
Howard Pyle
Men of
Iron
The Good and the Beautiful Library

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Introduction

HE YEAR 1400 OPENED with more than usual peacefulness in England. Only a few months before, Richard II—weak, wicked, and treacherous—had been dethroned, and Henry IV declared King in his stead. But it was only a seeming peacefulness, lasting but for a little while; for though King Henry proved himself a just and a merciful man—as justice and mercy went with the men of iron of those days—and though he did not care to shed blood needlessly, there were many noble families who had been benefited by King Richard during his reign, and who had lost somewhat of their power and prestige from the coming in of the new King.

Among these were a number of great lords—the Dukes of Albemarle, Surrey, and Exeter, the Marquis of Dorset, the Earl of Gloucester, and others—who had been degraded to their former titles and estates, from which King Richard had lifted them. These and others brewed a secret plot to take King Henry's life, which plot might have succeeded had not one of their own number betrayed them.

Their plan had been to fall upon the King and his adherents and to massacre them during a great tournament to be held at Oxford. But Henry did not appear at the lists; whereupon, knowing that he had been lodging at Windsor with only a few attendants, the conspirators marched thither against him. In the meantime, the King had been warned of the plot, so that, instead of finding him in the royal castle, they discovered through their scouts that he had hurried to London, whence he was even then marching against them at the head of a considerable army. So nothing was left them but flight. Some betook themselves one way, some another; some

sought sanctuary here, some there; but one and another, they were all of them caught and killed.

The Earl of Kent—one time Duke of Surrey—and the Earl of Salisbury were beheaded in the marketplace at Cirencester; Lord Le Despencer—once the Earl of Gloucester—and Lord Lumley met the same fate at Bristol; the Earl of Huntingdon was taken in the Essex fens, carried to the castle of the Duke of Gloucester, whom he had betrayed to his death in King Richard's time, and was there killed by the castle people. Those few who found friends faithful and bold enough to afford them shelter dragged those friends down in their own ruin.

Just such a case was that of the father of the boy hero of this story, the blind Lord Gilbert Reginald Falworth, Baron of Falworth and Easterbridge, who, though having no part in the plot, suffered through it ruin, utter and complete.

He had been a faithful counselor and adviser to King Richard, and perhaps it was this, as much and more than his roundabout connection with the plot, that brought upon him the punishment he suffered.

Chapter One

Myles Falworth was but eight years of age at that time, and it was only afterwards, and when he grew old enough to know more of the ins and outs of the matter, that he could remember by bits and pieces the things that afterwards happened; how one evening a knight came clattering into the courtyard upon a horse, red-nostrilled and smeared with the sweat and foam of a desperate ride—Sir John Dale, a dear friend of the blind Lord.

Even though so young, Myles knew that something very serious had happened to make Sir John so pale and haggard, and he dimly remembered leaning against the knight's iron-covered knees, looking up into his gloomy face, and asking him if he was sick to look so strange. Thereupon those who had been too troubled before to notice him, bethought themselves of him, and sent him to bed, rebellious at having to go so early.

He remembered how the next morning, looking out of a window high up under the eaves, he saw a great troop of horsemen come riding into the courtyard beneath, where a powdering of snow had whitened everything, and of how the leader, a knight clad in black armor, dismounted and entered the great hall doorway below, followed by several of the band.

He remembered how some of the castle women were standing in a frightened group upon the landing of the stairs, talking together in low voices about a matter he did not understand, excepting that the armed men who had ridden into the courtyard had come for Sir John Dale. None of the women paid any attention to him; so, shunning their notice, he ran off down the winding stairs, expecting every moment to be called back again by some one of them.

A crowd of castle people, all very serious and quiet, were gathered in the hall, where a number of strange men-at-arms lounged upon the benches, while two billmen in steel caps and leathern jacks stood guarding the great door, the butts of their weapons resting upon the ground, and the staves crossed, barring the doorway.

In the anteroom was the knight in black armor whom Myles had seen from the window. He was sitting at the table, his great helmet lying upon the bench beside him, and a quart beaker of spiced wine at his elbow. A clerk sat at the other end of the same table, with inkhorn in one hand and pen in the other, and a parchment spread in front of him.

Master Robert, the castle steward, stood before the knight, who every now and then put to him a question, which the other would answer, and the clerk would write the answer down upon the parchment.

His father stood with his back to the fireplace, looking down upon the floor with his blind eyes, his brows drawn moodily together, and the scar of the great wound that he had received at the tournament at York—the wound that had made him blind—showing red across his forehead, as it always did when he was angered or troubled.

There was something about it all that frightened Myles, who crept to his father's side and slid his little hand into the palm that hung limp and inert. In answer to the touch, his father grasped the hand tightly but did not seem otherwise to notice that he was there. Neither did the black knight pay any attention to him, but continued putting his questions to Master Robert.

Then, suddenly, there was a commotion in the hall without, loud voices, and a hurrying here and there. The black knight half arose, grasping a heavy iron mace that lay upon the bench beside him, and the next moment Sir John Dale himself, as pale as death, walked into the antechamber. He stopped in the very middle of the room. "I yield me to my Lord's grace and mercy," said he to the black knight, and they were the last words he ever uttered in this world.

The black knight shouted out some words of command and, swinging up the iron mace in his hand, strode forward clanking towards Sir John, who raised his arm as though to shield himself from the blow. Two or three of those who stood in the hall without came running into the room with drawn swords and bills, and little Myles, crying out with terror, hid his face in his father's long gown.

The next instant came the sound of a heavy blow and of a groan, then another blow and the sound of one falling upon the ground. Then the clashing of steel and in the midst Lord Falworth crying, in a dreadful voice, "Thou traitor! Thou coward! Thou murderer!"

Master Robert snatched Myles away from his father and bore him out of the room in spite of his screams and struggles, and he remembered just one instant's sight of Sir John lying still and silent upon his face, and of the black knight standing above him, with the terrible mace in his hand stained a dreadful red.

It was the next day that Lord and Lady Falworth and little Myles, together with three of the more faithful of their people, left the castle.

His memory of past things held a picture for Myles of old Diccon Bowman standing over him in the silence of midnight with a lighted lamp in his hand, and with it a recollection of being bidden to hush when he would have spoken, and of being dressed by Diccon and one of the women, bewildered with sleep, shuddering and chattering with cold.

He remembered being wrapped in the sheepskin that lay at the foot of his bed and of being carried in Diccon Bowman's arms down the silent darkness of the winding stairway, with the great black giant shadows swaying and flickering upon the stone wall as the dull flame of the lamp swayed and flickered in the cold breathing of the night air.

Below were his father and mother and two or three others. A stranger stood warming his hands at a newly made fire, and little Myles, as he peeped from out the warm sheepskin, saw that he was in riding boots and was covered with mud. He did not know till long years afterwards that the stranger was a messenger sent by a friend at the King's court, bidding his father fly for safety.

They who stood there by the red blaze of the fire were all very still, talking in whispers and walking on tiptoes, and Myles's mother hugged him in her arms, sheepskin and all, kissing him, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, and whispering to him, as though he could understand their trouble, that they were about to leave their home forever.

Then Diccon Bowman carried him out into the strangeness of the winter midnight.

Outside, beyond the frozen moat, where the osiers stood stark and stiff in their winter nakedness, was a group of dark figures waiting for them with horses. In the pallid moonlight, Myles recognized the well-known face of Father Edward, the Prior of St. Mary's.

After that came a long ride through that silent night upon the saddlebow in front of Diccon Bowman; then a deep, heavy sleep, that fell upon him in spite of the galloping of the horses.

When next he woke the sun was shining, and his home and his whole life were changed.

Chapter Two



From the time the family escaped from Falworth Castle that midwinter night to the time Myles was sixteen years old, he knew nothing of the great world beyond Crosbey-Dale. A fair was held twice in a twelvemonth at the market town of Wisebey, and three times in the seven years old Diccon Bowman took the lad to see the sights at that place. Beyond these three glimpses of the outer world, he lived almost as secluded a life as one of the neighboring monks of St. Mary's Priory.

Crosbey-Holt, their new home, was different enough from Falworth or Easterbridge Castle, the former baronial seats of Lord Falworth. It was a long, low, straw-thatched farmhouse, once, when the church lands were divided into two holdings, one of the bailiff's houses. All around were the fruitful farms of the priory, tilled by well-to-do tenant holders, and rich with fields of waving grain and meadow-lands where sheep and cattle grazed in flocks and herds; for in those days the church lands were under church rule and were governed by church laws, and there, when war and famine and waste and sloth blighted the outside world, harvests flourished and were gathered, and sheep were sheared and cows were milked in peace and quietness.

The Prior of St. Mary's owed much, if not all, of the church's prosperity to the blind Lord Falworth, and now he was paying it back with a haven of refuge from the ruin that his former patron had brought upon himself by giving shelter to Sir John Dale.

I fancy that most boys do not love the grinding of school life—the lessons to be conned, the close application during study hours. It is not often pleasant to brisk, lively lads to be so cooped up. I wonder what the boys of today would have thought of Myles's

training. With him that training was not only of the mind, but of the body as well, and for seven years it was almost unremitting. "Thou hast thine own way to make in the world, sirrah," his father said more than once when the boy complained of the grinding hardness of his life, and to make one's way in those days meant a thousand times more than it does now; it meant not only a heart to feel and a brain to think, but a hand quick and strong to strike in battle, and a body tough to endure the wounds and blows in return. And so it was that Myles's body, as well as his mind, had to be trained to meet the needs of the dark age in which he lived.

Every morning, winter or summer, rain or shine, he tramped away six long miles to the priory school, and in the evenings his mother taught him French.

Myles, being prejudiced in the school of thought of his day, rebelled not a little at that last branch of his studies. "Why must I learn that vile tongue?" said he.

"Call it not vile," said the blind old Lord, grimly; "Perhaps, when thou art grown a man, thou'lt have to seek thy fortune in France land, for England is haply no place for such as be of Falworth blood." And in after years, true to his father's prediction, the "vile tongue" served him well.

As for his physical training, that pretty well filled up the hours between his morning studies at the monastery and his evening studies at home. Then it was that old Diccon Bowman took him in hand, than whom none could be better fitted to shape his young body to strength and his hands to skill in arms. The old bowman had served with Lord Falworth's father under the Black Prince both in France and Spain, and in long years of war had gained a practical knowledge of arms that few could surpass. Besides the use of the broadsword, the short sword, the quarterstaff, and the cudgel, he taught Myles to shoot so skilfully with the longbow and the crossbow that not a lad in the countryside was his match at the village butts. Attack and defense with the lance, and throwing the knife and dagger, were also part of his training.

Then, in addition to this more regular part of his physical

training, Myles was taught in another branch not so often included in the military education of the day—the art of wrestling. It happened that a fellow lived in Crosbey village, by name Ralph-the-Smith, who was the greatest wrestler in the countryside and had worn the champion belt for three years. Every Sunday afternoon, in fair weather, he came to teach Myles the art, and being wonderfully adept in bodily feats, he soon grew so quick and active and firm-footed that he could cast any lad under twenty years of age living within a range of five miles.

"It is main ungentle armscraft that he learneth," said Lord Falworth one day to Prior Edward. "Saving only the broadsword, the dagger, and the lance, there is but little that a gentleman of his strain may use. Neth'less, he gaineth quickness and suppleness, and if he hath true blood in his veins, he will acquire knightly arts shrewdly quick when the time cometh to learn them."

But hard and grinding as Myles's life was, it was not entirely without pleasures. There were many boys living in Crosbey-Dale and the village; yeomen's and farmers' sons, to be sure, but, nevertheless, lads of his own age, and that, after all, is the main requirement for friendship in boyhood's world. Then there was the river to bathe in; there were the hills and valleys to roam over, and the wold and woodland, with their wealth of nuts and birds' nests and whatnot of boyhood's treasures.

Once he gained a triumph that for many a day was very sweet under the tongue of his memory. As was said before, he had been three times to the market town at fair time, and upon the last of these occasions, he had fought a bout of quarterstaff with a young fellow of twenty and had been the conqueror. He was then only a little over fourteen years old.

Old Diccon, who had gone with him to the fair, had met some cronies of his own, with whom he had sat gossiping in the ale-booth, leaving Myles for the nonce to shift for himself. By-and-by the old man had noticed a crowd gathered at one part of the fair-ground, and, snuffing a fight, had gone running, ale-pot in hand. Then, peering over the shoulders of the crowd, he had seen his

young master, stripped to the waist, fighting like a gladiator with a fellow a head taller than himself. Diccon was about to force his way through the crowd and drag them asunder, but a second look had showed his practiced eye that Myles was not only holding his own, but was in the way of winning the victory. So he had stood with the others looking on, withholding himself from any interference and whatever upbraiding might be necessary until the fight had been brought to a triumphant close. Lord Falworth never heard directly of the redoubtable affair, but old Diccon was not so silent with the common folk of Crosbey-Dale, and so no doubt the father had some inkling of what had happened. It was shortly after this notable event that Myles was formally initiated into squirehood. His father and mother, as was the custom, stood sponsors for him. By them, each bearing a lighted taper, he was escorted to the altar. It was at St. Mary's Priory, and Prior Edward blessed the sword and girded it to the lad's side. No one was present but the four, and when the good Prior had given the benediction and had signed the cross upon his forehead, Myles's mother stooped and kissed his brow just where the priest's finger had drawn the holy sign. Her eyes brimmed bright with tears as she did so. Poor lady! Perhaps she only then and for the first time realized how big her fledgling was growing for his nest. Henceforth Myles had the right to wear a sword.

