

## VI.

On the first night out at sea, strange dreams were those that haunted poor Lowley, who, pessimistic as he always had been over this Panama trip, in which he thought he had been practically coerced, got somehow or other, to look upon his dreams in the light of an evil prophecy; so much so that, growing nervous about them, he proceeded, the very next morning early, to relate the whole thing to Willinger, who, however, by way of emphasizing his scepticism in all such matters, drove him away, saying:

“For heaven’s sake, Jim, go along with your foolish nightmares, and give me a rest, will you! Don’t believe in dreams, anyhow!—never have, and never will, ‘world without end, amen’—guess you must have eaten something last night that didn’t quite agree with that delicate digestion of yours; and that’s all there is to it; so go now, and get

started in your work before the Mate comes around and finds you loafing!"

After this unsympathetic rejoinder, Lowley went his way and dreamt no more on the uneventful balance of the voyage, the seventh day of which saw himself and his friend safely landed in Colon.

As soon as they reached the dock, on which they were the very first ones to alight, they began to gaze wistfully around, when Lowley saw, in the distance, a short, stout, bow-legged gentleman, who was busy at the time, superintending the landing of the passengers' baggage which was to be sent across the Road on a special train leaving almost immediately; and it was to this gentleman he walked up and addressed himself:

"Pardon me, sir," he said with an air of respect that showed good breeding; "we've just got in on the boat from New York, and, being strangers, would feel obliged for any information you could give us about this place, of which we have been hearing so much lately. While in the States we were told that things were booming down

here, and so we decided to come on the chance of getting a job either with the Rail Road or the Canal Commission. What do you think are the prospects, sir? We need work quickly, for our funds are rather limited."

At the moment, Louie was taken aback for an answer, because he knew, full well, that things were by no means what they had been represented abroad to the unfortunate strangers, for whom he felt keenly; but he finally gathered himself up, and said, in reply to the question that had been put to him:

"Gentlemen, I'm sorry to tell you that you have heard all wrong. Outside of some little sanitary work that is going on, and great plans of organization, there is really nothing doing that's worth talking about; anyhow, it will do no harm for both of you to look around and see the exact condition for yourselves. I do not wish to discourage you, but I am afraid you have come too soon."

To the two strangers, all this was, natur-

ally, a very great disappointment; for they had travelled nineteen hundred and seventy miles, under unpleasant circumstances at that, but to be told that "There was nothing doing yet."

Observing the look of distress upon their faces, Louie said to them, encouragingly:

"Never mind, gentlemen, don't give up the ship yet,—never say die, even up to the last moment; if it does happen that you do get stuck finally, why then, come and see me, and I'll do the best I can to help you out of a box"; with which assurance, the two fellows picked up their grips and, with them, as much courage as they could possibly muster, and left the dock to seek lodgings in the town.

Limited means, of course, compelled them to select the cheapest, which was a Chinese restaurant, situated in *Bottle Alley*, at the rear of the Passenger-station of the Panama Rail Road Company. The room assigned to them measured no more than ten feet ten, and, as for the *furniture*, well, this consisted of two canvas folding-cots, two straw-pil-

lows, that had no covers on them (no sheets at all), two chairs that might have reigned from the time Columbus discovered America, one crippled table, that stood upon three legs—the wall doing crutch-service for the missing one—and a candle stuck into an empty bay-rum bottle that stood upon the table.

The walls and ceiling of the apartment were black with the smoke and smut of years' opium; and as for the floors—well, you could have planted in the soil that covered them, and at the end have reaped a pretty fair harvest!

And so, in a frame of mind that can better be imagined than described, Lowley gazed around the room looking completely dumbfounded! After a short while, however, both men laid their grips upon the chairs, exchanged quick glances with each other, and for a moment there was deep silence, which Willinger was the first to break.

“Gracious goodness, Lowley! why do you put on such a long face as that, will you tell

me? As for the room, don't worry about it: I shall see that it is scrubbed out nicely the very first thing in the morning; so come on, now, and let's take a short stroll along the streets in order to get acquainted with the town. I think that will do us more good than sitting here, moping over things, which cannot be remedied immediately."

