

# HIS WORD OF HONOR.

A Tale of the Blue and the Gray.

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## CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"I fear it will be of little service to the prisoner. There is so much bitterness against the enemy that the mere suspicion of his having come as a spy will suffice to bring the most severe sentence the court-martial can impose. In the interest of our safety, I felt compelled to give you the information and urge the arrest of the suspicious person."

"And I have fulfilled your request, as duty required. My opinion of it we need not discuss. Only I desire to remind you that I have given Lieutenant my word of honor that he shall have honorable treatment. I shall hold you responsible for every insult that is offered him."

Edward shrugged his shoulders and tried to assume a scornful manner.

"You don't seem able to show your prisoner sufficient respect and indulgence. No one intends to insult him. I shall confine myself to preventing any effort to escape, which is always possible. You most positively refused to adopt any further precautions."

"Of course I did. Captured officers are not gagged; that is a measure fit only for spies or traitors."

Edward clenched his teeth. The glance with which he surveyed the captain was full of menace; but Wilson only smiled contemptuously.

"Farewell, Harrison. The object for which you summoned me here is probably baffled; and after what I have learned today I can only congratulate Miss Harrison. I again request that the prisoner shall be neither molested nor insulted until the escort arrives."

He bowed as coldly and formally as before, and left the room. Harrison did not return the salute, but gazed mutely and gloomily after his former friend, who now turned from him with undisguised contempt. The act which

swer, but a sharp, keen glance rested on the speaker.

"Unfortunately, that was to be expected. But as you are so well informed, I presume I am not mistaken in supposing that I have met Doctor Blackwood?"

"Doctor Blackwood—of course," returned the stranger, with the same brevity. "And to whom have I the honor—?"

"My name is Thompson. I am a justice of the peace in the city, and a friend of your colleague, Doctor Green. He told me yesterday that you had been summoned for consultation, and that he was going with you to Springfield. But you are alone, I see."

"Yes. Doctor Green was detained by an extremely critical case, and cannot leave town today, so I set off alone. These confounded military disturbances! Not a vehicle could be had in the whole city. I was obliged to ride in this scorching heat."

"May I offer you a seat in my carriage?" asked the magistrate courteously. "My companion can take your horse."

"I thank you. Don't trouble yourself. I'll keep up with the carriage."

Mr. Thompson, who was evidently glad to find some one with whom he could chat away the weary hours, ordered the driver to proceed more slowly, and an animated conversation was soon in full course. The old gentleman did not perceive that it consisted almost exclusively of questions which he answered. He did this, however, very eloquently, and was much pleased with his new acquaintance.

"Yes, I was summoned for consultation," said the physician. "Doctor Green has no doubt about the case, but the patient—"

He paused, apparently seeking just the right words.

The justice of the peace availed himself of the opportunity to dwell upon Mr. Harrison's wealth, discussed the possible losses which the war might inflict upon his property and expressed his belief that a large portion of his fortune was invested elsewhere. The doctor listened attentively, but this did not prevent his scanning the vicinity still more closely than before. He seemed trying to fix every bend in the road, every distant landmark upon his memory, and the house with its doors and terraces received the same scrutiny.

"A fine estate," he said. "Do you think its vicinity to the city will afford it protection? I have the contrary opinion, for it is an open secret that the march of the Union forces is directed here."

"Impossible! How do you know?" cried Thompson, starting from his corner of the carriage in terror.

"I heard it on my journey to the city."

"I heard, on the contrary, that their march was southward, otherwise I certainly should not have left town."

The doctor smiled mischievously at the timid little gentleman, who had turned pale with fright.

"Why, the troops will not interfere with a justice of the peace. At the utmost, you could only be obliged to unite some loving couple within the enemy's lines, in the bonds of matrimony."

"Just as much as you choose," said Thompson, angrily. "I want nothing to do with the enemy. At any rate, I'll inquire about that rumor, and, for the present, remain in the city, which can only be taken by a regular siege."

The carriage now stopped at the house, the gentlemen alighted, and the doctor dismounted from his horse, throwing the bridle to a negro who hurried up.

"Don't unsaddle my horse," he said, carelessly. "I must go back to the city as quickly as possible, and at any rate shall leave before the other gentlemen."

He let the two men precede him and lingered, as if by accident, on the steps, looking after the servant.

An unmistakable expression of satisfaction flitted over his face as he saw that the animal was led to a stable close by the house.

