

GOLDEN ARCS

FREIGHTED WITH TREASURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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THE MOUNTAIN CAVE.

ON,
The Mystery of the Sierra Nevada.
By GEORGE H. COOMER.

CHAPTER XVI.

A POINT GAINED, AND A PATH LOST.

The wawl of a mountain lion at no great distance, did not tend to increase the young watcher's sense of security; and when a lamentable sort of mewling among the rocks told that the animal was getting still nearer to him, his uneasiness grew apace.

"Well, I'm in for it!" he thought, "but I'll fight only on the defensive. Robbers to right of me, and pumas to left of me, I'm as badly off as Tennyson's 'Six Hundred'." The feeling he experienced was far graver than his manner of expressing it. The puma might be inconsiderate enough not to appreciate the delicacy of his situation, and should necessarily compel him to fire, the whole gang of villains might come rushing out of their den to see what was taking place in their neighborhood.

As Walter was revolving such a contingency, he was startled by the report of a gun so near that it seemed almost deafening. The mountain lion gave a loud cry, but another shot quickly fired, reduced it to silence. It had sprung into view with its last struggle, so that he could see it lying upon the ground, while the man who had fired approached and examined it.

"Now I wonder if the rest of them will warm out to see what he has fired at."

But they did not "swarm." Nobody came, and after a brief examination of the animal, the robber strode on. As he passed behind a thicket, the ambushed watcher arose and followed him as silently as possible.

Soon he was again in sight, but it was a very difficult matter to watch him, and at the same time avoid detection, as his eyes were doing full duty. At some points he would come out into such plain view that his pursuer would be obliged to hide himself as quickly, and next there would be need of hastening the chase to avoid losing the direction altogether.

Once he paused and listened, in the meantime looking all about him, but Walter was so close in the shadow of a thicket, that he could not be seen. He had trodden upon a dry stick, and it was the snapping of this which Number One had heard. A greater caution seemed necessary, and our young friend now followed more by sound than by sight, getting only very brief glimpses of the robber.

retreating figure at length passed behind the point of a sharp rock, and when Walter reached the spot, he could neither see or hear anything which would give a clew to the direction taken.

The surroundings were of the most bewildering character—a strange mingling of thickets and crags. There were natural openings which looked as if nothing but a panther or a grizzly bear had ever traversed them. There were rocks that seemed ready to fall from their places; and dead trees with their roots in the air and their tops downward.

Where Bill Stark had gone was a mystery. He had disappeared precisely as the others had done, but into what part of the labyrinth—whether upon the right hand or the left—was a problem beyond solution.

Walter moved very cautiously, well knowing that the den of the robbers must be somewhere close at hand. But he had hardly time to take in all the wilderness of the scene, when he perceived at a little distance a golden red glow, as if a lantern had just been lighted. It moved away, disappearing as if carried directly into the mountain, leaving for a moment a faint gleam behind that quickly vanished.

Going softly to the spot, he found himself shut in by earth and rocks above and on both sides. He ventured a little farther, and was in utter darkness. But through this, and that seemed a long distance, he again caught the gleam of the lantern. To follow it was, of course, out of the question, and he had only to stand watching the telltale glow till it was lost in some dark recess of what he now perceived must be a cave of great extent.

"This, then, is the robbers' principal den," he said, as he noiselessly retreated. "I have run a prodigious risk, but I'm glad I came. It seems as if I had got close to Mr. Mercer's gold. How little I thought of following it up in this way when Mand was telling about it in the stage coach! I wonder what she

a person who is lost always turns to the left—never to the right.

"Well," he mused, "I'll watch my left foot and make sure that it takes just as long steps as the other. I'll remember, as a sailor would say, that there is a current setting to the left, and so guard against it."

This time he avoided the dead puma, yet was a little disturbed by the thought that perhaps the right leg might not now be holding its own, since the left had become aroused to a full sense of its duty. The stags were obscured by a haze so that they afforded no guide, while thickets, rocks, and gulches were everywhere.

Walter continued walking for a considerable time till convinced that although he

step be getting farther from the right path to the cave.

"I'll remain here till morning," he said to himself, "and then I may be able to see how far I have gone out of the way and where I am." Yet he did not feel quite sure that even daylight would resolve all doubt.

