HIS WORD OF HONOR.

A Tale of the Blue and the Gray.

BY E. WERNER.

CHAPTER VI.

Then, with this last thought, a burning sense of shame filled the young officer's soul. The face of his old commander suddenly rose vividly before him. He saw his earnest gaze; heard the warning words: "If Lieutenant Roland has not returned by eight o'clock this evening, I shall believe that he is either dead or dishonored." And at the same moment William felt that he could not stand in his presence with a lie or an evasion on his lips; that he must tell him the truth; and with this thought the struggle was over.

He released himself so hastily, so abruptly, that the young girl almost tottered back. His lips quivered, but his voice was as firm as when he made the fateful promise.

"I cannot be a dishonored man, Florence, not even for the prize of your hand. If you fear Edward more than you love me—if you have not the courage to defend this love against him—why, I must lose you. I will not break my word of honor."

Florence had shrunk back. Her dark eyes rested with a look of mingled surprise and anger upon the man, whose rigid sense of duty she could not understand. But ere she could frame an answer, the door again opened, and a stranger appeared on the threshold. It was a young man in uniform, who paused a moment, scanning the pair with a hurried glance, then courteously approached the lady.

"Pardon this intrusion, Miss Harrison. Allow me to request a brief private interview with this gentleman. I have some important news for him."

Florence recognized Captain Wilson, Edward's friend, whom she had seen several times. She knew only too well what had brought him to Springfield that day, but this sudden entrance into her drawing-room aroused the utmost astonishment. For the moment she lacked the least comprehension of the situation.

But William understood it better. He saw the Confederate uniform, and with it the danger menacing him, and slowly thrusting his hand into the breast-pocket of his coat, where he carried his pistol, he replied with cold formality:

"I shall be at your service, sir, as soon as my conversation with Miss Harrison is over. We have some important matters to discuss, so I beg—"

Glance and tone plainly requested the captain to retire. But instead of doing so, he advanced close to the young officer, saying in a low tone:

"I wish to spare the lady, and hope you will aid me—Lieutenant William Roland."

William started. He perceived that he was betrayed, and did not doubt a moment the author of the treachery. To deny his identity was impossible. Only prompt action could be of service now. If he succeeded in reaching his horse, which was fastened a few hundred paces from the house, escape might yet be possible. Hastily retreating a few steps, at the same time drawing his revolver, he said in a loud, sharp tone:

"Well, what do you want with Lieutenant Roland?"

Florence uttered a cry of terror. She, too, now suddenly realized the full extent of the peril, but the captain remained unmoved, though the pistol was aimed at him.

"Yield, Mr. Roland," he said, quietly. "Resistance would be vain. You will not find your horse where you left him; all the exits from the house are guarded; and the servants have orders to prevent your departure by force. Convince yourself that flight has become an impossibility."

He pointed toward the terrace and William's eyes followed the gesture. He really did see several figures whose faces were unfamiliar to him, and who certainly would not fail to carry out the orders which they had received.

The preparations had evidently been made with the greatest caution. Edward's revenge was swift and sure.

"I do not know you, sir," said the young officer slowly, without lowering his weapon or averting his eyes from his enemy. "You, on the contrary, seem to be very well informed concerning my personality. In that case, you probably are also aware that I am in the house of my future father-in-law, and came solely to see my betrothed bride. By what right do you attack me?"

Wilson shrugged his shoulders.

"By the same right which you would exercise if an officer of the hostile army should fall into your hands in disguise. I am a soldier and must discharge my duty; it is not my business to inquire the motive that brought you here. Will you surrender?"

"So long as I carry a weapon, no! However the struggle may end, the first man who touches me I will shoot down!"

"Then you will force me to extreme measures. The consequences must be on your head."

The captain turned toward the terrace, with the intention of summoning the men who were waiting there, when Florence, who had stood trembling and deadly pale, anticipated him. She rushed past him to Roland, threw herself on his breast, and clinging to him frantically, exclaimed:

"You must not, William! There are ten to one! You will be conquered in the struggle! They will kill you!"

"Let me go, Florence! Let me go, I say!"