Edward Harrison received the new arrivals, and the loquacious Mr. Thompson instantly presented Doctor Blackwood, sparing the latter any explanation by relating in detail the cause of Doctor Green's absence. Then he introduced his clerk, a pale, effeminate fellow, whose manner was excessively timid and deferential, and of whom no notice whatever was taken.

Meanwhile, during the last half hour Edward had had time to regain his composure. These visitors must, of course, obtain no glimpse of the catastrophe which had happened here.

He expressed in courteous phrases his regret for having troubled the magistrate in vain, his uncle's condition had changed so suddenly for the worse that it was impossible to have the wedding take place that day. Miss Harrison was in a state of the utmost anxiety and excitement. Then, turning with the same courtesy to the physician, he added:

"You are welcome, Doctor Blackwood, though I fear you can give us no consolation. We were prepared for the worst long ago, yet a physician's presence is always a satisfaction. I suppose Doctor Green has told you about the case?"

"Yes," replied the doctor, whose sharp keen eyes raised steadily on the young man's face. "So I should like to go to the sick room at once. Pray, don't trouble yourself. I prefer to see the patient first alone, and will then inform you of the result of my examination."

(To be continued.)

### Self-Mastery.

He who has mastered himself, who is his own Caesar, will be stronger than his passion, superior to circumstances, higher than his calling, greater than his speech. Self-control is the generalship which turns a mob of raw recruits into a disciplined army. The rough man has become the polished and dignified soldier; in other words, the man has got control of himself and knows how to use himself. The human race is under constant drill, says O. S. Marden in the St. Louis Republic. Our occupations, difficulties, obstacles, disappointments, if used aright, are the great schoolmasters which help us to possess ourselves. The man who is master of himself will not be a slave to drudgery, but will keep in advance of his work. He will not rob his family of that which is worth more than money or position; he will not be the slave of his occupation, not at the mercy of circumstances. His methods and system will enable him to accomplish wonders, and yet give him leisure for self-culture. The man who controls himself works to live, rather than lives for work.

### Ingersoll Floored.

Robert G. Ingersoll was not always the tactful lawyer he became in his maturity. Early in his career he found himself as counsel for the defense in a murder case, with a tussled old doctor as principal witness against him. Thinking he saw a chance to be brilliant he sarcastically proceeded to bully the witness by commenting upon doctors' mistakes. "Doctors make as few mistakes as lawyers," asserted the old man. "A doctor's mistakes are buried six feet under ground," was the reply. "Yes, but a lawyer's mistakes are hung as many feet above the ground," was the reply, "and that is just the difference." The jury saw the point, and Ingersoll lost the case.

## A LEARNED DISCIPLE OF BUDDHA.



The Khanbo Lama Agouan Dorji, who is shortly to visit America, is not a scholarly looking divine. He is, however, the greatest intellectual light in modern Tibetan Buddhism and is at present visiting in London for the purpose of investigating Buddhist literature in the different English museums and universities. Besides being a doctor of divinity in his own religious order, the Khanbo Lama is also the one undisputed ecclesiastical authority of eastern Asia, and has lectured in St.

Petersburg and Paris on the mysteries and principles of the religion of Buddha. When in Paris he held a Buddhist religious service in the Musee Guimet, and there was danger at one time of Buddhism becoming a fad among the fickle-hearted Parisians. The Khanbo Lama Agouan Dorji soon became a society idol, and were it not for his ascetic turn of mind might have been lured far from the straight and narrow path of the orthodox Buddhist by the attentions he received in the "gay capital."

## COCOA PALM'S MANY USES.

From It Filipinas Get Food, Drink, Shelter, Ropes, Brooms and Soap.

