

HIS WORD OF HONOR.

A Tale of the Blue and the Gray.
BY E. WERNER.

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CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

Maxwell remained behind; as a physician he was too familiar with death to be awed by that of a man who had been almost a stranger to him and had never possessed his sympathies. Scarcely had the immediate relatives left the room, when, to the magistrate's horror, he took a seat close beside him.

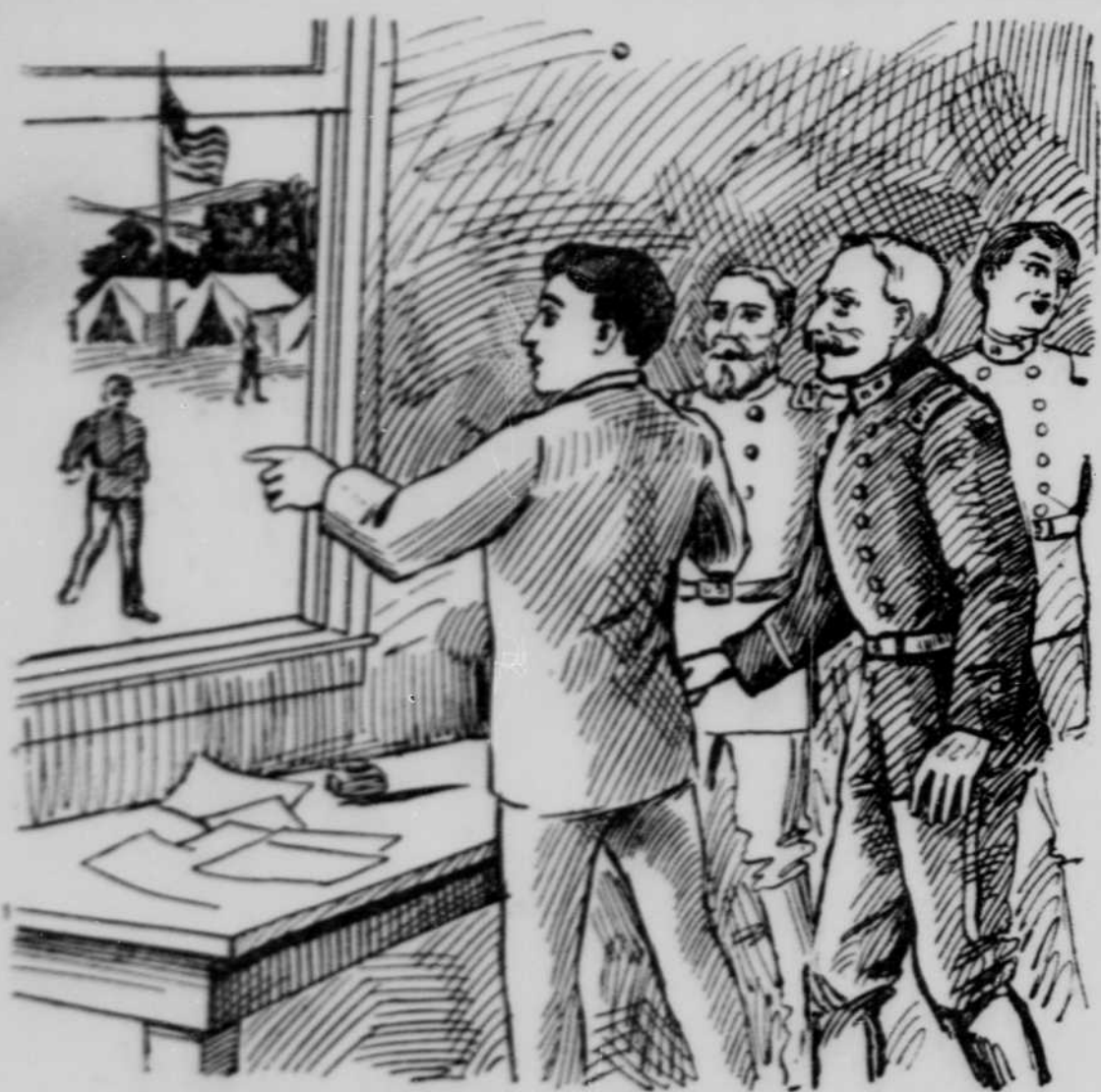
"Let me give you our warmest thanks," he said, in the friendliest tone. "Now pray order the rest of the dinner to be served. I'll call the waiter at once."

