



Should Be...  
House—Escaped  
of Him.  
—I am not worthy  
true."  
You are an angel."  
are wrong. I am an  
utterly unfit to become  
through life."  
ess. What sort of a  
I ought to have?"  
calculating, practical  
live on your smell

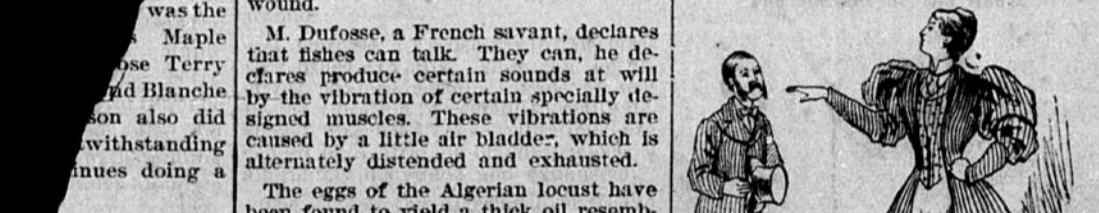


Kind Professor—Vat kind off a nurse  
you call yourself? Don't you can see  
dot child is frightened nearly crazy?  
The Nurse—Say! Ye pie-faced, sau-  
sage eatin', goggled-eyed old hairmat-  
tress, can't ye see that it's yourself  
that frightens the poor child? Faith,  
if it wasn't daylight I'd be frightened  
to death meself. Go on, now, or I'll  
scream bloody murder.—Puck.

Money in Shoes.  
Shoe Dealer—It won't pay me to  
handle these shoes on such a small  
margin.  
Drummer—I know the profits are  
small; but, my dear sir, just look at  
the shoes and see how they are made.  
"Humph! They are made very  
badly, miserable stuff, too—won't last  
a week."  
"That's it, that's it. You'll sell five  
pairs of these shoes to one of any  
other."

A Suburban Idyl.  
Visitor (in suburban village)—Who  
are those two men swearing at each  
other across a fence, and apparently  
determined to fight over some chickens  
that the one with a rake is pointing at?  
Resident—They are Mr. Meek and  
Mr. Lamb, formerly of Fifty-ninth  
street. They moved into the suburbs  
for peace and quiet.

Mode of Moral Improvement.  
Small Boy—I think I'd be a better  
boy if I had a pony like Richie Rich's.  
Father—Better, how?  
"Well, I'd be more charitable."  
"More charitable, eh?"  
"Yes, I wouldn't feel so glad when  
Richie's pony runs away with him."



The Speaker of the House.  
M. Dufosse, a French savant, declares  
that fishes can talk. They can, he de-  
clares produce certain sounds at will  
by the vibration of certain specially de-  
signed muscles. These vibrations are  
caused by a little air bladder, which is  
alternately distended and exhausted.

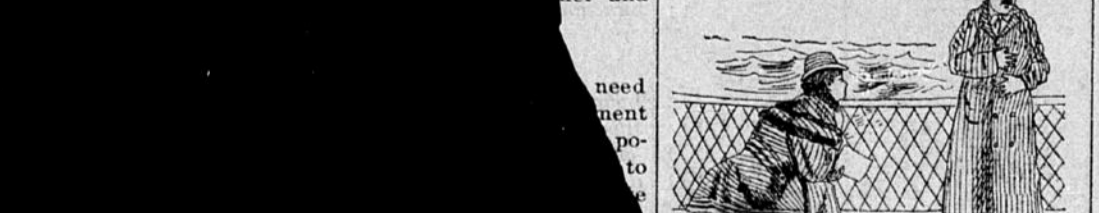
Work Ahead.  
Old Gentleman—Why are you cry-  
ing, my little man?  
Little Man—Boo-hoo! Papa gave  
me some money to buy an express  
wagon.  
"Did you lose it?"  
"N-o."  
"Then what's the matter?"  
"It's spring, an' we've got a garden."

Still a Subscriber.  
Old Friend—You have made a mortal  
foe of Col. Kaintuck.  
Western Editor—Eh? Wha—do you  
mean it?  
"He threatens to shoot you on  
sight."  
"Oh, is that all? I was afraid he was  
going to stop his paper."

Lessons on Shooting.  
Young Freshie—Yaas, I think of  
going onto a ranch for a while, but I  
suppose, before I start, I ought to learn  
something about shooting, oughtn't I?  
Cowboy—That's so. Spend a few  
weeks learning not to shoot off your  
mouth; then you'll be all right.

A Reasonable Reason.  
Prisoner—Ef ye plaze, y'r anner, Oi  
wud loik to withdraw me plea of "not  
guilty," an' put in a plea of "guilty."  
Judge—Then why didn't you plead  
"guilty" in the first place and save all  
this trouble?  
Prisoner—Sure, y'r anner, Oi had  
not heard the vidence.

On the Yacht.  
She (in retrospective mood)—Isn't it  
d how one thing will bring up  
ther.  
He (who has not enjoyed the voyage)  
s, especially here—Puck.



A Queer Dick.  
Crickow—That boy next door  
st remarkable boy I ever saw  
—In what way?  
—I have watched him for  
and he has not even broken

of the Wash-  
ington Geographical society, Mr.  
Carl Lumholz delivered a lecture on  
"The Cliff Dwellers of Mexico."  
These natives, he said, are mostly  
Christians, but during the last few  
years there has been a great decline  
toward barbarism, there being now  
out of the whole 30,000 as many as  
3,000 pagans. It is the opinion of  
most people, he said, who are not  
familiar with these people, that  
their caves are burrowed out of the  
cliffs by their own hands, but nature  
has provided them with abodes in  
the sandstone, which are their  
homes in winter, the only artificial  
addition to these holes being stone  
walls which they make themselves,  
building them across the opening as  
barriers against invasion by their  
neighbors. These caves are the  
winter residences, small, wooden  
huts being used outside in the sum-  
mer.

A strange custom of these people,  
Mr. Lumholz said, is their reluctance  
to visit and their lack of hospitality.  
It is considered a criminal offense,  
for a man to enter another's house,  
even on a friendly errand or visit,  
and an insult for one to take partic-  
ular notice of another's abode, their  
conversations being carried on at a  
distance from their doorways. He  
went on to describe the industry of  
the race, stating that corn, pepper  
and tobacco are their principal vege-  
table products. Their method of  
fishing consists of poisoning the wa-  
ters with a bark, which stuns the  
fish, but does not make them unfit  
to eat. As is the custom of the North  
American Indians, the women are  
the toilers, while the men merely  
have the executive cares of the fam-  
ily upon their shoulders, an event  
which does not appear to be of any  
great weight, since the parents never  
correct their children, who would  
consider any punishment a declara-  
tion of a family revolution.

However, Mr. Lumholz said, honest-  
y is the motto of every one of  
these strange people, there being no  
stealing or cheating among them.  
Their business transactions are all  
by barter, money not being used as  
a medium of exchange. The men  
are models of physical development,  
often making trips of 800 miles in  
five days carrying messages to dif-  
ferent cities. The average life of a  
native is 100 years or over, there  
being no wear upon their physical  
systems or worriment on their  
minds. The women always propose  
matrimony, because they are the  
real bone and sinew of the family.

