeed in winning her. I am not disposed to let any and all take her, for she is really the daughter of a good family. Anyone that pleases me well may take her; but she is not to

be had by any vagabond who may call for her.”

So, those who helped the old man were really working for their own cause.

Old Lorenz succeeded almost better than anyone else, and he might even have had splendid prospects, if the colony, as such, had given promise of a successful future. But things became worse and worse, as time passed. Weeks came and went. Large piles of wood lay heaped around the camp; here and there an unfinished house was seen popping out, and yet the work that had been done was but a child's play compared to what must be carried out in time to come. The green walls of the primeval forest yielded but slowly before the axe. Those who had ventured into the depths of the woods declared that after all there was no end of the trees. There were terrible swamps and foul-smelling,

stagnant pools, and some even held that there were terrible monsters, ghosts and spirits hidden in among the dense shrubbery. Big serpents and other equally horrible creatures inhabited the sylvan depths. Shrubs with fearful thorns impeded the steps of the traveler, tore his clothes to shreds and blocked the way everywhere. A boy from Chicago stated that he had seen even the Evil One himself, as he raised his gray, thick head out of one of the ponds and yelled so terribly that he, the boy, turned away and fled to the camp in mortal horror. The Texas colonists explained, however, that the apparition was nothing but a buffalo, but he refused to trust their word. These fantastic reports added to the natural superstition in the settlers. A few days after the supposed appearance of the devil, some of the strongest men went into the forest, but did not return. Some became quite ill, suf-

fering pains in their back, in consequence of the hard work to which they resorted in order to gain headway against the stubbornness of the forest; some were taken sick with fever. The strife arising on account of the distribution of the land led to actual fighting, and even to bloodshed. The cattle that had not been marked with the owner's name were frequently taken up by others. At length the firm rows of wagons were dissolved; each man wanted to live as far away from his neighbor as possible. So it became impossible to guard the animals as before; the sheep ran wild and were often lost in the woods. Still one thing became more and more clear to all, namely, that unless the new fields yielded as they should, food would become scarce and actual want of life's hardest necessity stare into their faces. Little by little the men lost courage, and some even abandoned work altogether.

They might have continued their efforts, if they had only known what was theirs and what belonged to their neighbors. The well-founded complaints on the part of the leaders grew louder and louder. The settlers complained that they were facing great misery, and that no effort would enable them to succeed in this wilderness. From time to time a few that had succeeded in keeping their money, left the place for Claesville. But the majority, having no means whatever, and whose welfare was bound to the forest, could not improve their circumstances by taking leave of what they possessed. They could merely wring their hands in despair.

The click of the axe had nearly died out in the forest, which seemed, in its majestic repose, to brave every effort on the part of the men.—“We may contrive to live here a few

year," said one peasant to another; "then there will be an end of it."

One evening Lorenz came up to his daughter and said:

"I foresee that this place, and all of us, are doomed to destruction."

"God's will," returned the girl. "Having provided for us thus far He will not leave us now."

She raised her blue eyes to the sky and seemed perfectly sure that nothing could harm them. Then a big hunter from Texas spoke up and said:

"Nor will we leave you."

She thought there was one, only one, with whom she would care to walk through life, and that was her Jasko, in Lipince. He, however, had not kept his promise of following her and protecting her against the world's inclemencies. han

That Marys should not recognize the hopeless situation of the settlers, was hardly possible; yet God had saved them from their hardest need, and her sufferings had chastened her soul so that nothing would shake or shatter her faith in God's providence for good.

She also thought that the old gentleman in New York, who had saved them out of their former wretchedness, and who had given her his card, would, in case it came to the worst, and they appealed to him, once more assist them. Had he not promised his assistance?

The affairs in the colony, however, became worse and worse. A number of settlers ran away successively in the dead of night, and no one learned their fate. Finally old Lorenz became ill from sheer exhaustion. For two days he tried to withstand the attack; on the

third morning he was unable to arise. The girl went into the woods and gathered enough moss to make a comfortable couch on a log-house wall that was all ready to be raised, made him as comfortable as possible and prepared some strengthening food for him.

“Marys,” whispered the peasant, “I feel death is drawing near. He is nearly through the forest. You will remain alone in the world when I am gone. God has punished my great sins against you,—how I brought you across the ocean. Death will be hard on me.”

