

Woman The Mystery

By HENRY HERMAN

CHAPTER XIII.

The two men walked on in silence, and proved a long journey, all through the western suburbs of Richmond into the town itself, through the town and along Main street, out at the Rocketts. There the pickets on duty challenged them, but Walter, being a field officer, had both the password and the counter-sign, and they were immediately allowed to proceed without question.

Denon had not spoken a word on the way. Walter turned down the Williamsburg stage road and passed camp after camp among the pines, being only allowed to proceed after satisfying the sentinels at each place.

"May I ask," said Denon, on a sudden, "what you propose to do with me?" "You shall be dealt by fairly," replied Walter, sternly, but without emotion. "You shall be shown all the leniency you can expect, and a great deal more than you have the right to expect."

Denon saw that it would be useless to continue the conversation, and strode along without another word. When they arrived at the angle of the Williamsburg stage road and of the Charles City road, Walter took the direction of the latter, and followed it for a couple of miles or more.

At last he arrived at a part where several rows of small shelter tents shone white in the moonlight between the great pines by the side of the road. It was the camp of the Louisianians. Here the sentry saluted, and the officer of the guard came to meet his major.

"The battalion is away on picket duty," said the officer of the guard. "There is nobody in the camp but the guard and a few of the sick. An order came late in the evening from Gen. Hill. The Fourth Alabama were to have furnished picket to-night, but they were so badly cut up last Saturday that they could not have found men enough. We were the next troops, and so we got the order."

Walter walked through the rows of small tents into a larger one at the end of a line. A big, square-headed and huge-footed negro servant met him, and opened his eyes wide with amazement when he saw the imitation man of color in the company of his master.

"Don't mind him, Joe," said Walter. "You will find his color will wash off, and he will turn out only white after all. Fetch two or three buckets of water and some soap."

With that he beckoned Denon to come into the tent, and pointed to a camp stool. Denon seated himself without further ado, and said:

"I suppose you wish me to take these things off. But I have no other clothing."

"I will supply that," answered Walter, and taking a suit of civilian's homespun from a bag, threw it on the heap of blankets which served as a bed.

"My servant will assist you," he said; "and in the meantime I am going to consider how to settle this business with fairness to both of us."

With that he sat himself down on a camp stool outside the tent, seeking a light amid the nebulous turmoil which clouded his thoughts. Denon, in the meantime, aided by Joe, had resumed his own appearance in a suit of drab homespun.

"I will now tell you what I propose to do," said Walter, when he had sent the negro away. "I have been thinking over the matter as we walked along, and since I have been here, I have just learned that my battalion is on picket duty, and this has given me an idea which leads me to what I think a fair settlement. You are a spy, or something very like it. Of that I have no doubt. My plain duty as an officer of the Confederacy is to hand you over to the provost guard. At the same time, I know that Miss Lemure endeavored to save you, by hiding you in her own room, and by helping you to the disguise you wore a little time ago. I owe a duty to her as well. If I can, I will satisfy both obligations."

He was speaking slowly and without the least trace of excitement, and he paused for a moment to look at the man opposite him, who sat there in somber silence.

"We are going to fight," said Walter, on a sudden, "and either I will kill you or you will kill me."

Denon shrank back with a barely perceptible movement, but raised himself again with a sigh of relief.

"Very well," he said, "certainly, if that is the way out of the difficulty. How are we to fight? Where are we to fight?"

"I have provided for that," said Walter. "We will fight with revolvers. I will supply you with a weapon loaded with six chambers. I will have another of exactly the same kind—a Colt's army revolver. I will take you outside our picket line, so that, if you kill me or so severely wound me that I am left on the ground, you shall not be prevented from escaping toward the Union lines. If I kill you, of course, there is an end of it; and if I disable you, you will have to take your chances if you are taken back into the Confederate lines."

"That means," said Denon, slowly, "that I am to take my chances of death from your bullet, and through hanging by your people, both."

"I think the offer a very fair one," said Walter, "and it will have to be that, for the course which plain duty demands from me, and which I yield to you, risking my life."