To a spirit that is naturally adventurous there is a charm in difficult situations, and had it not been for the thought of Mr. Percy, our young friend would hardly have regretted the mishap which had thus left him to pass a night in the solitary wilderness.

He had in his pocket a few cards of matches, placed there at the time of exploring the hermit's cave, and now gathering a quantity of dry grass and piling brushwood upon it, he set the heap on fire. Next he collected a number of dead limbs from fallen trees and added them to the rest.

The blaze had a cheerful look as it rolled up against the side of a large rock, and Walter, feeling that he had nothing more to do for the present, threw himself down beneath a tree and watched the branching of the fuel crackle and fall slowly away one after another. He thought of Ralph and the night encampments which the hermit had described him as making among the mountains, and almost wished that he himself were obliged to find his home in such rugged places with no company but his rifle.

For the greater part of the night the activity of his thoughts prevented sleep, and two or three times he arose and recruited the fire, feeling a real enjoyment in doing so from the mere novelty of the thing; and he had always been a saying of Mrs. Dayton that her boys was at home anywhere, and could she have seen him in his present situation, she would have been doubly impressed with the fact. He gathered up the fuel with a real enjoyment, and lay down to see it burn with all the satisfaction of a Robin Hood.

At length he fell into a brief nap of perhaps an hour, and when he awoke the sky was reddened with the streaks of daybreak.

CHAPTER XVII.

COMPANY AT BREAKFAST.

As the light broadened, the scene around took on a wonderful ruggedness and grandeur, but to this Walter had become accustomed. It was now his chief anxiety to find the robber's camp within the scope of his vision would assist him in deciding upon the point toward which he ought to direct his course.

East he could now distinguish from west, and as a consequence, north from south. But was he in a much better condition on this account, since it was impossible to say from what direction he had reached his present standpoint?

Where was the robbers' cave—to his right or to his left? behind him or before him as he stood? Of this he knew no more than he had at midnight. All things still had that appearance to him which they always have to a person who is lost.

"Well," he thought, "I am no 'babe in the woods'; I have got out of worse difficulties than this within the last fortnight, and I'll just take it coolly. The more a fellow frets when he's in trouble, the worse it is for him."

Feeling quite hungry, as he had eaten nothing since the previous noon, he resolved to shoot a rabbit and broil it upon a stick for his breakfast. Then he would feel refreshed and be able to take a fair start in one direction or another.

As rabbits were numerous among the rocks, he had no difficulty in securing one. Then dressing it and rekindling his fire, he broiled it in the Indian fashion over the glowing coals. He took all possible care to broil it, as the savages often do, but to cook it evenly outside and in. When it was done, he laid it to cool on a broad strip of bark, and it certainly had a very tempting odor.



THE MOUNTAIN LION.

would say if she knew where I am at this moment?"

As he emerged into the open air, it was like coming out of a dark cellar; and if he had not before been completely "turned around" as to the points of the compass; he certainly was so now. North, south, east, and west were all alike to him, while his situation was rendered all the more nerve-trying from the apprehension every moment experienced that the next step might bring him in contact with one or more of the robbers.

The thought of the uneasiness which Mr. Percy must feel on his account troubled him more than anything else. He knew that the hermit would not be able to rest quietly in his cave, but would be out in quest of him, spending perhaps the entire night in a vain search, and the idea of this brought a sense of self-condemnation.

Twice he came upon the spot where Number One had killed the mountain lion, and seeing that he must have been moving in a circle, he struck out with a grim determination to keep a straight course. And he remembered also having somewhere read that

might at last have been able to keep a straight course, it was not the right one. He therefore swerved from it at a venture, but found himself only the more bewildered.

"There is one other thing I can do," he said, "I can fire the gun, and if Mr. Percy should be within hearing he may answer by firing his rifle. I do hate to think that he is looking all about for me, tired and troubled. But then luckily he has his other gun, so that he would be able to keep off a grizzly or a puma out here in the dark."

He mounted a rock and fired twice, listening each time for an answer, but all remained silent. Gazing about at the horizon he at length determined upon what seemed to him as being more likely than any other the proper course, and getting down from the rock, he pursued his way as fast as the darkness would permit. But doubt grew stronger and stronger as he advanced, and after a mile or two he once more came to a halt, discharging both barrels of his gun as before, and again waiting in vain for a reply.