"No, thank you," replied the old gentleman, uneasily. "I prefer to leave at once. Mr. Roland promised to let us dispose of the carriage at once. The young couple to whom you will doubtless be ready to yield precedence, start first, and until then I shall have the honor of entertaining you."

Mr. Thompson glanced timidly at his neighbor's coat-pocket, where he knew that the revolver was concealed, but did not venture to decline the offered entertainment and yielded to his fate. Fortunately he was not subjected to too long a trial.

Meanwhile a short but touching scene had occurred in the sick room, where Florence, amid burning tears, saw her father draw his last breath. He passed away in sleep, without regaining consciousness. Harrison's death broke the chain which bound his daughter.

Weak and irresolute as Florence had seemed, the inevitable found her calm, and the consciousness of the peril which every moment's delay increased for her husband sustained her strength. She knelt to kiss the dead



"AH, THERE COMES WILLIAM."

man's brow and bid him farewell; nothing now held her to Springfield. Meanwhile William, in a low tone, gave the old servant the necessary orders.

"Ralph, we shall leave the care of your dead master in your hands. You will render him the last services and remain here until the funeral is over. Then seek us at the place I have described to you. Escape is not difficult now, and the road is not long. See that Edward Harrison is not found and released before an hour has passed. He is gaged and bound, but there is no danger concerning his life. The longer you can prevent his being discovered the greater will be our chance of safety. If you are questioned, you know no more than the other servants and had the best intentions in bringing the message. They cannot help believing you, and in three days we shall expect you."

Florence had also risen and held out her hand to the old man.

"Farewell till we meet again, Ralph! I cannot even attend my father to the grave, and must leave the last offices to be rendered by the hands of strangers; but he will forgive me; he knows that my husband's life is at stake. Farewell."

The carriage had rolled up to the terrace outside. They avoided the way through the ante-room, where all the servants had assembled. William led his wife through the drawing-room, where Maxwell joined them, after taking a friendly leave of Mr. Thompson and assuring him of his high regard. The young couple entered. John took the reins from the driver's hands, ordered him to remain and sprang on the box himself. The carriage dashed off at the horses' utmost speed.

Five minutes later, the magistrate's face appeared in the open doorway, and behind him the tall figure of his clerk. Both gazed curiously and timidly over the carriage, which was no longer visible. Only a cloud of dust in the distance showed that the spirited animals were doing their duty.

"There they go!" said the justice, drawing a long breath. "Thank heaven! That Doctor Maxwell is Satan incarnate!"

"A horrible fellow!" echoed the clerk. "I believe he would have shot us both down in cold blood if you hadn't performed the ceremony."

"Yes, a horrible fellow!" repeated Mr. Thompson. "But an original, remarkable character, too; and he has a very high regard for me. He told me so three times."

CHAPTER XII.

It was sunset at the Union camp. Colonel Burney had summoned all the officers of the regiment to one of the little festivities which are often improvised on the march or in camp. A certain feeling of anxiety pervaded the group. Lieutenant Roland,

gratulate him. He wears his new dignity somewhat timidly."

It was really William, who had come to report his return. He was warmly greeted by all. The colonel especially received him with great cordiality.

"Welcome, Lieutenant Roland! Here you are at last! Doctor Maxwell has already told us the whole adventure of which you were the hero."

"Not I but John Maxwell was the hero," said William, holding out his hand to his friend with ill-repressed emotion. "Had it not been for him, I should have lost happiness and life. I shall never forget what he did to-day."

Maxwell laughingly refused his thanks.

"Let that pass, Will; we shall wrangle again at the very next opportunity. Germans and Americans always quarrel, and our armistice won't last long. Today I risked my life for you; tomorrow you will, perhaps, peril yours for me; so we shall be quits. At any rate, you returned punctually—at sunset!"

He pointed toward the window. The sun was just sinking below the horizon, and its last beams were fading.

"Yes, I gave my word of honor that I would do so," said William, with the deepest earnestness. "But that I kept it—was able to keep it—I owe to you alone."

THE END.

STORY OF A STAMP

Worth a Quarter, Then \$1,500, Then Went Up in Smoke.