HE SOLVED A PROBLEM.  
Found the Road to Success Through a  
Ready-Print Newspaper.  
For some years I allowed the  
agents and patent medicine adver-  
tisers to tread on me at will, because  
I saw they did on others. If I dared  
to ask one of them a reasonable price  
for an advertisement he would crush  
me by exhibiting contracts with  
neighboring papers, in larger towns  
and of greater circulation, at rates  
far below mine. In those days a dol-  
lar looked bigger than a cartwheel  
to me, for I had bought my office on  
tick, and it was hard scratching to  
meet interest and payments; so,  
though it went sore against my con-  
science, I would take contracts at  
what seemed to be the ruling price.  
But as the burden of debt eased a  
little, my back-bone stiffened, and  
during the past two or three years  
I have taken solid comfort in re-  
fusing to submit to the worst of the  
impositions. I enjoyed partial  
liberty so well that I made  
up my mind to secure complete  
emancipation. I did not exactly see  
my way clear in my restricted field  
(with a town three times as large  
within five miles on one side and the  
county seat within ten miles on the  
other) to handling both sides of an  
eight-column paper without adver-  
tising, and I did not have the moral  
courage to reduce to seven columns.  
So I decided to try the convenient  
though somewhat despised "patent."  
So far I am well satisfied with the  
change to the ready-print plan. I  
have saved more than enough in  
office expenses to cover all that I  
would have received from foreign  
advertising, and have handled more  
jobbing than I could possibly do  
without extra help if I had printed  
both sides of the paper. My local  
advertising is increasing and prom-  
ises before long to crowd me to  
printing both sides again or to using  
a larger sheet. Between a paper  
filled with medicine ads at quarter  
price and a good ready-print sheet,  
a sensible publisher will choose the  
latter every time.—C. C. H., in the  
Press and Printer.

Old Jokes.  
How many calves taylor, asks  
Demaundes Joyous, behoueth to  
reche frome the erthe to the skeye?  
R. No more but one, an it be longe  
yough.—D. Why dothe an oxe or a  
cowe lye? R. Because she cannot  
sytte.—D. What people be they that  
loue not in no wyse to be prayed for?  
R. They be beggars and poore peo-  
ple, when men say "God helpe  
them," when theye aske almes.—D.  
What space is from ye hyest space of  
the see to the deepest? R. But a  
stone's cast.—D. Whiche ben the  
moost profytable sayntes of the  
churche? R. They that stand in ye  
glasse wyndowes; for they kepe out  
the wynde from wastynge of the  
lyght.—D. What is it that freseth  
never? R. That is hote water.—D.  
Why dooth a dogge tourne hym  
thryes aboute or that he lyeth him  
down? R. Becaue he knoweth not  
his beddes head from the fete.—So  
much for the jokes of Merry England  
in the yere of our Lords 1511.

Proof.  
"Are you sure then that joke is  
original?" asked the stage manager  
of the comedian.  
"Why, of course I am. I've got  
the dates to prove it."  
"What do you mean?"  
"The comic paper I got it from  
hasn't been out but one day."

Unselfish Love.  
He—If you loved me you would  
marry me while I am poor. She—  
you do me injustice. I love you too  
much to have your precious health  
risked by my cooking. Wait until  
you can afford to have servants.

American Tactics in the German Army.  
The imperial maneuvers to be  
held between the First and the  
Seventeenth army corps this year  
will be more than usually interest-  
ing. The cavalry reconnoitering is  
held on a scale hitherto

AWAY BY PARISIANS.  
The Superstition Found in All Classes—  
Some Stories of What the Number  
Has Done—A Strange Tale of a Fatal  
Dinner of Thirteen.  
One of the most curious and wide-  
spread of the superstitions of France  
is the belief in the efficacy of num-  
bers, lucky and unlucky. There is  
scarcely a Parisian who has not his  
number, and the recurrence of this  
number in dates, either in the week  
or month, marks his day of fate.  
How men decide upon this number  
it is hard to say. Sometimes it is  
handed down from father to son,  
much as the pet bogle of an English  
manor house. Sometimes whole  
families acknowledge the efficacy of  
a single number, which is as valued  
a property of the family as its coat-  
of-arms and which becomes the  
scapegoat of all the family sins and  
misfortunes.  
Some men have their lucky num-  
ber combined with their monogram  
in a seal ring, and women wear  
theirs on their garters. French  
sailors sometimes have their lucky  
number tattooed on their right arm  
and their unlucky number on the left.  
The rarity of the number thirteen  
on the streets and in hotel and office  
rooms show to what extent this old-  
est of superstitions is believed and  
regarded in Paris—so careless and  
apparently caring so little and be-  
lieving so little in what cannot be  
felt with the hands. Very few Parisi-  
ans would care to live in a house of  
the ill-omened number, but be it  
only omitted, or let its place be  
filled by "12 bis," as the French put  
it, and the evil charm is broken.

The superstitious fear of the num-  
ber thirteen is met with everywhere  
in Paris, says the Philadelphia  
Times. It belongs not only to the  
bourgeois, but to the nobility as well.  
Napoleon Bonaparte, Napoleon III.,  
Louis Philippe and Plon-Plon were  
said to be morbidly superstitious in  
regard to the baleful influence of  
thirteen at table. So also, it is said,  
was Robespierre. Some of the most  
brilliant writers of modern French  
literature have admitted their aver-  
sion to this number, and even Victor  
Hugo was not free from this weak-  
ness.

There is scarcely a salon which  
does not hand on some tale  
of the number thirteen. Perhaps  
strangest of all, and most  
remarkable because of the rank  
and position of the parties con-  
cerned, is the following incident,  
often told and commented upon by  
members of Paris' Royalist circles:  
Some years ago a well-known Eng-  
lish woman, a widow, moved to  
Paris and took apartments in a  
hotel in the Rue Goujon, in the  
quarter Cœur la Reine. She was  
wealthy and very beautiful, and be-  
fore long fell in love with, and be-  
came engaged to, an attache—a  
young Hanoverian baron, who had  
been aide-de-camp to King George  
of Hanover, when Prussia made the  
latter province independent. Early  
in the fall the young baron was sum-  
moned hurriedly back to Hanover,  
and on the evening before his de-  
parture from Paris his English fian-  
cée gave an impromptu dinner in  
his honor. Among others invited  
were the Comte and Comtesse de W—  
of Poland, the latter of whom  
told me the story. Dinner was served  
at 10 o'clock and all was proceeding  
merrily, when the comtesse suddenly  
made an exclamation which drew all  
eyes to her. There were just thir-  
teen at the table.

Some laughed incredulously, some  
fearfully and all counted.  
"But there is something more  
strange still," said she, "I think we  
are of exactly as many nationalities  
as we are persons."  
Strangely enough it was true.  
There were present a Hungarian  
friend of the baron's, a Scotch cousin  
of the hostess, an Italian painter,  
an attache of the Russian legation,  
a Haytian, a Mexican married in Paris  
and a Parisian councilor of state. The  
hostess herself was English the  
Comte de W— was a Pole and his  
wife by birth an American.