“Father,” returned the girl. “God would have punished me, unless I had remained by you.”

“If I only did not have to leave you alone in the world; if my blessing could only fall upon your marriage, then death would not be so bitter. Marys, my child, take Orlik, the

big hunter, for your husband; he is a good boy, and will not leave you unprotected."

Orlik, one of the Texas colonists, who heard this, fell upon his knees beside the old man's couch.

"Father," cried he, "give us your blessing. I love your daughter better than my own life. I know the forest, and she will not be harmed, as long as she remains by me."

He rested his eyes on the girl's beautiful face, but she threw herself at her father's side and said:

"Dear father, do not force me. I belong to him, who has once received my pledge, and to no one else."

"You will never belong to any other man than me," cried Orlik, "or I shall go and kill him. You shall be mine, or that of nobody else. All will be destroyed here, and so will you, unless I save you."

Orlik had stated the truth. The settlement was on the point of dissolution. One week passed, and another. The provisions began to be exhausted, and many found themselves obliged to kill their working animals for food. The fever made more and more victims; the people now cursed, now cried to God for help. One Sunday they were all assembled to unite in a prayer for deliverance; from hundreds of mouths it sounded: "Holy, Almighty God, our Father, have pity upon us!" Even the forest was silent during this prayer. As the voices died out, the old trees soared aloof anew, as if they meant to threaten the men who meant to conquer its power; as if it wanted to designate itself the king and master.

Orlik alone maintained that they should remain firm and do their best to conquer all obstacles.

The people looked at the big hunter and were reassured once more. Such as had known him from Texas were loud in their praise of him, for even there he had been known widely for his great strength and ability in using all kinds of weapons. He went out alone to hunt the grizzly bear. In San Antonio, where he had hitherto lived, it was well known that he often remained for weeks and months alone in the wilderness, yet returned home unmolested. The sun had burned his skin to such an extent that people had applied to him the name of "The Black Hunter." It was even murmured that he had roamed about the Mexican borders as a highway robber; but this was untrue. Still he would sometimes return to the camp with an Indian scalp, and only abandoned this on being threatened with excommunication by the priest. In Borowina he did mostly as he pleased. The woods fed

and clothed him. When the settlers began to run away and to lose courage, he assumed the government of affairs and ordered everyone about according to his own will. This he could do all the more easily, as the people from Texas stood by him in all that he did. As he went into the woods shortly after the prayer meeting, the people felt instinctively that something would happen.

The sun went down. High above the dark tops of sycamores there remained for a while the glimmer of the last rays. They finally faded out and disappeared. During the twilight a wind sprang up from the south.

The night had already set in, when the settlers observed a singular, lurid light high above the trees. It grew more and more clear and soon shed its grewsome glimmer upon every object in view.

“The forest burns, the forest is afire!” cried the people all around.

Immense flocks of birds passed above their heads with anxious cries. The cattle in the camp bellowed and wailed dismally, as they felt the approaching danger; dogs yelled; men and women ran about distracted, fearing that the fire bore directly down upon them. But the powerful south wind drove the flames in the opposite direction. Again and again a fresh blaze arose from new quarters. The flames met and time and again they bore down upon the defenseless camp in wild fury. Mighty sycamores fell down with a crash. Lurid tongues of fire shot in through the dry leaves on the ground under the trees. The whizzing and roaring of the flames, the cracking of the branches, the roar of the wind and the cries of the wild animals filled the air all about. High trees burned like gigantic

torches, sank and fell. The outlines of burning vines stood clear against the darkened background. The ruddy sky received an image of the immense ocean of fire, which made the night as light as day. At length the forest looked like a sea of fire which raised its waves against everything distant or near.

Smoke, heat and the smell of burned wood filled the air. Although the settlers were exposed to no real danger they ran about, crying out in a terrible fright, until the dark figure of Orlik plunged out of the woods. His dark face was covered with soot and dirt. As the settlers flocked around him from all sides, he leaned on his musket and said, in an unnaturally quiet tone:

“We shall now see the end of this forest. There is no more to clear away. I have burned it all off. There will be as much clear land around here as anyone will want.