William was vainly striving to release himself, when Captain Wilson, taking advantage of the favorable moment in which his enemy was defenseless in the arms that clasped him so closely, with a rapid movement snatched the revolver. A cry of indignation escaped the young man's lips. The next instant he had wrenched himself free, but it was too late. He stood defenseless.

"Florence, what have you done?" he cried in a tone of sharp reproach.

"Saved you!" she passionately exclaimed. "They would have killed you here before my eyes!"

"Calm yourself, Miss Harrison," said the captain, gravely. "Lieutenant Roland will not be so mad as to offer resistance now. Once more, sir, yield! Spare us useless bloodshed. It is no disgrace to a soldier if he submits to the inevitable, and I give you my word that you have no dishonoring treatment to fear as a prisoner of the Confederacy you will be treated in an honorable manner.

William bent his eyes gloomily on the floor. He perceived the truth of the words. Longer resistance would have been madness and, at the utmost, brought only degrading treatment upon him. After a brief, uncomfortable pause, he turned to the officer.

"I am in your power. Dispose of me."

"I will send news of your arrest to the city. Meanwhile, remain here; and, if you give me your word of honor to make no attempt to fly—"

"No! I yield to force, but to that alone."

"Then I cannot leave you in Miss Harrison's society, but must provide a more secure prison."

"Which you will doubtless find in Springfield," said William, with an outburst of resentment. "I was prepared for everything when I risked the ride here, except treachery in the house in which I was called son."

"You are right, Mr. Roland." The captain raised his voice so loud that a person on the other side of the closed door could not fail to hear it. "But do not address your reproaches to me. I did what I was forced to do. I do not believe in treachery, and I regret that you have fallen a victim to it."

"My words do not apply to you. I know the traitor—and now I will ask only a moment longer."

He went to his fiance and bent over her, but just at that moment a side-door was hastily flung open and Ralph rushed in.

"Miss Florence, master is asking for you. He has suddenly grown worse. We are afraid the end is near."

Florence had hitherto found it difficult to sustain herself. This last blow threatened to crush her. She tottered and would have fallen had not William clasped her in his arms.

"I cannot go!" she murmured, despairingly. "Not at this moment! William! What will become of you?"

"Lieutenant Roland is my prisoner and under my protection," said Wilson, with marked emphasis. "Have no anxiety for him. I will answer for his safety so long as he remains in Springfield."

"Go to your father," said William, pushing the trembling girl with gentle violence toward the door. "You hear? No harm will befall me, and your place is there. Courage, my poor Florence! I cannot be with you in this trying hour, but, at least, you know that I am near. So be resolute."

He gave her to Ralph, who drew the half-senseless girl away with him, and then went back to the captain.

"If you wish to go to the sick-room," said the latter, in a low tone, "I will not prevent you."

William made a gesture of refusal.

"No. After what has passed between me and the sick man, my presence could not help exerting a bad influence upon him. He has no suspicion that I am here; let him remain ignorant of it. I thank you for your consideration, sir. Let us go!"

The servants, at the captain's order, had left their posts at the doors, but stood whispering together with troubled faces. Ralph had betrayed that the officer under arrest was Miss Florence's lover. And it had happened in her own house! True, the master of the house had had no share in it; they all knew now that he was dying.

Edward Harrison, pacing up and down the drawing-room alone, with a cloud upon his brow, knew it also. The end so long expected was coming more quickly than had been supposed. The physician had given the sick man days, and now, at the utmost, there were only hours. Yet Edward had not courage to enter the apartment where Florence was, and had Ralph bring him reports, which constantly grew more alarming.

Then Captain Wilson entered, but the cordiality with which he usually treated young Harrison had given place to cold formality; he bowed as if he were saluting a stranger.

"I wished to inform you that I am going to the city to report the capture," he said, distantly. "An escort will be sent for the prisoner; until then he must remain at Springfield."

Edward did not appear to notice the icy coldness in the tone and manner of his former friend, and answered quietly, as if the point in question were a matter of the utmost indifference:

"Have no anxiety. I'll see that the spy doesn't escape us."