Myles had ended his fifteenth year. He was a bonny lad, with brown face, curling hair, a square, strong chin, and a pair of merry, laughing blue eyes; his shoulders were broad; his chest was thick of girth; his muscles and thews were as tough as oak.

The day upon which he was sixteen years old, as he came whistling home from the monastery school, he was met by Diccon Bowman.

"Master Myles," said the old man, with a snuffle in his voice. "Master Myles, thy father would see thee in his chamber and bade me send thee to him as soon as thou didst come home. Oh, Master Myles, I fear me that belike thou art going to leave home tomorrow day."

Myles stopped short. "To leave home!" he cried.

"Aye," said old Diccon, "belike thou goest to some grand castle

to live there, and be a page there and whatnot, and then, haply, a gentleman-at-arms in some great lord's pay."

"What coil is this about castles and lords and gentlemen-at-arms?" said Myles. "What talkest thou of, Diccon? Art thou jesting?"

"Nay," said Diccon, "I am not jesting. But go to thy father, and then thou wilt presently know all. Only this I do say, that it is like thou leavest us tomorrow day."

And so it was as Diccon had said; Myles was to leave home the very next morning. He found his father and mother and Prior Edward together, waiting for his coming.

"We three have been talking it over this morning," said his father, "and so think each one that the time hath come for thee to quit this poor home of ours. And thou stay here ten years longer, thou'lt be no more fit to go then than now. Tomorrow I will give thee a letter to my kinsman, the Earl of Mackworth. He has thriven in these days, and I have fallen away, but time was that he and I were true sworn companions and plighted together in friendship never to be sundered. Methinks, as I remember him, he will abide by his plighted troth and will give thee his aid to rise in the world. So, as I said, tomorrow morning thou shalt set forth with Diccon Bowman and shall go to Castle Devlen, and there deliver this letter which prayeth him to give thee a place in his household. Thou mayst have this afternoon to thyself to make ready such things as thou shalt take with thee. And bid me Diccon to take the gray horse to the village and have it shod."

Prior Edward had been standing, looking out of the window. As Lord Falworth ended, he turned.

"And, Myles," said he, "thou wilt need some money, so I will give thee as a loan forty shillings, which someday thou mayst return to me, if thou wilt. For this know, Myles, a man cannot do in the world without money. Thy father hath it ready for thee in the chest and will give it thee tomorrow ere thou goest."

Lord Falworth had the grim strength of manhood's hard sense to upbear him in sending his son into the world, but the poor lady

mother had nothing of that to uphold her. No doubt it was as hard then as it is now for the mother to see the nestling thrust from the nest to shift for itself. What tears were shed, what words of love were spoken to the only man-child, none but the mother and the son ever knew.

The next morning Myles and the old bowman rode away, and no doubt to the boy himself, the dark shadows of leave-taking were lost in the golden light of hope as he rode out into the great world to seek his fortune.



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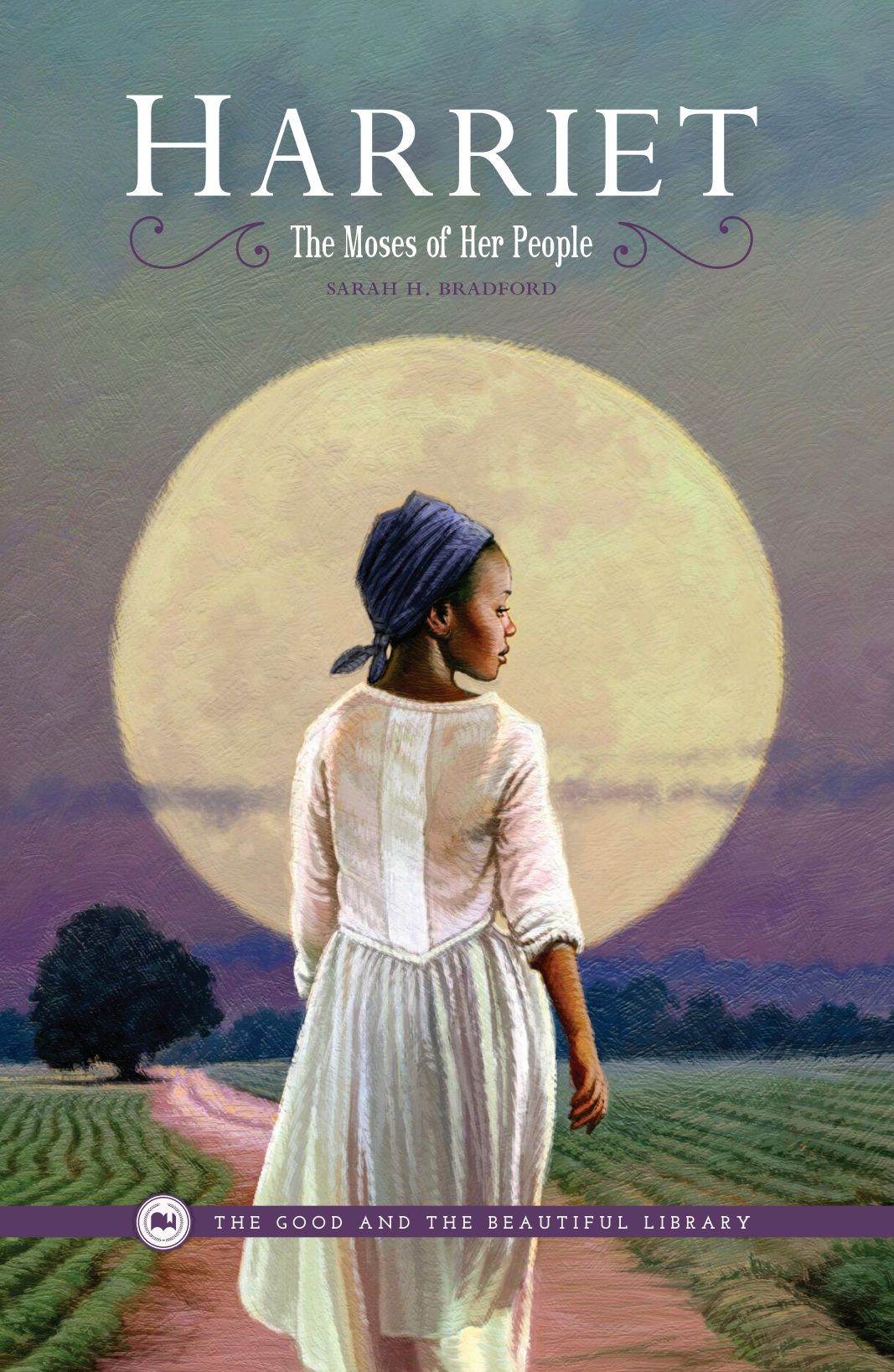
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HARRIET

The Moses of Her People

SARAH H. BRADFORD



THE GOOD AND THE BEAUTIFUL LIBRARY

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Chapter One



On a hot summer's day, perhaps sixty years ago, a group of merry little Black children were rolling and tumbling in the sand in front of the large house of a southern planter. Their shining skins gleamed in the sun as they rolled over each other in their play, and their voices, as they chattered together or shouted in glee, reached even to the cabins of the slave quarter, where the old people groaned in spirit as they thought of the future of those unconscious young revelers; and their cry went up, "O, Lord, how long!"

Apart from the rest of the children, on the top rail of a fence, holding tight on to the tall gate post, sat a little girl of perhaps thirteen years of age; darker than any of the others, and with a more decided *woolliness* in the hair; a pure unmitigated African. She was not so entirely in a state of nature as the rollers in the dust beneath her; but her only garment was a short woolen skirt, which was tied around her waist, and reached about to her knees. She seemed a dazed and dim-witted child, and as her head hung upon her breast, she looked up with dull blood-shot eyes toward her young brothers and sisters, without seeming to see them. By and by the eyes closed, and still clinging to the post, she slept. The other children looked up and said to each other, "Look at Hatt, she's done gone off again!" Tired of their present playground they trooped off in another direction, but the girl slept on heavily, never losing her hold on the post, or her seat on her perch. Behold here, in the dull little Black girl, the future deliverer of many of her people; the spy and scout of the Union armies; the devoted hospital nurse; the protector

of hunted fugitives; the eloquent speaker in public meetings; the cunning eluder of pursuing man-hunters; the heaven-guided pioneer through dangers seen and unseen; in short, as she has well been called, "the Moses of her People."

Here in her thirteenth year she is just recovering from the first terrible effects of an injury inflicted by her master, who in an ungovernable fit of rage threw a heavy weight at the unoffending child, breaking in her skull, and causing a pressure upon her brain, from which in her old age she is suffering still. This pressure it was which caused the fits of somnolency so frequently to come upon her, and which gave her the appearance of being stupid and half-witted in those early years. But that brain which seemed so dull was full of busy thoughts, and her life problem was already trying to work itself out there.

She had heard the shrieks and cries of women who were being flogged in the slave quarter; she had listened to the groaned-out prayer, "Oh, Lord, have mercy!" She had already seen two older sisters taken away as part of a chain gang, and they had gone no one knew whither; she had seen the agonized expression on their faces as they turned to take a last look at their "Old Cabin Home"; and she had watched them from the top of the fence as they went off weeping and lamenting, till they were hidden from her sight forever. She saw the hopeless grief of the poor old mother, and the silent despair of the aged father, and already she began to revolve in her mind the question, "Why should such things be? Is there no deliverance for my people?"

The sun shone on, and Harriet still slept seated on the fence rail. They, those others, had no anxious dreams of the future, and even the occasional sufferings of the present time caused them but a temporary grief. Plenty to eat, and warm sunshine to bask in, were enough to constitute their happiness; Harriet, however, was not one of these. God had a great work for her to do in the world, and the discipline and hardship through which she passed in her early years were only preparing her for her after life of adventure and trial; and through these to come out as the savior and deliverer of her people, when she came to years of womanhood.

As yet she had seen no "visions" and heard no "voices"; no foreshadowing of her life of toil and privation, of flight before human blood-hounds, of watchings and hidings, of perils by land and perils by sea, yea, and of perils by false brethren, or of miraculous deliverance had yet come to her. No hint of the great mission of her life, to guide her people from the land of bondage to the land of freedom. But, "Why should such things be?" and "Is there no help?" These were the questions of her waking hours.

The dilapidated state of things about the "Great House" told truly the story of waning fortunes, and poverty was pressing upon the master. One by one the able-bodied slaves disappeared; some were sold, others hired to other masters. No questions were asked; no information given; they simply disappeared. A "lady," for so she was designated, came driving up to the great house one day to see if she could find there a young girl to take care of a baby. The lady wished to pay low wages, and so the most stupid and the most incapable of the children on the plantation was chosen to go with her. Harriet, who could command less wages than any other child of her age on the plantation, was therefore put into the wagon without a word of explanation, and driven off to the lady's house. It was not a very fine house, but Harriet had never before been in any dwelling better than the cabins of the slave quarter.

She was engaged as child's nurse, but she soon found that she was expected to be maid of all work by day, as well as child's nurse by night. The first task that was set her was that of sweeping and dusting a parlor. No information was vouchsafed as to the manner of going about this work, but she had often swept out the cabin, and this part of her task was successfully accomplished. Then at once she took the dusting cloth and wiped off tables, chairs, and mantel-piece. The dust, as dust will do when it has nowhere else to go, at once settled again, and chairs and tables were soon covered with a white coating, telling a terrible tale against Harriet when her Mistress came in to see how the work progressed. Reproaches, and savage words, fell upon the ears of the frightened child, and she was commanded to do the work all over again. It was done in precisely

the same way as before, with the same result. Then the whip was brought into requisition, and it was laid on with no light hand. Five times before breakfast this process was repeated, when a new actor appeared upon the scene. Miss Emily, a sister of the Mistress, had been roused from her morning slumber by the sound of the whip and the screams of the child; and being of a less imperious nature than her sister, she had come in to try to set matters right.

"Why do you whip the child, Susan, for not doing what she has never been taught to do? Leave her to me a few minutes, and you will see that she will soon learn how to sweep and dust a room." Then Miss Emily instructed the child to open the windows and sweep, then to leave the room and set the table while the dust settled; and after that to return and wipe it off. There was no more trouble of that kind. A few words might have set the matter right before, but in those days many a poor slave suffered for the stupidity and obstinacy of a master or mistress, more stupid than themselves.

