

adobe, and boasting of but one story, of course; but it is not every one in Arizona who can build a house with four rooms,—if the doors *do* consist of old blankets, and the floor and ceiling, like the walls, of mud.

A discharged soldier kept the station now—a large yellow dog his sole companion. The man slept on the same bed that had borne Hendricks's corpse, and the cudgel, with the murdered man's blood dried on it, was lying at the foot of it.

"And where is his grave?" I

asked, as we stood in front of the house.

The man's eye travelled slowly over the desolate landscape before us. There were sand, verde, and cactus on one side of us, and there were sand, verde, and cactus on the other.

"Well, really now, I could n't tell. You see, I wasn't here when they put him in the ground, and I have n't thought of his grave since I come. Fact is, I've got to keep my eyes open for live Greasers and Pache-Indians, and do n't get much time to hunt up dead folks's graves!"

## CADENABBIA.

95735

BY H. D. JENKINS.

**H**OTEL BELLE VUE, *May 22.*—I have been sitting at my window to-night, half living in the present, half wandering in dreams. The lake stretches out black before me; beyond this the black hills shut out the farther world, and the scarcely less black clouds hide the heavens. From the opposite shore, where the few lights of Bellagio alone relieve the darkness, the music of a band is wafted across the waters of Como. Now the strain is no louder than the voice of the spring in a lone pine—now it throbs and pulsates and whirls until I feel it in all my blood. When the wind is favorable I catch the faint rhythm of distant feet, the sound of "dancers dancing in tune." So we live and love,—the black earth and waves, the hidden heaven,—in the centre an hour of music and of dancing;—a short joy that wearies and palls, a darkness measureless and impenetrable.

As I look up there are two stars that have broken through the clouds. Is

not that enough? Not the whole marshalling of the nightly host could give surer tokens of a bending over all. The mystery of misery, the burden of sin, a little mirth, two lights dimly twinkling above,—that is the picture, and under it we will write "The World."

I hear the bells ringing from unseen bell-towers along the shore and up among the hills. They are calling us to midnight prayers;—that is a good use to make of midnight, a midnight with two stars!

The bells have ceased, the lights are out, and the music is hushed at Bellagio; but the stars shine upon the sleep of the world, as they shone upon its dancing and its praying.

*May 23.*—I was busy in my room all the fore part of the day, to-day, but toward evening I walked out with a friend along the western shore. (Cadenabbia is on the west of Como, about mid-way of its entire length.) We must have walked several miles

up the lake and back. The hills on the side where we were rise sharply from the water's edge to a height of a thousand feet. Two or three miles from the hotel the road is overhung by their precipitous walls. The road itself is never more than a stone's throw from the lake, and frequently is built its own width into the water.

The eastern shore ran raggedly along, clothed with fresh foliage from base to summit, while here and there majestic snow-peaks lifted their white heads behind and above the shore hills. Monte Legnone, far up the lake, stood royally against the blue sky, guarding with silent fidelity the gateway of the Splügen. The terraces, gray with olives, green with mulberries, and tremulous with vines, were vocal with the voices of children gathering leaves for the silk-worms, or watching the browsing of the goats.

The water in the lake was clear and beautiful. Looking at the pebbles forty feet below the surface, one seemed only to be looking through a denser atmosphere. But as the sun passed westward, the shadows blackened and deepened the lake, until all picturesqueness was lost in the horrible. Where there had been ripples and laughter, with all the changeable hues of the sunset, there was now only a sobbing along the foot of all the hills, and a wide, yawning darkness, as the mouth of hell.

We walked rapidly home, preceded part of the way by four peasant girls, who were singing some rustic song in a minor key. They carried all four parts, and were admirable in harmony and time. Undoubtedly the unknown tongue and the gathering gloom added much to the weird nature of their music.

May 24.—To-day we were out immediately after breakfast, by ten o'clock at latest, upon the lake. When one comes from the scorching Lombardy plains to these mountains

and lakes, he mistakes every hour of sunshine for a summer. The morning was so bright that we were in haste to have a row. We secured a very egg-shell of a boat, and pulled briskly for a little chapel on the opposite shore. Everything promised well on the start, but when we had reached the middle of the lake the raw chilly winds from the north spoiled all our sport; one of our fir oars snapped off close to the row-lock, and we returned to wharf in front of the hotel, feeling somewhat crestfallen.