This discovery was hailed as a lit-  
tle short of marvelous and the dis-  
cussion which followed served to  
make the company in a measure for-  
get the fatal number.  
The next morning the hostess ac-  
companied her fiancé to the station  
and on her return, as the weather  
was intensely hot, sat at her garden  
window clothed only in a light wrap-  
per. The same night she was stricken  
with pneumonia and in two days  
she died, before the baron could  
reach her.

A strange fatality seemed to per-  
suade the guests of that curious and  
unpleasantly cosmopolitan dinner.  
On her return to her home in Scot-  
land the cousin of the hostess was in  
a railroad accident in Wales, and  
was made a cripple for life. The  
same year saw a quarrel between  
the baron and his friend who had  
been entertained at the repast, and  
a duel in which the Hungarian was  
fatally wounded. The baron lost  
himself in India. The comtesse was  
divorced from her Polish husband.  
The Russian attache died in Siena of  
the Roman fever and the French  
deputy was deposed, arrested on  
charge of bribery and conspiracy and  
committed suicide.

Only four of that dinner party are  
still alive. I have heard three of  
them questioned in regard to this  
strange series of disasters, and not  
one would speak of it at all, and  
then after the most evident reluct-  
ance.

Outward and Visible Sign.  
Banks—That real estate man who  
has an office across the street has  
just made a sale.  
Rivers—How do you know?  
"How do I know? Haven't you  
seen him smoking a cob pipe every  
day for the last six weeks?"  
"I think I have."  
"Well, can't you see he's smoking  
a cigar?"

Miss Cora Fay—What do you think?  
Berty Bobveal is going to marry  
Mignon Backroe of our ballet! Says  
he loves her so! Miss Ama Zoni—Ah!  
But will he love her when she's old?  
Cora Fay—Will he? Why, he does.  
Mrs. Youngwife, indignantly—And  
you took the cake I put in the  
window to cool and ate it? How  
dared you? Dusty Rhodes, caught in  
the act and consequently humble—A  
starving man will eat almost any-  
thing, mum.

"Is anybody waiting on you, mad-  
am?" inquired the floor walker. "Yes,  
sir," retorted the middle-aged ma-  
tron, fiercely. "I reckon they're  
waitin' to see if I can't

KING RICHARD.  
The Remarkable Victories of the  
Heard Crusader.  
The success of King Richard (Lion  
Heart), though not complete, was  
the more remarkable. When  
landed at Acre in 1191, he already  
had in his grasp a kingdom nearly as  
large as that which King Guy had  
lost—the island of Cyprus, con-  
quered by British soldiers sailing in  
an English fleet, which the Latins  
had never before attempted to take  
from the hands of the emperor, Isaac  
Comnenus. It had the same strate-  
gical value then that it still pos-  
sesses as "place of arms," to use a  
military technical phrase, or base  
for an attack on Asia.

The conquest of Palestine, in the  
face of united Islam under a vio-  
lent and bold, who was respected  
for his austere religious conduct,  
and tried on account of his skill  
and genius, was no easy task; but it  
was necessary for the prosperity of  
the great Italian trade, and de-  
manded by the public opinion of  
Europe. The French and English  
were allies at home, and their  
friendship in the East was hollow.  
With an unwilling ally, and in  
face of forces from Egypt and  
Arabia, Syria and Mesopotamia,  
King Richard succeeded in wresting  
from Saladin half of his conquests  
in Palestine, and in restoring to the  
Templars and Hospitallers all the  
lands and castles which they had lost  
in the plains.

His treaty, made after the French  
had deserted, when he himself had  
won a great battle, had taken Acre  
by assault, and had chased the  
Moslems out of all Sharon and  
Philistia to Gaza, brought about a  
state of affairs which endured for a  
century after, says the Edinburgh  
Review. Cyprus represented an ad-  
dition to the Latin possessions equal  
in extent, and superior in fertility,  
to the lands which by this treaty  
Saladin retained; and, though the  
jealousy of French and Germans led  
to King Richard's two years' cap-  
tivity at that time when his presence  
was sorely needed in England, he  
was recognized as the champion of  
Christendom, who alone of all the  
leaders of the time had shown him-  
self equal to Saladin, and he became  
a popular hero in Europe, and among  
the Moslems as well.

She Made Him Tired.  
"John," said Mrs. Billus, "what is  
the salary of an alderman?"  
"I think it is \$3 for each meeting."  
"And yet there seems to be plenty  
of men willing to take the place at  
that pitiful salary. How hard the  
times must be when strong, able-  
bodied men, willing to work, no  
doubt, and capable of filling far high-  
er stations in life are driven to the  
necessity of taking just such jobs!  
I am sure you ought to be very thank-  
ful John, that you haven't felt the  
pressure of the hard times to the ex-  
tent of that, and—"  
"Maria," said Mr. Billus, looking  
fixedly at her over his newspaper,  
"you make me very

Severely  
Professor—What  
there?  
Scholar, poring over  
Digging at Greek over  
Professor—What's  
Scholar—Oh, I'm g  
can pull them up by  
know I'm to be a  
graduate.

Not Forgetting Her  
Mr. Justice O'Brien,  
ney-general, was once a  
country woman, and thus  
her: "Now, Mary O'Co-  
me all you know," etc. T  
casting an indignant loo  
questioner, said with asper  
O'Connor, if you plaze,  
Argonaut.

BITS OF PLEASANT  
"Sometimes," remarked Uncle  
de man dat hollers de loudes  
fool-killer am de one dat ud ha  
de mos' dodgin' of he showed u  
Teacher—The prince was born  
the battle of Leipzig took place,  
who can tell me the date of his  
Pupil—The 17th, 18th and 19  
October.  
Hazel—Do you know, papa  
knows when Tom goes home,  
clock is always stopped when he  
Ethel—Dear me! Is he he  
enough for that?  
Wife, thinking she hears burgl  
John! John! I really believe th  
somebody in the house! Husband  
Thanks! Quite a compliment, an  
appreciate it, I assure you.  
"Whatever became of that gr  
hound you had?" "Killed hims-  
"Really?" "Yes; tried to catch a  
on the small of his back and misc  
culated. Bit himself in two."  
Mr. Biff—Here, Johnnie, is a nic  
new quarter, now—Johnnie—  
it's to find out who the other fello  
are that call on sister, it's worth fift  
cents to go over the whole list.  
Demonstrator, in clinic—You will  
notice that the subject's right leg is  
longer than his left, which causes him  
to limp. Now, what would you do in  
such a case? Bright Student—I'd  
limp, too.  
Mrs. Nextdoor—I have found out one  
thing about that Mrs. Newcome. Who-  
ever she is she has never moved in  
good society.—Mr. Nextdoor—How do  
you know that? Mrs. Nextdoor—She  
shakes hands as if she meant it.  
Miss Cora Fay—What do you think?  
Berty Bobveal is going to marry  
Mignon Backroe of our ballet! Says  
he loves her so! Miss Ama Zoni—Ah!  
But will he love her when she's old?  
Cora Fay—Will he? Why, he does.  
Mrs. Youngwife, indignantly—And  
you took the cake I put in the  
window to cool and ate it? How  
dared you? Dusty Rhodes, caught in  
the act and consequently humble—A  
starving man will eat almost any-  
thing, mum.  
"Is anybody waiting on you, mad-  
am?" inquired the floor walker. "Yes,  
sir," retorted the middle-aged ma-  
tron, fiercely. "I reckon they're  
waitin' to see if I can't

...ous man.