To wander longer in this state of uncertainty would be folly, as he might with every



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RIGHT USE OF MOTTOES.

WATCHWORDS are good for inspiration. Many successful men have been greatly helped by their mottoes. But it is well to remember that the watchword is not all there are often two sides to it...

A GRASPING LAWYER.

PEOPLE who are greedy in charging for their services are favorite objects of sarcasm. An English attorney was one of this sort, and a good story is told of him.

INDEPENDENCE.

To get along successfully in the world, one needs a great deal of independence. Malice is not precisely what is meant; any duce can be obstinate. The proper independence is founded on that old saying: "Be sure you are right, then go ahead."

NERVES AND ORATORY.

The boys whose knees knock together when they get up to declaim may take courage. The very nervousness which thus annoys them is a valuable aid to effective oratory.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

COOLNESS and a quick wit have saved many a man from death. But these qualities are also useful in cases where life is not in danger.

and men of honor too. Now men don't kiss each other, but are content with a shake of the hand.

A TITLED SHOEMAKER.

IT is the fashion now-days with some classes of people to despise trades. Why a young fellow esteems measuring tape more than hammering iron, it is not easy to tell.

Count Tolstoi, a famous Russian poet and novelist has some ideas of his own on this subject. They are quite unlike our too genteel young Americans.

Well, the count is no longer young, yet he recently began learning the shoemaker's trade. A newspaper man heard of it and interviewed him.

A PRECIOUS HAIR.

The story books recount many wonderful strokes of fortune, but we rarely see them in the walks of real life. When a youngster gets into trouble, no good fairy pops out of a keyhole to rescue him with his magic wand.

A rich traveler entered a barber's shop and found a pretty young girl in tears, bargaining with the proprietor for the sale of her long tresses.

Without hesitation, after a glance at the money, the girl replied: "Yes."

Then the traveler carefully cut off one of her fine golden hairs, and placed it in his pocketbook. The girl was stupefied with astonishment, and slowly withdrew with the bills in her hand.

SELF TAXATION.

PEOPLE in general seem to enjoy growling about the taxes. This subject makes a theme for conversation in the family, it inspires the loungers in the corner grocery, and it puts life into many a political campaign.

And yet there is one sort of tax that is not grumbled at. That is to say, the tax payers themselves rarely denounce it, or dispute it. They keep on paying it serenely all their lives, unless they happen to tumble into the poorhouse.

We refer to the tax which men pay to passion and appetite. The sums thus expended every year—say for tobacco and liquors only—are stupendous.

He who is at once self-indulgent tax he passes out without a murmur, even though it may have made him a poor man. Sometimes he is conscious of it, but he has become a slave to his habits and cannot free himself.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR, Twenty-first President of the United States. It is a fresh recollection in our minds under what sad and solemn auspices the twenty-first President of the United States entered upon the duties of his office.

The martyr-President, James A. Garfield had been struck down, had languished in the White House at Washington, had made that hazardous and memorable journey to Long Branch, under the anxious gaze of fifty millions of people—without avail.

Two hours later, under advice of the cabinet, then at Long Branch, the Vice-President summoned a local judge, and in the quiet of his own house in New York City, at the dead of night, was sworn in as President of the United States.

After the first shock of grief caused by the national calamity of Garfield's death, the people experienced a sense of fear as to how the responsibilities of his new position would be borne by a man thus suddenly elevated as was President Arthur.

Chester Allen Arthur first impressed his personality upon the country as represented by his father's household and neighbors—in other words, was born on October 5, 1830, at Fairfield, Vermont.

It is related of him that he was a politician at the early age of fourteen. It was during the exciting contest between Polk and Clay for the presidency.

At the head of a crowd of juvenile Whigs, he started, one day, to erect a pole in his village, in honor of Henry Clay. A party of equally young and enthusiastic Democrats resented this outrage upon their political sensibilities, and took a threatening attitude.

Young Arthur's father, a learned Irish clergyman, proposed that his son should have as good an education as the land could give; and, though not rich, so contrived, that young Arthur was enabled to enter Union College, being then but fifteen years of age.