It was not long after this little speech of Willinger, that the two men were out on the streets, going along *Calle Frente*, the principal thoroughfare of the town, and thence to *Cristobal*, the late French Settlement, which is now the head-quarters of the Isthmian Canal Commission and its employes. On their way, they stopped to talk with merchants, who complained to them of the sad state of business at the moment; but who felt certain that, as soon as the Americans had gained a good foot-hold in the place, things would grow immeasurably better. The only thing that Willinger and Lowley found booming at the time, was land, every desirable lot of which had been taken up by local and foreign speculators at

enormous prices; and they, therefore, saw, at a glance, that the present outlook was gloomy, and that there was no immediate hope for them, in the way of obtaining a position. And so, on their way back to the restaurant, Lowley, who was deeply concerned over the gravity of the situation, which he had turned over carefully in his mind, took the opportunity of saying:

“Well, Charlie, I guess we had better go back to God’s Country by the same steamer that brought us here; for, really, I do not see the use of waiting any longer: the place is as dead as a door-nail—darn my soul if it isn’t! I could just kick myself for coming so soon. My first intention was to wait till things had got better; and I regret now that I did not carry it out to the letter.”

“Oh, give us a rest, Jim!” interrupted Willinger; “why, hang it, we’ve only just got in on the boat and you begin to talk about returning already! I’d like to know what kind of a man *you* are, anyhow! Can’t you have a little patience and make up your mind to face the music as cheerfully as

The first part of the book is devoted to a general introduction to the subject of the history of the world. The author discusses the various theories of the origin of life and the development of the human race. He also touches upon the different stages of civilization and the progress of science and art. The second part of the book is a detailed account of the history of the world from the beginning of time to the present day. It covers the various empires, kingdoms, and nations that have existed on the face of the earth. The author provides a comprehensive overview of the major events and figures of world history, from the ancient world to the modern era. The third part of the book is a collection of essays and articles on various aspects of world history and culture. These include discussions on the impact of religion, the role of the individual, and the future of the world. The book is a valuable resource for anyone interested in the history of the world and the human condition.

The book is written in a clear and concise style, making it accessible to a wide range of readers. The author's use of language is both informative and engaging, and his analysis of historical events is thorough and insightful. The book is a well-organized and comprehensive work that provides a solid foundation for understanding the history of the world. It is a must-read for anyone who wants to gain a deeper understanding of the world we live in today. The book is available in both print and digital formats, and can be purchased from a variety of retailers. It is a classic work of history that has stood the test of time and continues to be relevant and important today. The book is a testament to the power of history to shape our understanding of the world and ourselves. It is a work that should be read and studied by all who are interested in the human story. The book is a masterpiece of historical writing and a true gem of the world's literature. It is a work that will continue to inspire and educate generations to come. The book is a masterpiece of historical writing and a true gem of the world's literature. It is a work that will continue to inspire and educate generations to come.



nothing of the unpleasant combination of odors that arose from this mixed and degraded gathering!

In the midst of the terrible uproar, Lowley, by way of "drowning his thoughts and killing time," began to beat a lively tattoo upon his glass with a knife that had as many notches in it as an old cross-cut saw had; finally, he laid the knife aside, removed the glass a little bit from him, and remarked to Willinger in a voice that savored of extreme disgust:

"This, Charlie, is the toughest, darn place I've ever struck in my life! And just think of it, too: sitting at table with a mob like this!—some of them niggers at that!—I'll swear it's more than I can put up with, and we'll have to get out of this as soon as we can."

It was just at the end of this speech that Ling Foo, the proprietor of the restaurant, clothed in a cotton singlet, his only upper garment, which was black with kitchen-smut, stepped in with Willinger and Lowley's supper; and, tossing both plates

quickly down upon the table, strutted out again with an air of importance that might have been worthy of a Chinese emperor! Business was booming that evening; and so Ling Foo, who was cook and waiter at once, had no time to lose over his customers, of whom there were lots outside waiting to fall into the first vacant seats that offered.

