

## SAFE

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

My dream-fruit tree a palace bore  
    In stone's reality,  
And friends and treasures, art and lore  
    Came in to dwell with me.

But palaces for gods are made;  
    I shrank to man, or less;  
Gold-barriered, yet chill, afraid,  
    My soul shook shelterless.

I found a cottage in a wood,  
    Warmed by a hearth and maid;  
And fed and slept, and said 't was good, —  
    Ah, love-nest in the shade!

The walls grew close, the roof pressed low,  
    Soft arms my jailers were;  
My naked soul arose to go,  
    And shivered bright and bare.

No more I sought for covert kind;  
    The blast bore on my head;  
And lo, with tempest and with wind  
    My soul was garmented.

Here on the hills the writhing storm  
    Cloaks well and shelters me;  
I wrap me round, and I am warm,  
    Warm for eternity.

## BIG MARY

BY KATHERINE MAYO

MACLISE, at his office desk, dropped his pen, swung his chair, and turned upon the street without a distant, ruminative gaze. Clad in his fresh tan linens, with his sturdy form, his ruddy, hearty, fine-featured face, his silver hair, his clear and kind blue eyes, he made a pleasant picture, to which the window view gave background well in harmony. Paramaribo is unique among South American towns, and the Heernstraat, at the early morning hour of peace and cool and freshness, displayed it at its comeliest.

But Maclise's eyes, for once, took no note of outward things. That afternoon he should set forth, with a heavily laden expedition, by river, by creek, and by jungle-trail, for his placer, far back in the gold-bush. His mind was absorbed in the business of it. Every detail of organization had received his personal care. Now the great 'fish-boats' rode at the riverside, ready laden since the night before. All the miscellany of supplies for men, beasts, and machinery needed at the mine for three months to come, lay packed in perfect trim and balance beneath their broad tarpaulins. The crews were contracted and safe corralled under the police's hand.

Maclise's own launch, the Cottica, tested, stored, and in perfect order, rocked at her moorings. The lists had been reviewed and supplemented till further care seemed useless. And still Maclise pondered.

'Cornelis!' said he.

'Ja, mynheer?' The office porter, a

slender, spaniel-eyed mulatto, darted forward at attention.

'Cornelis, I'll take three more wood-choppers. Get Moses, and a couple of good Para men, if you can find them. But be sure you get Moses.'

'Ja, mynheer, — but —' The humble voice trailed and faded in reluctant deprecation.

'Well?' — Cornelis's trepidations were among the minor thorns of Maclise's life; yet he took them with that humorous understanding and indulgence that, coupled with a generous hand and sharp authority, wins the Negro's heart, respect, and unquestioning obedience. 'Well, Cornelis?'

'I shall do my best, mynheer, but last night I saw Moses in a Portuguese shop on the Waterkant, and he was drinking — too much drinking, mynheer.'

Maclise considered. Moses was the best wood-chopper in the colony — a Demeraran, pure black, with the strength and patience of an ox; also, with an ox's intelligence. Moses' arms chopped cord-wood in the beauty of perfection, but the brain of Moses did nothing at all; whence it happened that, like an ox, Moses was led by whoever pulled on his nose-ring. Drunk, however, — drunk and ugly, — he would surely be no subject for the gentle Cornelis to tackle, and the boats must be off by three o'clock. Maclise's eyes signaled a conceit that jumped with his fancy.

'Cornelis, find Big Mary. Say I want to take Moses to the placer, and