In the year 1851 a 12-penny black Canadian postage stamp was printed by the government at Ottawa. The public did not regard this somber issue with favor, and few were issued. One of these stamps was sent to the Hamilton postoffice, where it was sold to an old man, who said it was a shame to print the queen's picture on a stamp that might be handled by profane hands. Tenderly the man put it on a parcel, sending it to a friend in the United States. Here, in the waste basket, it lay for many a day, till an errand boy found it and quickly transferred it to his album. Despairing of getting a good collection, and his fever somewhat abating, he sold them to a dealer. The new dealer, on looking at the catalogue, found that what he had paid \$5 for was worth \$25. Accidentally this stamp was slipped into a 25-cent packet and sent to a dealer residing in Hamilton. When the latter opened the packet he was astonished to find such a valuable stamp, and, being honest, wrote his friend to inform him of what had happened, offering him \$1,000 for it. The offer was accepted, and the stamp again changed hands. By this time the stamp had increased in value, and not a few came from a distance to look at the treasure. One day an English nobleman, who, through a friend, had heard of the stamp, offered \$1,500, which offer was accepted. The English lord, falling in love with an American heiress, and wishing to gain the favor of her brother, presented him with the stamp as a token of his esteem. Here, in its new and luxurious home, it came to a sad end, for one day the maid by mistake swept the stamp, which had accidentally fallen out of the album, into the fire. In an instant the stamp, which thousands had heard of and longed for, went up in smoke to the broad, blue sky, leaving not a trace behind.

The Tiger Got Out.

No circus menagerie is ever without its man-eater, you know," said the old wagon driver as reminiscences were in order. "We had ours when I was with Dan Rice, and the papers gave him such an awful reputation for ferocity that people dared not to come within ten feet of his cage. Of course I used to get off a lecture on him. According to my story he had killed and maimed thirteen different men, five horses, two camels and a rhinoceros. One day, after I had delivered the old stereotyped thing, that tiger pushed open the door of his cage and jumped out. Some one's carelessness, you know. There was a wild rush of people for the entrance, a general alarm outside the tents, and for a minute I was so scared that I couldn't even fall down. The tiger was looking around to see what he could tackle, when a mongrel dog not more than a third of his size came rushing up and sailed into him. True as you live, that dog jumped that tiger three times around the tent, snapping at his heels all the time, and the Bengal got away from him only by leaping back into his cage. The affair got into the papers, and of course we got the grand guy all the rest of the season. It paid us, however. People who wouldn't think of going into the circus used to buy tickets to see that ferocious man-eater, and he therefore brought us in more patrons than any other ten animals combined."

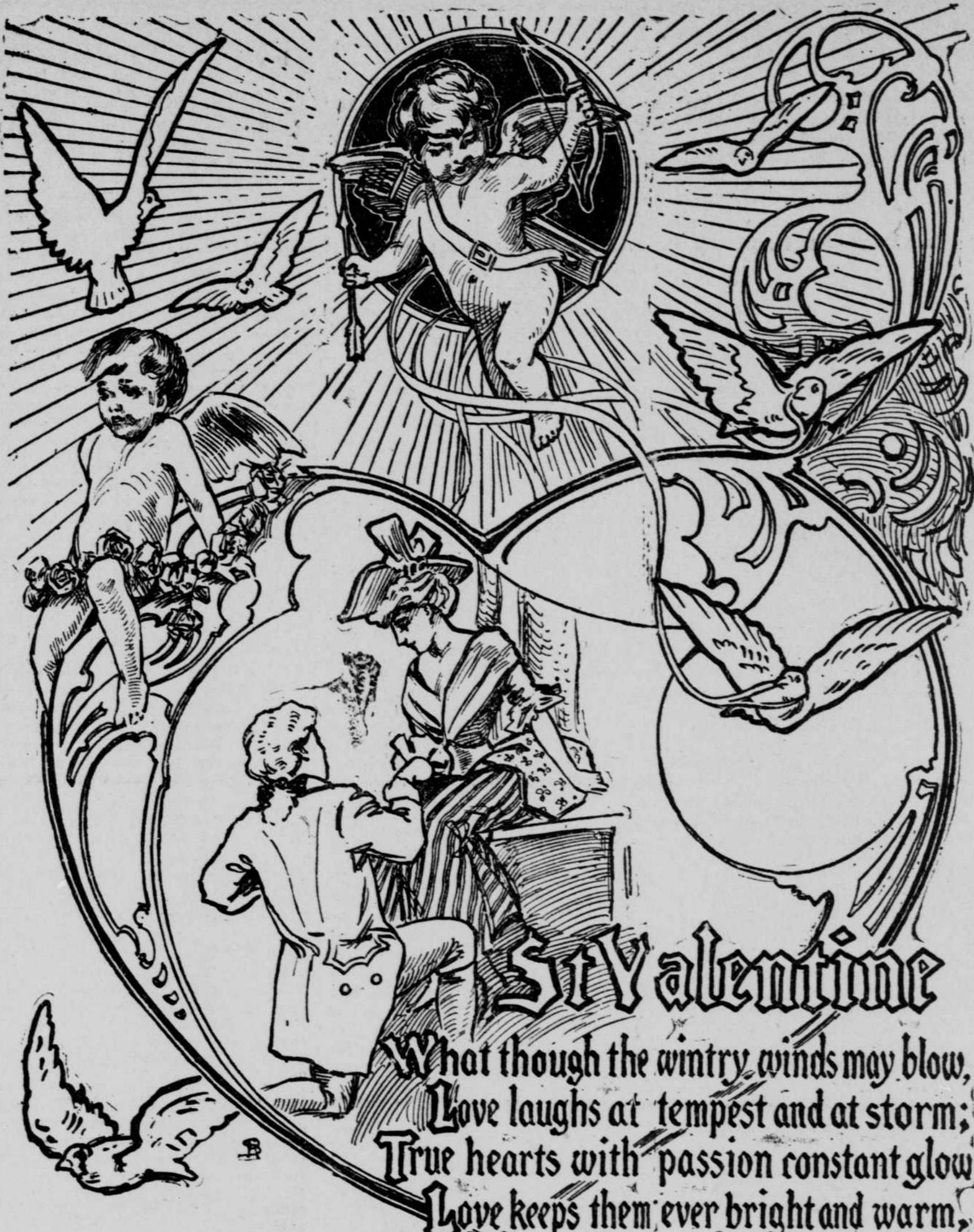
Li Hung Chang's Grandsons.