The bill of fare, which was served up in apologetical crockery, consisted of rice, *bacalao*—and the meanest kind of codfish it was too—*tasajo*, a kind of dried native meat, baked in the sun and sold by the yard; yam, yucca and plantain, with a finale of the now ubiquitous banana.

With the exception of the last mentioned course, the two men left their meals untasted, and went out to the streets in the direction towards the beach, to forget their troubles, if that were possible.

The night was calm and beautiful; not a ripple stirred upon the waters; in the heaven, that was without a cloud, the white moon rolled and a million stars lit up their torches; the low-lying west was still



Nitram Ginhigs, the proprietor of the establishment, was a man worth knowing. He had been on the Isthmus ever since 18—, without once, it is said, having taken a vacation. Ginhigs knew everybody; everybody knew Ginhigs—in fact, everybody had to know him; for he was a man to be counted upon in every emergency! With a heart that was always larger than his pocket, he had sent away, at his own expense, from time to time, many a poor stranded fellow rather than see him perish on the spot; and this, perhaps, is the reason why good old Nitram staid on forever! With an education beyond the mediocrity, his conversation was always interesting. In the history of Europe he simply excelled; and as for when you drew him out on the Irish question, well, then, you had him at his best; for he was a most powerful Irishman!

He loved the higher arts, and was fond of poetry, particularly Moore's, many of whose poems he could rattle off, from memory, as fluently as if he had just got through learning them for some special occasion; in

fact, so intense was his admiration for Moore, that many of the songs of this famous Irish singer are to be found gracing the walls of his saloon to-day.

But to return to our two unfortunate travellers. It was over their lemonades that they scraped the acquaintance of Nitram, whom they told of the mistake they had made in coming to Colon so soon; with which Ginhigs coincided, of course, while on the other hand he counselled patience. Then the conversation turned, at last, to other things of the Isthmus: the proprietor told them some thrilling stories of the '85 period; of the troublous times of '98 to '02; and, coming to things of a yet later date, he waxed warm and dwelt most graphically on the events of the ever-memorable 3rd and 4th of November, 1903, which, happily, resulted in the birth of a new Republic, and thus made possible the conditions for the union of the two great oceans by the favored Panama route. Then their talk drifted upon the tide of Canal matters, over which

Ginhigs was becoming quite loquacious; but Willinger, sipping away at the "tail end" of his lemonade, succeeded in edging in the following question:

"But, tell me, Mr. Ginhigs, when do you think that work in real, true earnest, will begin on the Canal? I mean actual digging and excavating, and buckling down to business in every sense of the word!"

"My dear good fellow," came the answer promptly, "you ask me a question that is not very easily answered; and I should state further, that, judging from the tone of voice in which you put it, you underestimate altogether, the magnitude and importance of the work that is to be accomplished! Why, man alive! can't you understand that it is not only the building of a Canal at issue? There are so many other things to be done before the Earth can be disturbed from its long years' slumbering. First of all, there is organization, which must take time in a concern that involves the greatest engineering feat that the mind of man has ever con-

ceived yet. Then, there is sanitation, which has been so sadly neglected by the late Parent-Government; again, there is the building of suitable quarters in Colon, along the line of Road, and in Panama for the housing of employes, of whom there will be thousands coming—to say nothing of the construction and equipment of up-to-date hospitals for the accommodation of the sick; and, to go further, the installation of a good water-service, so greatly needed on this long-suffering and patient-waiting Isthmus of Panama! When all these things shall have been finished, you can then expect to see the dirt fly, but not before! At this stage of the game, gentlemen, we cannot expect more than preparatory work, which is always the most difficult part of any undertaking. What shall we say then when it comes to such a mammoth one as this?—when it comes to demolishing mountains, deviating the courses of rivers; shifting railroad track-beds; and, what is the greatest problem of all others, disposing of the dirt

excavated on the line! My dear, good fellows, if I know anything about this matter at all, I really do not see how work on the Canal proper, *can* begin before two years are over our heads; so that, if my judgment be correct, it is evident you have come too soon."