"I accept," said Denon. "Do I understand you rightly? Let us settle all points first of all. How are we to fire? When are we to fire?"

"We will walk together beyond our

picket lines," replied Walter, "until I shall cry 'Halt!' Then we will turn back to back, and each of us will march fifteen paces, we will face round again, and then fire, and continue firing until the end is attained. I think you are a man of honor, and I will trust you. I hope that you will trust me. We will be better without seconds."

Denon held out his hand and Walter gripped it warmly. A momentary gasp convulsed the Englishman's handsome face, and he breathed a deep sigh.

"I understand you," said Denon, "and I thank you. I am ready."

The strange duel was fought as arranged, and at the second fire both fell, almost mortally wounded, to the ground. Their shots seemed to have aroused both the Union and Confederate troops, each side taking the reports as the signal of an attack from the other side. A sharp skirmish ensued, and when it was over the Union troops were in orderly retreat. As they passed the scene of the duel, Denon raised himself on one arm, and called to one of the federal officers by name.

"Don't you know me, Frasier?" he cried. "I am Denon. Don't leave me here."

"It's Denon," exclaimed the Federal officer, "Capt. Denon! Here, two of you! Pick him up and carry him along with you. Gently! Gently does it."

"And that man over there," whispered Denon, as two of the Union soldiers took him on their arms between them. "Don't leave him here. Bring him with you. I particularly ask you."

"Certainly," said the Federal captain. "You have a reason for it, I suppose. Come along, some of you! Let us take that rebel with us as well. I don't think he is worth taking, though," he added, as two of his men raised the limp figure. "I think it's all over with the poor fellow. He is shot in the head. Look, there is a lump out of his skull."

"Bring him!" gasped Denon, and at that moment the stretcher bearers came along, and took charge of the two wounded men.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Federal field hospital adjoining the depot at Savage Station on the Richmond and York River Railroad was a far from unpleasant spot even in the fierce June heat of the Virginian summer sun.

Walter and Denon lay side by side in a huge tent near the palings with which the railway station was fenced. Denon's wounds, though severe, had proved to be not dangerous, and the doctor pronounced him fairly on the road to recovery.

Walter's case, however, was a very serious one. The bullet had struck the unfortunate man on the side of the forehead, and had smashed clean away a portion of the skull. Fortune, however, was kind, and the brain itself had not been injured except by a scratch or two from the splintered bone.

The surgeon who had the case in hand was surprised when he saw the young man, for he found that there was a previous fracture of the skull on the spot where the new wound supervened.

Walter, of course, was totally unconscious, and remained so for days, the attendants being compelled to keep him alive by liquid food poured between his lips, and nearly a week elapsed before he gave signs of recovering consciousness.

Denon improved rapidly, and showed the most assiduous attention to his former opponent. Had Walter been his brother or his father, he could not have devoted more care to him or expressed greater grief for his stricken state.

One morning, as the surgeon was bathing and bandaging his wounds, Walter opened his eyes and looked about him with a vacant stare. At last he raised his feeble hand to his eyes, and dropped it again in a moment and shook his head wearily.

"Is De Bardinet alive?" he asked, in a faint whisper; "is De Bardinet alive? Surely you know him. He is captain in the second battalion of the Nationals, and he was with me when that villain blew us up."

Denon looked at the doctor, and the doctor looked at Denon.

"I am afraid he is slightly delirious," said Denon. "He is mixing up something with his present case."

"He is feverish still," said the man of science, "but he is not delirious. The wound in his head may account for his speech, but we shall know more about that as we go on."

Walter, finding that he received no answer to his question, looked around again with an expression of piteous pain in his eyes. The objects which met his gaze were strange and unaccountable to him evidently, for again he shook his head as if the task of fathoming the mystery were too great for him, and then he dozed off to sleep.

Another day passed like that, and another night. On the following morning Denon was surprised to find Walter half-seated on his straw bed, supporting himself painfully with one arm. Denon jumped up, and finding an old knapsack covered it with his own blanket, and thus formed a support for Walter to lean against.