"I am positive that Lieutenant Roland is not a spy," replied Wilson, with marked emphasis. "What brought him here is perfectly apparent, and I shall make my opinion as emphatic as possible at the court-martial."

(To be continued.)

SHE RUSHED PAST HIM TO ROLAND.

HONORS ARE EVEN.

Two Maine Men Play Jokes on Each Other for a Pastime.

In a certain city in the state of Maine, call it Lewiston, for example, live two men that for years have been playing practical jokes on each other, but so far it has been a "stand-off" between them. One of the men keeps a feed and grain store, the other is the towner of a trucking business, one team of which he drives himself. On a rainy day not very long ago the grain man asked the truck man if he could tell him where he could find a rent for a friend of his that wanted to move into the city from a neighboring town. The truckman replied that he could, and invited the grain man to get into his team with him and he would show him the rent. The truckman drove slowly along the different streets through the pouring rain, until at last he drove up before the grain man's store. "Well, where's the rent you promised to show me?" said the grain man, with considerable indignation. "Why, there it is," said the truckman, as he pointed to a bag in the bottom of the wagon with a large hole in it, "here is the rent." Time went on, and although the grain man was chaffed considerably about rents, he took it all good-naturedly, and patiently bided his time. About a month later, after the joke had almost been forgotten, the truckman was employed by the grain man to go to the outskirts of the city and get a trunk and bring it to the store. It was a long ride out to the place, and the rain made it all the more uncomfortable. Arriving at the place, the trunk was put in the team, and the truckman in due course arrived at the store, only to be informed that he was to take it to another place, where the proprietor of the grain store would be found. Arriving at the last-named place, he asked the grain man where he wanted the trunk put, and was told to put it in the "rent" he had shown the grain man a short time before. Up to date honors are easy.—Portland (Me.) Express.

THE MEMORY OF FISH.

Sometimes Keeps Them from Biting a Second Time.

Fisherman believe that a fish almost caught a first time does not easily let itself be caught a second time, that he remembers the pain he suffered, and that he even lets his companions know his cruel experience. This is easily accounted for by their memory and M. Semon gives an incident characteristic of the subject which shows that certain fish have their memory seconded by a particular gift of observation. He had seen around a ship in which he was sailing a number of those curious fish called echineis remora, one of the peculiarities of which is that on the top of the head they have a kind of hook, which permits them to attach themselves to a vessel or to the belly of fish larger than themselves. M. Semon wished to procure some specimens and threw into the water a hook baited with a piece of crab. A first remora was soon taken, but the others, having evidently seen the capture, allowed the line to be thrown into the water many times without even touching it. They remained attached to the vessel, regarding with an indifferent eye the most succulent bits that could be offered them. M. Semon renewed the experiment, and in no case could he capture two remoras belonging to the same band. These fish have evidently powers of observation and a well-developed memory.

Disheveled.

From Judge: Beth was deeply interested in a weeping willow that her father had planted the night before on the lawn. "Come, mamma, hurry!" she called, as she looked from the sitting room window, "and see this cunning little tree with its hair all down."

Somewhat Different.

The Maid—A man who has too many wives is a bigamist, isn't he? The Bachelor—Not necessarily. A bigamist is a man who has two or more wives.

THE LAUNCHING OF A WARSHIP.

It's An Impressive Scene When the Big Vessel Glides Into the Ocean.

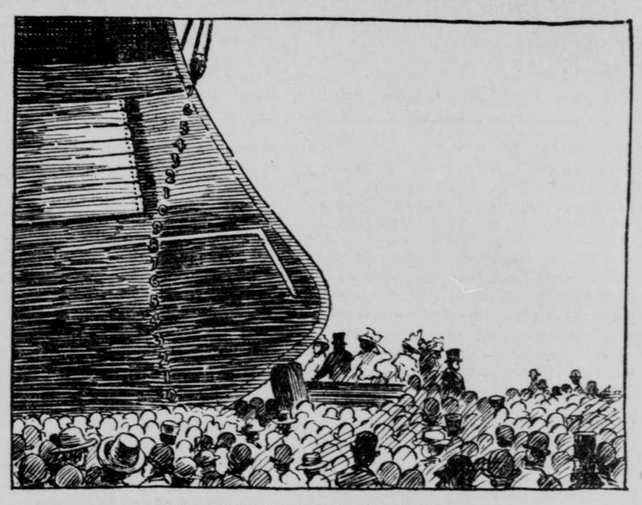
"She starts; she moves; she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel.
* * * * * * *
And then, with one exultant bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms."