Immediately on being graduated in 1848, he commenced the study of law, and three years later was made principal of an academy for young men at Pownall, Vermont.

He was at once self-indulgent tax he passes out without a murmur, even though it may have made him a poor man. Sometimes he is conscious of it, but he has become a slave to his habits and cannot free himself.

He was in the political set in which he worked, his earnestness and aptness had pushed him to the front, so that he was sent as delegate to the Convention at Saratoga in 1856, which organized the Republican party.

Mr. Arthur had for a number of years displayed great interest in the organization of the State Militia and had been appointed Engineer-in-Chief on the staff of Governor Morgan.

When a Democratic governor was elected in 1864, General Arthur's services were dispensed with, naturally, and he returned to New York and law practice and entered the firm that has since become that of Knevals and Ransom.

In 1871, President Grant appointed Gen. Arthur Collector of the Port of New York, which is one of the most lucrative offices under the government.

In 1879 the Republican State Committee chose General Arthur as their chairman because he was the most experienced and the most able organizer and manager of the party; and the success of the ensuing campaign in New York State was due not a little to the chairman's generalship.

When, on the death of Garfield, President Arthur assumed the mantle of government, no great and sudden change of policy occurred; the affairs of the nation went on with a quietude that was surprising on a change of executive chief.

President Arthur drew to himself great commendation by his attitude against polygamy as practiced in the Mormon Territory, and when Senator Edmunds' Anti-Polygamy Bill was passed by Congress, the President immediately signed it.

Another feature of the administration was the prosecution of the Star Routes ring. The frauds of the Star Route Service had been discovered during Garfield's term. When Arthur entered the White House he insisted upon a full prosecution.

His administration was remarkable as a quiet and prosperous one for the country; socially, his term was quite remarkable for it is seldom the White House has held a host who has dispensed his hospitality with such taste and grace as President Arthur.

As a sportsman, General Arthur is famous. During his term of office it was to the trout streams he generally went when he could snatch a brief vacation. They say that few can surpass the ex-President's skill in casting the fly and whipping the streams.

General Arthur's wife died in the fore part of 1881, leaving to him a son and a daughter. With these two children he has returned to New York and settled down to his extensive law business.

LIFE'S PROBLEM. The common problem, yours, mine, every one's, is—not to fancy what you are doing for the future. Provided it could be, but not finding first. What may be, then find how to make it fair. Up to our means.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS. The soul of the world is God, and its parts are true divinities.

Man's character often speaks the loudest when his lips are silent.

Many keep their reputations polished only so that they may outshine their neighbors.

What can that man fear who takes care to please a Being that is able to crush all his adversaries.

Bad luck is simply a man with his hands in his breeches pockets and not in his mouth, knocking on to see how it will come out.

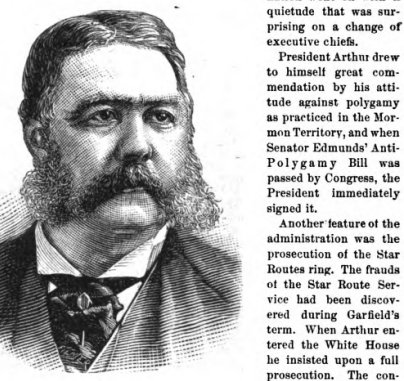
Let us seek liberty and peace, under the law; and, following the path of duty, we shall find peace. The great legacy they have committed to our keeping.

A man can no more be a Christian without facing evil and conquering it, than he can be a soldier without going to battle, facing the cannon's mouth, and encountering the enemy in the field.

Government owes its birth to the necessity of preventing the more selfish of men from slowly smothering individuals had to fear from one another. It is the sentinel who watches, in order that the common laborer be not disturbed.

In the life of an individual, one of the surest marks of honor is fixeness of principles. The man who is tossed about with every shifting wind of opinion or doctrine is not a man who is contented with his lot or successful in any great undertaking.

When life has been well spent, age is a loss of what it can well spare. But those of us who are slowly smothered are old in infancy, are young in fourscore years, and, dropping off obstructions, leaves in happy subjects the mind purified and wise. I have heard that who-ever loves is in no condition old.



Portrait of Chester A. Arthur, Twenty-first President of the United States.

