

HIS WORD OF HONOR.

A Tale of the Blue and the Gray.

BY E. WERNER.

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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

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

know the traitor—and now I will ask only a moment longer."

He went to his fiancée 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 William, 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 wish 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.)

THE MEMORY OF FISH.

Sometimes Keeps Them from Biting a Second Time.

Fishermen 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 eelchairs 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. —Chicago News.

Bodily labor alleviates the pains of the mind; and hence arises the happiness of the poor.—La Rochefoucauld.

WORTHY OF HIS HIRE.

PROSPERITY BRINGS A BIG BOON TO LABOR.

One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Operatives Receive Increase of Wages in the Textile Factories of New England and the South.

The wage-earner's share in the general prosperity is coming to him in liberal allotments. On top of the vast increase in wages paid, as shown by the recent industrial census of the American Protective Tariff league, covering conditions as they existed in March, 1899, have come additional increases since that time which affect millions of men who work for wages and other millions dependent upon them. Last week some 60,000 operatives in the great cotton manufacturing centers of New England were granted a liberal advance in wages. Next come the 26,000 workers in the mills controlled by the American Woolen company, who have just secured an increase of 10 per cent.

Last, and most significant of all, since it shows how irresistibly contagious is the epidemic of higher wages in prosperous times, and because it brings the wage rate of that section more nearly to a parity with the wage rate of competing localities in the north, comes the announcement from Augusta, Ga., that the cotton manufacturers of that city are to raise the wages of their 8,000 employes on Jan. 1. This is regarded as an indication that other mill men of the south will also take action on the question.

Manufacturers in the north, with very few exceptions, now have granted an advance, and the step has been taken in spite of the knowledge that if wages in the south remained unchanged, New England manufacturers would be placed at a decided disadvantage. The news from Georgia, therefore, is welcome intelligence to northern manufacturers.

It is estimated that by Jan. 1 from a hundred and forty to a hundred and fifty thousand cotton mill operatives in the north will be working under an advance of wages, and that the advance in the south will bring the total in the United States to above a hundred and sixty thousand.

All this is in perfect accord with the claim that protection tends to increase wages by increasing the sum total of employment. The cotton and woolen manufacturers of the United States have a stronger grip than ever before upon the great home market, with its 75,000,000 of liberal buyers. Hence the rise in wages. The connection is obvious and indisputable.

Not Corn, but "Money to Burn."

The free traders think that they are kicking the high beam of humor when they say that protectionists take to themselves and to the policy which they support the credit for the blessing of abundant crops. By their so-called "joking" along this line they hope to distract attention from the very plain and important fact that, although the protective tariff does not take the place of Providence and cause abundant crops to grow, it does make the gifts of Providence of some value by furnishing a market and a fair price for the farmers' crops, however abundant. In free trade days many western farmers, for lack of an opportunity to sell their corn at even a decent price, were forced to burn it as firewood in order to get any benefit from it. They had corn to burn. Today, as always in protective times, they sell their products at a fair price, and have "money to burn." Good crops and no market for them means tantalizing disappointment. That is what free trade brings to the farmer. Good crops with a good market, a ready sale and fair prices mean prosperity. That is what protection gives the farmer. He may choose between the two. The choice ought to be an easy one, and there is little chance that the western farmers will have any hesitation in making their decision. They have given considerable evidence that they think that McKinleyism is good enough for them.

Small Cause for Comfort.

It is said that Mr. Bryan is overjoyed at the election figures in Nebraska. We don't begrudge whatever comfort he is able to get out of the result. If the number of votes cast in the state election for the fusion ticket seems to suggest a compliment to Bryan, the prosperity of the state under the McKinley policy of protection, as compared with the depression and misery which existed there under the Bryan policy of free trade, certainly reflects the utmost discredit on Mr. Bryan's pet policy. And it is not likely that the people of Nebraska will forget from whence their prosperity came when they come to vote on a national policy in a national election.

A state can afford to compliment a popular son at a state election. But Nebraska may sing a different song in 1900. Whether she does or not, though, will make little difference. The rest of the country will put a quietus on Mr. Bryan and on the policy of free trade, in which he believes. President McKinley can take plenty of comfort from the returns from the rest of the country, and the business men of the country can settle back in the assurance of continued prosperity and the surety that the country as a whole will not contemplate the possibility of another free trade experience.

They Tell a Cheering Story.