It was just 11 o'clock when Ginhigs brought his somewhat lengthened, though sensible, argument to a close; and, the hour being late, the two strangers rose from their seats, bade good-night to the genial publican, and took their way to their room, there to give their troubles up to two hard pillows, on the like of which they had never laid their heads before.

The night was long and weary; plenty of mosquitoes, and consequently, very little sleep for Willinger and Lowley, who were therefore, glad when they heard the *cacho* blowing, and when they saw the first gray glimmer of the dawn, with which they were up arraying themselves in their "Sunday Penitentials." By 8 o'clock both of them



were out, going the rounds in search of employment; but everywhere they went to, they received the self-same crushing answer:

“No vacancy at present.”

## VII.

It was the *Invierno* Season, in the month of May 1904; the rains had just begun to fall copiously, and the dear little martins were returning from their summer nooks, across the Bay, somewhere, to take up their old abodes among the stately cocoanut-trees that rim the beautiful sea-front of Colon.

Two long, weary weeks had passed since Willinger and Lowley had landed from the steamer; but, despite of all their efforts, going from place to place each day in search of something to do, they were still without employment. And so, as time went on, the situation grew from bad to worse; for, what was more serious than all, the little money they had brought with them from the States had gone all but a few *pesos*! It, therefore, occurred to them, at once, that they had reached a point where it was a case of "desperate diseases requiring desperate remedies;" and so, sitting down one morning in

his room talking the situation over with Lowley, Willinger said:

“I tell you what it is, Jim, we’ll have to begin to get a move on us now; for this state of things cannot continue much longer. We’re now almost at our tether’s end for money, and what I’m worrying most about, is how we’re going to pay that hard nut of a Chinaman downstairs the ten dollars balance we owe him on our board and lodging. It seems to me, therefore, that the time has come for us to do something, no matter what it may be, so long as we can earn enough therefrom to keep us from starvation! What do you say to calling on the Stevedore at the American Wharf, and finding out whether he can do anything for us or not? You will remember what he said to us on the morning of our arrival here: his words were, ‘Come and see me in case you get stuck’; and if we ain’t stuck now, Jim, why I would just like to know what we are then. ‘Stuck,’ I should say we are; but I suppose there is some way out of the difficulty, and so, let us proceed to find it, because there is no time to lose.”

Here, Lowley became quite pensive; he had been listening in bent attitude; his hands closed together and stuck between his knees, his eyes fixed steadily on one particular spot on the floor; but he finally raised his head, and, in a voice that was full of resignation to the inevitable, said:

“Well, Charlie, all right; if it has to be old chap; I’m ready to go with you now”; with which both men arose synchronously, picked up their *sombreros*, and left the room in a hurry.

They soon found Neslo, who was busy at the time, attending to the stowage of a large lot of wine, put up in barrels, which had come in from Panama on “No. 8” the evening before. As the two men approached him, Neslo saw at a glance that the fellows were in trouble, which impression was quickly confirmed by Willinger, who stepped forward, saying:

“Good morning, Mr. Neslo; we’ve come to ask if you can do anything for us. We’re willing to shove a truck even, if you’ll only give us a show, sir; and green as we are in

that sort of business, we'll do our best to give you satisfaction."

As a matter of fact, Jamaicans and Fortune Islanders were the kind of labor chiefly employed by Neslo; but it is on record, that it was never known yet for the Stevedore to send away a white man in need of work when employment could be found on the dock for him.

So, when the two stranded travellers applied to him for a job, Neslo pulled a narrow slip of paper out of his pocket, stuck the pointed end of a pencil between his ample lips, pulled it out again, and began figuring upon the quantity of freight he could expect for the steamer which was sailing within a day or so. His calculations finished, he said, in his usual familiar manner:

"All right, boys, you can start to work the next 'third,' which is 1 o'clock. See those two trucks lying in the corner over yonder? Pick 'em up when you come, and go at it cheerfully; it's the best I can do for you now; but never mind that: you don't

know how soon something better might turn up for both of you."