HIRAM HAYES IN STRATFORD.

Once I journeyed while the mavis
O'er the English meadows sang;
It was beautiful summer weather;
All the roads with music rang.

A GREAT ACTOR.

A SKETCH OF HIS CAREER.

No more will John McCullough tread the boards behind the footlights and thrill his audience with the fire of Spartacus, or move them with the passionate grief of Othello.

Such a contrast with the actor still remembered his home, "a great white house, the largest, the prettiest and the pride of the neighborhood; a large-hearted father, rollicking and improvident, and finally a broken hearthstone, death, and poverty."

Working with him was a companion named Burke, who was woefully stage-struck.

McCullough caught the infection, became fond of the theatre and of acting, and joined an amateur dramatic company.

McCullough at this time was in the habit of standing in the wings during the play, and watching every movement of the actors with minute attention.

His handsomeness and rich voice, made him the choice of the manager for real speaking parts; his talent young though it was, gained him better parts little by little until after a while, at the age of twenty-two he had become known and liked by the regular patrons of the Arch Street theatre.

McCullough was thus situated when one day by his utter astonishment, he received the information that he had been selected to play the part of Othello in the Walnut Street Theatre.

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"Do? Go and make your reputation—take the lady on and bow!"

When Edwin Forrest died, he left his young protegee much of his wardrobe and those treasures of the stage, his own prompt books—relics which were practically valuable and precious beyond price from the memories attached to them.

In 1869, being in San Francisco, McCullough opened the California Theatre, in partnership with Lawrence Barrett, and remained there until 1876.

McCullough became so well known and liked, that at last he thought himself adequately established in the popular estimation to tour as a star.

In 1880 he once more crossed the ocean, this time rich and famous. He filled an engagement in the historic old house known as the Drury Lane Theatre.

In the midst of this success he received a letter on the envelope of which was stamped an illuminated crest as of some titled family. Curious to know what it could be, the actor opened it and looking at the signature, read the name of Sir Henry Harvey Bruce, the landlord of the old white homestead.

I think of the destiny that might have been mine if I had settled among the downs of Londonderry, and I never thanked the ship that first carried me across the sea so ardently as when I looked into the hard-pinked faces of the kind-hearted peasantry whose lives are being worn away in the neighborhood where I first saw light."

The life of the successful actor, even with all the glaudits and the fame, is the hardest of all lives. The strain of constant study, the effort of daily impersonations, the necessity of facing an audience whether well or ill, happy or in sorrow, and the long and hasty journeys, are features of the actor's life that entirely dispel that atmosphere of delightful and romantic mystery through which he is wont to regard it.

Many are the old and firm friends that John McCullough has. Hearty, sincere and genial he made friends; generous and steadfast, he kept them.

A NINE DAY'S WARNING.

DR. GLASSE'S son George, who became a clergyman, says Mury Howitts, was acquitted at college with a disolute set of young men, who turned religion into ridicule, and aimed to extract as much so-called pleasure out of life as possible.

The undergraduate awoke full of horror, and in order to dispel the strong, painful impression, sought the society of his friends.

GUESSED HIM.

"SPEAKING OF General Stonewall Jackson's peculiarities," said an ex-Confederate, "why, sir, a whole book might be written about 'em. One time—I never shall forget it—we were on a forced march in Virginia.

"He got down without a word of protest, put his shoulder to the wheel and tugged away. I didn't pay any particular attention to him, aside from seeing that he was doing his duty."

ROSECRANS AND PRICE.

WAR creates attachments more lasting than any other, and which are not severed except in death. An incident of the war established between General Rosecrans and General S. W. Price peculiar relations, which, so far as General Rosecrans is concerned, seem never to lose their force.

"General Price, you command here, do you?" "Yes, sir, will you hold this ford?" "I will try, General."