Once again on shore, we determined that the day which was had for rowing must be just right for climbing. We had seen what we thought was a convent far up on the mountain overlooking Cadenabbia, and yesterday had speculated much upon the whys and wherefores of its position. It seemed a good time now to investigate this matter. Our *fiasco* had only lost us an hour; there was time and to spare.

Our ideas of the route to be pursued were grandly indefinite; but we took the only road leading off and back of the shore road. To our amazement, it brought us to Cadenabbia proper. Somewhere back of a hillock we found it;—and the very antipodes of the Cadenabbia of the Hotel Belle Vue it was, albeit within hail of the voice. We had heretofore supposed that our hotel and its dependencies comprised the town; but back of that hillock lay the aged, squalid sire of this aristocratic scion. Of all Italian villages it is the dirtiest, the foulest, and the crookedest. We were in its streets before we fairly knew it; and once in, we bade fair never to get out of it. The whole village cannot cover more than two or three score of acres, but it has grown on so original a plan that each street is endless. Another unfortunate peculiarity of the town is that the houses are built with their back part before them;—at least so it appeared to us. After stumbling helplessly up and down and around

its roughly cobbled alleys until about ready to sit down and wait for the town to get sober, a *Deus ex machina* in the person of a small boy appeared suddenly before us. Ragged, bare-footed, almost bare-headed, sun-burned, somewhat tattooed with various shades of dirt,—he took us captive. By some intuition he had comprehended our purpose, and motioning to us to follow, he led us by a sort of cork-screw passage out of the village, into the fields overlooking it and the lake beyond.

The goal of our pilgrimage hung in the rocks far above us, like an eagle's nest. Our youthful guide was apparently familiar with the way. The village was obscure, and would hardly have been found without assistance. We could well believe that there was once a time when the feet of penitent rustics had marked this way more surely. Had this day naught to tell us but the same old story of the Eclipse of Faith?

An hour's steady pull brought us to the miniature plateau on which the church stood. It was of the type common in the country districts of Italy,—an irregular mass of buildings with a square bell-tower, built of rough stones that were smoothed over with stucco. The doors stood ajar, the windows were broken and gaping. There were two or three sombre rooms, wherein some hermit priest may have drearily watched out the hours of night and day; but now the whole was tenantless and forsaken. The chapel, floored with coarse red brick, contained half a score of hard-wood benches. The altar was covered with a soiled, faded, and dusty cloth. Above the altar, and behind a frame, stood a huge wax doll in an elaborate blue silk dress, properly beflounced, and crowned with a crown of tarnished gilt. A dozen vases perched here and there held up as many bouquets of paper flowers, consisting chiefly of brown roses.

We passed behind the screen that

we might examine more closely this forlorn representative of her who was Blessed among Women. And here we saw that, whatever might be the faith of to-day, it respected the veneration of yesterday; for from neck, breast, arms, and hands, depended the offerings of the past. The cheap jewelry of rustics bedizened the whole front of the image. Brooches, buckles, ear-rings, and finger-rings, dangled now where they had first been hung. Among the others were two finger-rings of solid gold,—who may say how great a temptation to the half-starved village below? We watched our little bandit of a guide to see with what sort of feeling he might regard these, perhaps the richest treasures his eyes had ever rested upon; but although he ransacked every nook with the utmost *nonchalance*, he did not appear to have any more thought of coveting these sacred offerings than of coveting the stars. Perhaps a man's life would not have been as safe here as the Virgin's rings.

Just off from the chapel was a little sacristy, scarcely larger than a closet. No robes, ewers, chalices, or crucifixes appeared, but the room was multitudinously hung with votive offerings that could not find place about the Virgin. They were rough paintings in oil, averaging about eight inches by ten in size of canvas, and unframed. Here was a man falling over a precipice; here one thrown from a horse; there a woman knocked down by a run-away; and so on through the long possibilities of accidents that "flesh is heir to." Several were of little children enduring all imaginable bangings-about, while a few represent pallid invalids lying in their beds. In some the Virgin was seen looking down from the left upper corner; in others a hand was warding off the impending evil; and in yet others the saved or restored were kneeling in reverential thanksgiving before Her in whom they had put their hope. So we saw by these

rude memorials of gratitude and devotion that the old pathway to *La Madonna di San Martino* had not been worn wholly by the feet of sorrowing penitents.