"Thank you," said Walter, weakly. "I am so much obliged to you. Where am I?"

"You are in the field hospital at Savage Station," replied Denon.

"Savage Station? Savage Station?" questioned Walter to himself. "I don't know such a place—and—can you perhaps tell me what has become of my friend, De Bardinet?"

"De Bardinet?" asked Denon. "Who is he?"

"Don't you know?" exclaimed Walter, with febrile excitement. "He commands a company of the Second National Guards of the Seine. He was blown up with me in the Rue St. Jacques."

"I am afraid you are not clear in your mind," said Denon, shaking his head in pity.

"Oh, I am perfectly clear," said Walter. "We stormed the barricade, and we took the house in which that villain, Rustrone Parlowe lived. I had got into his very room, and had just seen that Helene was not there, and I was asking him where she was, when the whole thing blew up, and sent us sky-high, and I remember no more."

Denon sat there for a moment or two in a pained silence.

"I don't understand you," he said. "You are speaking of some French place. We are in America—in Virginia."

"I also don't understand you," said Walter. "I am the Honorable Walter Gladys, son of Lord Yorley, and I was hurt in the Rue St. Jacques. All I want to know is, if my friend De Bardinet is alive, and if that villain, Rustrone Parlowe, is dead?"

The surgeon had entered in the meantime, and stooping over Walter, felt his pulse.

"I must forbid all further conversation," he said. "You have been exciting yourself, major."

"Major!" exclaimed Walter, in seeming astonishment.

"Yes," interposed Denon. "Surely you know who you are. You are Major Jack Adams, of the First Louisiana Battalion of the Rebel army."

"I am Walter Gladys," said Walter, pitifully, and the doctor again interposed.

"Now, this will do," he said. "Further we must not go. You must try to get your mind clear. You must try to get your mind clear, else we shall have you laid up with brain fever."

A week passed, during which Walter improved rapidly in health of mind and body. He could rise from his bed and walk, and the surgeon allowed him to sit in the shade of a couple of great beech trees which stood in the depot yard.

And the wounded soldier, who had heard the strange case of the rebel who had had a piece of his head shot away and still lived, came and looked at the man who had had such a wonderful escape.

The sight of their uniforms and a dozen wounded Confederates who were kept as prisoners in the hospital helped much to restore the equilibrium of his mind. He soon remembered how he came to be there. He remembered Helene's protection of Denon and his fight with the latter.

Then, tracing back incident by incident and scene by scene, a light dawned upon him through the darkness which had shrouded his past from him for years, and he saw the sequence of events clearly.

"Yes," he was Walter Gladys, Lord Yorley's son, and he had been wounded in Paris trying to drag his cousin Helene out of the clutches of that villain, Rustrone Parlowe, whom men knew as Jean Lemure. He remembered it all as he thought over it, and it flashed upon him that his wound there must have smashed his memory out of his mind.

Then he remembered himself again as Jack Adams, and he remembered Helene—Helene Lemure—growing from lovable girlhood to majestic womanhood, and himself loving her with all his heart and soul. Surely Helene Lemure was his cousin Helene, whom he had striven so hard to find and restore to her friends. Her very name Lemure proved that, if it required a proof.

His wounds healed rapidly, and the surgeon expressed every hope that, very shortly, he would be able to fit the mental cover over the wound in the head. But memory was not to be restrained. It welled up in a rapid flood, and left the mind clear.

Walter knew all about his past, and though he would have given his heart's blood to be able to whisper a word into Helene's ears, she was as far away from him as if for the moment she had been dead. He was a prisoner of war, and Helene was in Richmond. Between them lay the contending forces in their myriads, a barrier of iron and death.

(To be continued.)

Embazoned on His Hide.

The last man accepted at the United States recruiting office, 8th and Main streets, before the close of the week's business last night proved an interesting subject for the recruiting officers. He gave the name of Thomas H. Valentine and hailed from Great Yarmouth, England. He is a valet by occupation and is but 21 years old. He gave the name and address of his only friend as Miss A. Johnson, St. Paul, Minn.