When the labors, unremitted for a moment, of the long day were over (for this mistress was an economical woman, and intended to get the worth of her money to the uttermost farthing), there was still no rest for the weary child, for there was a cross baby to be rocked continuously, lest it should wake and disturb the mother's rest. The Black child sat beside the cradle of the White child, so near the bed, that the lash of the whip would reach her if she ventured for a moment to forget her fatigues and sufferings in sleep. The Mistress reposed upon her bed with the whip on a little shelf over her head. People of color are, unfortunately, so constituted that even if the pressure of a broken skull does not cause a sleep like the sleep of the dead, the need of rest, and the refreshment of slumber after a day of toil, were often felt by them. No doubt, this was a great wrong to their masters, and a cheating them of time which belonged to them, but their slaves did not always look upon it in that light, and tired nature would demand her rights; and so nature and the Mistress had a fight for it.

Rock, rock, went the cradle, and mother and child slept; but alas! The little Black hand would sometimes slip down, and the

head would droop, and a dream of home and mother would visit the weary one, only to be roughly dispelled by the swift descent of the stinging lash, for the baby had cried out and the mother had been awakened. This is no fictitious tale. That poor neck is even now covered with the scars which sixty years of life have not been able to efface. It may be that she was thus being prepared by the long habit of enforced wakefulness for the night watches in the woods, and in dens and caves of the earth, when the pursuers were on her track, and the terrified ones were trembling in her shadow. We do not thank *you* for this, cruel woman! For if you did her a service, you did it ignorantly, and only for your own gratification. But Harriet's powers of endurance failed at last, and she was returned to her master, a poor, scarred wreck, nothing but skin and bone, with the words that "she wasn't worth a sixpence."

The poor old mother nursed her back to life, and her naturally good constitution asserted itself, so that as she grew older she began to show signs of the wonderful strength which in after years, when the fugitive slave law was in operation in New York State, enabled her to seize a man from the officers who had him in charge, and while numbers were pursuing her, and the shot was flying like hail about her head, to bear him in her own strong arms beyond the reach of danger.

As soon as she was strong enough for work, Harriet was hired out to a man whose tyranny was worse, if possible, than that of the woman she had left. Now it was out of door drudgery which was put upon her. The labor of the horse and the ox, the lifting of barrels of flour and other heavy weights were given to her; and powerful men often stood astonished to see this woman perform feats of strength from which they shrunk incapable. This cruelty she looks upon as a blessing in disguise (a very questionable shape the blessing took, methinks), for by it she was prepared for after needs.

Still the pressure upon the brain continued, and with the weight half lifted, she would drop off into a state of insensibility, from which even the lash in the hand of a strong man could not rouse her. But if they had only known it, the touch of a gentle hand upon

her shoulder, and her name spoken in tones of kindness, would have accomplished what cruelty failed to do.

The day's work must be accomplished, whether the head was racked with pain, and the frame was consumed by fever, or not; but the day came at length when poor Harriet could work no more. The sting of the lash had no power to rouse her now, and the new master finding her a dead weight on his hands, returned the useless piece of property to him who was called her "owner." And while she lay there helpless, this man was bringing other men to look at her, and offering her for sale at the lowest possible price; at the same time setting forth her capabilities, if once she were strong and well again.

Harriet's religious character I have not yet touched upon. Brought up by parents possessed of strong faith in God, she had never known the time, I imagine, when she did not trust Him, and cling to Him, with an all-abiding confidence. She seemed ever to feel the Divine Presence near, and she talked with God "as a man talketh with his friend." Hers was not the religion of a morning and evening prayer at stated times, but when she felt a need, she simply told God of it, and trusted Him to set the matter right.

"And so," she said to me, "as I lay so sick on my bed, from Christmas till March, I was always praying for poor ole master. 'Pears like I didn't do nothing but pray for ole master. 'Oh, Lord, convert ole master. Oh, dear Lord, change dat man's heart, and make him a Christian.' And all the time he was bringing men to look at me, and dey stood there saying what dey would give, and what dey would take, and all I could say was, 'Oh, Lord, convert ole master.' Den I heard dat as soon as I was able to move I was to be sent with my brudders, in the chain gang to de far South. Then I changed my prayer, and I said, 'Lord, if you ain't never going to change dat man's heart, *kill him*, Lord, and take him out of de way, so he won't do no more mischief.' Next ting I heard ole master was dead; and he died just as he had lived, a wicked, bad man. Oh, den it 'peared like I would give de world full of silver and gold, if I had it, to bring dat pore soul back, I would give *myself*; I would give eberyting! But he was gone, I couldn't pray for him no more."

As she recovered from this long illness, a deeper religious spirit seemed to take possession of her than she had ever experienced before. She literally "prayed without ceasing." "'Pears like, I prayed all de time," she said, "about my work, eberywhere; I was always talking to de Lord. When I went to the horse trough to wash my face and took up de water in my hands, I said, 'Oh, Lord, wash me, make me clean.' When I took up de towel to wipe my face and hands, I cried, 'Oh, Lord, for Jesus' sake, wipe away all my sins!' When I took up de broom and began to sweep, I groaned, 'Oh, Lord, whatsoebber sin dere be in my heart, sweep it out, Lord, clar and clean;' but I can't pray no more for pore ole master." No words can describe the pathos of her tones as she broke into these words of earnest supplication.

What was to become of the slaves on this plantation now that the master was dead? Were they all to be scattered and sent to different parts of the country? Harriet had many brothers and sisters, all of whom, with the exception of the two who had gone south with the chain gang, were living on this plantation or were hired out to planters not far away. The word passed through the cabins that another owner was coming in and that none of the slaves were to be sold out of the state. This assurance satisfied the others, but it did not satisfy Harriet. Already the inward monitor was whispering to her, "Arise, and flee for your life!" And in the visions of the night she saw the horsemen coming, and heard the shrieks of women and children as they were being torn from each other, and hurried off no one knew whither.

And beckoning hands were ever motioning her to come, and she seemed to see a line dividing the land of slavery from the land of freedom, and on the other side of that line she saw lovely White ladies waiting to welcome her and to care for her. Already in her mind her people were the Israelites in the land of Egypt, while far away to the north *somewhere* was the land of Canaan; but had she as yet any prevision that *she* was to be the Moses who was to be their leader, through clouds of darkness and fear, and fires of tribulation to that promised land? This she never said.

HARRIET

The Moses of Her People

SARAH H. BRADFORD

"…there was one of two things I had a right to, liberty, or death; if I could not have one, I would have de oder; for no man should take me alive; I should fight for my liberty as long as my strength lasted, and when de time came for me to go, de Lord would let dem take me."

Harriet, The Moses of Her People is an inspiring true story of Harriet Tubman and her tremendous impact for good during a time of much oppression and hardship.

As an enslaved woman, Harriet experienced countless adversities and cruelty. "Why should such things be?" she often pondered. Even as a child, she knew slavery was wrong and must end. As a young woman, Harriet slipped away from her slave master one night. Alone, she courageously made her journey to the North, where freedom awaited her.

Harriet eventually gained her freedom and, despite great peril and hardship, returned many times to the South to free her family members and many others.

A woman of deep faith, courage, and love, Harriet prayed with complete trust that the Lord would hear and answer her prayers. She was fearless, for she knew God was at the helm and would guide her steps. Harriet's life is an example of dedicated service to God and to her neighbors. Truly she, like Moses, lived the commandments of God and, with His help, delivered her people.

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SAGEBRUSH SURGEON

~ by ~

Florence Crannell Means



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Introduction

BY
HEATHER WISEMAN
AND SHANNEN YAUGER

Referring to both life and writing, Florence Crannell Means, author of *Sagebrush Surgeon*, concluded that "it's a dangerous business to try to interpret other peoples." She recognized the impossibility of entirely understanding another person's identity, but she also believed it was important to try. The more one group of people learns about another, the less likely they are to develop prejudiced opinions. Understanding the reasons behind the actions and beliefs of others leads to greater respect and compassion. To that end, this introduction offers insights into the history, culture, and religious practices that influence the daily lives of the Navajo people.

HISTORY OF THE NAVAJO

Some anthropologists believe that the Navajo people are descendants of the ancient Athabaskan tribe that lived in western Canada about a thousand years ago. The tribe slowly migrated south along the Pacific Coast. Some of its members eventually made their way across the American Southwest in the 14th century. They settled in an area that is now part of northwest New Mexico, with their main land being near three rivers—the San Juan, the Animas, and the La Plata—just east of present-day Farmington, New Mexico. They called their land *Dinétah,* which means "among the people."

Around 1400 A.D., the Navajo made contact with the Pueblo tribes, who lived just north of them in present-day southern Colorado. The Pueblo people taught the Navajo how to farm, and

by the 1600s, the Navajo were producing all of their own food by planting corn, beans, and squash, and raising large herds of livestock (primarily sheep and goats). As the tribe grew, the Navajo people spread out across the region in search of adequate farming and ranching land. Soon they occupied northern Arizona, more of New Mexico, southern Colorado, and southeastern Utah. These lands were bounded by four mountains that were sacred to the Navajo. At the same time, the Spanish conquistadors were marching northward from Mexico and colonizing the land around the Rio Grande River. When Santa Fe was founded in 1610, it became the most important town in the territory, and contact between the Navajo and the Spaniards grew daily. From the Spanish the Navajo learned how to be horsemen, and they soon surpassed the Spaniards in their skill. Horses became an integral part of the Navajo tribe, greatly increasing their capacity to traverse the treacherous lands and plant crops in larger areas.



Navajo rock art

Over the next 200 years, the Navajo would mostly be left alone. They fought occasionally with the Pueblo tribe, the Spaniards, and the Mexicans (mixed Spanish and indigenous people from present-day Mexico), but they were able to maintain their lands and way of life, even though Spain, and later Mexico, had laid claim to the whole territory. In 1848, however, the Mexican army was defeated by the United States, and the land comprising Arizona, California, Colorado, Nevada, New Mexico, and Utah was annexed as territory of the United States. As more settlers and American soldiers arrived in the area, tensions among the various groups increased.

The Long Walk

The years between 1848 and 1864 were tumultuous; there were multiple conflicts among the Navajo, Hopi, Pueblo, Ute, New Mexicans, U.S. soldiers, and remaining Spanish settlers. Alliances among tribes and peoples changed frequently. Various peace treaties were signed by one group and then another, but there was no lasting peace for anyone.

The vast majority of the people in each group were peaceful, but small bands of raiders from the various groups and continual skirmishes between the bands, coupled with misunderstandings of each other, led the U.S. government to view the Native American tribes as a dangerous people. Colonel Canby wrote to his commanding officer, suggesting "their absolute extermination or their removal and colonization at points so remote . . . as to isolate them entirely from the inhabitants of the territory."[1] Thus, beginning in 1862, militiamen and other hired mercenaries, such as Kit Carson and the Ute raiders, began ransacking Navajo land—burning crops and *hogans* (traditional Navajo huts)—in an effort to force the Navajo to surrender to the U.S. government and agree to move onto a "reservation" far away from settlers. The Navajo were promised they would be fed and protected. In early 1864, thousands of Navajo surrendered to the U.S. Army. Over the next two years, thousands more would surrender, and all would be made to march nearly 400 miles across the barren New Mexico landscape to an internment camp named Bosque Redondo near Fort Sumner. Many were unable to make the trek. The old, infirm, lame, or malnourished who fell behind the group were summarily executed on the spot by the soldiers.

Those who reached the camps at Fort Sumner (called *Hwéeldi* by the Navajo) faced deplorable conditions. The U.S. government had planned for 5,000 Navajo at the internment camp and were completely unprepared for the nearly 10,000 who eventually arrived

[1] McNitt, Frank (1990). *Navajo Wars: Military Campaigns, Slave Raids, and Reprisals*, University of New Mexico Press. pp. 428–429.



Navajo people on the Long Walk

there. The meager food rations of white flour, sugar, and coffee beans were unfamiliar staples to the Navajo, who often did not know how to prepare them properly. They became sick trying to eat undercooked food, and many starved.

In May of 1868, Navajo leaders met with Tecumseh Sherman, a Civil War general, and other government officials to negotiate a treaty that would return some of their freedoms and territory to them. The now-famous Treaty of Bosque Redondo (also called the Treaty of Fort Sumner) was signed on June 1, 1868, and shortly afterward the Navajo made the long walk back to their homeland. Some estimates suggest that of the nearly 10,000 Navajo who were forced into the internment camp, only 2,000 returned home.

The injustices suffered by the Navajo people during the years of their internment and throughout the Long Walk have shaped their identity and interactions with outsiders in the years since. Even generations later, many of the Navajo tribe still feel deeply betrayed. They believe their people were wrongfully punished for the actions of a few. One Navajo man explained, "As I have said, our ancestors were taken captive and driven to *Hwéeldi* for no reason at all. They were harmless people, and, even to date, we are the same, holding no harm for anybody … Many Navajos who know our history and the story of *Hwéeldi* say the same."[2]

[2] Gorman, Howard (1973). "1864: The Navajo begin 'Long Walk' to Imprisonment." *Native Voices*. U.S. National Library of Medicine.