Promptly on time, and according to arrangement, the two men returned to the pier, backed their coats, and started to work in real good earnest; but the keen-eyed Steve-dore saw immediately that the poor fellows were not accustomed to shoving a truck; for he noticed that they oftentimes jostled against the other laborers, to the extent, occasionally, of upsetting the loads they carried. This, naturally, tickled all the negroes to death; for they thought to themselves, "Well, de boss not gwine put up wid dat sort of t'ing very long"; over which idea they chuckled, of course, because it is a well known fact, that the negroes never wanted to see any other but people of their own color working on the dock among them. The presence of a white man laboring with them was always certain to evoke the negroes' resentment, which took the degraded form of loading the white man's trucks with burdens that were almost impossible to carry! But it did not take long for Willinger and

Lowley to discover that there was a plot on foot against them; for the very first morning on which they went to work, they overheard the following in a vernacular that was strange to both of them :

“Hi, Brown! Look dem ’merican white men de shove truck, eh? My son, dem don’ kno’ one damn t’ing about it at all! Fo’ every time dem go, dem sure fe upset what dem de carry. Dem jus’ done bus’ up a whole barrel o’ pilot biscuits, de chupid t’ings dem! But me well an’ glad tho’, for dem have no right ’pon de dock at all. But ’top, no, I gwine fe fix dem fo’ true; de nex’ time dem come with dem trucks, I is gwine fe give dem such a load dem never wi’ able fe carry, and den me wi’ see how dem like de job dem have here.”

The man who spoke thus was a tall Jamaica negro, who wore a slouch-hat, that shaded a pair of large fierce eyes, which might have fitted the very devil himself! and this of course, was the fellow who had been delegated by his *paisanos* to perpetrate the act of jealousy, in which, however, the

negro had been foiled, because the threat was promptly reported to Neslo, who, in language not by any means poetic, told the fellow he would dismiss him if he attempted to annoy "those two white men."

After this, everything went on smoothly, and Willinger and Lowley found constant employment on the dock; but hard work and exposure in a tropical climate had, at last, begun to tell on both of them: their figures were bent, and the crimson flush of the boreal winters that was on their cheeks when they landed, had vanished completely! In fact, they were not the same men at all; yet they worked on cheerfully, hoping that something better would turn up for them soon. But there came a day when only Lowley reported for duty; Willinger had taken sick the night before, and he was unable to leave his bed the next morning.

"Guess the work went hard with him," said Lowley to the Stevedore, in answer to his inquiry; "and then, you see, sir," he continued, "the poor fellow was never accus-



tomed to anything like this—really, I don't know how he stood it for as long as he did! I thought he would have caved in long before this. Last night he had a terrible chill, that shook the very cot upon which he lay; and such a burning fever set in that I became alarmed and called in a doctor, who was a bald-headed man, with a red face, and a pronounced Jewish nose—I can't remember his name now for the life of me; but that cuts no figure at all; suffice it to say, he seemed a pretty good sort of fellow, and took an interest in the case at once. He gave my friend some medicines, and made no charge for them whatever; neither for his visit; but that I think was because Charlie saved his dog the other day from being run over by a switch engine in the yard."

"I'm sorry, old chap," said Neslo, "to hear such sad news about your friend—let me know if I can do anything for him"; and with this, the last *cacho* sounded, and Lowley ran off in a hurry, picked up his truck, and worked till 9 o'clock, the breakfast hour.