One of the interesting items registered against Valentine's name on the office records follows:

"Scars—Eagle, heart, anchor, cross, Anglo-Boer war exhibit, St. Louis, 1904, tattooed in blue and red on left arm; lion, rose, British flag, tattooed in blue and red on right forearm; woman's head and heart, woman's head, skull and cross-bones and words, 'True Love,' snake and wreath, in blue and red on back of right arm; eagle, snake, lion and rose, in blue on back, extending to forearms."—Kansas City Journal.

Rason for It.

"What on earth possessed you to bite Miss Ethel's beau last evening?" asked the house cat.

"Well," replied the bulldog, "I heard her telling him he was nice enough to eat."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Satisfactory in Every Way.

Nell—You seem perfectly satisfied with your new gown.

Bell—Yes; it has been approved by the man I like best and condemned by the woman I hate most.—Philadelphia Ledger.



Good Plan for Icehouses.

The cut shows a vertical cross section of a cheap icehouse filled with ice. The plan is as follows: The foundation should be dug about two feet deep in gravelly soil. If the soil is clay the foundation should be dug a little deeper and then filled in with a few inches of gravel or crushed brick. Such a foundation will allow a slight circulation of air through the ice. Around the inside of the foundation, 6x6-inch studs should be laid and to these a double row of studs should be nailed, one row on the inside and one on the outside. The boarding is then nailed to the studs. This will make a double wall with an air space between as indicated by the letter A in the cut. This air space will prevent the heat from getting to the ice. The boards on the gable ends should be put on vertically, leaving cracks between them for the free circulation of air above the ice. The roof should project about three feet and be covered with shingles. A portion of the middle of the ridge should be cut out, leaving an opening about six inches wide, and over this a cap should be placed, as shown in the cut, leaving an opening in each side for ventilation. The ar-



CROSS SECTION OF ICEHOUSE.

rows in the illustration indicate the direction of the current of air in ventilation. A door should be placed at one end of the house, and, as the ice is packed away, short horizontal boards placed across the opening will support the sawdust.

In filling the icehouse, layer of sawdust about a foot deep should be laid on the floor, and then the ice placed upon this. Care must be taken to leave at least a foot of sawdust between the ice and the wall, as the filling proceeds. When the house is filled a layer of sawdust should be piled on top of the ice three or four feet deep.

This plan may be used for an icehouse of any size. The cost of building one about 12 feet square and 9 feet high will be approximately \$35.

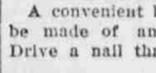
If sawdust cannot be obtained conveniently, cut straw will serve in its place, if packed closely around the ice.

Qualities of Soaked Lumber.

The effect of soaking timber for a long time is being tested by the Bureau of Forestry with regard to the keeping qualities of the lumber. It has often been noted that certain kinds of lumber which have been left a long time in swamps are very durable and are preferred for certain uses. It is suggested that part of the gummy substances in the wood are soaked out, thus allowing the natural moisture of the wood to escape freely when the lumber is taken out and exposed to the air. It is possible also that chemical changes take place in the wood as the result of soaking.

A Barrel Bag Holder.

A convenient bag holder can easily be made of an empty flour barrel. Drive a nail through the hoops into each stave and clinch. Then saw out a door, as shown. Drive several 6d wire nails near the top of the barrel, sloping upward, on which to hang the bag. By having the door hinged the bag can be put in and taken out without lifting over the top.



BAG HOLDER.

Farm Notes.

All stock should be kept out of the young orchard.

A horse does better with just enough food to replace the wastes of his system, and of a kind to keep him feeling well.

A sufficient amount of bedding should be stored under shelter so that it will keep dry and can be used as needed.

No matter how favorable the season, the stock should not be allowed to run in the pastures or meadows too late. The grass plants must make some growth as a winter protection.

