

sun! The west was all aglow with a great, red ball of liquid fire, wound about with clouds of silver gossamer and bars of gold, that touched the waters and all around with a beatific splendor! Then Lowley's troubled soul, no doubt, went out to the peace that lay athwart the Occident, for, as he stood up watching the dead day's sun sink gradually, down beneath the crimsoned Atlantic, that stretched out in the distance before him, there rose from out the depths of his heart a sigh so heavy that it echoed on the the still night air. As the last ray of the expiring sun went down, Lowley repaired to his room, drew a chair close up to the table, on which a dull candle-light flickered, and sat down to write.

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"My Dear Scanton: I have some very sad news to give you—poor Willinger is dead! He passed away yesterday, and I'm just from the funeral. I'm sorry we ever came here so soon; it has been a great blunder, for which, however, we are the only ones to blame—poor dead Charlie and myself! I sometimes try to school myself to the belief that we did it for the best; but when I remember that we came to the Isthmus immediately after the ratification of the Treaty with Panama, when nothing was doing, I see the mistake

clearer yet before me. I shall be glad to get out of this, which I'm trying very hard to do, by the very first steamer; but, unfortunately, I have not sufficient means to cover the value of the passage; in fact, I'm on my last dollar.—”

Here he dropped the pen abruptly, and in quite an agitated manner. There was the memory, it seemed, of something overshadowing his face, which wrinkled beneath the impression of it; his head drooped, and his right hand moved slowly towards his pocket, from which he, finally, withdrew the golden charm which Willinger had given to him upon his dying-bed, and which he held close up under the dim candle-light, scrutinizing it with eyes that looked ever so far away. At last, however, he drew the locket nearer to him, opened it, and when he recognized the picture it contained, he started violently and exclaimed aloud:

“Great Goodness!—it's my sister, Mabel. Why didn't he tell me about it before he died?—I might have done so much to reconcile matters between them both; but it's too late now—too late,” he repeated, as he

stretched his arms out at full length across the table, and buried his face between them.

Weary with the late vigils at Willinger's bedside, he soon fell into a quiet slumber, from which, however, he was suddenly awakened by the touch of a hand upon his right shoulder. Raising his head, and turning around to see who was the intruder, he came face to face with Nitram Ginhigs, who had stepped in on a visit of condolence.

"See here, my good fellow," said Ginhigs in his usual sympathetic manner, "this sort of thing will never do at all—you'll have to brace up and 'face the music' like a man! Tell me, is there anything I can do for you?"

"I'm sure, Mr. Ginhigs, it's extremely kind of you, a perfect stranger," responded Lowley, in a voice that trembled with appreciation, "to interest yourself so much in me; but," he continued, "the only thing I see that you can do for me just at this present moment, is to tell me, sir, how to get out of Colon quickly. I admit that I came here too soon; and that the fault is mine; but then I have suffered and paid dearly for it

all!" To which, however, Nitram Ginhigs made no answer. Silently meditating, he adjusted his spectacles upon his ample nose, dug deep down into his pocket, by no means as large as his heart, and pulled from out of it something that glittered like gold, which he left in Lowley's hand, and quietly walked out of the room without saying a *single* word to the recipient of the secret of his charity! But there was nothing strange about this: it was Nitram Ginhigs all over; for he was a man who never waited for, nor wanted, thanks for all the good he had done, from time to time, in the town; and heaven only knows how much of gratitude, if any at all, he ever did receive for the manifold charities which he dispensed to the stranded ones, with whom he came in contact daily.

"Well, I'll see him and thank him myself to-morrow," said Lowley, as he put the money away and resumed his letter to Scan-ton:

"Glad to say I leave for God's country by the next steamer positively; will tell you all when we meet; don't fail to write to my sister, Mabel, in Nebraska

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(you know her address); inform her of my home-coming, and relate to her my condition exactly—say that I hope to be with her shortly.

With kindest regards, believe me,

Yours very truly,

JAMES LOWLEY."

XI.

About a fortnight after Lowley had dispatched his letter, he found himself in New York City once again. As he walked down the gang-plank of the steamer, with a grip in his hand that, apparently, was not overburdened with clothes, Scanton greeted him with a friendly:

“Glad to see you back, old boy. How sad about poor Willinger! It seems just like the irony of fate; for I remember well, that he was the one who urged the trip and was so bent on going to the Isthmus; but tell me all about it; of yourself and of Charlie’s last moments in that far-away country.” With which the two men, arm in arm, walked away together and stood up on the dock talking for quite a while. Their conversation over, Scanton handed a sealed envelope to Lowley, who opened the same and found that it contained a letter from his sister,

Mabel, inviting him to come and make his home with her in Nebraska, where, she wrote, to say, she had become a prosperous school-teacher; and in the same letter she enclosed sufficient money to pay her brother's way over, and to purchase for him whatever clothing he might need to make himself presentable.

It was not long after Lowley's arrival in New York that he proceeded to Nebraska. Finally, when he met his sister, Mabel, who had not seen him for years, she was shocked to see the change that had come over him, and so, she wept like a child; for she noticed that Lowley's cheeks were pale and hollow, his frame bent, and that his eyes were yellow; but when she recognized about her brother's person, the locket which she had given to Willinger, in days gone by, the climax of her sorrow was reached, and the old love quickened again within her! It all seemed more than she could bear up under, at once; and so, sickened with the memory of the past before her, she threw herself upon a near sofa, and sobbed and sobbed and

sobbed as if her very heart would break beneath the burden of it all—

“Oh, Charlie! You dear, dead Charlie!” she cried aloud, “if sweet forgiveness be the power of the dead, forgive me, Charlie—forgive me, as God will forgive us all!”