...ally "get there" or...  
Succes meets him bif way, but never  
z tu any man unsought.  
The hith or some nn's ambition iz  
boiled short and a cold-headed kaac.  
Ambition will pulla man through  
ere influence and en mony, singly,  
ill get stuck.  
Next tu understand and plumb  
uden give me the modestly ambitious  
man or woeman.  
The actual hith ov vision's ladder  
still remains a mystery. No man haz  
ever yet reached it.  
Like the flec, some pple az born  
ambitious, and like the pesky little  
cuss they appear tu enjif.  
Many ar a'itious azthers ar ded  
beats—bekaus it is heridiv. In which  
kase it iz nothing tu brag.  
Every man finds out ser or later  
that tu corner succs, amb iz just az  
necessary az grece on the calk grid-  
dle.  
A man who don't care abt whether  
er skool keeps or not aign generally  
sudden enuf for good helth in his kun-  
try.  
I hav anlwaz had an id, at helth  
and \$30,000 a year waz gen'ly for  
me, even if it woldn't seem to satisfi  
others.

The overly ambitious fello has generally  
got so much tu akomplish that he  
don't get time tu du anything worth  
mentioning.  
When a man's ambitious propensyti  
tends toward notoriety he generally  
wants az much watching az a pile-  
driver doz.  
The zelously ambitious man never  
seems tu no when he has reached the  
end ov hiz tether, or if he doz, won't  
own it, and iz redy for the next job.  
If there iz a field for him, like the  
grashoper he iz aulwaz busy, and for  
what purpos often only he and the  
Lord no, but you kan sally bet the man  
ain't diggin for fun.  
He works in hiz sleep, and burns the  
midnite oil; iz up in the morning az  
soon az it iz lite enuf for him tu find the  
shortest possible way intu hiz pants-  
loons; and at the end diez az he haz  
lived—busy.  
Ov cours ail ambitious men desir tu  
better their konditions. It iz human  
natur. Yet I have known many ov  
them tu throw up a "poor job" for a  
better one only tu learn that they had  
a good one but didn't no it.  
The man who iz ambitious bekaus he  
kan't help it, trots while others walk.  
I hav known such men tu keep up the  
lic after others had got-intu bed and  
tucked the covering in for the nite, and  
not loz any flesh, either.  
I never yet met a man whoz amb-  
ition led him onto the grate battle field  
ov life with a determination tu win or  
ruin his constitution but what I lerned  
afterward that he lived tu hurra and  
cary off the tropies and spoils ov vikto-  
ry.

Tu much ambition iz az bad az none  
at anl. I hav known ov men so amb-  
itious in finances that they protest  
against doth itself when they find out  
getting a corner on  
er one who reached  
with pretty fair suoes.  
be hiz noze, even for  
kno ov a man with an  
in the bounds ov rezon  
side? I guess not. He  
znes; he can't spair the  
are ambitious for fain,  
bi, and the majority for  
one ov the latter. Ov  
no objection tu a modest  
no, yet place more relyanc  
at iz a pretty fair substitute  
if.

...a man whose sole ambition  
iz bekoming justice ov the  
whoz family, when he did  
me charge ov the skails ov  
ame ov much importance,  
t forget tu brag ov it long  
turn ran out and when he waz  
ov no more akount tu the na-  
a maskaline peakok on pa-  
barnyard iz tu man's redemp-  
This wold seem tu indikat that  
n iz az' lible tu "set up" some  
az hot whiski doz some fools.—  
o Ledger.

Kind of Impression He Made.  
Idiot—I don't seem to have made a  
impression on you, Miss Smilers.  
Smilers—Indeed, you have!  
Idiot—Therefore, I may hope?  
Smilers—Therefore, you need not  
be all.  
Divorce will frequently make a  
n's husband a different man.  
When a man finds he is inclined to run to  
h he should go slow.  
The greatest dangers wear felt shoes.

...to be alone!  
To escape from the work, the play,  
The talking every day:  
To escape from all I have done,  
And all that remains to do.  
To escape, yes, even from you,  
My only love, and be  
Alone and free.  
Could I only stand  
Between the gray moor and gray sky,  
Where the winds and the plovers cry,  
And no man is at hand,  
And feel the free wind blow  
On my rain wet face, and know  
I am free, not yours, but my own,  
Free and alone!  
For the soft fire-light  
And the home of your heart, my dear  
They are being always here,  
I want to stand up upright,  
And to cool my eyes in the air,  
And to see how my back can bear  
Burdens: to try, to grow,  
To learn, to grow!

