

**EQUILIBRIUM; OR,
MEETINGS OF
THE SPHINX CLUB**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649526949

Equilibrium; Or, Meetings of the Sphinx Club by Charles F. Farrar

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

CHARLES F. FARRAR

**EQUILIBRIUM; OR,
MEETINGS OF
THE SPHINX CLUB**

not in A.

Equilibrium
OR
Meetings
OF THE
Sphinx Club

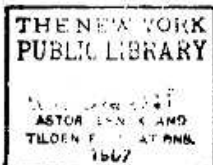
By
Charles F. Farrar

1906
Printed for the Author

D. S.

★ Publishers Weekly

Feb. 25 '07



COPYRIGHT 1905
BY
CHARLES F. FARRAR

PRESS OF E. A. JOHNSON & CO.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1-4-67

Introductory

Kind Reader, you may have an idle wish to know,
Why this my feeble attempt to sow
Seeds of Nature in a "cultured" soil,
Where unnurtured they must die, thus foil
The power of a fact.

This story is culled from ancient lore;
Socrates, Plato, Solon, 'tis to these I soar.
Comrades of Truth and Nature, they can tell,
Secrets of life on which man's mind should dwell,
Think, then act.

Their words do but the course of Nature trace,
Through all the ages of this human race,
Follow this tribe's course and that one's to its close,
Victory's triumph, defeat's carnage and dark repose,
Or let History teach.

'Tis a simple lesson that a child could learn,
False flush of pride on victory's brow to burn,
And know cold death the vanquished doth reward,
These extremes should work with one accord,
Not one the other overreach.

For from victory and defeat conscience was born,
A noble offspring, sunbeam from the dawn,
Placed in man's heart to guide aright
His faltering footsteps to the beacon light,
On wisdom's golden gate.

To Nature we belong, and in a natural way
We must live and hold at bay
Our passions, which, at times so wild,
Controlled, governed and made mild,
Learn to love, forget to hate.

C. F. F.

Chapter I

TWO men were walking down a street in an old New England town, one of those old villages in grand Old New England that has given up all of her young men, and all the things that go to make up life in a community, given up all these to the nearby city of trouble and care, which has taken all the bright jewels, the treasures of home life, the very humanity of the human family as it used to be in the old days, and left only the old people to die and the town to go to decay.

The two men, evidently just arrived from the city, made their way to what was once an old town hall, surrounded by great elms, and with a generous lawn dotted here and there with shrubs and flowering plants; a small snake-like river wound its serene way through the village, but had to stop when it came to this beautiful spot and smile with nature, and

in stopping here, it formed a fair-sized pond at the west side of the old hall, and then hurried on to dash through the remains of an old water wheel, part of the ancient grist mill long in disuse at the lower end of the town. The men walked up the gravel path to the old hall, opened the door and were welcomed in by a middle-aged janitor.

The interior of this building was one large hall, very high studded. The walls were adorned with pictures of Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, Alfred the Great, the Black Prince, famous son of the third Edward of England; the great Dukes of Marlborough and Wellington looked down from out of solid oak frames; Frederick the Great of Prussia and the "Man of Destiny" the Great Napoleon, were there also; George Washington held the place of honor in a very large gold frame over the huge fireplace; on pedestals were the busts of the great Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Lord Bacon and others, renowned in literature and art. The furniture was of old colonial style. Around the entire room was a library of books of every

description, ancient and modern, such was the abode of the Sphinx Club. The two men sat down in the spacious chairs wheeled into a circle composed of five other men who would strike the beholder as exceptionally intelligent. The two last to sit down—of one it would be said he was a prosperous man of the world. He was young, fair-haired, with blue eyes, a strong face denoting high culture and strong will. This man was Cyril Payne, having an easy-going nature, though at times quite sarcastic, his club mates called him by his Christian name. The other was Richard Plantagenet; that he was a direct descendant of the Lion Heart is not known, but all who knew him would say that he had no weak heart in defending the right against the wrong, but as we all have the strain of Adam's blood running through our veins, he was of the same blood as Richard the First of England. He was addressed as Richard by his fellows; this using of his given name was due in part to Cyril's constant use of it, and in part to often calling on him for information on all subjects that