And though "she" be a sailing vessel of the good, old-fashioned kind, or a modern battleship, the process is no different, and old ocean receives her as he always has, with the same sparkling hospitality.

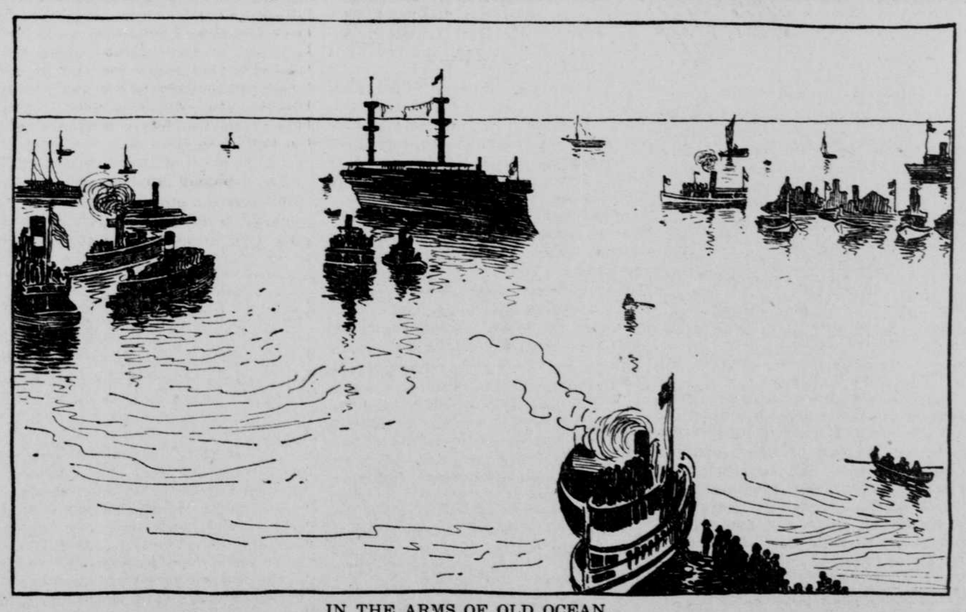
The launching of a ship is one of the most impressive of sights, and particularly is this true if the vessel be a grim war-dog for the navy. When the Wisconsin was launched, Nov. 26, 1898, at San Francisco, thousands of people thronged the shipyard and the territory adjoining for a glimpse of the spectacle. It was a gala day in the history of the city, and the whole community was out en fete to participate in the festal occasion. High above the pigmy crowd the vessel towered, almost as Bunker Hill monument towers above the buildings which surround it. Near her bow stood the reviewing stand, with its load of notables, among them, the observed of all observers, she with the bottle of champagne with which the vessel was to be christened.

Far down beneath the keelson of the vessel stout hammers began to knock and beams gave out the sound which signified their capitulation before the fierce onslaught of the enemy. Steadily rained the blows, till all at once, with a creak and a lurch, which settled into a gliding motion, the great vessel started down the way, her cutwater glistening with champagne from the broken bottle.

"I christen thee Wisconsin," said a sweet voice, as the vessel swept away from its birthplace, and found rest on the bosom of old ocean amid a throng of fussy, inquisitive little tugboats which thrust their impertinent noses up against the sides of the new sea monarch as proudly and haughtily as you please.



JUST BEFORE THE LAUNCHING.



IN THE ARMS OF OLD OCEAN.

Scene immediately after the Wisconsin was released from the cradle where she had been skillfully nursed for months.

THE X-RAYS AND LONGEVITY.

German Doctor Says You Can Find Out How Long You Will Live.

