

XXIII. Carillon

THOUGH CARL and I had each married again, there were still our many interests and problems to bring us together. Friendship was stronger than separation or divorce. I was made anxious by Carl's ill health, and he continued to stand guard over my affairs and growl like a lovable watch dog over what he considered my flightiness.

When the medical diagnosis of sclerosis of the liver was made, those close to Carl understood at last his hair-trigger temperament. Five minutes after one of his unreasonable tempers he would be remorseful, and the thought of his having hurt anyone made him suffer. Now they knew it was the inner pain that lashed out—not Carl.

Those who understood grew fewer as his fortune collapsed. Many of them he lost deliberately through his own passionate brusqueness as a means of making things easier for them.

There was Galloway. They had been together over thirty years. Carl could no longer pay the colored man's wages, and he owed Galloway twenty-six hundred dollars in back salary. Carl used the excuse that Galloway had paid too much for a watermelon and fired him.

"I guess we've been together too long, Mr. Fisher," Galloway told Carl sorrowfully. Later his back wages were given him in bonds.

And Galloway still visits me. Galloway and Carl were more than servant and master. They had long been friends. It was impossible, as Galloway said, not to love him.

Flying into rages, scolding and swearing, Carl continued to rule our lives. When we were away, scorching letters and telegrams directed Jackie's or my welfare. My first move always