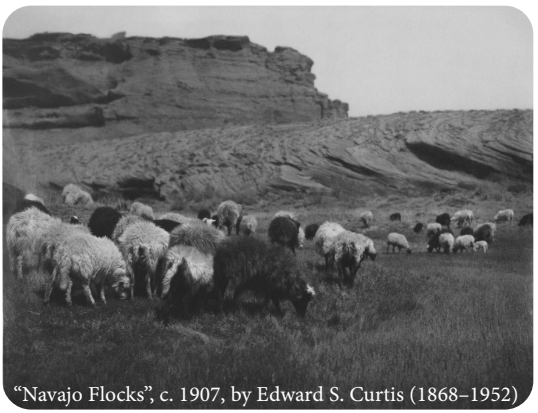
Adapting to Changes

After the treaty of 1868, the Navajo were forced to adopt a Western European style of democratic government with elected officials. Acceptance of this new form of government was slow and disruptive to daily life. Traditionally, the Navajo people were governed as clans based upon matrilineal kinship groups. The women were the heads of the households and clans, and children gained social status from their mother's line. Without an understanding of the matrilineal clans and their traditional role in governing the Navajo, U.S. government officials and employees of the Bureau of Indian Affairs were met with many frustrations as they tried to implement a representative, patriarchal form of government among the people.

The new treaty also imposed compulsory education on the Navajo children at government schools. The U.S. government committed to build schools and provide teachers for every 30 students, but various factors, including the impassible terrain, made these promises nearly impossible to fulfill, leaving the existing schools overcrowded. Some Navajo families did not trust the government and would hide their children to keep them from being taken by force. Home- and clan-centered education had been the standard for hundreds of years, and removing children from the home to live at school went against long-held traditions. Those who did attend the schools lived in harsh conditions: there were never enough beds, food was scarce, the children were forced to do manual labor in the kitchens and around the school grounds, and they were required to wear military-like uniforms and haircuts. Traditional Navajo clothing and cultural practices were forbidden, including speaking their native language. The one school that was the exception to these restrictive educational practices was the Evangelical Missionary School, where children were generally well-treated, and their cultural practices were respected.

The Livestock Reduction

In the years after the treaty was signed, there was greater peace for the Navajo people, and they were able to plant their crops and raise their livestock without fear of raids. They also reclaimed more of their ancestral lands—increasing from 3.5 million acres in 1868 to nearly 16 million acres today. Slowly they reestablished economic stability, and the population of the tribe grew rapidly. Then the livestock reduction orders of the 1930s decimated the tribe in a way that well-meaning officials could never fully understand. The Navajo had more than one million sheep that grazed on their lands in 1930. During the Great Depression and the time of the Dust Bowl, government officials were concerned about overgrazing and land erosion on the reservation. They believed the only solution was to reduce the number of livestock in the area. Florence Crannell Means explains in *Sagebrush Surgeon*, "The late Flora Warren Seymour, Chicago attorney and writer, who worked for Indian progress most of her life, wrote at this time: 'To be set upon by swarms of researchers and experimenters was bad enough. To have the children's schooling reduced to a minimum was bad enough. But when the blight of reduction fell upon his sheep, the Navajo felt that the very core and center of his life had been destroyed.'" The Navajo did not just lose a few animals—they were robbed of their main source of subsistence. Had the government understood the Navajo people's reliance on their herds, they may have been able to find another solution to the erosion problem that would have respected both the Navajo and their land.


"Navajo Flocks", c. 1907, by Edward S. Curtis (1868–1952)



Dr. Clarence Salsbury
(Arizona State Library APR #90-0905)

Throughout history, governments, institutions, and the vocal majority have mistreated, misunderstood, and marginalized minority groups of people. In the midst of these discriminations, one can usually find a few individuals or institutions who have fought to protect the oppressed from their oppressors. There have been many such individuals who supported the Navajo people.

In *Sagebrush Surgeon*, Means tells the heartbreaking stories of the struggles and unjust treatment of the Navajo people through the eyes of the evangelical missionaries Clarence and Cora Salsbury, who devoted their lives to serving the Navajo people. Means does not attempt to "insert her own consciousness" into that of the Navajo people but, rather, tells the story from the perspective of the Salsburys and how they gradually came to understand and better serve the Navajo people through years of learning about their customs and traditions. The Salsburys would eventually even learn to speak the Navajo language. Through the years they made mistakes and had misunderstandings, but as will be shown in this account, they tried their best to improve the quality of life for those they served. Their story highlights the daily trials and struggles of living on the reservation for the Navajo people and also for the missionaries who served there. This vivid picture of Navajo life offered by Florence Crannell Means is one small step toward a greater understanding and deeper appreciation for the Navajo people.

THE NAVAJO WAY OF LIFE

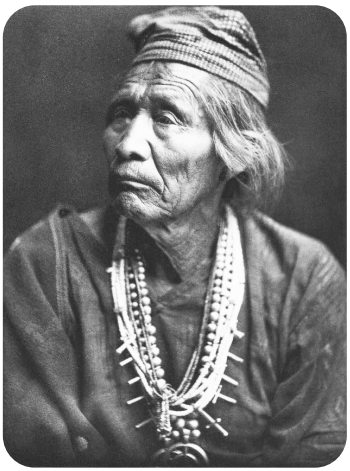
Religious Traditions and Beliefs

The Navajo people have traditional beliefs regarding their life here on earth and the deities who watch over them during their lifetime. They believe in two classes of beings: the Holy People and the Earth People, with the Holy People having dominion over those on earth. The Navajo people believe that the Holy People, long ago, taught them the right way to live and the way to behave in every aspect of their daily lives. They are to live in harmony with the earth and her inhabitants, including man, animals, plants, and insects.

As with many ancient cultures, the Navajo have a strong faith in numerology, which is defined as a belief in the divine relationship between a number and the events that occur in life. For the Navajo, the number four holds special meaning. There are four directions, four seasons, four sacred mountains, and four colors that are associated with them. The original Navajo even consisted of four clans. Most rituals that the Navajo practice include the number four, or a multiple of four, within them. Examples of this can be found in weddings and sacred ceremonies, of which there are over fifty different kinds in the Navajo culture. Each is performed at a specific time, for a specific reason.

Many Navajo have faith in their medicine man for healing, through the use of herbs, songs, prayers, and ceremonies (known as a "sing") to cure their ailments. While some tribal members will seek treatment at the hospital with modern medicine, the medicine man holds a prominent place in their society, as he is believed to have supernatural gifts used to diagnose an individual's problems and restore harmony within his or her body and soul. He is held in high regard, not just as a healer, but as a keeper of the Navajo traditions and culture.

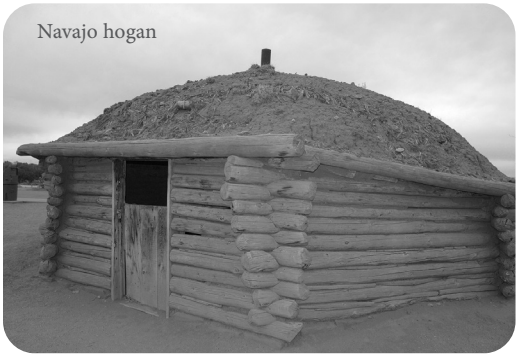
Navajo Lifestyle



"Navajo Medicine Man," c. 1907, by Edward S. Curtis (1868–1952)

The Navajo home is called the *hogan* (also sometimes spelled *hooghan*) and is considered the center of the Navajo world. Traditionally, this shelter is made of wooden poles, tree bark, and mud, with a doorway which always faces east in order to welcome the morning sun and receive good blessings at the start of the day. These homes are very simply made, often round and cone-shaped, with an opening at the apex of the cone for smoke from the fire that is located in the center of the earthen floor.

The hogan is more than just a dwelling place or somewhere to eat and sleep. The Navajo believe that the hogan is a gift of the gods, and it occupies a unique place in the world. The round hogan is symbolic of the sun, and the creation of a new hogan is a community affair. Once built, a hogan is consecrated with a blessing ritual, where the Holy People are asked to bless it with happiness.



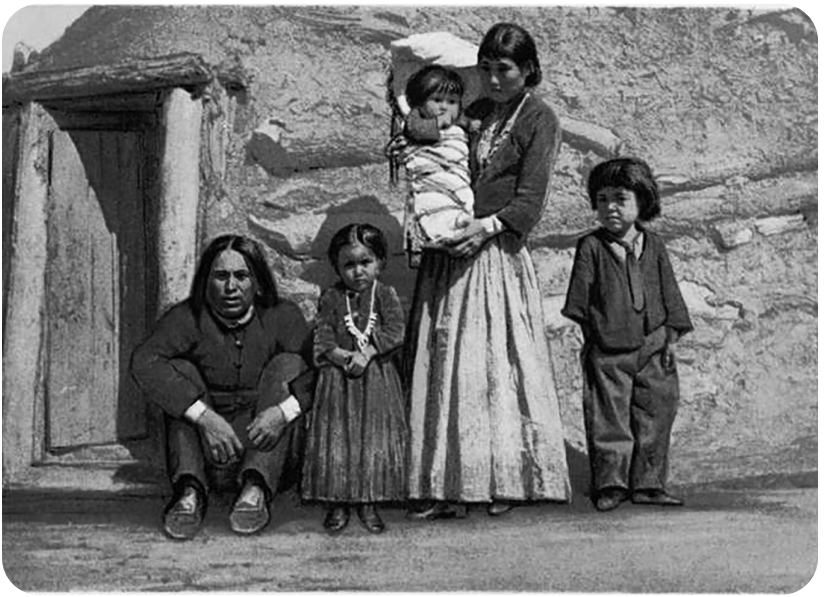
Navajo hogan

Most Navajo families who own sheep also have several hogans so they can stay mobile through the seasons. Usually, though, the family has one main location for the primary hogan, which will have a smaller "sweat hogan" nearby. While it is built out of sight, this small hogan is a replica of a hogan without the smoke hole. The sweat hogan is constructed

out of sticks with forked ends that fasten together like a tripod. Two straight sticks are positioned at the east to make a door, which can be closed with several blankets. The hogan is heated by placing hot rocks within and provides a place for purifying rituals to be held.

Navajo Clothing

The Navajo have a traditional method of dress, which is now used mainly for ceremonial gatherings. Women will wear a pleated skirt, made of velvet or cotton, with a long-sleeved blouse of similar material and color to the skirt. The skirt can be plain or tiered, sometimes with a layer of satin. The women will add a shawl and moccasins along with jewelry and a silver sash or belt. Traditional attire for men includes white pants with a velvet or cotton shirt, silver or turquoise jewelry, and moccasins. Both women and men wear their hair in a *tsiiyeel*, which consists of brushing their hair back into a bun behind their head, then tying it with a white sheep wool string.



Navajo Family and Hogan, Arizona (H-2067)



Tom of Ganado (Indian Building, Albuquerque, New Mexico)

Navajo Arts

Navajo people do not separate the concepts of art, religion, and everyday life. All are interconnected, so to describe an art form is to also describe the Navajo people as a whole. The minor details of what it is made of and what it looks like pale in comparison to what it means to the people who created the artwork.

Weaving has been an essential part of Navajo culture, dating back to their creation story in which the Spider Woman weaves beautiful rugs on her loom. Navajo believe that it was through her teachings that the weavers learned their traditional craft.



Navajo Blanket Weavers, (Indian Building, Albuquerque, New Mexico)

"Spider Woman instructed the Navajo women how to weave on a loom which Spider Man told them how to make. The crosspoles were made of sky and earth cords, the warp sticks of sun rays, the healds of rock crystal and sheet lightning. The batten was a sun halo, white shell made the comb. There were four spindles: one a stick of zigzag lightning with a whorl of cannel coal; one a stick of flash lightning with a whorl of turquoise; a third had a stick of sheet lightning with a whorl of abalone; a rain streamer formed the stick of the fourth spindle, and its whorl was white shell."[3]

[3] *Epigraph to Spider Woman: A Story of Navajo Weavers and Chanters*, by Gladys A. Reichard, first published 1934, republished by Rio Grande Press, Inc., Glorieta, NM, 1968.



Chapter 1

Red Point Had Plenty of Savvy

The young doctor washed his hands over and over, stuck them into the sterilized gloves, and held them stiffly before him while the nurse tied the surgeon's gown across his broad back. The girl who lay waiting on the operating table was his first Navajo surgical patient. Her family, sitting on the hall floor, were pioneers in the unknown.