The other day a German doctor, M. Richter, sent a communication to the Imperial college of medicine of Berlin, which has made quite a stir in Germany. He avers that by a thorough study of the organs by means of X-rays one may determine pretty exactly the length of life of a human being. It was known for a long time that the size of the heart, the lungs, the digestive organs and the brain might be considered among the best conditions of longevity; but M. Richter goes still further. He holds that there exists a close correlation between the length of life and the dimensions of the different organs, and it is upon this supposed correlation that he bases a system supported by numerous observations and statistics. Richter admits himself that there are "individual exceptions." Without those exceptions his discovery might be considered one of the most terrible plagues that ever threatened humanity. The idea of changing the entire world into one immense troop of people condemned to death, and knowing the precise hour when they would quit this world could only originate in the brain of a German. Notwithstanding this, M. Richter is good enough to admit that there are natures which seem rebellious to every "interview" of this kind. Science has heard of the case of an Englishman, born in 1483, whose delicate appearance made all the doctors give him up when he was in his cradle. His chest was so narrow, says the report, that he seemed to have difficulty in breathing. Well, this young moribund, condemned by the doctors to die in short order, died in 1651, at the age of 169. He saw the reign of ten kings. Secundi Hango, consul of Venice at Smyrna, measured only fifty-seven centimeters around the chest, and one of his lungs was diseased. Nevertheless he lived to the age of 115 years. He was married five times and had forty-nine children. When he was 100 years old he got his wisdom teeth. When he was 110 his hair turned black again. At 112 his eyebrows and his beard turned black. But M. Richter classes these anomalies among the "individual exceptions."—Courrier des Etats Unis.

Large Walnut Tree.

The largest walnut tree ever cut in northeastern Kansas was recently felled near Fanning in Doniphan county. Its age was estimated at near 120 years, and it made 769 feet of lumber. The base of the tree measured four feet two inches. Most of the walnut timber now cut in that section is young timber.

HAYDN AND THE LADIES.

Wonderful Susceptibility of the Great Composer.

When Haydn came to England he succumbed, says the writer of an article on "Music and Matrimony," in the Cornhill Magazine, to the charms of a certain Mrs. Shaw, who figures in his diary as the most beautiful woman he had ever met. As a matter of fact, Haydn was always meeting the "most beautiful" woman. "The loveliest woman I ever saw" was at one time a Mrs. Hodges, while at another time the widow of a musician named Schroeter so fascinated him that he kept her letters for many years, and declared that if it were not for the existence of Anna Maria he would have married her. Certainly Mrs. Schroeter's letters were pleasant enough. "Every moment of your company," she wrote from Buckingham Gate, in 1792, "is more and more precious to me now that your departure is so near. I feel for you the fondest and tenderest affection the human heart is capable of. I ever am, with the most inviolable attachment, my dearest and most beloved Haydn, most faithfully and most affectionately yours." What would the absent Frau Doctorin Haydn have said had she known of it? The composer also got mixed up in a little affair with the beautiful Mrs. Billington. Sir Joshua Reynolds was painting her portrait for him and had represented her as St. Cecilia listening to celestial music. "What do you think of the charming Billington's picture?" said the artist to Haydn when the work was finished. "It is indeed a beautiful picture," replied Haydn. "It is just like her, but there is a strange mistake. You have painted her listening to the angels, when you ought to have painted the angels listening to her." If Haydn paid compliments like this all 'round, we can easily understand how he attained such fame as a London society man.

Lord Salisbury's Oratory.

Lord Salisbury is one of the least pretentious of orators. Bent in figure and with eyes half closed, he is a listless speaker, who disdains to cultivate the art of elocution. He has a clear, penetrating voice of high carrying power, however, so that he is always heard distinctly in the largest public hall. His best speeches are made on such occasions as the Guildhall banquets, when he is conscious that foreign governments are weighing every word he utters. He rises like a man in a dream, and without revealing any earnestness of manner, takes the audience into his confidence, and shows with what dignity and clearness a statesman can think aloud.

Why Tower, and Not Castle.