The two grandsons of the Chinese statesman Li Hung Chang visited the University of California by invitation of Prof. Fryer, who was acquainted with them in China. They arrived on the steamer China on Monday, but were not able to land until Tuesday afternoon. They went to the Occidental hotel, and are staying there with Mr. Walter Lambuth, who is escorting them to Nashville, where they will perhaps enter Vanderbilt university. The young men will at first live in a private family near the university and take a course to fit them for entering. They dress in American style and have discarded their queue. Although well educated from a Chinese point of view they have been studying only English two years with a private tutor at their home in Nanking and Yangchow. They have pleasing and unassuming manners.—Oakland (Cal.) special New York World.

As a Rival Looks at It.

"So he regards himself as a senatorial possibility," said one politician. "Undoubtedly," answered the other. "On what theory?" "I don't know, unless it's the theory that the unexpected always happens."—Washington Star.

A woman never can understand why her dog doesn't seem as cute to other dogs as to herself.



A HAPPY VALENTINE.

If I could be a valentine,
I know what I would do,
I'd get into an envelope
And travel straight to you.

And if the postman didn't know
Your name is Baby Dear
And where you live, I'd shake his bag
As soon as he was near.

And then with all my might I'd jump
And run across the street,
(I'm sure that he'd jump, too, to find
A valentine had feet.)

I'd ring the bell and ring the bell
A minute and a half,
And when you came and saw 'twas I,
Oh, my, how we would laugh!

—Anna M. Pratt.



They say she is out of date in this age of the nineteenth century, but that is wrong. She may be more coy, more reticent, more elusive, but she is still with us. On each St. Valentine's day she peeps from her casement window, either literally or figuratively, with just as enticing a glance; her smiles are no less alluring; her sighs create fully as much havoc.

Perhaps she no longer pins bay leaves to her pillow to tempt fate, or makes a pretense of drawing her lot from a bundle of names written upon slips of material paper—all that was but form at best. The Sprite of the Valentine knew well who was her fate without such expedients. And she knows it now.

The eyes of common mortals might be blinded, but her bright eyes looked clearly into the future and saw there the chained captive who reveled in his chains. She read some tender verse and smiled at its innocence—she was all innocence herself, yet gifted with that prescient sense of prophecy, or foreknowledge, against which the clumsy reason of mortal swain was as helpless as the wiles of an infant. She smiled and no mystic rite could be more potent. She gave one glance from beneath the witching fringe of her long lashes, and no other sorcery was needed. The same is true today.