The sun-baked adobe hospital had little to recommend it except this able doctor, two good registered nurses, and twelve clean beds. It had no x-ray and no laboratory. It had one stove for cooking meals and for sterilizing. Yet, meager and homespun though it was, it overawed the people it was meant to serve. Death had visited it and left it swarming with evil spirits. In Arizona, United States of America, in the year 1927, it was held to be a place of witchcraft, its anesthetic and its knife ready to breach men's sacred flesh and steal their souls. A few of the neighbors came reluctantly for superficial treatment, but not one had dared risk surgery though hundreds were dying for need of it. Not one had dared until this girl had been thrown from her horse. So simple a thing as her fractured leg might be the key to the door stubbornly locked against the young doctor.

He looked back over his shoulder at the patient and out through the door at the desert. It seemed empty, but hidden in the hollows, under the junipers, against the sheltering rocks, he could envision a thousand *hogans* that nourished the free, bold life of the People, the *Diné*, the Navajo. He had found that free, bold life plagued by

all the ills in the medical dictionary. The people were blind, deaf, twisted. To their own ailments they had added the diseases of the encroaching whites. Yet they were stoic under their physical burden. They were handsome in spite of it, striding or cantering arrogantly in debonair rags, asking no pity. He found them able in their own world, knowing what to do: an admirable people.

The doctor wanted only one thing more than to heal them. He wanted to push out their narrow walls, help them to know the Father God of love in place of their careless or vindictive deities, give them hope instead of fear. He was a man of rugged strength, but often he felt physically sickened by their poverty and disease and by his own powerlessness to help them.

And now the first chink had been opened in their tight opposition to his ministry. The doctor had set this girl's leg and splinted it, but a few days ago his probing fingers, almost as perceptive as the x-ray he did not have, had given him bad news. The bone had formed a hinge, ends overlapping.

Dr. Salsbury sent for the girl's parents and, through his interpreter, put the case before them. To give their daughter a sound, straight leg, surgery was required, but surgery of the simplest sort. He had only to go in, he explained, and plate the bone. He would put in a steel plate to hold the ends until they had knitted properly. The knife? Yes; but hardly more than for cutting your fingernail or taking out a cactus thorn.

For three days the family had come and sat on the floor in the hospital hall. For three days the doctor had carried on the debate through his interpreter. Dr. Salsbury was not naturally a patient man; the glint of his eyes under folded lids showed that and so did the set of his chin and the imperious arch of his nose. But he had been patient because the stakes were big. And he had won. The parents had given their consent.

Now he went about the simple task, sure of his skill but taking no chances. He worked with unhurried swiftness, his eyes sharp upon signs of hemorrhaging in the region of the break.

"Doctor"—the little fair nurse spoke on a caught breath—"she is not breathing."

The surgeon's tempo quickened. Artificial respiration, adrenaline—

The normal ruddy bronze of the patient's skin had paled to clay color. Dull white arcs of eye showed below her lids. The skin drew tight across the bones of her face.

"An embolism," Dr. Salsbury said without expression. "Nothing we can do."

Except for the drip of a leaky tap and the buzz of flies against a screen, the operating room was still. The pleasant dissonance of sheep bells on the road was something from another world. No sound came from the hall where the girl's family were waiting.

The doctor was no stranger to death, and he was used to hard jobs, but up to now this was his stiffest assignment. For three days he had argued with these parents, and now he must go out to them and say, "Your daughter is dead." That word, dead, would rebuild, higher and stronger than ever, the opposition to anything he might offer.

He summoned the interpreter and stood looking down at the father and mother, at the assorted relatives. "Your daughter is dead," he told them gently.

While the waiting family sat as if they had not heard, the interpreter repeated his words in the clicking gutturals of the People. When he had finished, the mother turned her face aside and drew the folds of her blanket across it.

The doctor went on talking, trying to tell, simply, how the clot of blood, which no physician could capture or delay, had gone its relentless way to the heart. The interpreter's voice jerked, slowed, hesitated, before the alien idea. The doctor caught at the few words he could make out and wondered about the rest. The interpreter could condemn him with the twist of a phrase.

After a taut silence, the father spoke. His slow monotone gradually quickened as he addressed his wife, the interpreter, his

brothers and sisters, and his mother. After a single unblinking stare, he did not look at the doctor at all.

When he was done, the women gathered themselves up from the floor in one fluid movement, and the whole group padded out at the door. They climbed into their wagon, and the team jogged down the rough road. The doctor watched them till they were out of sight.

"Doctor," called one of the nurses, "every last patient in the hospital has got up and skipped, even the sickest ones. The minute they heard there'd been a death—"

"Well, I guess that's that," said the doctor.

It was by no means all of it, as he was soon to learn. At Hubbell's trading post, a mile from the hospital, the dead girl's family clambered out, heavy-footed, and told the story to acquaintances they found there. A trading post is a focus in the desert, one of its rare social centers. There are always Navajos at a trading post.

On this day a few women were sitting out on the ground in the sun, their babies on cradleboards beside them. A few sailed along slowly on ample skirts, studying the shelves and charting their trading strategy. A few men lounged with hands spread on counters, likewise surveying the stock of canned tomatoes and peaches, of crackers and tobacco and coffee, and speculatively eyeing the racks of pawned silver, picking out jewelry they recognized.

At first the audience was scanty, but it grew with magic speed. The group in the store drifted outdoors, still talking, and passing Indians stopped to see what the trouble was; then, kicking their horses' flanks for speed, they galloped out beyond the horizon. Soon others came riding in. The haranguing went on.

Don Lorenzo Hubbell was away, and his man considered the crowd uneasily. It had been a long time since the Navajos had gone on a rampage, but today the talk of their medicine men was fanning their banked fire into a blaze. The medicine men had been watching the new mission doctor restively. He was muscling in on their territory, and they weren't at all sure they could hold their own with him. They knew force when they saw it.

They themselves had force and weight with the people by reason of their numbers, wealth, and subtlety. Some of the spellbinders among them were recounting the wrongs done them by the *Bilagáana*, the Americans. The orators went back to the days of their grandfathers in 1864, when white troops corralled the tribe in the Canyon de Chelly, deep with winter snows, burned their hogans and their supplies, drove off their sheep, and took the people away to starve and die at Fort Sumner in New Mexico. Four years later the soldiers brought them home again, cut in half by sickness and marauding Apaches, a band of eight thousand men, women, and children. The Great White Father had promised them schools for their children if they would cease their wild, free raiding and live at peace. From that time on the Navajos had been as meek as whipped children. They had kept their word. How had the *Bilagáana* kept theirs? The *Bilagáana* had limited the grazing ground of the Navajo and destroyed his hunting ground and killed him with new diseases. As for educating all his children, that promise also the *Bilagáana* had forgotten.

Now was a good time to show that even whipped boys can turn on their tormentors. Now was a good time to show that the *Bilagáana* could not safely send white medicine men to lure strong young Navajo women into the hospital and kill them with their knives.

For those who were ignorant of it, the speakers gave a brief account of the girl's death. She and her parents had ridden from their distant hogan to this same trading post. Near it a dance was to be held, not only a major social event but the place to find a husband for a marriageable daughter. The hearers needed no descriptions. They could see the girl sitting on her horse lightly, her skirts fanned out over its sides like medieval trappings. Her best velveteen bodice would be fastened across her round young body with buttons of silver and turquoise. Her hair, browned by the fierce sun, would have strayed out of its heavy binding of sacred cord. Silver and turquoise would gleam white and blue at her neck, wrists, ears, fingers.

The sun had set, the narrator said, before the party reached Hubbell's. As their horses drank at the watering troughs in the wide crossroads, lights began to shine from the stone trading post and from the Hubbells' house adjoining it, and beyond the post, in the open, families were gathered round little campfires to cook and eat before the fun began. The girl would be eyeing the crowd expectantly, as she and her elders cantered toward it. Perhaps one of these young men would someday become her husband.

Coffee pots steamed. Browning bread and sputtering goat's meat gave off a hungry smell. A stick of green juniper snapped out showering sparks. Rearing, the girl's horse shied away from the fireworks while children scampered, laughing and shrieking, out of his way. The girl sat him easily as he veered and set out across the desert on a dead run, and all would have been well if one of his flying hoofs had not found a gopher hole. He plunged forward, the girl shot over his head, and he crashed down upon her.

She had pulled herself free of his thrashing body and tried to stand but crumpled on the ground. A medicine man pushed through the gathering crowd and studied her with professional keenness. Her leg was broken, he said.

Don Lorenzo strode over from the trading post to investigate. The hospital was a bare mile away, with a new doctor, he reminded them. The doctor had good ways of setting legs, and there was nothing to fear from a mere broken bone.

That was how it had been. A strong, healthy girl, a common break, lying promises, death.

At this point a few of the old women joined in. Though anonymous in the tribe, they were powerful because they held the whip hand in their family groups. Their eyes glittered out of old faces hardened in passionate contours. They reminded the assemblage of the happiness and virtue of the past—The Good Old Days—when the People were devout and worshiped their Mother, the Earth, and their Father, the Sky, and observed all the taboos and all the injunctions; and how this strange doctor was here for the

purpose of overthrowing that allegiance and setting up pale new gods. It would be a good deed to strike a blow against the whole thing, the old women said.

Out of the rising fire of anger, men spoke boldly. There were enough of them. They could easily kill the white doctor, each taking an oath of silence to protect the rest. They could kill him as easily as killing a fly. They could kill him tonight.

Another medicine man took the floor. Red Point spoke with easy poise among his people: "This is how I see it. When you are sick or hurt, you call in a Navajo medicine man or a white doctor. That is because you know that they have spent their lives studying sickness and health and can see further into them than you. Sometimes the patient does not get well. I have used all my knowledge and strength and yet have seen my patient die. You know that this is true, my brothers. And you other medicine men and women, you, also, have seen your patients die. So it is with the white medicine man. I do not know what happened to our daughter. But of one thing I am sure: it was not what the doctor wanted to have happen.

"You could easily kill the white doctor, as you have said, and there are many of us to hide the killer. But for every one of us, ten *Bilagáana* would come riding in, and before this thing ended, twenty *Diné* would be dead or imprisoned for the sake of one white man.

"And remember this, whatever you do, you cannot bring our daughter back.

"So my advice is go to your homes and forget it all as quickly as you can."

Red Point was one of the greatest of the People's shamans. He bulked large in every way—a large man with a large family and a large hogan that held even a *Bilagáana* sewing machine so that his wife and daughter could sew up their dozens of voluminous skirts with flying wheels instead of trudging fingers.

And Red Point had "plenty of savvy." So the crowd listened, some scowlingly, more with reluctant nods. Their fire had cooled, and they scattered to their hogans.

When the word was brought to Doctor Tso, or Doctor Big, as the Navajos had nicknamed Dr. Salsbury, he was waiting for it, and so was his wife. Cora Salsbury was no Mrs. Big. She was pint-size and looked even smaller beside her husband. The Little Chief of the Salsbury team, she was the kind of small woman who stands and walks defiantly, proudly, almost pugnaciously erect, because her spirit is six-foot-four. If she was scared now, she did not show it, except by keeping her husband in sight and working even more snappily than usual. This was not the first time the two of them had waited for the next moment to bring them death or life.

When the good news came, the doctor threw back his head and let out his breath in a long whistle.

"Might be a good plan to put Red Point on the hospital staff," he said. "But I bet it's a long day before I get a chance to operate on another Navajo."



The young doctor washed his hands over and over, stuck them into the sterilized gloves, and held them stiffly before him while the nurse tied the surgeon's gown across his broad back. The girl who lay waiting on the operating table was his first Navajo surgical patient. Her family, sitting on the hall floor, were pioneers in the unknown.