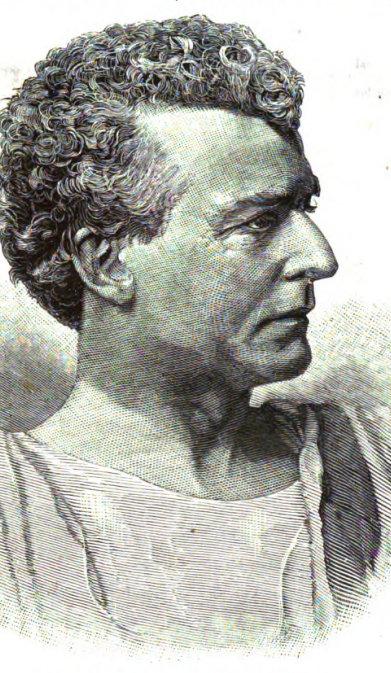
A WISE SUGGESTION.

THE negro is an imitative animal. The white man does nothing which the negro does not imitate. Sam Johnson and Jim Webster, who own the shanties in which they reside in the suburbs of Austin, determined to have their property insured against fire, merely because the fire of excessive rates, insurance agent yielded at last to their importunities, and went to look at the premises of the two enthusiasts on the subject of insurance.

"We can't insure your shanties." "I want's objections?" asked Sam Johnson. "In the first place, if your shanties were to get your smoke house right up close to your cabin, and it will be sure to catch fire the first time you use your smoke house."

GIVING A DIRECT ANSWER.

THE death of Martin Van Buren has called up numerous memories of his grandfather, the President. One is that a party of gentlemen once were discussing his idiosyncrasies, and a wager was laid that he could not be induced to give a direct answer to any question, and it was agreed that he should be told the purpose and condition of the bet.



JOHN McCULLOUGH, THE GREAT TRAGEDIAN.

He wrote that he remembered that a bright boy, a son of his old tenant, had gone to America many years ago, and when he had read the name of the great American tragedian, he had been struck with the thought that these two might be one and the same.

In truth they were; and McCullough, musing over the letter, remembered how years before, he had stood beside the road in Londonderry and doffed his cap and pulled his forelock, as this landlord and his lady rode by in their coach and four.

In extreme contrast to that scene, was the sight of the nobleman's carriage driving up to the door of McCullough's lodgings the next day. And Sir Harvey, a vigorous old man of seventy, protested that it needed but a glance to identify the dramatic artist with the urchin of former years.

At the end of his London engagement, McCullough revisited the scenes of his youthful days. His fame had traveled before him, and even in the country villages which he had known in boyhood, crowds were waiting to see and salute him, as he rolled by, seated beside Lady Bruce in her carriage with its armorial bearings.

In speaking of this visit, McCullough says: "Sir Harvey Bruce and his kind lady wanted me to buy the old farm on which I was born, and settle down; but I told them I would not give up my life and my friends in America for all of Ireland." Then he added: "God bless that land (America) of grand possibilities, where honest effort and merit bring all that are worth living for; where rail-splitters and canal-boat drivers are exalted as rulers, and the sons of cobblers achieve riches!

Cade, Spartacus the Gladiator, Othello, Virginius and Iago, as which latter his old friend, Forrest had specially praised him.

As an actor, he wore the mantle of the great Forrest, though more acceptably even than the former actor. Forrest was of the time when all acting was for the gallery deities and exaggeration of voice and gesture were the marked qualities of tragic acting.

While McCullough played just such "robust" roles as Forrest, it was with more finish, less of the rant, but with a suppressed fire, that gave one continual warning of the mighty climax. While Booth is justly thought the greatest tragedian of this time, it is yet a fact that McCullough is his superior in the "robust," and in general is only second to him.

McCullough's favorite character is that of the noble Roman father. As one of the critics put it, he "leaped upon the Kemble-haunted stage, and took down from a musty shelf, where Macready had left it, a majestic, classic figure—the Roman Father—and breathed new life into it."

Physically, he is singularly adapted for such parts, for his face is noble and distinguished, his figure stout and shapely, his limbs matchless in symmetry, and moving with a perfect grace. In short he was classed as the representative of classical tragedy at the time.

Besides this, he was an actor-gentleman. No trace of the Irish peasant boy remained, except the same kind generous heart. He was a polished gentleman, as much at home in genteel society as on the boards.

His life is said to be but a question of a few months. But lost as he is to the world even now, many an old friend yet goes sadly to his place of confinement to grasp the hand of an old and true friend in misfortune.

The great tragedian meets his friends leaning heavily on his cane, with vacant eyes in which no responsive recognition shines. "Oh, what a noble mind is here o'thrown."