There are several species of cocoa palms growing in the Philippine archipelago, but the ordinary cocconut tree (Cocos nucifera) is the most important. The Indians make use of it in a good many ways, but only the principal ones need be enumerated. The kernel of the nut they use for food, while the liquid the shell contains makes a refreshing drink. If allowed to stand for some time this liquid forms a very agreeable milky juice, that is relished not only by the natives, but by Europeans as well. After the juice has coagulated, it is mixed with sugar and made into bonbons, known as cococa sugar, and also into various other delicacies. According to a recent report of the U. S. department of agriculture, by tapping the central bud that crowns the cocconut, a kind of wine, called tuba, of an agreeable, pungent taste, is produced. This tuba, when allowed to ferment, produces vinegar, and when distilled a kind of brandy that is highly relished by the natives. From the husk of the cocconut the Tagals make rope and cords and a material for caulking their boats. From the woody shells they carve spoons, cups, beads for rosaries and many other articles. The leaves they use to cover the roofs of their houses. Roofs made in this manner are thick and tight, but they have the disadvantage of burning readily, so that in the towns and villages where the houses are thus covered conflagrations spread with great rapidity. The veins and smaller ribs of the leaves are used to make brooms, the midribs serve as fuel, and the ashes are utilized in making soap. The trunk of the palm is made to serve as a pillar to support the houses that its leaves overshadow. Oil barrels, tuba casks and water pipes are fashioned from hollow sections of the trunk. From the roots the natives extract a red dyeing material, that they chew in place of the areca palm nuts or bonga when the latter cannot be procured. Large quantities of cocconut oil are manufactured in the Philippines. This oil is much prized by the natives. The men and women both use it to anoint the thick growth of hair that adorns their heads, and it thus finds a ready sale at remunerative prices. It is also used in the lamps that take the place of gas burners in the streets, and in those used by the natives and Chinese in their houses. Manila exports annually about 150,000 pesos (\$125,000) worth of cocconuts to China and British India, and about \$25,000 worth of cocconut oil to China.—Journal of the Society of Arts.

## Our National Song.

In the December number of the National Magazine is found this reference to a song that is familiar to us all: "The story of 'Yankee Doodle,' from the time it was brought to this country, is definite and absorbingly interesting. It has had a great mission. With all the derision that has been heaped upon it, it is none the less a great tune. When one hears the once ridiculed and rollicsome strains of 'Yankee Doodle,' let him cogitate the fact that it has been the marching tune of all the victorious armies of American patriots, and has such a universal sentiment and universal nationality that it will measure the tread of coming millions. It is one of the indestructible institutions of America. It has a character of its own—comical, rampant, 'rattle-brainish,' but with all its oddities it has somehow entwined itself so closely about the national heart that one might as well try to

classes. It is unearned increment, how says, and therefore he refuses to use it himself. It is very seldom that he spends any money on his own account. He left his mansion in Lindell boulevard to live among the poorest classes in St. Louis. A million dollars is his if he wants it, but he does not choose to be among the family heirs. His only condition in giving \$2,000 is that the poor shall profit by it. A committee appointed by a public mass meeting will arrange a plan for its distribution.

## A Recipe to Vary Your Soup List.

It is possible that an oyster served on two successive weeks might pall on some appetites, for there is nothing so conducive to appetite as variety, but as there are many different kinds of oyster soup it need not be served twice alike in the same month. Scald a dozen large oysters in their own juice; lift out with a skimmer, chop fine, and pound in a mortar; return to their liquor and add a quart of thin veal broth, a small sliced onion, a stalk of celery, and some parsley, and simmer for half an hour; rub an ounce of flour with one of butter, add it to the soup; boil for a moment, strain, and press through a sieve; return to the fire, dilute to the right consistency with hot cream, and finish the seasoning with cayenne, white pepper, and a dash of nutmeg.

## Rocking Chairs and Insanity.

The rocking chair causes insanity, so it is said. In fact, the physicians are claiming that the rocking chairs are the cause of the nervous troubles from which women suffer as they are advising their relegation to any place where they will not be used. The more nervous and tired a person is the more vigorously she rocks, totally oblivious to the fact that energy is simply being consumed by the endless motion and strength that might be applied is wasted daily.

## The Hero of Elandsbaagte.

It was Sergt. Baldry, whose portrait is herewith reproduced, who so bravely brought a squadron of the Eighteenth Hussars back from Elandsbaagte to Ladysmith after Joubert and his men had cut off his line of retreat. This



rob the people of the American bicycle, or Bunker Hill, as this "clattering, right-about-face, defiant battle march."

## Eve's Apple Tree.

Among the other strange things in the island of Ceylon is the "Eve's apple tree," or "the forbidden fruit," the flowers of which have a fine scent. The color of the fruit, which hangs from the branches in a peculiar and striking manner, is beautiful, being orange on the outside and a deep crimson within, says the Philadelphia Press. The fruit itself presents the appearance of having had a piece bitten out of it. This circumstance, together with the fact of its being a deadly poison, led the Mohammedans on their first discovery of Ceylon, which they assigned as the site of Paradise, to represent it as the forbidden fruit of the Garden of Eden, for, although the finest and most tempting in appearance of any, it has been impressed, such was their idea, with the mark of Eve's having bitten it, to warn men from meddling with a substance possessing such noxious properties.