He went over to Marys and said to her:

“You must now be mine, for it is I who burned the forest. No one here is stronger than I am.”

The girl quaked beneath the fiery glance of the big hunter, and he seemed fearful to her. For the first time she thanked God that Jasko had remained in Lipince.

The fire continued for a while, but finally disappeared. A gray, rainy day rose on the settlement, and some attempted to penetrate into the woods, but the heat drove them back. On the second day a dense fog covered everything far and near, developed into rain by nightfall and finally settled as a veritable deluge. Smoke and fire had probably prevented the outbreak, for spring was well advanced, and a continuous fall of rain might be expected. And besides, the stagnant pools and marshy places developed a disagreeable smell.

The site of the camp was converted into a swamp. Many of the people, who had remained in this wet place a day and a night were taken sick. Once more some left the colony, intending to proceed to Claesville, but soon they returned stating that the river passage was blocked, owing to the rise of the water above its normal level. The situation of the colonists was now a terrible one, for their food supply threatened to exhaust itself, and there was no other possibility of reaching Claesville in any other way than by crossing the river, so there could be brought no new supplies. Lorenz and his daughter had better prospects than the rest, for Black Orlik protected them above and before all others. Every morning he shot or caught some animal for them. He had made a tent of canvas, which protected the old man and his daughter against the worst rain. They were almost

forced to accept his help, for he would hear no opposition; yet they grew more and more dependent upon him and felt all the more obliged to him, as he demanded no return for his services. Still, he claimed a right to keep the girl.

“Am I then the only girl in the world?” objected Marys. “Go and seek someone else for your wife. You know well enough that I love another man.”

But Orlik answered:

“Even if I went from one end of the world to the other, I should find no one like you. To me you are the only one in the world, and mine you must be. What would be your fate, if your father died? You would be altogether left to me; you would be obliged to seek my help, and I would take you by force, but without doing you the least harm. You are mine, mine alone. Who dares contest my

right? Whom should I fear? Let your Jasko come,—so much the better!”

So far as Lorenz was concerned, Orlik was right in everything he said or did. The old man's sickness developed more and more toward a fatal stage; in his fever phantasies he talked of his sins, and said that God would no more allow him to return to his beloved Lipince. Orlik's promise of returning to Lipince with Marys, if she would consent to marry him, roused the girl's terror, instead of her joy. She could not consent to return home a mere stranger to Jasko, rather would she die alone in the wilderness.

A still greater calamity was, however, threatening the colony.

The rain fell more and more heavy. One dark night, when Orlik had gone out hunting, a cry rose in different parts of the settlement: “The water rises! The water rises!” The

people, roused from their sleep, saw through the dark a great, heaving sheet of water, which crept steadily toward the camp. From the directions of the river and of the half burned woods was heard a rushing of water, which seemed to approach with fearful swiftness.

A cry of horror went out from the camp. Women and children fled in wagons and vehicles of every description. The men who had but themselves to care for fled toward the western part of the protecting ramparts, which were higher than on the other sides. The water was not yet deep, but rose rapidly. The rush from the side where the forest was, or had been, grew more and more threatening; cries of terror and calls for help rent the air. Soon the few animals that had remained within the palings of the camp began to lose their foothold, and the position grew more and more threatening. The rain fell in tor-

rents and with increased fury from one minute to another. The distant rush approached more and more closely, the waves breaking through the camp and loosening all movable objects. The inundation was not the usual one which results from persistent rains, but had for its cause the swelling of the Arkansas river and its tributaries. It was a perfect unfettering of the elements, which caused death and destruction everywhere within the reach of wind and water.

One wagon standing close to the forest ceded to the power of the water and was upset. The heartrending cries of the women caused some of the men to glide down from their position on the rampart, but the water seized them before they realized the danger, and carried them away through the dark. The inmates of the other wagons fled to the tented roofs amidst the pelting rain. The dark grew

more and more dense. Here and there a beam, a board, or the like, was seen protruding; to some of them a human being clung in frantic attempts of preserving his life. Here a human body floated past, there a cow struggled against the flow of the water; over yonder a hand reached out for support, but finding none.

The rush of the water became more and more violent and soon deafened every sound from man or beast. One wagon tottered and sank after another; everything seemed doomed to destruction.