Good St. Valentine was a martyr, they tell us, and some can see no propriety in naming this lovers' day for him; but to my mind the fitness is most striking. How many a tortured heart has gone to its martyrdom at the eventide of this day! Even escaping that, how many a soul has been placed upon the rack by the coquetry of some maiden sweet at this same crucial time! For the valentine Sprite is true to her sex, in spite of the traditions that hem her in and fix her place as some meek captive awaiting the decree that shall send her rejoicing into whatever arms are stretched out to receive her.

Be not deceived. She has decided upon the arms long before, and they are held forth at her will. She may have spoken no word save of the coyest, but she has willed. Ah, how deluded are they who cast a pitying eye upon woman for her lack of the power to choose and to plead! Know ye not, my lords of creation, that by far the most frequently ye are the chosen and not the choosers? If she wills you to come you come. If she wills you to speak you speak, and more than that, she has the added power to send you away empty if so her caprice decides. This is the common life of every day. What then do we expect in the mystic thrives in a valentine! At least, Valerius was a bold royal swain. If she wills you to come to her, if she wills you to speak, if she wills you to speak you speak, and more than that, she has the added power to send you away empty if so her caprice decides.

years that bind you to her I hear the echo of a tender strain:

"Love, love, so wholly mine,
I am still thy valentine!"

ST. VALENTINE WAS CRUEL TO HIS BIRDS.

Annie Trumbull Slosson writes in Bird-Lore:

The cold wave reached us at Miami, on Biscayne bay, Florida, in the night of Feb. 12. On the 13th, Monday, it was very cold all over the state, with snow and sleet as far south as Orlando and Titusville. Our thermometers at Miami ranged from 36 degrees to 40 degrees during the day. As I sat in my room in the hotel, about 4 in the afternoon, I saw a bird outside my window, then another and another, and soon the air seemed full of wings.

Opening the window to see what the visitors could be, I found they were tree swallows. Several flew into my room, others clustered on the window ledge, huddling closely together for warmth. There were hundreds of them about the house seeking shelter and warmth. They crept in behind the window blinds, came into open windows, huddled together by dozens on cornices and sills. They were quite fearless; once I held my hand outside and two of them lighted on its palm and sat there quietly. As it grew dark and colder their numbers increased. They flew about the halls and perched in corners, and the whole house was alive with them. Few of the guests in the hotel knew what they were; some even called them "bats," and were afraid they might fly into their faces or become entangled in their hair. One man informed them about him that they were humming birds, "the large kind, you know," but all were full of sympathy for the beautiful little creatures out in the cold and darkness. A few were taken indoors and sheltered through the night, but "what were these among so many?"



The next morning the sun shone brightly, though the weather was still very cold—the mercury had fallen below 30 degrees during the night. But as I raised the shade of one of my eastern windows I saw a half-dozen of the swallows sitting upon the ledge in the sunshine, while the air seemed again filled with flashing wings. I was so relieved and glad. Surely the tiny creatures, with their tints of steel blue or shining green contrasting with the pure white of the under parts, were more hardy than I had feared. But alas! it was but a remnant that escaped. Hundreds were found dead. Men were sent out with baskets to gather the limp little bodies from piazzas, window ledges and copings. It was a pitiful sight for St. Valentine day, when, as the old song has it:

"The birds are all choosing their mates."

Goodness and Manhood.

The older I grow the more I rever goodness—just plain every-day goodness—having nothing heroic nor spectacular in it, for I think this is the gift of which God has been the least prodigal, says the Woman's Home Companion. Intelligence without goodness may mean nothing higher than a prize fighter, but goodness with strength and intelligence makes a man as he was created to be, an image of the God-head. The most symmetrical man of this century was Mr. Gladstone and his moral nature was as sweet and wholesome as his intellect and body were strong. In mind, in heart, in soul, in everything but physique and inches he was a giant. But the salient feature in Gladstone's character and what lifts him above every contemporary was his moral earnestness. He was a good man and his religious convictions formed the warp and woof of his nature.

CZARINA AS A GIRL.

SHE WAS FOND OF ROMPING IN WILD PLACES.

A Fearless Rider of the Mountain Pony—Once Came Near Losing Her Life—Still Cherishes Loving Recollections of Her Childhood Days.