London's most famous historical building was named the "Tower," and not the "Castle," of London. Most fortresses of Norman construction in England keep the name of castle; London's Norman fortress alone bears another title. The reason is to be found in the methods of Norman military architecture. A Norman fortress was constructed of a tower or keep, with an attendant castle, each having the same relative importance. The first Constable of the Tower called himself "Constable of the Tower of London and its attendant Castle." Whereas in the case of most such buildings in England the name castle has survived longest, in the case of the principal fortresses at the capitals of Normandy and of Norman England the tower was the chief part of the fortifications. Thus the castle at Rouen, like the castle at London, always has been called the "Tour de Rouen." The White Tower was so called because its builder, Henry III., whitewashed it.

GAME HORSE.

Galloped Home with a "Twitch" on His Nose.

"I've seen many a thing on race tracks, but I think the greatest race I ever saw was at New Orleans a few years ago," remarked a track follower the other day. It was several years ago at New Orleans, and one of the best horses to bet on was Duke of Milpitas, owned by Ald. Carey of Chicago. But he was a rogue, and whenever he took it into his head to run no one could beat him, but if he sulked nothing could budge him. On this particular day he was a warm favorite, as the distance was seven-eighths, the going heavy, and all conditions just to the liking of the Duke. He went to the post all right, but he was son out of sorts, and no amount of lashing could make him budge. Finally a "twitch" was sent for and the assistant starter soon had the Duke toeing the mark. The 'twitch' had caught on his nose in some manner and the stick kept hitting him on the legs and chest. Despite them—or, perhaps, on account of it—the Duke ran faster than he ever did before. He won all the way, with the 'twitch' hanging to his nose. Ald. Carey won a small fortune on his horse, and he has the same old 'twitch' hanging in his private office to this day."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Letters from Besieged Parisians.

From the Seine, near Villeneuve, not far from Paris, has been taken a curious reminder of the days of the Paris siege. It is a zinc ball, which contained over 300 letters, written in December, 1870, when the German coil was tightening about the French capital. At that time, besides the balloons and carrier pigeons as means of communication with the outside world, the people of Paris inclosed letters in small zinc globes, sealed the receptacles hermetically and dropped them into the Seine. The friendly waters drifted the globes down until they reached the French lines below. After a while the Germans learned of this expedient, and placed nets in the river above the nets of the Frenchmen and captured the globes. A little while ago a fisherman near Villeneuve found one of these globes, and with a sharp knife opened it and extracted the letters. The old letters still legible, were sent to the postoffice, and such of the addresses as can be found will receive the missives twenty-eight years overdue.

Out for Business.

From the Chicago News: Mack O'Rell—Old chap, I always considered myself a pretty masher, but the other day I met my match. Luke Warme—How was that? Mack O'Rell—Why, I noticed a beautiful young woman gazing in a shop window. I went up and coughed slightly to attract her attention. Guess what happened? Luke Warme—Can't imagine. Mack O'Rell—Why, she tried to sell me some cough drops.

Relics of Cliff Dwellers.

Among the relics of cliff dwellers in Colorado is one building that sheltered probably six thousand people.

THE JAPANESE HOTEL.

Shoes Are Left in the Area and the Guests Ascend Doll Fashion.