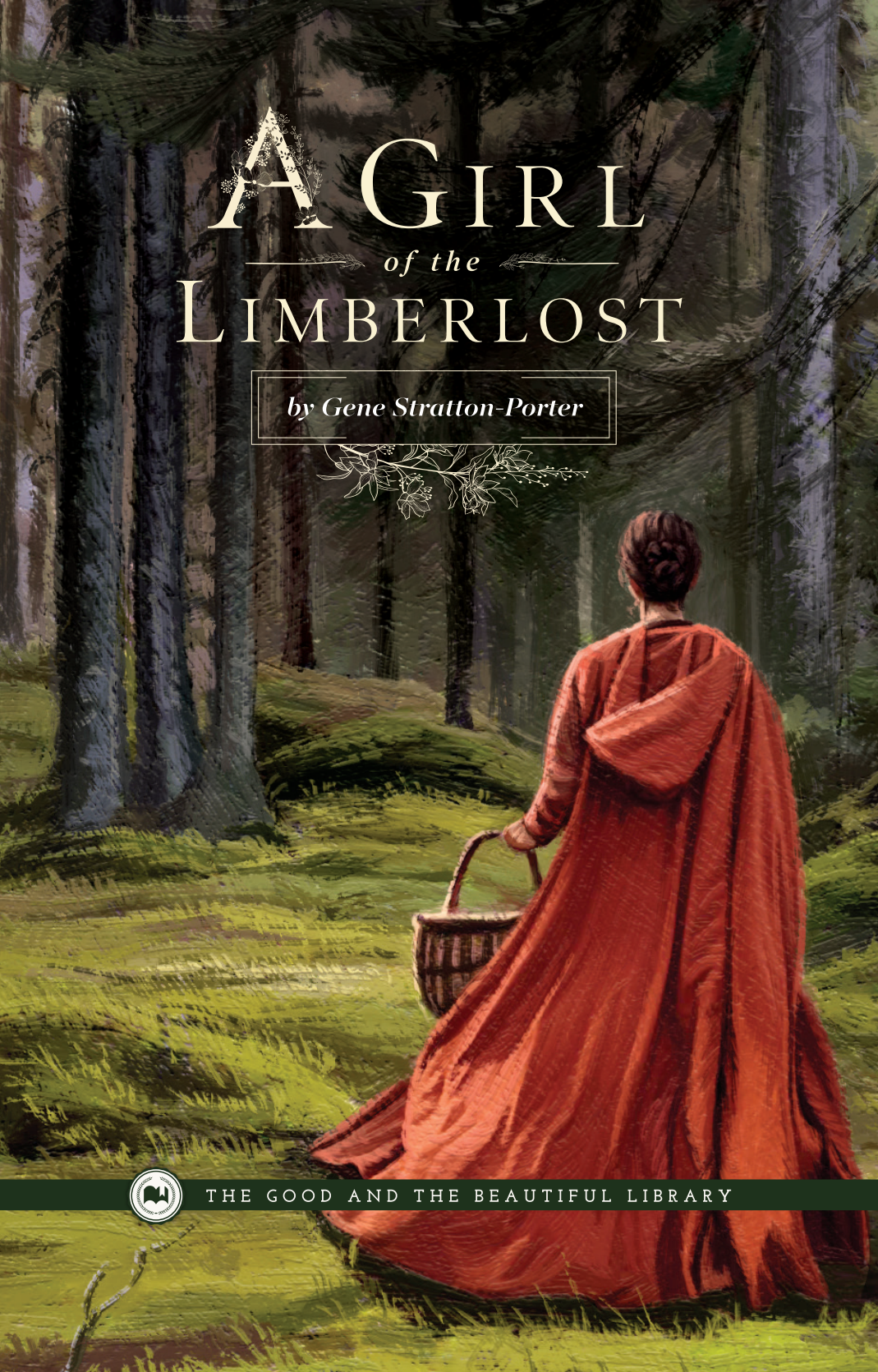
When Dr. Clarence Salsbury, his wife, and their son move to the Navajo reservation as medical missionaries, they are faced with seemingly insurmountable challenges. The Salsburys quickly discover that they must not only work to construct a hospital, provide irrigation, and train Navajo nurses, but also overcome other obstacles such as isolation and cultural differences. Before they know it, what was intended to be a two-year mission turns into the work of a lifetime.

Faced with the daunting tasks ahead, the Salsbury family seeks the help of other missionaries, translators, and the Navajo People to realize their dream of bringing Christianity and modern medicine to the Navajo Nation.

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Chapter I

Wherein Elnora Goes to High School and Learns Many Lessons Not Found in Her Books

"Elnora Comstock, have you lost your senses?" demanded the angry voice of Katharine Comstock while she glared at her daughter.

"Why, Mother!" faltered the girl.

"Don't you 'why, Mother' me!" cried Mrs. Comstock. "You know very well what I mean. You've given me no peace until you've had your way about this going to school business. I've fixed you good enough, and you're ready to start. But no child of mine walks the streets of Onabasha looking like a play-actress woman. You wet your hair and comb it down modest and decent and then be off, or you'll have no time to find where you belong."

Elnora gave one despairing glance at the white face, framed in a most becoming riot of reddish-brown hair, which she saw in the little kitchen mirror. Then she untied the narrow black ribbon, wet the comb and plastered the waving curls close to her head, bound them fast, and pinned on the skimpy black hat. She opened the back door.

"You've gone so plumb daffy you are forgetting your dinner," her mother cajoled.

"I don't want anything to eat," replied Elnora.

"You'll take your dinner or you'll not go one step. Are you crazy? Walk almost three miles and no food from six in the morning until six at night. A pretty figure you'd cut if you had your way! And after I've gone and bought you this nice new pail and filled it especial to start on!"

Elnora came back with a face still whiter and picked up the lunch. "Thank you, Mother! Good-bye!" she said.

Mrs. Comstock did not reply. She watched the girl follow the long walk to the gate and go from sight on the road, in the bright sunshine of the first Monday of September.

"I bet a dollar she gets enough of it by night!" commented Mrs. Comstock.

Elnora walked by instinct, for her eyes were blinded with tears. She left the road where it turned south, at the corner of the Limberlost, climbed a snake fence, and entered a path worn by her own feet. Dodging under willow and scrub oak branches she came at last to the faint outline of an old trail made in the days when the precious timber of the swamp was guarded by armed men. This path she followed until she reached a thick clump of bushes. From the debris in the end of a hollow log, she took a key that unlocked the padlock of a large, weather beaten old box, inside of which lay, among a variety of other things, several books, a butterfly apparatus, and a small cracked mirror. The walls of the box were lined thickly with gaudy butterflies, dragon-flies, and moths.

She set up the mirror and, once more pulling the ribbon from her hair, she shook the bright mass over her shoulders, tossing it dry in the sunshine. Then she straightened it, bound it loosely, and replaced her hat. She tugged vainly at the low brown calico collar of her dress. She gazed despairingly at the generous length of the narrow skirt and lifted it as high as she would have cut it if possible. That disclosed her heavy, leather shoes, the sight of which made her feel positively ill. She hastily dropped the skirt.

She opened the pail, removed the lunch, wrapped it in the napkin, and placed it in a small, pasteboard box withdrawn from the larger box. Leaving the pail within and locking the box again, she hid the key.

She hurried down the trail, following it around the north end of the swamp, and then entered a footpath crossing a farm and leading in the direction of the spires of the city to the northeast. Again she climbed a fence and was on the open road.

For an instant she leaned against the fence, staring before her,

then turned and looked back. Behind her lay the land on which she had been born to drudgery and a mother who made no pretense of loving her. Before her lay the city through whose schools she hoped to find means of escape and the way to reach the things for which she cared. When she thought of how she appeared, she leaned more heavily against the fence and groaned. When she thought of turning back and wearing such clothing in ignorance all the days of her life, she set her face firmly and went hastily toward Onabasha.

On the bridge crossing a deep culvert at the suburbs, she glanced around, and then kneeling she thrust the lunch box between the foundation and the flooring. This left her empty-handed as she approached the big, stone, high school building. She entered bravely and inquired her way to the office of the superintendent. There she learned that she should have come the previous week and arranged about her classes. There were many things incident to the opening of school, and one man unable to cope with all of them.

"Where have you been attending school?" he asked, while he advised the teacher of Domestic Science not to telephone for groceries until she knew how many she would have in her classes, wrote an order for chemicals for the students of science, and advised the leader of the orchestra to hire a professional to take the place of the bass violist, reported suddenly ill.

"I finished last spring at Brushwood school, district number nine," said Elnora. "I have been studying all summer. I am quite sure I can do the first-year work, if I have a few days to get started."

"Of course, of course," assented the superintendent. "Almost invariably country pupils do good work. You may enter first year, and if it is too difficult, we will find it out speedily. Your teachers will tell you the list of books you must have, and if you will come with me I will show you the way to the auditorium. It is now time for opening exercises. Take any seat you find vacant."

Elnora stood before the entrance and stared into the largest room she ever had seen. The floor sloped to a yawning stage on which a band of musicians, grouped around a grand piano, were tuning their instruments. She had two fleeting impressions: it was all a mistake. This was no school, but a grand display of enormous

ribbon bows. She was sinking and had forgotten how to walk.

Then a burst from the orchestra nerved her while a bevy of daintily clad, sweet smelling things that might have been birds, or flowers, or possibly gaily dressed, happy young girls, pushed her forward. She found herself plodding across the back of the auditorium, praying for guidance, to an empty seat.

As the girls passed her, vacancies seemed to open to meet them. Their friends were moving over, beckoning and whispering invitations. Everyone else was seated, but no one paid any attention to the white-faced girl stumbling half-blindly down the aisle next the farthest wall. So she went on to the very end facing the stage. No one moved, and she could not summon courage to crowd past others to several empty seats she saw. At the end of the aisle she paused in desperation, while she stared back at the whole forest of faces most of which were now turned upon her.

In a flash came the full realization of her awkward dress, her pitiful little hat and ribbon, her big, heavy shoes, her ignorance of where to go or what to do, and, from a sickening wave which crept over her, she felt she was going to become very ill. Then out of the mass she saw a pair of big, brown, boy eyes, three seats from her, and there was a message in them. Without moving his body he reached forward and with a pencil touched the back of the seat before him. Instantly, Elnora took another step, which brought her to a row of vacant front seats.

She heard laughter behind her. The knowledge that she wore the only hat in the room burned her. Every matter of moment, and some of none at all, cut and stung. She had no books. Where should she go when this was over? What would she give to be on the trail going home!

She was shaking with a nervous chill when the music ceased, and the superintendent arose. Coming down to the front of the flower-decked platform, he opened a Bible and began to read. Elnora did not know what he was reading, and she felt that she did not care. Wildly she was racking her brain to decide whether she should sit still when the others left the room or follow, and ask someone where the freshmen went first.

In the midst of the struggle, one sentence fell on her ear. "Hide me under the shadow of Thy wings."

Elnora began to pray frantically. "Hide me, O God, hide me, under the shadow of Thy wings."

Again and again she implored that prayer, and before she realized what was coming, everyone had arisen and the room was emptying rapidly. Elnora hurried after the nearest girl and, in the press at the door, touched her sleeve timidly.

"Will you please tell me where the freshmen go?" she asked huskily.

The girl gave her one surprised glance, and drew away.

"Same place as the fresh women," she answered, and those nearest her laughed.

Elnora stopped praying suddenly, and the colour crept into her face. "I'll wager you are the first person I meet when I find it," she said and stopped short. "Not that! Oh, I must not do that!" she thought in dismay. "Make an enemy the first thing I do. Oh, not that!"

She followed with her eyes as the young people separated in the hall, some climbing stairs, some disappearing down side halls, some entering adjoining doors. She saw the girl overtake the brown-eyed boy and speak to him. He glanced back at Elnora with a scowl on his face. Then she stood alone in the hall.

Presently a door opened and a young woman came out and entered another room. Elnora waited until she returned, and hurried to her. "Would you tell me where the freshmen are?" she panted.

"Straight down the hall, three doors to your left," was the answer, as the girl passed.

"One minute please, oh please," begged Elnora. "Should I knock or just open the door?"

"Go in and take a seat," replied the teacher.

"What if there aren't any seats?" gasped Elnora.

"Classrooms are never half filled; there will be plenty," was the answer.

Elnora removed her hat. There was no place to put it, so she carried it in her hand. She looked infinitely better without it. After

several efforts she at last opened the door and stepping inside faced a smaller and more concentrated battery of eyes.

"The superintendent sent me. He thinks I belong here," she said to the professor in charge of the class, but she never before heard the voice with which she spoke. As she stood waiting, the girl of the hall passed on her way to the blackboard, and suppressed laughter told Elnora that her thrust had been repeated.

"Be seated," said the professor, and then because he saw Elnora was desperately embarrassed, he proceeded to lend her a book and to ask her if she had studied algebra. She said she had a little, but not the same book they were using. He asked her if she felt that she could do the work they were beginning, and she said she did.

That was how it happened that three minutes after entering the room she had completed a demonstration at the board and was told to take her place beside the girl who had gone last to the board, and whose flushed face and angry eyes avoided meeting Elnora's. Being compelled to concentrate on her math problem at the board, she forgot herself. When the professor asked that all pupils sign their work she firmly wrote "Elnora Comstock" under her demonstration. Then she took her seat and waited with white lips and trembling limbs, as, one after another, the professor called the names on the board, and their owners arose and explained their propositions, or "flunked" if they had not found a correct solution. She was so eager to catch their forms of expression and prepare herself for her recitation that she never looked from the work on the board, until clearly and distinctly, the professor called, "Elnora Cornstock."

The dazed girl stared at the board. One tiny curl added to the top of the first curve of the *m* in her name, had transformed it from a good old English patronymic that any girl might bear proudly, to Cornstock. Elnora sat speechless. When and how did it happen? She could feel the wave of smothered laughter in the air around her. A rush of anger turned her face scarlet and her soul sick. The voice of the professor addressed her directly.

"This proposition seems to be beautifully demonstrated, Miss Cornstock," he said. "Surely, you can tell us how you did it."

That word of praise saved her. She could do good work. They

might wear their pretty clothes, have their friends and make life a greater misery than it ever before had been for her, but not one of them could do better work or be more womanly. That lay with her. She was tall, straight, and handsome as she arose.