The Girl's Realm for December has a sketch by "Sybil," of the girlhood of the empress of Russia. The photograph of her majesty as a baby shows marked promise of force of character, and bears a singular resemblance to the latest portrait. The following gossip of Deeside may be selected for citation here: "The great delight of her girlhood were the visits to Balmoral, where she would secure the hills on her mountain pony. Many stories have I heard in the Highlands about the fearless riding of Princess Alix. One morning she was riding in a strong wind, which carried her hat literally over the hills and far away, and she arrived at the keeper's house in the forest with her hair streaming down her back and a pocket handkerchief tied over her head. The keeper's wife was terribly concerned to see the queen's granddaughter arriving in such a plight, but Princess Alix enjoyed the fun. She borrowed a comb and hairpins, and having reduced her straggled locks to order, again assumed the pocket handkerchief for head-gear, and in it galloped hope to the castle. Princess Alix and her sisters visited freely amongst the cottages at Balmoral, and had many adventures in their rambles about the shores of the Dee. Their great delight was a village shop a short distance from the castle, kept by an old lady named Mrs. Symonds. This ancient worthy had her shop stocked with all kinds of oddments such as children delight in—fishing tackle, balls, tam-o'shanter caps—and furthermore she sold sweetmeats and cakes. The shop has been for many years the rendezvous of the queen's juvenile visitors, and it is to many of them a novel delight to be able to go and make little purchases for themselves without form or ceremony. The empress of Russia, when she visited Balmoral after her marriage, showed that she cherished a loving recollection of her old haunts, for the very first place she visited on the morning after her arrival was the shop. She brought the czar with her, quite in a girlish mood to see, as she said, if Mrs. Symonds would know who he was. She also went one afternoon and took tea with the keeper's wife in the house in the wood, and talked about the time when she had come riding there without her hat." Even when she was 16 the future empress "took delight in reading books on philosophy and sociology."

NEW IN THE COUNTRY.

A Drummer's Bad Break in One of the Central American Capitals.

"It takes some time to learn the social ropes in Central America," remarked a gentleman in the banana trade, "and a stranger is very apt to put his foot in it. The first time I ever went into the country myself was as the representative of an American machinery house. There was a good field for us in one of the republics, but the tariff was prohibitive, and I concluded to go over to the capital and have an interview with the minister of agriculture, hoping to persuade him to recommend a reduction. I spoke pretty fair Ollendore Spanish, but was otherwise green as a gourd, and as soon as I arrived I made a bee line for the administration building. While I was cooling my heels in an ante-room, waiting for a chance to speak to somebody in authority and ascertain how the minister could be seen, a very black, fat little negro waddled in, wearing what I took to be a species of livery. He had exactly the air of an impudent, overfed servant, and he looked me over in a way that made my blood boil. 'Hi, boy!' I said sharply, 'how long must I wait here?' 'How should I know?' he replied in Spanish; 'if it doesn't suit you, to get out.' He chuckled as he spoke, and his answer so infuriated me that I lost my head. Jumping up I seized him by the collar and the slack of his absurd embroidered trousers and propelled him, turkey fashion, through the open door. 'There, you black scoundrel!' I exclaimed, 'go and send somebody after my card!' The little fat ducky was so amazed that he couldn't utter a word. He simply gazed and disappeared. Half a minute later a squad of soldiers rushed in and placed me under arrest, and then I learned that my friend in the embroidered pantaloons was the minister of public instruction. I will leave you to imagine my feelings. I took three hours of solid talk from both the American and British consuls to get me out of the scrape, and, incidentally, I made a groveling apology. Of course, I didn't dare to introduce the machinery proposition after such a debut, so my trip was a flat failure. As I said before it takes some time for a stranger to grasp the etiquette of those parts."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Tea" School.

The oddest school in the United States is now in daily session at Pinehurst, Summerville, S. C., says the New York Journal. Uncle Sam's paternal and financial part in the institution makes it of interest to the nation. It is situated in the heart of the tea lands about Summerville, and its odd feature is the curriculum. Under the supervision of a competent teacher thirty South Carolina pickannees are taught the three old-fashioned "tea" "readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic"—and tea picking. And the last is not the least important study. The rapid development of tea raising in the South has received additional impetus from the announced intention of Sir Thomas Lipton to invest \$500,000 in tea culture in South Carolina. Sir Thomas is familiar with the soil and climatic conditions of the state, having at one time worked as a laborer on a rice plantation in Georgetown county.

The United States Department of Agriculture is taking a lively interest in the "tea school," and has given it financial aid.

Only the very poor or the very rich can afford to keep dogs.