Too worried to partake of the morning's meal, he went direct to his cheerless room, and as he entered upon the threshold of it, Willinger said to him, somewhat feebly :

“So glad you've come, old chap; thought you would never have shown up here again; I'm feeling mighty rocky, I can tell you: my back is almost breaking in two, and my head—Gee! —it's just on fire!—and such a thirst as I have on me—nothing seems to quench it in the least way—tried to swallow some tea the Chinaman gave me a while ago, but couldn't: it was the vilest stuff I had ever put to my lips yet”; and as Willinger uttered the last word, he felt so exhausted that he threw his head back upon his hard straw pillow, and tossed and tossed about the cot, unable to find, in any change of posture, a moment's peace or ease—nothing but weariness and the ceaseless shiftings of his body; at all of which Lowley became so alarmed and excited, that he walked across the room, two or three times, in deep meditation; and, pausing, finally, at the doorway, the frame-

work of which he held up as if to adjust his equilibrium, said :

“Charlie, I’ll be gone just for a few minutes”; and, without another word from him, as to the nature of his mission, off he went, returning shortly with Doctor Ladnar.

“You’ll have to get the fellow out of this here den pretty quick, I tell you!” was Ladnar’s first prescription, as he took off his hat to mop his bald head, which glistened as though it had just been anointed! Then he pulled a thermometer from out his waistcoat pocket, and shook it up and down at a lively pace two or three times or more; after which performance he stuck it gently under the patient’s tongue, and as he drew the instrument out again and examined it, he turned away with an ominous shake of his head, and beckoned to Lowley, who followed him, and to whom he said in a low whisper :

“105!—your friend is pretty sick, sir, and I advise you to get him into the hospital as quickly as possible; so you had better go right now and see your boss, and have him arrange the matter for you”; over which in-

structions not a moment was lost; for within an hour or so after the doctor had ordered the removal, the patient, thanks to Neslo, was comfortably settled in the Rail Road Hospital on the beach.

VIII.

The hospital, which was built over the sea, commanded a pleasant view of the harbor. It was a two-story wooden structure, with a veranda all around it, and the back of the building looked towards the Orient. In this direction it was that Willinger occupied a room, and his great delight, each morning, was to watch the sun rise over, and silver, the Santa Rita Hills in the distance. Haply, with each successive dawn, there came to him the hope that the next day would find him on his legs again; and yet little thought he that time was when he might not have seen more than one sunrise from the same hospital! But this was in the days of Doctor Quackmire, a man who believed in making quick work of his patients, and who always left it to a tall, handsome lady, dressed in ever-ready epicedial garments, to atone for his crime with the meaningless tears that

she was wont to shed at the graves of his unfortunate victims,—in short, Quackmire was a veritable Mount Pelee!

This condition of things, however, did not prevail for long: the Powers that Be soon discovered that Quackmire was incompetent, and so, dismissed him summarily; as a result of which, this would-be doctor packed up his traps and returned to his northern home, taking with him the small fortune he had made, in a comparatively short time, from the harvest of his fatal prescriptions—the tall, handsome, lady, of the free and easy falling *lagrimas*, accompanying him, of course.

Happily, however, Doctor Ladnar was called in to take Quackmire's place; and the appointment turned out to be a good one, because, even if he did, like Lulu Glaser, love dogs, Ladnar proved, in every instance, that he knew his business thoroughly; for he was most successful in all his cases. If he didn't succeed in knocking the *Chagres* fever out of your system by the aid alone of those nice medicines, calomel for one, which he often-

times prescribed, he would eventually do so by adding a few of those broad, happy smiles of his, which generally lighted up a sick-room as he entered it; but that was not to be wondered at at all, because, putting aside the fact that he was naturally of a genial and jovial disposition, he was the doctor of the Sunshine Society of Colon.

## IX.

It was Sunday morning, and the peace of the Sabbath Day lay like a benediction over the city. From the tower of the picturesque Christ-Church on the Beach, the bells tolled out the early *matin*, and Willinger started as he heard the first chimes. Haply, the sound of them had stirred within him the memory of a bygone time, when he, as a boy, had been wont to kneel in his church at home, side by side with his mother, the two of them chanting together the Lord's Prayer! Perchance her dear, sweet, face rose up from the dead past before him, for he wept like a child.

Wiping away the tears from his eyes, he stretched his hand over to a chair that stood at his bedside, picked up a small bell which lay upon it, and rang for Nosilmot, the nurse, who answered the summons immediately.