So far my observations  
Then, with the most startling sud-  
denness, my inspection was cut short.  
The margin of the crater where I  
stood was formed of overhanging  
juts of silica, as brittle as glass.  
Alas! I did not know it, and I took  
no heed. Stooping forward to look  
down into the funnel, I threw all my  
weight with suddenness upon one  
foot; the jut on which it rested broke  
off short, and my feet descended on  
the slippery surface of the crater. I  
staggered—struggled to regain my  
balance—but in vain. The very ef-  
fort, like a reeling skater's, complet-  
ed my disaster; I swung half round,  
and fell full length upon the side of  
the incline.  
For a second or two I remained  
stationary. Then I felt that I was  
sliding—slowly but surely sliding—  
down the shelving funnel toward the  
mouth of the abyss.  
With a cry of terror, I threw out  
my arms in a convulsive search of  
something to arrest my progress;  
but the projections of the margin  
were already out of reach, and my  
fingers only slipped on the polished  
walls of the declivity, which grew  
steeper and steeper as they ap-  
proached the chasm, which now, like  
a monstrous jaw, seemed gaping to  
receive me. A moment more, and  
with the horrible intestinal sense of  
falling from a height I dropped like  
a plummet into the darkness of the  
gulf.  
For one instant, in extremity of  
horror, I felt that I was lost; the  
next, I was aware that something  
unexpected had occurred. I was no  
longer falling. What had happened?  
As a rule, a geyser shaft, is as per-  
pendicular as a coal pit's, but some-  
times, by mere chance, the shaft de-  
fects and forms an angle at no great  
distance from the surface; and such  
was the case here. For 12 or 15 feet  
the shaft descended vertically; then  
it ended on a slightly shelving floor  
of rock, from the edge of which a  
larger tunnel, black and steep, sank  
down into the very bowels of the  
earth. This ledge or landing place,  
received me as I felt; and thus, by  
the merest freak of fortune, it hap-  
pened that, though bruised and  
shaken, I escaped the fate, which  
otherwise I must have met, of being  
dashed to pieces on the spot.  
I felt a movement of relief—of joy.  
Yet had I cause for exultation? I  
gathered myself up and looked about  
me.  
There, above me was the opening  
of the shaft, beneath a circle of clear  
sky, in which, to my surprise, a star  
was shining, though the time was  
noon. My wonder was, however,  
only momentary; the effect, I knew,  
arose from looking up the tunnel of  
the shaft, as in the broadest sun-  
shine, the moon and stars are visible  
from the bottom of a well. A more  
momentous observation seized my  
notice; the interior of the shaft, wet,  
slippery and shining, presented  
neither crevice nor projection. Even  
as I looked I realized the horror of  
the fate before me. Escape was im-  
possible—I was the captive of the  
geyser! Beside the rocky ledge  
on which I stood—a space  
about a yard in width—I could  
perceive, as my sight became accus-  
tomed to the feeble gleam which fell  
into the chasm, the awful throat of  
the abyss, descending, Avernus-like,  
for all I knew, into the very gulfs of  
fire. From the gorge a faint steam  
rose like mist, and in the utter still-  
ness I could hear, far down, the sound  
of gurgitating waters. In a little  
while—how long I could not tell—  
the moment of eruption would re-  
turn and flood the chasm. I should  
be drowned—drowned like a trapped  
rat; no, horror!—drowning is not an  
instant death, and the abyss would  
have become a bubbling cauldron.  
I should be boiled alive!  
As the horror of this thought  
broke on me, my veins ran chill with  
me, and I shook from head to foot  
as if with ague. Sick and dizzy, for  
many minutes I remained, like a man  
paralyzed, incapable of thought or  
motion, yet conscious—conscious  
even to the keenest torture—of the  
flight of every moment. An expecta-  
tion—a suspense unutterable—  
strained every nerve to agony. The  
instants numbered by my fevered  
pulses seemed to fall upon my heart  
like drops of melted lead. My ears  
were strained to catch the far, faint  
sound of the abysmal waters—a  
sound which might be changed at  
any instant to the roar which would  
anticipate my doom.  
At last, with the spasmodic effort  
of a dreamer starting from the  
clutches of a nightmare, I roused my  
mind into exertion. Was I doomed  
—inevitably doomed—was there no  
possibly escape before me? I turned  
my eyes again upon the shaft.  
It was, as I have said, about five  
feet in width. A little narrower and  
I might have had a chance of freedom  
by setting my back against one wall  
of the ascent and my hands and  
knees against the opposite. I might  
gradually have worked my body up-  
ward, as a chimney sweeper's boy  
goes up a stack. As it was, how-  
ever, the attempt was idle. Unable  
to employ my knees in climbing, I  
could not raise myself a foot above  
the ledge.  
Then another gleam of hope shot  
through my mind. Could I cut  
notches in the walls, and so ascend,  
as by a ladder? I pulled out my  
hunting knife and prepared to try  
its point upon the surface. Then I  
stood hesitating, knife in hand,  
afraid to make the trial and find my  
last hope taken from me. Yet the  
surface, though so polished, might,  
quite possibly, turn out friable and  
earthy. At last I struck the point  
against it. A shudder ran through  
every fibre of my frame: it was as  
hard as adamant—the steel blade  
barely struck with all my force  
against the flinty wall. The blade  
snapped short and fell with a ring-  
ing noise into the depths of the  
abyss, where I heard it strike from  
side to side as it descended. At last  
if it reached some vast, unfathom-  
able space, the sound ceased sudden-  
ly, and I heard no more.  
Up to this moment I had forborne  
to cry for help; at heart I knew too  
well that it was useless. The camp  
was half a mile away, and my loud-  
est outcry, muffled by the chasm,  
could be inaudible at 50 yards from

...to be alone!  
To escape from the work, the play,  
The talking every day:  
To escape from all I have done,  
And all that remains to do.  
To escape, yes, even from you,  
My only love, and be  
Alone and free.  
Could I only stand  
Between the gray moor and gray sky,  
Where the winds and the plovers cry,  
And no man is at hand,  
And feel the free wind blow  
On my rain wet face, and know  
I am free, not yours, but my own,  
Free and alone!  
For the soft fire-light  
And the home of your heart, my dear  
They are being always here,  
I want to stand up upright,  
And to cool my eyes in the air,  
And to see how my back can bear  
Burdens: to try, to grow,  
To learn, to grow!

So far my observations  
Then, with the most startling sud-  
denness, my inspection was cut short.  
The margin of the crater where I  
stood was formed of overhanging  
juts of silica, as brittle as glass.  
Alas! I did not know it, and I took  
no heed. Stooping forward to look  
down into the funnel, I threw all my  
weight with suddenness upon one  
foot; the jut on which it rested broke  
off short, and my feet descended on  
the slippery surface of the crater. I  
staggered—struggled to regain my  
balance—but in vain. The very ef-  
fort, like a reeling skater's, complet-  
ed my disaster; I swung half round,  
and fell full length upon the side of  
the incline.  
For a second or two I remained  
stationary. Then I felt that I was  
sliding—slowly but surely sliding—  
down the shelving funnel toward the  
mouth of the abyss.  
With a cry of terror, I threw out  
my arms in a convulsive search of  
something to arrest my progress;  
but the projections of the margin  
were already out of reach, and my  
fingers only slipped on the polished  
walls of the declivity, which grew  
steeper and steeper as they ap-  
proached the chasm, which now, like  
a monstrous jaw, seemed gaping to  
receive me. A moment more, and  
with the horrible intestinal sense of  
falling from a height I dropped like  
a plummet into the darkness of the  
gulf.  
For one instant, in extremity of  
horror, I felt that I was lost; the  
next, I was aware that something  
unexpected had occurred. I was no  
longer falling. What had happened?  
As a rule, a geyser shaft, is as per-  
pendicular as a coal pit's, but some-  
times, by mere chance, the shaft de-  
fects and forms an angle at no great  
distance from the surface; and such  
was the case here. For 12 or 15 feet  
the shaft descended vertically; then  
it ended on a slightly shelving floor  
of rock, from the edge of which a  
larger tunnel, black and steep, sank  
down into the very bowels of the  
earth. This ledge or landing place,  
received me as I felt; and thus, by  
the merest freak of fortune, it hap-  
pened that, though bruised and  
shaken, I escaped the fate, which  
otherwise I must have met, of being  
dashed to pieces on the spot.  
I felt a movement of relief—of joy.  
Yet had I cause for exultation? I  
gathered myself up and looked about  
me.  
There, above me was the opening  
of the shaft, beneath a circle of clear  
sky, in which, to my surprise, a star  
was shining, though the time was  
noon. My wonder was, however,  
only momentary; the effect, I knew,  
arose from looking up the tunnel of  
the shaft, as in the broadest sun-  
shine, the moon and stars are visible  
from the bottom of a well. A more  
momentous observation seized my  
notice; the interior of the shaft, wet,  
slippery and shining, presented  
neither crevice nor projection. Even  
as I looked I realized the horror of  
the fate before me. Escape was im-  
possible—I was the captive of the  
geyser! Beside the rocky ledge  
on which I stood—a space  
about a yard in width—I could  
perceive, as my sight became accus-  
tomed to the feeble gleam which fell  
into the chasm, the awful throat of  
the abyss, descending, Avernus-like,  
for all I knew, into the very gulfs of  
fire. From the gorge a faint steam  
rose like mist, and in the utter still-  
ness I could hear, far down, the sound  
of gurgitating waters. In a little  
while—how long I could not tell—  
the moment of eruption would re-  
turn and flood the chasm. I should  
be drowned—drowned like a trapped  
rat; no, horror!—drowning is not an  
instant death, and the abyss would  
have become a bubbling cauldron.  
I should be boiled alive!  
As the horror of this thought  
broke on me, my veins ran chill with  
me, and I shook from head to foot  
as if with ague. Sick and dizzy, for  
many minutes I remained, like a man  
paralyzed, incapable of thought or  
motion, yet conscious—conscious  
even to the keenest torture—of the  
flight of every moment. An expecta-  
tion—a suspense unutterable—  
strained every nerve to agony. The  
instants numbered by my fevered  
pulses seemed to fall upon my heart  
like drops of melted lead. My ears  
were strained to catch the far, faint  
sound of the abysmal waters—a  
sound which might be changed at  
any instant to the roar which would  
anticipate my doom.  
At last, with the spasmodic effort  
of a dreamer starting from the  
clutches of a nightmare, I roused my  
mind into exertion. Was I doomed  
—inevitably doomed—was there no  
possibly escape before me? I turned  
my eyes again upon the shaft.  
It was, as I have said, about five  
feet in width. A little narrower and  
I might have had a chance of freedom  
by setting my back against one wall  
of the ascent and my hands and  
knees against the opposite. I might  
gradually have worked my body up-  
ward, as a chimney sweeper's boy  
goes up a stack. As it was, how-  
ever, the attempt was idle. Unable  
to employ my knees in climbing, I  
could not raise myself a foot above  
the ledge.  
Then another gleam of hope shot  
through my mind. Could I cut  
notches in the walls, and so ascend,  
as by a ladder? I pulled out my  
hunting knife and prepared to try  
its point upon the surface. Then I  
stood hesitating, knife in hand,  
afraid to make the trial and find my  
last hope taken from me. Yet the  
surface, though so polished, might,  
quite possibly, turn out friable and  
earthy. At last I struck the point  
against it. A shudder ran through  
every fibre of my frame: it was as  
hard as adamant—the steel blade  
barely struck with all my force  
against the flinty wall. The blade  
snapped short and fell with a ring-  
ing noise into the depths of the  
abyss, where I heard it strike from  
side to side as it descended. At last  
if it reached some vast, unfathom-  
able space, the sound ceased sudden-  
ly, and I heard no more.  
Up to this moment I had forborne  
to cry for help; at heart I knew too  
well that it was useless. The camp  
was half a mile away, and my loud-  
est outcry, muffled by the chasm,  
could be inaudible at 50 yards from