In the meantime what had become of Lorenz and Marys?—The wooden wall upon which the sick man had been laid saved him and his child from immediate danger. As the water rose higher and higher it glided out in the direction of the forest, circled around the camp and was finally driven in among the

trees, through darkness and night. The girl, wringing her hands in agony, kneeled by her father's side and prayed aloud to God for help and guidance. The reply was the same endless roar and rush of the wet element driven onward by the relentless wind. The tent blew away, and even the raft that supported them might at any time be driven in among the trees in such a manner that they were upset. At length it was anchored by a tree extending its branches far into all directions. From one of these branches sounded at the same moment a voice calling to Marys:

“Take the gun and stand at the other side of the raft, so it will not be capsized when I jump over!”

It was Orlik, who a moment later stood by Marys on the tottering raft.

“Marys,” said he, “as I told you already, I

shall not part from you. By God's help I shall save you both from this danger."

He tore an axe, which always followed him, from his belt, cut off a common branch of the tree near by and made of it a rough oar, by means of which he set the raft afloat, whereupon he began to row. When they had with some difficulty reached the real bed of the river, their frail skiff was at once seized by the current and carried down the broad sheet of turbulent water at a furious rate. From time to time Orlik tried to stop the raft by a tree or a bank, but in vain; he soon was obliged to concentrate all his effort upon the task of keeping it out of the way of the many obstacles that always presented themselves. His strength seemed to grow, and in spite of darkness he always saw the dangers ahead. One hour passed after another. Everyone else would have surrendered to the strain, but he

felt no weakness. By dawn they had traversed the woody regions and reached open land, or, rather, open sea, for nothing was visible except the yellow waters that rushed along, moved by the strong wind and current.

In the meantime the day grew brighter and brighter. Orlik, seeing no obstacle far or near, turned toward Marys, saying:

“Now you are mine, for I have saved you from death.”

His head was uncovered; his sunburnt face bore witness of the strain he had undergone; his whole appearance expressed such indomitable power that for the first time Marys dared not gainsay him.

“Marys,” said the hunter, “my beloved!”

“Where are we drifting?” asked she, desiring to turn his attention to something else.

“I do not care, as long as I remain by you.”

“Had you not better use the oar and try to reach land somewhere?”

Orlik took the oar once more and made an attempt to alter their course. Old Lorenz, in the meantime, rested on his couch. Now shaken by the fever that raged in his blood, now lying back in the stupor of exhaustion, he grew weaker and weaker. His cup of suffering was full; the body could offer no further resistance. The great, dreamless sleep of death neared with quick steps. Toward noon he awoke and said:

“My child, I shall not see the dawn of tomorrow. Oh, my daughter, would that I had never left Lipince and never brought you away from there. But God is merciful, and I have suffered so much that he will forgive my sins. Bury me wherever you can, and let Orlik bring you to the gentleman in New York, who is so good, and who will have mercy upon

you and send you back to Lipince. I shall never see Lipince again. Oh, God, be merciful and allow my soul to return to my native place!"

Once more the fever seized his body; he lost his conscience and became delirious.

"Oh, God's holy Mother!" cried he, "unto thee do I commend my soul. — — — Throw me not into the water, I am no dog."

Conscience returned once more, and he said in a pitiful voice:

"Forgive me, my child, forgive me!"

The girl kneeled by him, in wild grief, and Orlik used his oar, scarcely knowing where they went, for tears blinded his eyes.

Toward evening the weather grew more calm. The setting sun looked out upon the immense range of water. No land was yet visible anywhere. The peasant's last hour had come. God had mercy upon him and per-

mitted him to pass away in peace. First he spoke with regret of Poland. "I have left Poland, Poland in the old world!" said he, and by degrees his imagination carried his spirit back to that beloved place. The old gentleman in New York had enabled him to become free and to return home with his child. They are on the ocean; the steamer moves on, day and night, until he sees the harbor of Hamburg, whence he set out on that fearful voyage. He passes different cities, where the German language sounds in his ear; onward the train is speeding, onward to the spot of his beloved home. They approach nearer and nearer; a great joy fills his whole being; a sweet, well-known air surrounds him once more. His poor old heart hammers within him with joy. Oh, God, there are the fields, there the forests, the houses and the church-steeple. There a peasant, with his lamb-