"Of course I can explain my work," she said in natural tones. "What I can't explain is how I happened to be so careless as to make a mistake in writing my own name. I must have been a little nervous. Please excuse me."

She went to the board, swept off the signature with one stroke, then rewrote it plainly. "My name is Comstock," she said distinctly. She returned to her seat and following the formula used by the others made her first high school recitation.

As Elnora resumed her seat, Professor Henley looked at her steadily. "It puzzles me," he said deliberately, "how you can write as beautiful a demonstration, and explain it as clearly as ever has been done in any of my classes and still be so disturbed as to make a mistake in your own name. Are you very sure you did that yourself, Miss Comstock?"

"It is impossible that anyone else could have done it," answered Elnora.

"I am very glad you think so," said the professor. "Being freshmen, all of you are strangers to me. I should dislike to begin the year with you feeling there was one among you small enough to do a trick like that. The next proposition, please."

When the hour had gone, the class filed back to the study room, and Elnora followed in desperation, because she did not know where else to go. She could not study as she had no books, and when the class again left the room to go to another professor for the next recitation, she went also. At least they could put her out if she did not belong there.

Noon came at last, and she kept with the others until they dispersed on the sidewalk. She was so abnormally self-conscious, she fancied all the hundreds of that laughing throng saw and jested at her. When she passed the brown-eyed boy walking with the girl of her encounter, she knew, for she heard him say, "Did you really let that gawky piece of calico get ahead of you?" The answer was indistinct.

Elnora hurried from the city. She intended to get her lunch, eat it in the shade of a tree, and then decide whether she would go back or go home. She knelt on the bridge and reached for her box, but it was so very light that she was prepared for the fact that it was empty before opening it. There was one thing for which to be thankful. The boy or tramp who had seen her hide it, had left the napkin. She would not have to face her mother and account for its loss. She put it in her pocket, and threw the box into the ditch.

She sat on the bridge and tried to think, but her brain was confused. "Perhaps the worst is over," she said at last. "I will go back. What would Mother say to me if I came home now?"

So she returned to the high school, followed some other pupils to the coat room, hung her hat, and found her way to the study where she had been in the morning. Twice that afternoon, with aching head and empty stomach, she faced strange professors, in different branches. Once she escaped notice. The second time the worst happened. She was asked a question she could not answer.

"Have you not decided on your course, and secured your books?" inquired the professor.

"I have decided on my course," replied Elnora, "I do not know where to ask for my books."

"Ask?" the professor was bewildered.

"I understood the books were furnished," faltered Elnora.

"Only to those bringing an order from the township trustee," replied the Professor.

"No! Oh no!" cried Elnora. "I will have them to-morrow."

She gripped her desk for support for she knew that was not true. There would be four books, ranging perhaps at a dollar and a half apiece. Would her mother buy them? Of course she would not—could not.

Did not Elnora know the story of old? There was enough land, but no one to do clearing and farm. There was tax on all those acres, and recently the new gravel road tax added. There was expense of living with only the work of two women to meet all of it.

She was insane to think she could come to the city to school. Her mother had been right. The girl decided that if only she lived to

reach home, she would stay there and lead any sort of life to avoid more of this torture. Bad as what she wished to escape had been, it was nothing like this. She never could live down the movement that went through the class when she inadvertently revealed the fact that she had expected books to be furnished. Her mother would not secure them. That settled the question.

The end of misery is never in a hurry to come. Before the day was over, the superintendent entered the room and explained that pupils from the country were charged a tuition of twenty dollars a year. That really was the end. Previously Elnora had canvassed a dozen methods for securing the money for books, ranging all the way from offering to wash the superintendent's dishes to breaking into the bank. This additional expense made her plans so wildly impossible, there was nothing to do but hold up her head until she was from sight.

Down the long corridor alone among hundreds, down the long street alone among thousands, out into the country she came at last. Across the fence and field, along the old trail once trodden by a boy's bitter agony, now stumbled a white-faced girl, sick at heart. She sat on a log and began to sob in spite of her efforts at self-control. At first it was physical breakdown, later, thoughts came crowding.

Oh the shame, the mortification! Why had she not known of the tuition? How did she happen to think that, in the city, books were furnished? Perhaps it was because she had read they were in several states. But why did she not know? Why did not her mother go with her? Other mothers—but when had her mother ever been or done anything at all like other mothers? Because she never had, it was useless to blame her now.

Elnora realized she should have gone to town the week before, called on someone and learned all these things herself. She should have remembered how her clothing would look, before she wore it in public places. Now she knew, and her dreams were over. She must go home to feed chickens, calves, and pigs, wear calico and coarse shoes, and with averted head, pass a library all her life. She sobbed again.

"For pity's sake, honey, what's the matter?" asked the voice of

the nearest neighbour, Wesley Sinton, as he seated himself beside Elnora. "There, there," he continued, smearing tears all over her face in an effort to dry them. "Was it as bad as that, now? Maggie has been just wild over you all day. She's got nervouser every minute. She said we were foolish to let you go. She said your clothes were not right, you ought not to carry that tin pail, and that they would laugh at you. By gum, I see they did!"

"Oh, Uncle Wesley," sobbed the girl, "why didn't she tell me?"

"Well, you see, Elnora, she didn't like to. You got such a way of holding up your head, and going through with things. She thought some way that you'd make it, till you got started, and then she begun to see a hundred things we should have done. I reckon you hadn't reached that building before she remembered that your skirt should have been pleated instead of gathered, your shoes been low, and lighter for hot September weather, and a new hat. Were your clothes right, Elnora?"

The girl broke into hysterical laughter. "Right!" she cried. "Right! Uncle Wesley, you should have seen me among them! I was a picture! They'll never forget me. No, they won't get the chance, for they'll see me again to-morrow!"

"Now that is what I call spunk, Elnora! Downright grit," said Wesley Sinton. "Don't you let them laugh you out. You've so helped Margaret and me for years at harvest and busy times, that what you've earned must amount to quite a sum. You can get yourself a good many clothes with it."

"Don't mention clothes, Uncle Wesley," sobbed Elnora. "I don't care now how I look. If I don't go back all of them will know it's because I am so poor I can't buy my books."

"Oh, I don't know as you are so dratted poor," said Sinton meditatively. "There are three hundred acres of good land, with fine timber as ever grew on it."

"It takes all we can earn to pay the tax, and Mother wouldn't cut a tree for her life."

"Well then, maybe, I'll be compelled to cut one for her," suggested Sinton. "Anyway, stop tearing yourself to pieces and tell me. If it isn't clothes, what is it?"

"It's books and tuition. Over twenty dollars in all."

"Humph! First time I ever knew you to be stumped by twenty dollars, Elnora," said Sinton, patting her hand.

"It's the first time you ever knew me to want money," answered Elnora. "This is different from anything that ever happened to me. Oh, how can I get it, Uncle Wesley?"

"Drive to town with me in the morning, and I'll draw it from the bank for you. I owe you every cent of it."

"You know you don't owe me a penny, and I wouldn't touch one from you, unless I really could earn it. For anything that's passed, I owe you and Aunt Margaret for all the home life and love I've ever known. I know how you work, and I'll not take your money."

"Just a loan, Elnora, just a loan for a little while until you can earn it. You can be proud with all the rest of the world, but there are no secrets between us, are there, Elnora?"

"No," said Elnora, "there are none. You and Aunt Margaret have given me all the love there has been in my life. That is the one reason above all others why you shall not give me charity. Hand me money because you find me crying for it! This isn't the first time this old trail has known tears and heartache. All of us know that story. Freckles stuck to what he undertook and won out. I stick, too. When Duncan moved away he gave me all Freckles left in the swamp, and as I have inherited his property maybe his happiness will come with it. I won't touch your money, but I'll win some way. First, I'm going home and try Mother. It's just possible I could find second hand books, and perhaps all the tuition need not be paid at once. Maybe they would accept it quarterly. But oh, Uncle Wesley, you and Aunt Margaret keep on loving me! I'm so lonely, and no one else cares!"

Wesley Sinton's jaws met with a click. He swallowed hard on bitter words and changed what he would have liked to say three times before it became articulate.

"Elnora," he said at last, "if it hadn't been for one thing I'd have tried to take legal steps to make you ours when you were three years old. Maggie said then it wasn't any use, but I've always held on. You see, I was the first man there, honey, and there are things you see, that you can't ever make anybody else understand. She loved him,

Elnora, she just made an idol of him. There was that oozy green hole, with the thick scum broke, and two or three big bubbles slowly rising that were the breath of his body. There she was in spasms of agony, and beside her the great heavy log she'd tried to throw him. I can't ever forgive her for turning against you, and spoiling your childhood as she has, but I couldn't forgive anybody else for abusing her. Maggie has got no mercy on her, but Maggie didn't see what I did, and I've never tried to make it very clear to her. It's been a little too plain for me ever since. Whenever I look at your mother's face, I see what she saw, so I hold my tongue and say, in my heart, 'Give her a mite more time.' Someday it will come. She does love you, Elnora. Everybody does, honey. It's just that she's feeling so much, she can't express herself. You be a patient girl and wait a little longer. After all, she's your mother, and you're all she's got, but a memory, and it might do her good to let her know that she was wrong in that."

"It would kill her!" cried the girl swiftly. "Uncle Wesley, it would kill her! What do you mean?"

"Nothing," said Wesley Sinton soothingly. "Nothing, honey. That was just one of them silly things a man says, when he is trying his best to be wise. You see, she loved him mightily, and they'd been married only a year, and what she was loving was what she thought he was. She hadn't really got acquainted with the man yet. If it had been even one more year, she could have borne it, and you'd have got justice. Having been a teacher she was better educated and smarter than the rest of us, and so she was more sensitive like. She can't understand she was loving a dream. So I say it might do her good if somebody that knew, could tell her, but I swear to gracious, I never could. I've heard her out at the edge of that quagmire calling in them wild spells of hers off and on for the last sixteen years, and imploring the swamp to give him back to her, and I've got out of bed when I was pretty tired, and come down to see she didn't go in herself, or harm you. What she feels is too deep for me. I've got to respectin' her grief, and I can't get over it. Go home and tell your ma, honey, and ask her nice and kind to help you. If she won't, then you got to swallow that little lump of pride in your neck, and come to Aunt Maggie, like you been a-coming all your life."

"I'll ask Mother, but I can't take your money, Uncle Wesley, indeed I can't. I'll wait a year, and earn some, and enter next year."

"There's one thing you don't consider, Elnora," said the man earnestly. "And that's what you are to Maggie. She's a little like your ma. She hasn't given up to it, and she's struggling on brave, but when we buried our second little girl the light went out of Maggie's eyes, and it's not come back. The only time I ever see a hint of it is when she thinks she's done something that makes you happy, Elnora. Now, you go easy about refusing her anything she wants to do for you. There's times in this world when it's our bounden duty to forget ourselves, and think what will help other people. Young woman, you owe me and Maggie all the comfort we can get out of you. There's the two of our own we can't ever do anything for. Don't you get the idea into your head that a fool thing you call pride is going to cut us out of all the pleasure we have in life beside ourselves."

"Uncle Wesley, you are a dear," said Elnora. "Just a dear! If I can't possibly get that money anyway else on earth, I'll come and borrow it of you, and then I'll pay it back if I must dig ferns from the swamp and sell them from door to door in the city. I'll even plant them, so that they will be sure to come up in the spring. I have been sort of panic-stricken all day and couldn't think. I can gather nuts and sell them. Freckles sold moths and butterflies, and I've a lot collected. Of course, I am going back to-morrow! I can find a way to get the books. Don't you worry about me. I am all right!"

"Now, what do you think of that?" inquired Wesley Sinton of the swamp in general. "Here's our Elnora come back to stay. Head high and right as a trivet! You've named three ways in three minutes that you could earn ten dollars, which I figure would be enough, to start you. Let's go to supper and stop worrying!"

Elnora unlocked the case, took out the pail, put the napkin in it, pulled the ribbon from her hair, binding it down tightly again and followed her uncle to the road. From afar she could see her mother in the doorway. She blinked her eyes, and tried to smile as she talked to Wesley Sinton, and indeed she did feel better. She knew now what she had to expect, where to go, and what to do. She must get the books. When she had them, she would show those city girls

and boys how to prepare and recite lessons, and how to walk with a brave heart. They could show her how to wear pretty clothes and have good times.

As she neared the door her mother reached for the pail. "I forgot to tell you to bring home your scraps for the chickens," she said.

Elnora entered. "There weren't any scraps, and I'm hungry again as I ever was in my life."

"I thought likely you would be," said Mrs. Comstock, "and so I got supper ready. We can eat first, and do the work afterward. What kept you so? I expected you an hour ago."

Elnora looked into her mother's face and smiled. It was a sweet sort of a little smile, and would have reached the depths with any normal mother.