...to be alone!  
To escape from the work, the play,  
The talking every day:  
To escape from all I have done,  
And all that remains to do.  
To escape, yes, even from you,  
My only love, and be  
Alone and free.  
Could I only stand  
Between the gray moor and gray sky,  
Where the winds and the plovers cry,  
And no man is at hand,  
And feel the free wind blow  
On my rain wet face, and know  
I am free, not yours, but my own,  
Free and alone!  
For the soft fire-light  
And the home of your heart, my dear  
They are being always here,  
I want to stand up upright,  
And to cool my eyes in the air,  
And to see how my back can bear  
Burdens: to try, to grow,  
To learn, to grow!

So far my observations  
Then, with the most startling sud-  
denness, my inspection was cut short.  
The margin of the crater where I  
stood was formed of overhanging  
juts of silica, as brittle as glass.  
Alas! I did not know it, and I took  
no heed. Stooping forward to look  
down into the funnel, I threw all my  
weight with suddenness upon one  
foot; the jut on which it rested broke  
off short, and my feet descended on  
the slippery surface of the crater. I  
staggered—struggled to regain my  
balance—but in vain. The very ef-  
fort, like a reeling skater's, complet-  
ed my disaster; I swung half round,  
and fell full length upon the side of  
the incline.  
For a second or two I remained  
stationary. Then I felt that I was  
sliding—slowly but surely sliding—  
down the shelving funnel toward the  
mouth of the abyss.  
With a cry of terror, I threw out  
my arms in a convulsive search of  
something to arrest my progress;  
but the projections of the margin  
were already out of reach, and my  
fingers only slipped on the polished  
walls of the declivity, which grew  
steeper and steeper as they ap-  
proached the chasm, which now, like  
a monstrous jaw, seemed gaping to  
receive me. A moment more, and  
with the horrible intestinal sense of  
falling from a height I dropped like  
a plummet into the darkness of the  
gulf.  
For one instant, in extremity of  
horror, I felt that I was lost; the  
next, I was aware that something  
unexpected had occurred. I was no  
longer falling. What had happened?  
As a rule, a geyser shaft, is as per-  
pendicular as a coal pit's, but some-  
times, by mere chance, the shaft de-  
fects and forms an angle at no great  
distance from the surface; and such  
was the case here. For 12 or 15 feet  
the shaft descended vertically; then  
it ended on a slightly shelving floor  
of rock, from the edge of which a  
larger tunnel, black and steep, sank  
down into the very bowels of the  
earth. This ledge or landing place,  
received me as I felt; and thus, by  
the merest freak of fortune, it hap-  
pened that, though bruised and  
shaken, I escaped the fate, which  
otherwise I must have met, of being  
dashed to pieces on the spot.  
I felt a movement of relief—of joy.  
Yet had I cause for exultation? I  
gathered myself up and looked about  
me.  
There, above me was the opening  
of the shaft, beneath a circle of clear  
sky, in which, to my surprise, a star  
was shining, though the time was  
noon. My wonder was, however,  
only momentary; the effect, I knew,  
arose from looking up the tunnel of  
the shaft, as in the broadest sun-  
shine, the moon and stars are visible  
from the bottom of a well. A more  
momentous observation seized my  
notice; the interior of the shaft, wet,  
slippery and shining, presented  
neither crevice nor projection. Even  
as I looked I realized the horror of  
the fate before me. Escape was im-  
possible—I was the captive of the  
geyser! Beside the rocky ledge  
on which I stood—a space  
about a yard in width—I could  
perceive, as my sight became accus-  
tomed to the feeble gleam which fell  
into the chasm, the awful throat of  
the abyss, descending, Avernus-like,  
for all I knew, into the very gulfs of  
fire. From the gorge a faint steam  
rose like mist, and in the utter still-  
ness I could hear, far down, the sound  
of gurgitating waters. In a little  
while—how long I could not tell—  
the moment of eruption would re-  
turn and flood the chasm. I should  
be drowned—drowned like a trapped  
rat; no, horror!—drowning is not an  
instant death, and the abyss would  
have become a bubbling cauldron.  
I should be boiled alive!  
As the horror of this thought  
broke on me, my veins ran chill with  
me, and I shook from head to foot  
as if with ague. Sick and dizzy, for  
many minutes I remained, like a man  
paralyzed, incapable of thought or  
motion, yet conscious—conscious  
even to the keenest torture—of the  
flight of every moment. An expecta-  
tion—a suspense unutterable—  
strained every nerve to agony. The  
instants numbered by my fevered  
pulses seemed to fall upon my heart  
like drops of melted lead. My ears  
were strained to catch the far, faint  
sound of the abysmal waters—a  
sound which might be changed at  
any instant to the roar which would  
anticipate my doom.  
At last, with the spasmodic effort  
of a dreamer starting from the  
clutches of a nightmare, I roused my  
mind into exertion. Was I doomed  
—inevitably doomed—was there no  
possibly escape before me? I turned  
my eyes again upon the shaft.  
It was, as I have said, about five  
feet in width. A little narrower and  
I might have had a chance of freedom  
by setting my back against one wall  
of the ascent and my hands and  
knees against the opposite. I might  
gradually have worked my body up-  
ward, as a chimney sweeper's boy  
goes up a stack. As it was, how-  
ever, the attempt was idle. Unable  
to employ my knees in climbing, I  
could not raise myself a foot above  
the ledge.  
Then another gleam of hope shot  
through my mind. Could I cut  
notches in the walls, and so ascend,  
as by a ladder? I pulled out my  
hunting knife and prepared to try  
its point upon the surface. Then I  
stood hesitating, knife in hand,  
afraid to make the trial and find my  
last hope taken from me. Yet the  
surface, though so polished, might,  
quite possibly, turn out friable and  
earthy. At last I struck the point  
against it. A shudder ran through  
every fibre of my frame: it was as  
hard as adamant—the steel blade  
barely struck with all my force  
against the flinty wall. The blade  
snapped short and fell with a ring-  
ing noise into the depths of the  
abyss, where I heard it strike from  
side to side as it descended. At last  
if it reached some vast, unfathom-  
able space, the sound ceased sudden-  
ly, and I heard no more.  
Up to this moment I had forborne  
to cry for help; at heart I knew too  
well that it was useless. The camp  
was half a mile away, and my loud-  
est outcry, muffled by the chasm,  
could be inaudible at 50 yards from