skin's cap, walks behind the plow. He stretches out his arms: "Neighbor, neighbor, listen!"—His voice fails him, but presently the county-seat comes into view, and thereupon Lipince. He walks along the road with Marys, weeping. It is springtime, the air is full of May-bugs, and—is it not the sound of the village bells that is heard at a distance? Holy Christ, that there should be so much joy for him, a sinful man! Now only this little hill, and there is the cross and the finger-post pointing toward Lipince. They no more walk, but fly across the well-known landmarks, the finger-post and the cross. And the peasant falls upon his knees, embracing the cross, crying aloud for joy, touching with his lips the soil of his beloved home.

Yes, there they are.—But on the raft lies the lifeless body, while the soul remains where there is peace and joy.

In vain the girl calls aloud: "Father, dear father!" Poor child,—he will return to you no more; he would rather remain in Lipince.

It is night once more.

Orlik, suffering with hunger, was almost ready to drop his paddle. Marys kneeled by her dead father praying for him in a broken tone. Far and wide the same endless sheet of water.

They appeared to have been seized by the strong current of the widened river, and were carried down the stream with great rapidity. It was impossible to guide the course of the raft. There might be whirlpools, too, which would be likely to turn the frail skiff around and around. So Orlik kept a close lookout,—when presently he cried:

"By Christ, there is a light!"

Marys looked in the direction to which he

pointed, and she, too, saw a light that was reflected in the water.

“It is a ship from Claesville,” said Orlik. “The Yankees have sent out a saving party, and they will take us aboard. Marys, I shall save you yet.”

With a great effort he continued the work of steering the raft. The light drew nearer and nearer, and finally a large vessel became visible. It was yet far off, but came nearer and nearer. Yet, after a while Orlik noticed that it was farther off than at first.

They had been seized by a current which carried them farther and farther away from the boat. Besides, the branch broke in Orlik's hand, and so they were deprived of every means of guiding the course of the raft. The light became fainter and fainter. Presently their progress was stopped by a tree which

caught the floating wall from underneath, and so they were unable to progress further.

Both called for help, but the rush of the water deafened their voices.

"I must fire the gun," said Orlik. "Perhaps they may hear that and see us."

But the shot made no sound, for the gunpowder had become wet.

Orlik, growing desperate, threw himself down upon the raft and lay quiet for a while, like in a stupor. At length he arose and said:

"Marys, I should have run away with any other girl, perhaps, and brought her away with me. So I wanted to do with you, too, but dared not do it, for I love you. I have roamed about the world like a wolf, and strong men have been afraid of me. It was for me to be held in check by you. If you cannot love me, death will be welcome. I shall save you, or die. But if I die, pray for me, dear, and

weep over me! Marys, Marys, pray for me!"

And before the girl realized what he meant, he had jumped into the water and begun to swim. For a while she could see how his strong arms cleaved the water. He was an excellent swimmer. But soon he disappeared before her eyes. He had set out in the direction of the ship to seek help for her. The numerous currents played with him and carried him out of his course, now here, now there. In spite of all his efforts he proceeded but slowly. The yellow, muddy water, came into his eyes, but he raised his head and strained his eyes to keep the steamer in sight. One large wave carried him swiftly forward, another took him out of his course. His breath came more and more heavily; his feet were benumbed. He doubted whether he would be able to reach the ship, then the sound of the girl's voice sounded again in his

ear, as she had called for help, and his arms regained their former strength. He might at any time be seized by a current that he did not know, but continued, in spite of all obstacles, his perilous plodding through the muddy water, and finally the ship's lanterns seemed to draw nearer and nearer. The swimmer doubles his effort; the current threatens to draw him down, but he fights the waters in agony, until once more his power is exhausted and he feels near sinking. A few more strokes, and he is dazed by faintness. He cannot see the lanterns, but struggles and struggles, and finally gathers himself enough to call for help. But the arms refuse their service; he can keep above water no longer. One wave after another rolls over and past him; he cannot see; he can hardly breathe;—then a sound of the swift strokes of oars reaches his ears. With one last effort he repeats his cry

for help, and it is heard. A boat is nearing rapidly. Orlik, however, sinks, and the strong undercurrent seizes him, carrying away his body to a moist, unknown grave.