A cow with a big udder is not always an enormous milker, nor is a thick, yellow skin an unfailing sign of rich milk, although these are among the indications, respectively, of abundance and richness of milk.

For pigs milk and mill feed make the cheapest feed for winter.

Whenever a sheep is seen to refuse water, there is something wrong with it.

With all stock the value of good feed is wonderfully increased by close attention.

Pruning the top of the tree to correspond with the loss of roots in removal is best done in the spring.

One of the best systems of economy on the farm is that which not only maintains fertility, but keeps it constantly increasing in the soil.

Harness hung at the rear of horses will not last half as long as if hung where the ammonia cannot reach them. Have a harness-room.

Plants grown in pots require good soil, rich in all the elements of vegetable nutrition, and though good garden loam answers in most cases, the best results will be attained by the judicious use of fertilizers. These are sometimes applied in solid form and sometimes in liquid. For use in the latter form, soot will be found very beneficial, putting the soot in a thin sack and steeping in water and then using the water over the roots.

Seed Corn Suggestions.

An exchange says of seed corn: The first month after seed corn has been husked is the most critical period with it.

When racks cannot be used for seed corn, it should be hung up in a place where there will be no danger of its freezing.

Seed corn should not be stored in barrels or boxes, as it will gather moisture. We must remember that one-third of the bulk of the corn at the time it is husked is water. This water is locked up with the hard material and inside a hard shell and dries out but slowly.

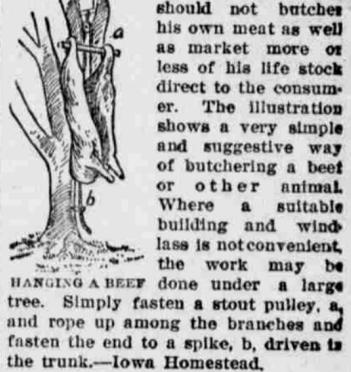
When seed corn is left on the stalks, it gets a free circulation of air, and it is at the same time fully protected by the husks from the sun and rain. It can there cure under conditions that have been natural to it for thousands of years, and can absorb all the nourishment possible from the stalk.

Seed corn that has become thoroughly dry is not easily injured by the cold. But if it is allowed to gather moisture, the freezing may destroy its vitality.

Careless storing of seed corn not infrequently results in the destruction of its value for seed. The best seed corn results from storing it in a dry and thoroughly ventilated place.

Butchering at Home.

The slaughtering of live stock on the farm is going out of fashion altogether too fast. There is no good reason why every farmer should not butcher his own meat as well as market more or less of his live stock direct to the consumer.



HANGING A BEEF done under a large tree. Simply fasten a stout pulley, a, and rope up among the branches and fasten the end to a spike, b, driven in the trunk.—Iowa Homestead.

Sand Against Rats and Mice.

According to an Australian writer in the early days of Tasmanian the farmers suffered greatly from the ravages of rats and mice in their grain stacks. In order to protect himself one farmer adopted the expedient of "sanding" the stack. While building a stack, he would throw a quantity of dry sharp, clean sand between every two layers of sheaves.

It is said that neither rats nor mice would invade such a stack, and the reason given by the farmer was that "the vermin, in attempting to get into the stack, would be driven away by the sand falling into their eyes and ears." The sand was also useful in cleaning smutty wheat.

Poultry Pickings.

Hen's like a variety of food and it is an item to give them as much in this line as possible.

Rather the best way to feed corn to young chickens is to give it in a crushed or cracked condition.

For ducklings try cornmeal and bran, equal parts, and make it into mush, with milk.

If the egg shells are fed to poultry care should always be taken to crush them well before feeding.

When desired to fatten rapidly, there is nothing better than good corn meal. Give all they will eat up clean.

A hen pays in proportion to the number of eggs she produces; therefore, it is an item to feed so as to secure plenty of eggs.

When the chickens are off their feed and do not eat with an apparent relish, increase the exercise and change the bill of fare.

In arranging the nests, have them arranged conveniently for the hens so that in getting in and out there will be little danger of breaking the eggs.