We lingered in the little lonely old church with a growing fondness for its "short and simple annals of the poor;" and when at last we did consent to leave it, we carefully closed its one-hinged door, and even found means of stopping up one or two broken panes of glass, that the storms of the mountain might have less free access to the place made forever sacred by the love and worship of past days. Then, taking a last look through the mended window at the blue eyes and dusty curls of its mute custodian, we went around before the church and sat down upon the edge of the terrace whereon the church is built. This plat, scarcely more than four rods square, has at its back a perpendicular wall of rock several hundred feet high; and so steep is the ascent to it that it almost appears to overhang the lake. But here on this miniature shelf hung between heaven and earth, Nature had not forgotten to do honor to the consecrated ground; for the mountain-grass had carpeted the terrace with thickest velvet, and the birds had dropped here and there the seeds of those lilies that He loved. One or two horn-bells gave their mute sympathy and encouragement to the bell that had hung so long silent in the weather-beaten *campanile*, and a columbine growing in an angle of the wall seemed as if endeavoring to hide an unsightly hole that time had eaten in the stucco of the tower. Below us the lake lay shining in the sun, its three branches distinctly visible from this height. Half-a-hundred miniature sails were scattered about on its surface; the white villas along the shore gleamed amid their groves of chestnut and olive, and the peaks, "shelved and terraced round," showed many a black-roofed cottage and lowly chapel. It was only when the rocks

behind the church threw over us the chill of a shadow, that we could persuade ourselves to bid good-bye to San Martino and its outlook, and to retrace the steep and winding way that had led us thither.

*May 25.*—To-day we took the little steamer that plies upon Como, to the north end of the lake. The panorama of mountains, snow-peaks, cataracts, villas, villages, and ruins, is one of surprising beauty. On our return we stopped at Rezzonico, nine miles from Cadenabbia, and walked from there home. The road wound around crags and through vineyards, now skirting the water's edge, now hundreds of feet above it. But with all this beauty, in Italy one must needs see something that is disgusting and horrible. On the edge of one village we came upon their burying-ground, or Campo Santo. It was walled around with heavy stone, and the soil could not have covered the solid rock by more than five or six feet, possibly by less. To enlarge the enclosure had perhaps never occurred to the mind of any; so the only resource when the place was once full was to dig up a skeleton every time room was needed for a corpse. The result of this process, long continued, was a double or triple row of skulls all around the foot of the wall. Some who perchance had been in special honor in their day, had a niche scooped out of the wall wherein their skulls sat grinning a mocking commentary upon the world's gratitude and remembrance. There was an old church near by, with cracked walls and leaning tower. We peered through its dirt-encrusted windows, and saw the last resting-place of its many priests. One side of a room, that might once have been a sacristy, was covered with rows of square pigeon-holes, and in these the disjointed skeletons were stored away, the skull to the front, and this surmounted by the priestly cap that had

been its owner's badge of office. Some of these caps had slipped jauntily over on one side, and gave to the eyeless, tongueless crania a knowing look and the appearance of a ghastly leer. We could almost imagine that they winked at us and were ready to offer a joke on their past and present. We were well content that Providence had never "cast our lines" in that place, except as tourists.

May 27. — Hitherto our rambles had been mostly to the northward; but today we turned southward, following the shore road for two or three miles. This is the most fashionable part of the lake, and presents nearly a continuous line of country-seats and pleasure-gardens. We had visited the best of these in odd hours, but today had set out for a good half-day's tramp. So we passed on through Tremezzo and across the promontory of Blbianello. Perhaps three miles from Cadenabbia we found the road we were looking for, one turning off to our right and leading up the sloping and well-wooded mountain that here rises from the lake. We had heard that well up on this mountain was a church built by the neighboring districts in gratitude for delivery from some pestilence. It of course was dedicated to the Virgin, and called, in commemoration of its intent, *Santa Maria del Soccorso*. We had not been long upon this branch-road before we knew that we were to be well repaid for our walk. It led us directly to the forest—a forest of grand old trees and the freshest foliage. The day was bright, cool and bracing. The chestnuts were in blossom, and wild flowers in abundance grew on either hand. The road, though apparently built only for an approach to the church, was solidly constructed of stone and in good repair. Presently it began to ascend; and then we found that winding in and out, zigzagging upwards, it brought us every few moments to the edge of