Marys, alone with her father's body on the raft, looks anxiously toward the far-away light. It draws nearer and nearer, and the girl watches it, until a boat glides out of the dark, and she cries for help in frantic despair.

"Hello, Smith," said a voice, "I'll be hanged if there isn't somebody crying for help again!"

A few minutes later she was grasped by strong hands and pulled over into the boat. But Orlik had disappeared forever.

In two months Marys left the hospital at Little Rock. In the meantime, enough money had been gathered together to enable her to reach New York. Still, owing to her ignorance of the world and the people surrounding

her, she must pass part of the way on foot. There were many who pitied the weak-looking girl with the large, blue eyes, who looked like a shadow more than like a live being, and asked with tears for every small favor she needed. She realized, too, that circumstances, and not mankind, had been the cause of her troubles. What should a poor Polish field flower like she—what should she do amidst the turmoil of American life? How could she support herself? The wheels of that gigantic machinery must tear her away and crush her, as wagon wheels crush the flowers in their track.

But in spite of it all she reached her destination. At length her thin hand reached for the bell of the house in Water street, New York, where her and her father's old friend from Posen lived.—The door was opened.

“Is Mr. Klotopolski at home?”

“Who is he?”

“An old gentleman, who——.” She produced the card.

“He is dead.”

“Dead! And his son?”

“He is traveling abroad.”

“And his daughter?”

“Also traveling in Europe.”

The door was closed. Marys dropped down upon the threshold and wiped the perspiration from her forehead. There she was once more in New York, helpless and friendless, without means of support, a prey of fate.

Remain here? Never! She will go down to the harbor; she will seek the German steamers, throw herself before the feet of one captain or another, and beseech him to have pity on her and bring her back to Germany. From Germany she will beg her way home to Lipince. There her Jasko is living. Beside him she has

not a single friend in the whole wide world, and, if he shall refuse to care for her, she will at least die near him.

*of construction of sense*  
She found the way to the harbor and bent her back before the German captains. They would have been but too glad to bring her home, for she was pretty yet, and some rest was all she needed to regain her full strength of youth. Consequently no beseeching would avail.

The girl sought a resting place among the piles of boards that lay scattered about in all directions near the water, close to the place where some time ago she had passed that terrible night in her father's company, and where he had attempted to drown her. She ate the refuse she could find along the water's edge. Happily it was summer and warm enough outside.

Every morning she went to the German

docks and asked for a passage, but always in vain. But, with a peasant's persistence she returned again and again.

In the meantime her resistance was exhausted and she felt that unless she was taken aboard a ship before long she would die, as all who had interested themselves on her behalf had died before her.

One day she dragged herself wearily along, as usual, thinking that very likely this would be the last time, as her fate might be decided on the day following, when all her remaining power would give out. So she determined to ask no more, but steal aboard some vessel that was ready to sail for Europe and hide herself in a dark corner. Then, when the ship was on the open sea they would not throw her into the water,—and even if they did, it would not matter much. If, at any rate, she must die, it was quite indifferent where it happened. At

the gang-board of every vessel a strict surveillance is kept up, however, and so her first attempt was unsuccessful.

Now she seats herself on the landing place and thinks the fever has seized her, for she smiles and murmurs to herself:

“I am a wealthy heiress, Jasko, but I have remained true to you. Do you not know me?”

It was not the fever, however, that had possessed the poor girl, but insanity. Henceforth she walked about the docks every day, to seek and point out her Jasko. People began to recognize her, and from time to time someone gave her a few cents. She thanked humbly and smiled like a child. In this manner two months passed.—One day she disappeared forever. Only the newspapers stated that at the outer end of the harbor the body of a young girl had been found. Her name and her connections were unknown.



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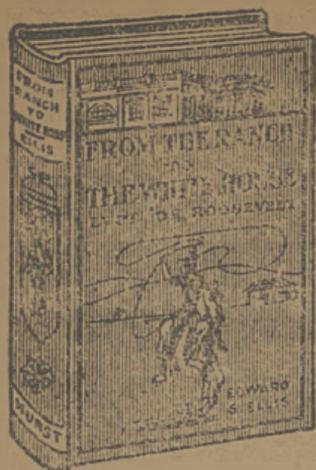
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