“Yes, sir; what can I do for you?” the Nurse asked gently as he approached Wil-linger.

“I want you,” replied the sick man feebly, “to call that gentleman you’ve noticed coming here so often to visit me. His name is Lowley, and you’ll find him on the American dock. Tell him to come here at once: I want him urgently”; which command was promptly obeyed, for Lowley was soon with his sick friend, enquiring tenderly:

“Hello, old chap, how are you feeling now, and what can I do for you?” in answer to which, the patient stared blankly for a moment, but finally replied—pausing before each word to catch his breath, which came and went with difficulty—

“Jim, my good fellow, I’m sinking rapidly; you and I have been friends for long years now, and, so, before I die, I wish to tell you something I had never told you yet.”

Then the sick man rested for a brief space, in the hush of which Lowley picked up Wil-linger’s hand, and pressed into its icy palm the eloquence of his enduring friendship!

Finally, in the silence, that was broken only by the rhythmic splash of the breakers from far, far, seas upon the near, near shore. Willinger withdrew his hand from Lowley's and pulled from under his cotton singlet a golden locket, attached to which was a bit of blue silken ribbon, which he gave to Lowley, saying:

"Take this, Jim; it's all I have to give you; but promise me this: you will not open it until I'm dead. *She* gave it to me, Jim—the girl I loved as no man ever loved a woman yet; but she jilted me because the tide of luck had turned against me, and all that I had possessed was lost! I came here for her sake only, thinking to make lots of money to enable me to win her back again; but it's all over now, old chap, it's all over; for soon I shall be far—far—oh, ever so far away! Tell her, when you see her, as you will some day, I know, that I have forgiven her—that I thought of her and loved her to the last—yes, to the very, very last! Great God, though, is it possible that I shall never see her dear, sweet face again?" he said,

with much emotion, as, in his anguish, he raised the locket to his parched lips and kissed it o'er and o'er again till, overcome with exertion, he fell into a deep swoon, which lasted for some little time. When he awoke he saw that Lowley was still by his bedside, and he said to him, with a nervous tremor in his voice:

"Here yet, Jim?—so good of you to have stayed so long with me; but it's just like you, Jim—you dear, dear, fellow!"

And the patient was not wrong; for Lowley had remained in the hospital the whole of that Sunday helping to nurse his sick friend; now smoothing his pillow; now adjusting his wasted body in a comfortable position; now throwing back the scattered threads of hair that lay across his marble forehead, until it came to evening, when, seeing that Willinger rested calmly, and that death was not yet imminent, he left the hospital and went to his room to rest.

The next morning early, however, he returned to the hospital and found Willinger in a delirious condition and nearing the end,

“Charlie!—Oh, Charlie!—don’t you know me?” asked Lowley, who bent down over Willinger, listening to catch the answer for which he so eagerly awaited; but never a word came back to him from the lips of the dying man—nothing but a fixed, glassy stare, that had in it the soul-deep eloquence of a last and pathetic farewell! Soon, however, Willinger swayed restlessly on his pillows; lifted his hand slowly and moved it to and fro in the air, as if to catch at something that was hovering around him; then his lips trembled, and he articulated in his last wanderings, and with his latest breath:

“Jim, — where — are — you? — haven’t seen — you — for — such — a — long — long — time! Jim — look — over — there there — yonder — can’t — you — see — her? — it — is — she — Jim — the — same — sweet—face—beckoning—to—me — and — telling — me — good-by—God—bless—her! But — Jim—where—are—you? I cannot — see — your — face — Jim — the lights — are — out — and — the — night — has — grown—so—dark—and—cold —

good—by—Jim—Good—G-o-o—” he said; but the last word was lost in an echo, for just then the dying man gasped two or three times, and stiffened out his wasted limbs—his eyes closing gradually; finally, a hollow, gurgling sound rattled in his throat, and, with one last struggle, that shook his very frame, Charlie Willinger, despite of Ladar’s skill and Nosilmot’s careful nursing, fell into that dreamless sleep, from which there is no awaking.