## Refuses a Million Dollars.

Mr. J. Eads How of St. Louis, Mo., who has refused to accept \$1,000,000 inherited from his relatives because he has not earned it by his own labors has given \$2,000 to be expended for the public welfare. This represents the interest on a sum How keeps in bank to enable him to prosecute his work of relieving distress among the poorer

## Kissing the Bride.

Manchester, N. H., is having a general debate upon the right of a justice of the peace to kiss the bride whom he marries. The justices to a man claim the right from custom as old as the ceremony and claim that they have all the discretion in the matter.

## NATAL'S MOUNTED POLICE.



A body of men who have quietly borne the brunt of much of the hard fighting in the South African war are the Natal mounted police, a trooper of the same being shown in the accompanying illustration. These troopers are a sort of gentlemen "rough riders," mostly adventurous young Englishmen of good family who from time to time have drifted down to the cape and

later enrolled themselves under the government with a view to seeking a little bit of frontier life and adventure. During the last few weeks they have been getting all the life and adventure the most ambitious and energetic among them could care for, and owing to their knowledge of the country and its ways, have been of especial service to the English regulars, who have been fighting with them.



CHECKED HIS HORSE.

the wildest jealousy had led him to commit already showed to him a very different face than at the first moment of gratified revenge. What had he gained by it? Florence was forever lost to him, for she knew as well as Roland himself who had been guilty of this deed of treachery. Her father was no longer able to exert any control over her or make any bequest in favor of his nephew who, with his daughter's hand, was to receive all the rights of heirship and now possessed no legal claims. Nothing was left save vengeance on the hated rival, and this vengeance, at least, should be wreaked.

## CHAPTER VII.

A horseman, who was evidently a stranger to the road, was trotting toward Springfield. He scanned every object very closely, and sometimes even seemed doubtful concerning the direction to pursue. He wore civilian's dress, a gray summer suit suited to the climate. Now, at a point where the road branched in two directions, he checked his horse irresolutely, pondered a few minutes and then waited for a carriage approaching him from behind. It was a light open vehicle, occupied by two gentlemen. The stranger, bowing, said:

"Pardon me. I am on my way to Springfield, and don't know whether to turn to the right or the left. Perhaps you will be kind enough to inform me?"

"You must take the right-hand one, sir," said the older of the two, a little withered man, with gray hair. "But we are going to Springfield, too; and if you will join us you cannot miss the road."

"With pleasure. I should not like to go out of my way, as I am in a hurry."

The rider urged his horse to a faster trot as he spoke, in order not to fall behind the carriage. The old gentleman eyed him curiously.

"You are in a hurry?" he repeated. "I suppose things are very bad at Springfield."

"Very bad!" was the laconic an-

"Poor Mr. Harrison!" observed the justice.

"Yes—poor Mr. Harrison! You know him, too?"

"Certainly; he always spends half the year at Springfield with his charming daughter. It is hard for the young lady that her wedding should take place under such sorrowful circumstances."

The physician started. Again a swift, searching glance scanned the old gentleman's face.

"Wedding? At her father's sick-bed?"

"That is the reason. He probably knows that the end of his life is approaching, and wishes first to place his daughter in her husband's arms. At least that is what Mr. Edward Harrison told me when he asked me to perform the marriage ceremony at Springfield. Under the circumstances, I could not refuse, and am on my way there."

"Edward Harrison? A relative of the sick man, I suppose?"

"His nephew, and, through this wedding, also his heir. Miss Florence is the only child."

"But this haste is incomprehensible!" said the physician, whose lips curled in a smile of cutting sarcasm. "I heard from my colleague that but a short time ago the young lady was bound by other ties."

"Yes, I have heard so, too. Some romantic youthful love affair, which probably was not meant to be taken seriously. The lover, a young officer, is said to have entered the Union army, which, of course, ended the matter. At any rate, the young lady will be Mrs. Harrison this evening, if God so wills."

"Certainly—if God so wills." The tone was so peculiar that even unsuspecting Mr. Thompson noticed it.

"What did you mean, sir?" he asked.

"Nothing special; I merely repeated your pious words."

The mansion of Springfield was now visible in the distance; they were already driving through the plantation.