

**THE HIDDEN CABIN: A
PATHETIC
STORY IN CONDENSED
FORM; PP. 14-74**

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The Hidden Cabin: A Pathetic Story in Condensed Form; pp. 14-74 by David W. Edwards

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DAVID W. EDWARDS

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THE HIDDEN CABIN

A PATHETIC STORY

IN CONDENSED
FORM

BY
DAVID W. EDWARDS

AUTHOR OF "BILLY BIRDSALL,"
"UP THE GRADE," ETC.

COVER DESIGN, ZOLA AND ZIMBO
BY DRURY VICTOR HAIGHT



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1909

THE STORY.

The Legend of Palomar.

The Hidden Cabin.

Cedric Vaughn.

Homer Lee.

Lola Vail.

The Voyage.

The Mines.

Ben Rubideaux.

The Wedding.

The Mystic Token.

The Stolen Child.

The Wanderers.

In the Mountains.

"Peg Leg," the Miner.

Gilbert.

Zola and Zimbo.

Gilbert's Journey.

Conclusion.

THE HIDDEN CABIN

The life of Him who lived and died for love;
For love of those who loved and hated Him.

CEDRIC VAUGHN.

Classmates were Cedric Vaughn and Homer Lee.
Cedric from the southland came, and in his
Veins there flowed—tho' mixed with Anglo-Saxon—
A trace of Montezuma blood, the same
As that of those who met with sharpened steel
The hosts of Cortez on the bloody plains
Of Otumba. In the lightsome morning
Of his happy youth, he saw that twain who
Gave him life and love, with all his kindred,
By savage hands *struck down!* struck down and flung
Amid the blazing ruins of their home.
With superhuman strength he stood beside
His father 'till he fell; and then fought on
Like wounded tiger, grimly courting death.

Filled with pagan superstition, that wild
Robber chief—when he saw brave Cedric's blade
Cleave skull and flesh, and break like slender reeds
The spears of those who came upon him three

To one—thought him protected by the gods
And made immune to blows of mortal hands;
Stricken with fear lest in revengeful wrath
They turn on him, fell on his spear and died.
Then the others fled and Cedric's life was
Spared. He, wand'ring aimless o'er the waste
Scarce knowing where his footsteps led, came where
Terraced hills sloped to a narrow harbor.
He knew the place and knew his father had
Been well known there and much respected for
Fair dealing, when in trade he bought and sold;
Not many days before, they together
Had come down this dusty trail and returned
With family stores. Sadly he walked on, his
Poor heart bleeding at remembrance of those
Happy hours now gone, when suddenly he
Came upon the spot where they had rested
By a spring and led their horses down;
Here lay the branch his father's hand had used
To urge the horses on; and half trodden
In the mold, and scattered round, the paper
Which he had seen his mother's loving hands
Wrap 'round the food prepared by her for them.
Now, for the first, he realized his loss.

Upon the cold, damp bosom of the earth
He laid his head and wept—alone! Beneath
The bending skies and sighing boughs; no loving
Hand upon his brow; no ear to hear the
Groans that shook his iron frame; nor knew he
How near in that dark hour the heart of Him
Who suffered in the garden all alone
Was bending down to his. The soul may weep
And still the flesh demand its own: Too proud
To eat the bread of charity, he sought
And found employment in the mines. He worked
With heavy heart, crushed for a time by dark
Despair; and giving way to hunger for
Revenge, he well-nigh fell; but when at last
A kindly light broke thro' the gloom of his
Black night of grief, and he could say, "Thy will
Be done"; in him awoke new life and hope
And high resolve to make of his own life
A memorial to them; and to strive
To reach the measure of their highest hope.
To this end he hoarded all his earnings,
And with the salvage from the wreck of their
Estate, went bravely forth, determined to
Fulfill their wish so oft expres'd that he

Might go away to school—they named the school—
The greatest in the northland, whence they hoped
To see him come one day with cultured mind.

HOMER LEE.

Homer Lee was born and reared upon the
Sacred ground where beacon lights were kind'd
On the hills, before the war that broke the
Chains of monarchy and set this nation
Free. His father owned ships and lands and
Merchandise; and the son—the eldest born—
Had never known a wish ungratified.
Albeit, he was not puffed up, or vain,
Or churlish by over-much indulgence,
For he was nurtured in the Quaker faith,
And early taught to draw the line 'twixt
Right and wrong; and measure men by what
They *are* and not by what they *have or say*.

Unlike in all respects were Cedric Vaughn
And Homer Lee, save in those noble traits
Of character which make men strong and brave
And true. Homer, lighter built and younger,