...to be alone!  
To escape from the work, the play,  
The talking every day:  
To escape from all I have done,  
And all that remains to do.  
To escape, yes, even from you,  
My only love, and be  
Alone and free.  
Could I only stand  
Between the gray moor and gray sky,  
Where the winds and the plovers cry,  
And no man is at hand,  
And feel the free wind blow  
On my rain wet face, and know  
I am free, not yours, but my own,  
Free and alone!  
For the soft fire-light  
And the home of your heart, my dear  
They are being always here,  
I want to stand up upright,  
And to cool my eyes in the air,  
And to see how my back can bear  
Burdens: to try, to grow,  
To learn, to grow!

...to be alone!  
To escape from the work, the play,  
The talking every day:  
To escape from all I have done,  
And all that remains to do.  
To escape, yes, even from you,  
My only love, and be  
Alone and free.  
Could I only stand  
Between the gray moor and gray sky,  
Where the winds and the plovers cry,  
And no man is at hand,  
And feel the free wind blow  
On my rain wet face, and know  
I am free, not yours, but my own,  
Free and alone!  
For the soft fire-light  
And the home of your heart, my dear  
They are being always here,  
I want to stand up upright,  
And to cool my eyes in the air,  
And to see how my back can bear  
Burdens: to try, to grow,  
To learn, to grow!

...to be alone!  
To escape from the work, the play,  
The talking every day:  
To escape from all I have done,  
And all that remains to do.  
To escape, yes, even from you,  
My only love, and be  
Alone and free.  
Could I only stand  
Between the gray moor and gray sky,  
Where the winds and the plovers cry,  
And no man is at hand,  
And feel the free wind blow  
On my rain wet face, and know  
I am free, not yours, but my own,  
Free and alone!  
For the soft fire-light  
And the home of your heart, my dear  
They are being always here,  
I want to stand up upright,  
And to cool my eyes in the air,  
And to see how my back can bear  
Burdens: to try, to grow,  
To learn, to grow!

...to be alone!  
To escape from the work, the play,  
The talking every day:  
To escape from all I have done,  
And all that remains to do.  
To escape, yes, even from you,  
My only love, and be  
Alone and free.  
Could I only stand  
Between the gray moor and gray sky,  
Where the winds and the plovers cry,  
And no man is at hand,  
And feel the free wind blow  
On my rain wet face, and know  
I am free, not yours, but my own,  
Free and alone!  
For the soft fire-light  
And the home of your heart, my dear  
They are being always here,  
I want to stand up upright,  
And to cool my eyes in the air,  
And to see how my back can bear  
Burdens: to try, to grow,  
To learn, to grow!

...to be alone!  
To escape from the work, the play,  
The talking every day:  
To escape from all I have done,  
And all that remains to do.  
To escape, yes, even from you,  
My only love, and be  
Alone and free.  
Could I only stand  
Between the gray moor and gray sky,  
Where the winds and the plovers cry,  
And no man is at hand,  
And feel the free wind blow  
On my rain wet face, and know  
I am free, not yours, but my own,  
Free and alone!  
For the soft fire-light  
And the home of your heart, my dear  
They are being always here,  
I want to stand up upright,  
And to cool my eyes in the air,  
And to see how my back can bear  
Burdens: to try, to grow,  
To learn, to grow!

...to be alone!  
To escape from the work, the play,  
The talking every day:  
To escape from all I have done,  
And all that remains to do.  
To escape, yes, even from you,  
My only love, and be  
Alone and free.  
Could I only stand  
Between the gray moor and gray sky,  
Where the winds and the plovers cry,  
And no man is at hand,  
And feel the free wind blow  
On my rain wet face, and know  
I am free, not yours, but my own,  
Free and alone!  
For the soft fire-light  
And the home of your heart, my dear  
They are being always here,  
I want to stand up upright,  
And to cool my eyes in the air,  
And to see how my back can bear  
Burdens: to try, to grow,  
To learn, to grow!

...to be alone!  
To escape from the work, the play,  
The talking every day:  
To escape from all I have done,  
And all that remains to do.  
To escape, yes, even from you,  
My only love, and be  
Alone and free.  
Could I only stand  
Between the gray moor and gray sky,  
Where the winds and the plovers cry,  
And no man is at hand,  
And feel the free wind blow  
On my rain wet face, and know  
I am free, not yours, but my own,  
Free and alone!  
For the soft fire-light  
And the home of your heart, my dear  
They are being always here,  
I want to stand up upright,  
And to cool my eyes in the air,  
And to see how my back can bear  
Burdens: to try, to grow,  
To learn, to grow!

...to be alone!  
To escape from the work, the play,  
The talking every day:  
To escape from all I have done,  
And all that remains to do.  
To escape, yes, even from you,  
My only love, and be  
Alone and free.  
Could I only stand  
Between the gray moor and gray sky,  
Where the winds and the plovers cry,  
And no man is at hand,  
And feel the free wind blow  
On my rain wet face, and know  
I am free, not yours, but my own,  
Free and alone!  
For the soft fire-light  
And the home of your heart, my dear  
They are being always here,  
I want to stand up upright,  
And to cool my eyes in the air,  
And to see how my back can bear  
Burdens: to try, to grow,  
To learn, to grow!