a picturesque ravine which cleft the mountain side. This little valley was a very gem, broad enough at the bottom to give room for toy-like grass-plats, filled with the music of running water and the mimic thunder of cascades, and checkered with sun and shade by reason of the trees that partly shut out the day. At one point, half-way up, we were content to forget all else and enjoy the prospect. Lying prone on a bed of moss, well sheltered by a noble chestnut, we looked across the ravine and its water-falls up the bright shining lake for miles and miles.

But when we gave our attention to the matter more immediately at hand, we found ourselves ascending one of the most curious of the many Calvaries of Italy. Beginning nearly at the foot of the hill was a series of fourteen chapels. They were from twelve to twenty feet square, built of stuccoed stone, surmounted by a tile roof, and lighted by grated windows. In each, life-sized figures of wood or terra-cotta (we could not surely determine which), represented some scenes from the New Testament, *en tableaux*. Beginning with the Annunciation, they carried the Wondrous Story on to its completion in the Resurrection. In the Annunciation there were the angel visitant in white robes, the kneeling maiden, the burst of glory above, the beauty of the white lilies below. In the Nativity no part of the humble details was lacking. There stood ox and ass and foal looking down into the manger where the Babe was lying. As we drew near the close of the scenes, the figures increased in number and in dramatic arrangement. In the portrayal of the Crucifixion scenes there must have been forty and fifty figures in certain of the chapels. There were men on horseback, men carrying ladders, soldiers with lances, and slaves with the instruments of torture. True to the poetic instinct that is in the humblest artist, all that had a part in

the cruelties of the trial, torture, and death, were almost apish in their ugliness; but contrary to the "unities" of art, the leading actor in these wickednesses had a goitred neck that must have been modelled from some poor Swiss rather than from a Syrian. On our return we had the curiosity to count the figures in all the chapels, and found the total to be no less than two hundred and fifty.

The church itself was a spacious and somewhat stately building, now in charge of a family of peasants. The estates which once supported it having been confiscated by the government, its church mice were starved out. There appeared to have been no service in it for some time, and we judged from the words of its custodian that it had somehow fallen under the ban of the state. A few of its relics were displayed, one of which, an amber crucifix eight or ten inches in height, was an exquisite bit of material and a real triumph of art. The

embroidered robes, though handled by our peasant friend with much care, did not greatly impress us, remembering certain pontifical garments we had seen elsewhere. But the crowning glory of the *Madonna del Soccorso* was the Madonna herself, a short and somewhat stumpy doll in the inevitable blue silk dress, with wax cheeks, considerably darkened by thumb marks. This we were assured was "*multo miraculoso*"—a great miracle-worker; but not having any particular occasion for a miracle at the time, we did not test the accuracy of our friend's information. So we gave him a liberal fee, bade him *buono giorno*, and walked leisurely back to Cadenabbia, watching the sunlight creeping up the hills to the east of the lake, and reaching the Hotel, dinner, and rest, just as the last rays of the sunset were reddening the mountain-tops above the terraces of Bellagio.

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### HEROICS.

OUT of the darkness and into the light,—  
 Battling with wrong and upholding the right;

Up from the depths of our mis'ry we rise,  
 Into the realms of His joy in the skies.

God gives us strength, and its use keeps us strong;  
 Only its disuse and misuse are wrong.

Up with the banner!—the struggle begin!  
 Labor is virtue, and idleness sin.

Muscle's a blessing, and weakness a curse;  
 Strength is a fortune, and health is the purse.

Brawn is not shameful, and swarth is no ban;  
 Brains are not colored when cheeks become tan.

This is the measure of manhood in men,—  
 Victory won with a sword, plough, or pen.