It is a novel affair, even to the traveled foreigner. The entrance is usually a little area, which is practically an extension of the street or sidewalk, and defined by a low platform and raised floor, says the Northwestern Christian Advocate. From this modest eminence the proprietor and those about him greet the new guest with profound bows, their foreheads touching the floor repeatedly. There is no showy office, no high desk, no lordly clerk, no big book for the guest's autograph—only a little table about 14 inches high, with an inkstone, suggesting that here the accounts are made up. But the guest may not yet ascend. His shoes must be left in the area. That explains its shoe-shop appearance. Quick servants promptly assist in the correction of his understanding, bringing sandals or slippers as he is unsupplied; then, preceded by his traveling effects, he is led to his apartment. He observes that the stairs are without rails, and that the female servants make their steep ascent much as a child would—often using the hands as well as the feet. Ours is a "10-mat room;" that is, it requires 10 mats, each 3x6 feet, to cover, or rather to form the floor. The "mat" is made with woven straw overlaid with ordinary matting, and finished with a firm border. Being soft and yielding under the foot, it is comparatively noiseless. The furniture? A dainty doll table, 12 inches high, a little lecquer tray with a tiny teapot and two small cups and a saucer; two floor cushions and a wall scroll,—that is all. The sole heating apparatus is a box of ashes with a nest of coals. Besides the coals is a tea-kettle. Between us and the snowstorm raging outside there is first a wall of sash filled with glass. A finger thrust on either of the three sides and your every movement is visible from without. Locks. What good? All the doors are paper and work in slides, and all the windows are doors. Everything slides. If you want the servant, clap your hands smartly, and then comes from somewhere above, below or around a "H-i-i-i-i-i!" and sandaled feet are quickly sliding toward you. At the sound of the sliding door you look to see her or him approaching on sliding knees—at least so it seems. Your commands are received by the polite waiter in that attitude, and the disappearing is after the fashion of the approaching. Dispose of yourself as best you can. The little platform at the end of the room, with your roll of rugs, may give you relief from standing or sitting on your heels. I have been fortunate enough thus far to be entertained where a chair could be had for the asking. But when one comes to meals, which are served in one's room, it is quite a condescension from the foreign chair to the little Japanese table. "Foreign food" also is to be found in the best hotels. Beefsteak, chicken, butter, eggs, potatoes—one can get on very well with such "hardships" if they are not spoiled in the cooking.

THE CHERRY TREE.

How He Helped George Washington Cut It Down.

Uncle George Washington, an old negro who says he is 147 years old, is an inmate of the poorhouse in Ware county, Ga. He says he was born in Virginia and has lived in Georgia over a hundred years. Uncle George's youngest daughter, he says, lives near Columbus, Ga., and is about 80 years old, while his oldest son died a few years ago at the age of 110 years. He says he rafted timber down the Ocmugee river in Georgia for eighty years, and for twenty-five years he has been a pensioner of Ware county. Uncle George says he and George Washington were boys together in the same neighborhood. They lived on adjoining farms. When George cut the cherry tree with his little hatchet, Uncle George was an eye-witness. And here is Uncle George's story of the cherry tree incident: "When ole Massa Washin'ton seed de cherry tree wuz done cut froo de bark, he calls up young massa an' sez he: 'Gawge, did you cut de cherry tree?' Den young massa des up an' sez: 'Pa, I wuz a tryin' uf my new leetle hatchet, an' did'n mean ter cut de tree. I's sorry you is tore up erbout hit.' Den old massa, he up an' say, sez he: 'Gawge, I want dat cherry tree cut down an' chopped inter stove wood, an' min' you mus' be quick erbout hit.' Massa Gawge an' me fell ter work an' cut de tree down an' chopped hit inter wood. Dat wuz de way hit wuz, sez I, indeed."

Loneliest People on Earth.

Perhaps the most isolated tribe of people in the world is the Tshuktshi, a people occupying the northern portion of the peninsula of Kamschatka and the country northward toward Bering straits. These people are practically independent of Russia. They have practically no communication with the outside world, and have been visited only two or three times—the last time by Major de Windt on his journey through Siberia. The inhabitants of the New Siberian islands are also practically alone on earth, for they can communicate with the mainland, and therefore with the rest of the world, only once a year, and a succession of bad seasons might isolate them for years. The pygmies of the great central African forests, if they can be called a tribe, have also been a people apart. For ages their existence was little more than legendary, and only two expeditions commanded by white men have ever penetrated into their abode.—Stray Stories.

Not Complimentary.

Mrs. Stamford Hill—I hear you are trying joint housekeeping with the Lovejoys. How does it work dear? Mrs. Mincing Lane—Oh, splendidly! We never have the slightest disagreement. Mrs. Stamford Hill—Ah, the Lovejoys are so sweet and amiable. I'm sure they would put up with anything rather than quarrel!—Punch.

Not a Crime.

The theft of electricity is not a crime in Germany, there being no express law against it.