...to be alone!  
To escape from the work, the play,  
The talking every day:  
To escape from all I have done,  
And all that remains to do.  
To escape, yes, even from you,  
My only love, and be  
Alone and free.  
Could I only stand  
Between the gray moor and gray sky,  
Where the winds and the plovers cry,  
And no man is at hand,  
And feel the free wind blow  
On my rain wet face, and know  
I am free, not yours, but my own,  
Free and alone!  
For the soft fire-light  
And the home of your heart, my dear  
They are being always here,  
I want to stand up upright,  
And to cool my eyes in the air,  
And to see how my back can bear  
Burdens: to try, to grow,  
To learn, to grow!

...to be alone!  
To escape from the work, the play,  
The talking every day:  
To escape from all I have done,  
And all that remains to do.  
To escape, yes, even from you,  
My only love, and be  
Alone and free.  
Could I only stand  
Between the gray moor and gray sky,  
Where the winds and the plovers cry,  
And no man is at hand,  
And feel the free wind blow  
On my rain wet face, and know  
I am free, not yours, but my own,  
Free and alone!  
For the soft fire-light  
And the home of your heart, my dear  
They are being always here,  
I want to stand up upright,  
And to cool my eyes in the air,  
And to see how my back can bear  
Burdens: to try, to grow,  
To learn, to grow!

...to be alone!  
To escape from the work, the play,  
The talking every day:  
To escape from all I have done,  
And all that remains to do.  
To escape, yes, even from you,  
My only love, and be  
Alone and free.  
Could I only stand  
Between the gray moor and gray sky,  
Where the winds and the plovers cry,  
And no man is at hand,  
And feel the free wind blow  
On my rain wet face, and know  
I am free, not yours, but my own,  
Free and alone!  
For the soft fire-light  
And the home of your heart, my dear  
They are being always here,  
I want to stand up upright,  
And to cool my eyes in the air,  
And to see how my back can bear  
Burdens: to try, to grow,  
To learn, to grow!

...to be alone!  
To escape from the work, the play,  
The talking every day:  
To escape from all I have done,  
And all that remains to do.  
To escape, yes, even from you,  
My only love, and be  
Alone and free.  
Could I only stand  
Between the gray moor and gray sky,  
Where the winds and the plovers cry,  
And no man is at hand,  
And feel the free wind blow  
On my rain wet face, and know  
I am free, not yours, but my own,  
Free and alone!  
For the soft fire-light  
And the home of your heart, my dear  
They are being always here,  
I want to stand up upright,  
And to cool my eyes in the air,  
And to see how my back can bear  
Burdens: to try, to grow,  
To learn, to grow!

...to be alone!  
To escape from the work, the play,  
The talking every day:  
To escape from all I have done,  
And all that remains to do.  
To escape, yes, even from you,  
My only love, and be  
Alone and free.  
Could I only stand  
Between the gray moor and gray sky,  
Where the winds and the plovers cry,  
And no man is at hand,  
And feel the free wind blow  
On my rain wet face, and know  
I am free, not yours, but my own,  
Free and alone!  
For the soft fire-light  
And the home of your heart, my dear  
They are being always here,  
I want to stand up upright,  
And to cool my eyes in the air,  
And to see how my back can bear  
Burdens: to try, to grow,  
To learn, to grow!

...to be alone!  
To escape from the work, the play,  
The talking every day:  
To escape from all I have done,  
And all that remains to do.  
To escape, yes, even from you,  
My only love, and be  
Alone and free.  
Could I only stand  
Between the gray moor and gray sky,  
Where the winds and the plovers cry,  
And no man is at hand,  
And feel the free wind blow  
On my rain wet face, and know  
I am free, not yours, but my own,  
Free and alone!  
For the soft fire-light  
And the home of your heart, my dear  
They are being always here,  
I want to stand up upright,  
And to cool my eyes in the air,  
And to see how my back can bear  
Burdens: to try, to grow,  
To learn, to grow!

...to be alone!  
To escape from the work, the play,  
The talking every day:  
To escape from all I have done,  
And all that remains to do.  
To escape, yes, even from you,  
My only love, and be  
Alone and free.  
Could I only stand  
Between the gray moor and gray sky,  
Where the winds and the plovers cry,  
And no man is at hand,  
And feel the free wind blow  
On my rain wet face, and know  
I am free, not yours, but my own,  
Free and alone!  
For the soft fire-light  
And the home of your heart, my dear  
They are being always here,  
I want to stand up upright,  
And to cool my eyes in the air,  
And to see how my back can bear  
Burdens: to try, to grow,  
To learn, to grow!

...to be alone!  
To escape from the work, the play,  
The talking every day:  
To escape from all I have done,  
And all that remains to do.  
To escape, yes, even from you,  
My only love, and be  
Alone and free.  
Could I only stand  
Between the gray moor and gray sky,  
Where the winds and the plovers cry,  
And no man is at hand,  
And feel the free wind blow  
On my rain wet face, and know  
I am free, not yours, but my own,  
Free and alone!  
For the soft fire-light  
And the home of your heart, my dear  
They are being always here,  
I want to stand up upright,  
And to cool my eyes in the air,  
And to see how my back can bear  
Burdens: to try, to grow,  
To learn, to grow!

...to be alone!  
To escape from the work, the play,  
The talking every day:  
To escape from all I have done,  
And all that remains to do.  
To escape, yes, even from you,  
My only love, and be  
Alone and free.  
Could I only stand  
Between the gray moor and gray sky,  
Where the winds and the plovers cry,  
And no man is at hand,  
And feel the free wind blow  
On my rain wet face, and know  
I am free, not yours, but my own,  
Free and alone!  
For the soft fire-light  
And the home of your heart, my dear  
They are being always here,  
I want to stand up upright,  
And to cool my eyes in the air,  
And to see how my back can bear  
Burdens: to try, to grow,  
To learn, to grow!

...to be alone!  
To escape from the work, the play,  
The talking every day:  
To escape from all I have done,  
And all that remains to do.  
To escape, yes, even from you,  
My only love, and be  
Alone and free.  
Could I only stand  
Between the gray moor and gray sky,  
Where the winds and the plovers cry,  
And no man is at hand,  
And feel the free wind blow  
On my rain wet face, and know  
I am free, not yours, but my own,  
Free and alone!  
For the soft fire-light  
And the home of your heart, my dear  
They are being always here,  
I want to stand up upright,  
And to cool my eyes in the air,  
And to see how my back can bear  
Burdens: to try, to grow,  
To learn, to grow!

...to be alone!  
To escape from the work, the play,  
The talking every day:  
To escape from all I have done,  
And all that remains to do.  
To escape, yes, even from you,  
My only love, and be  
Alone and free.  
Could I only stand  
Between the gray moor and gray sky,  
Where the winds and the plovers cry,  
And no man is at hand,  
And feel the free wind blow  
On my rain wet face, and know  
I am free, not yours, but my own,  
Free and alone!  
For the soft fire-light  
And the home of your heart, my dear  
They are being always here,  
I want to stand up upright,  
And to cool my eyes in the air,  
And to see how my back can bear  
Burdens: to try, to grow,  
To learn, to grow!

...to be alone!