"I see you've been bawling," said Mrs. Comstock. "I thought you'd get your fill in a hurry. That's why I wouldn't go to any expense. If we keep out of the poor house we have to cut the corners close. It's likely this Brushwood road tax will eat up all we've saved in years. Where the land tax is to come from I don't know. It gets bigger every year. If they are going to dredge the swamp ditch again they'll just have to take the land to pay for it. I can't, that's all! We'll get up early in the morning and gather and hull the beans for winter, and put in the rest of the day hoeing the turnips."

Elnora again smiled that pitiful smile.

"Do you think I didn't know that I was funny and would be laughed at?" she asked.

"Funny?" cried Mrs. Comstock hotly.

"Yes, funny! A regular caricature," answered Elnora. "No one else wore calico, not even one other. No one else wore high heavy shoes, not even one. No one else had such a funny little old hat. My hair was not right, and my ribbon was invisible compared with the others. I did not know where to go, or what to do, and I had no books. What a spectacle I made for them!" Elnora laughed nervously at her own picture.

"But there are always two sides! The professor said in the algebra class that he never had a better solution and explanation than

mine of the math problem he gave me, which scored one for me in spite of my clothes."

"Well, I wouldn't brag on myself!"

"That was poor taste," admitted Elnora. "But, you see, it is a case of whistling to keep up my courage. I honestly could see that I would have looked just as well as the rest of them if I had been dressed as they were. We can't afford that, so I have to find something else to brace me. It was rather bad, Mother!"

"Well, I'm glad you got enough of it!"

"Oh, but I haven't," hurried in Elnora. "I just got a start. The hardest is over. To-morrow they won't be surprised. They will know what to expect. I am sorry to hear about the dredge. Is it really going through?"

"Yes. I got my notification to-day. The tax will be something enormous. I don't know as I can spare you, even if you are willing to be a laughing stock for the town."

With every bite Elnora's courage returned, for she was a healthy young thing.

"You've heard about doing evil that good might come from it," she said. "Well, Mother mine, it's something like that with me. I'm willing to bear the hard part to pay for what I'll learn. Already I have selected the ward building in which I shall teach in about four years. I am going to ask for a room with a south exposure so that the flowers and moths I take in from the swamp to show the children will do well."

"You dreamer!" said Mrs. Comstock. "How are you going to pay your expenses?"

"Now that is just what I was going to ask you!" said Elnora. "You see, I have had two startling pieces of news to-day. I did not know I would need any money. I thought the city furnished the books, and there is an out of town tuition, also. I need ten dollars in the morning. Will you please let me have it?"

"Ten dollars!" cried Mrs. Comstock. "Ten dollars! Why don't you say a hundred and be done with it! I could get one as easy as the other. I told you! I told you I couldn't raise a cent. Every year expenses grow bigger and bigger. I told you not to ask for money!"

"I never meant to," replied Elnora. "I thought clothes were all I needed and I could bear them. I never knew about buying books and tuition."

"Well, I did!" said Mrs. Comstock. "I knew what you would run into! But you are so bulldog stubborn, and so set in your way, I thought I would just let you try the world a little and see how you liked it!"

Elnora pushed back her chair and looked at her mother.

"Do you mean to say," she demanded, "that you knew, when you let me go into a city classroom and reveal the fact before all of them, that I expected to have my books handed out to me? Do you mean to say that you knew I had to pay for them?"

Mrs. Comstock evaded the direct question.

"Anybody but a dreamer mooning over a book or wasting time prowling the woods would have known you had to pay. Everybody has to pay for everything. Life is made up of pay, pay, pay! It's always and forever pay! If you don't pay one way you do another! Of course, I knew you had to pay. Of course, I knew you would come home blubbering! But you don't get a penny! I haven't one cent, and can't get one! Have your way if you are determined, but I think you will find the road somewhat rocky."

"Swampy, you mean, Mother," corrected Elnora. She arose white and trembling. "Perhaps someday God will teach me how to understand you. He knows I do not now. You can't possibly realize just what you let me go through to-day, or how you let me go, but I'll tell you this, you understand enough that if you had the money, and would offer it to me, I wouldn't touch it now. And I'll tell you this much more. I'll get it myself. I'll raise it, and do it some honest way. I am going back to-morrow, the next day, and the next. You need not come out, I'll do the night work, and hoe the turnips."

It was ten o'clock when the chickens, pigs, and cattle were fed, the turnips hoed, and a heap of bean vines was stacked beside the back door.

A Girl of the Limberlost

Spurned by her grieving mother since birth, 16-year-old Elnora Comstock finds solace in nature, cultivating a collection of rare moths and other specimens from Indiana's Limberlost swampland.

Elnora desires above all the love of her unaffectionate mother and an education at the local high school. But without any financial support available, Elnora must rely on her resourcefulness and determination to pay her way through school.

This coming-of-age classic combines fascinating observations on nature with the struggles of growing up at the dawn of the 20th century. Will Elnora be able to earn enough money for her education? Will her mother ever truly love her and recognize that "the only pleasure in this world worth having is the joy we derive from living for those we love"?

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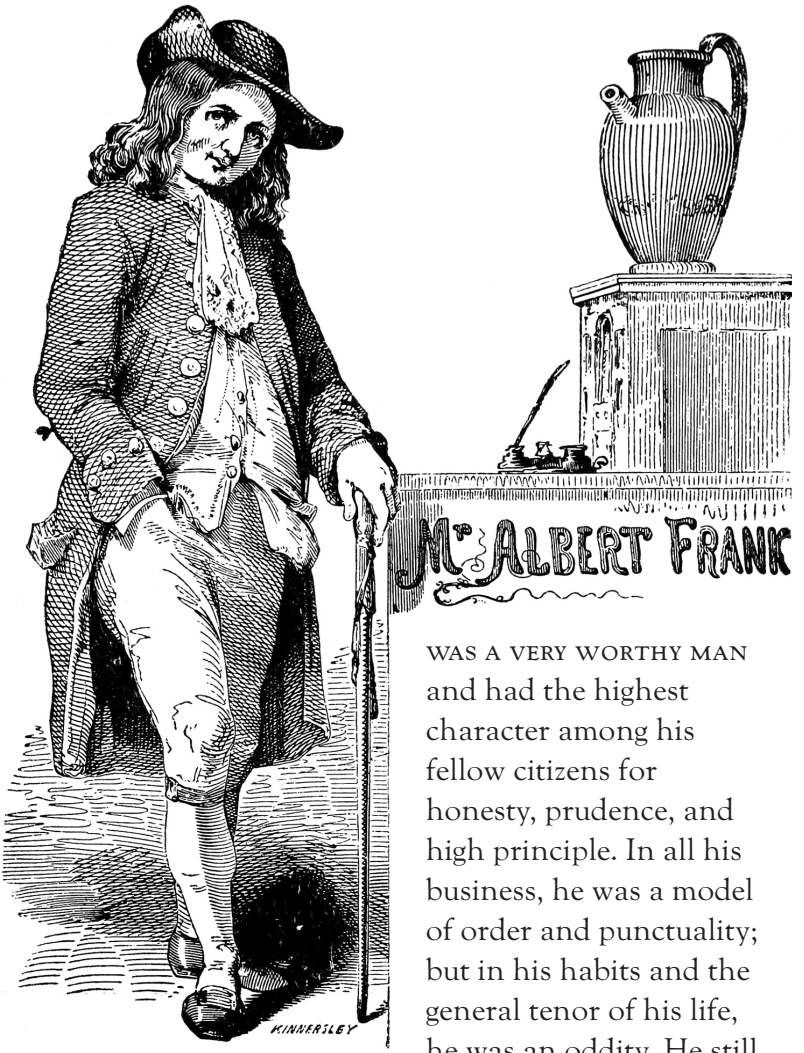
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THE WATER PITCHER





Mr. Albert Frank

was a very worthy man and had the highest character among his fellow citizens for honesty, prudence, and high principle. In all his business, he was a model of order and punctuality; but in his habits and the general tenor of his life, he was an oddity. He still dressed in the fashion of the last century. On Sundays his usual dress was a large, round, unpowdered wig, a neckcloth of the finest white linen, a frock of cinnamon brown, cut in the old fashion with large buttons covered with gold lace. The same taste was visible in his house. The furniture of the chambers, the tapestry, the frames of the pictures and mirrors, tables, chairs, and sideboard were all of costly material, but entirely out of fashion.

The writing desk of walnut, with its old drawers, was the very one which had been used by his grandfather, and the cumbrous armchair still held the place it had held three generations before.

The habits of the family were also in accordance with old custom. They rose early and were in bed early. No candle was ever used in the house of a summer evening, nothing but the lamp in the hall which was kept up during the night. Though Mr. Frank was the richest merchant in the town, he would gather up bits of thread and pieces of torn paper in his counting house because, as he used to say, they could be of some use. He thought that his mercantile correspondents used entirely too much sealing wax, a custom which he severely censured, not merely for the large annual outlay in the purchase of the article, but also for the heavy additional postage on the overloaded letters. He also severely reproved the servants if the lamp in the hall was not extinguished the moment it was clear day. No wonder, then, that he was looked on as parsimonious and narrow-hearted and that many who applied to him for relief and got a severe lecture on the economy and industry called him a miser. Still there were others who applied more than once and received such liberal assistance that they were surprised at his generosity and gave him a very different character.

His son, Mr. Frederick Frank, a fine, handsome young man, had just returned from England, where he had been for some time. He was dressed in the first fashion, and people said that he and his father would assuredly fall out. But to their great surprise, the father not only had no objection to his son's taste, but on the contrary, heartily approved it. The first commercial families in the city would be happy to have young Frederick as their son-in-law, but the common report was that the only

son of old Mr. Frank and the only daughter of the rich Mr. Sax would be an excellent match. The two fathers had always been on excellent terms; Mr. Sax was, after Mr. Frank, the richest man in the city, and the young lady was beautiful, talented, and highly accomplished, so that the union was regarded as certain. Frederick, it was said, paid more attention to the young lady than to any other in town, and the father also, it was believed, was favorably inclined. But suddenly the friendly intercourse of the families was interrupted, and all rumors of marriage ceased. People were utterly at a loss to know the cause. "No doubt," said they, "it must be some oddity of that singular old Frank."

The report soon went out that young Frederick had given his affections to a young lady who, even her enemies were compelled to admit, was beautiful and virtuous, but who had not a hundred florins fortune. "Impossible!" was the general cry. "Impossible! The father will never tolerate such a marriage." The whole town laughed at the rumor until it was positively announced that Mr. Frederick Frank and Miss Wilhelmina Grünheim were really to be married on a certain day. Nothing could exceed the astonishment of the whole town at this unexpected news.

The old gentleman very seldom saw large companies or was a guest at public entertainments. He could not endure these boisterous meetings and fatiguing pleasures, which were kept up till a late hour of the night. Every person was sure that the wedding would be very private. But far from it; old Mr. Frank invited all his respectable townsmen and all those with whom he had any connection. All joyfully accepted the invitation—all except Mr. Sax, his wife, and daughter, who left the town a few days before.

The guests all expected a marriage party in the old style. "No doubt," said they, "we shall all be ranged in the

old hall, with its old-fashioned decorations of fifty years' standing." But judge of their surprise when, on entering, they found the hall, in which a banquet had not been given for many long years, freshly painted and decorated in the most gorgeous style. The milk-white table linen, the richest produce of the Flemish looms, was covered with the most costly articles of English manufacture, and the silver plate was in the latest fashion, with all which old Frank, despite the simplicity of his taste, appeared highly pleased.

Indeed, during the whole evening he was the very picture of happiness. His oldest friends never saw him so happy and cordial even in the heyday of his youth.

Still, some of the guests were heard to whisper, "Old men do foolish things. The settlement that his son is getting is not worth all this extraordinary expenditure. The bride has no money; her very dress and those rich jewels in her hair were given by the old man. The strange old fellow has disappointed us all."

Dinner was served up at a late hour in the evening. The crystal luster over the table was lighted up, and in the gleam of its innumerable wax lights, the rich silver plate sparkled with a brilliancy that dazzled the beholders. The dessert, of the rarest confectionery and richest fruits and all that wealth could command, was over; the glasses had been brought in by two servants on costly salvers when, lo, the old man himself arose, left the hall, and in a few minutes returned with a large, common, dark-green earthen pitcher and with his own hands placed it on the table, directly under the gleaming luster. All eyes were riveted on this strange object. The pitcher was, certainly, elegantly decorated with fresh wreaths of the most beautiful flowers; still it made a very poor figure among the surrounding splendor. "I knew well things

could not pass over without some oddity," said a fat old gentleman. The remark was overheard by the company, and, notwithstanding all their efforts, there was a loud and general laugh.

"Welcome to your amusement, ladies and gentlemen," said old Frank. "I cannot blame you. You have good reason to laugh. An earthen pitcher on the festive board is a mystery. It was the pitcher that gave occasion to this festive party; yes, were it not for it, this wedding would never have taken place."

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