A recent issue of the South Bend Tribune, a newspaper which is thoroughly representative of Republican sentiment in that garden spot region of prosperity and enlightenment, northern Indiana, contains an interesting

budget of expressions by local business men concerning the remarkable degree of business health which prevails in that thriving city. The Tribune says:

"Besides business houses which have come here many people have been drawn in the general need of more workmen of a good class in some of the factories. This has swelled the population, which is variously estimated at from 33,000 to nearly 40,000. It is stated that the new city directory presents enough names to make the estimate of population over 35,000. Few people are out of work if they really desire to labor. Some factories are running overtime with the largest forces in their history, which, coupled with the splendid state of commercial interest, speaks volumes for South Bend as an active, growing and progressive business center."

Uniform testimony to improved conditions and an increased volume of business are given in these interviews with the wholesale and retail merchants of South Bend. They all tell a cheering story of the changes wrought by "McKinley prosperity."

THREE DEMOCRATS

Thoroughly Disgusted with Bryanism and Tammanyism.

Living in the same block in New York city are three men who voted for Bryan in 1896, but who now unite in declaring that they have had their fill of Bryanism and Tammanyism, and will no longer train with a crowd that seeks to belittle the country's grand record of expansion, progress and prosperity. These converts to Republicanism write to the New York Sun as follows:

"To the Editor of the Sun.—Sir: We, the undersigned, take great pleasure in reading the brief but brave statement of J. Maginnis in the Sun of Nov. 23 regarding the level head of our president, William McKinley, through all the country's troubles since the beginning of the war with Spain and up to the present time.

"We are three Democrats, living in the one block, and we all voted for Bryan in 1896. But listening to the Tammany snarling at our system of government, at our progression, at our successes during our late two years' wars and at our expansion, so nobly acquired, and the doctrine of these same Tammany masqueraders, disguised in the robes of independence, liberty and freedom, are in our estimation not safe for the country at large to follow.

"This country is now in the highest condition of prosperity ever known, and why not let it continue on that same road and keep the same good engineer at the throttle?"

"But the cry is, the workingman doesn't prosper. We are workingmen, and we say they do, in spite of all the great hordes of Italians and other cheap imported labor. We will vote for Mac next fall, and let well enough alone.

H. Nolan,
M. Hart,
S. Cassidy.

"New York, Nov. 30."

The signers of this declaration represent a type of the average shrewd, level-headed American citizen, who can be fooled sometimes, as he was in 1892, but not all the time, and who finally sets his thinking apparatus to work and figures things out for himself. It was inevitable that as a result of this mental activity a change of political predilection should occur. Such a change has taken place, and is still going on all over the country. The year 1899 has been a wonderful eye-opener. There are many thousands of men who in 1900 will follow the program outlined by Messrs. Nolan, Hart and Cassidy: "Vote for Mac next year and let well enough alone."

Golden Days in the West.

The recent new discoveries of zinc and lead in southern Missouri, which have given a spur to industry all over the state, is only one of the factors which are giving an impetus to the business and social development of this section. The gold discoveries of Colorado, Montana and other mining states, which are frequently chronicled, do not attract much attention, but they are contributing to the immense increase in the production of that metal in the United States which is taking place every year, and which is likely to score a bigger gain this year than in any previous time since the California and Pike's Peak gold fields were first opened.

These are particularly halcyon days for the western states. The great grain crops are contributing their quota to the sum of the factors which are making 1899 the most prosperous year which the west has ever known. The gains of this region are reflected in the table of bank clearances published every week, the returns of the earnings of the railroads centering in this section, which are given to the public occasionally, and the total of the transactions of the postoffices, which are given out by the government every month or two. The figures from the postoffices, which have just been furnished from Washington, show a gain in every western city, the increase in some cases being almost without example in its extent.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Difference Between Good and Bad.

Out of these evidences of prosperity can be drawn added reasons why intelligent business and working men of the country should give their support to the party of sound money and protection in every contest which arises, whether in city, or state, or nation. The difference between good and bad legislation can be estimated by the difference between the good years we are now enjoying and the bad years of the Democratic regime.—San Francisco Call.

NEW WAY TO PRESERVE CIDER.

Substitute of Bismuth and Citric Acid Will Keep It Sweet and Clear.

This year's large apple crop has made cider abundant and cheap, and by reason of processes discovered in recent years cider made early in the fall when apples are cheapest remains palatable all winter. With this improvement in the method of preserving cider has come a change of theory as to the wholesomeness of the beverage. Twenty years ago cider was denounced as a dangerous drink; now it is recommended especially to persons suffering from some stomach disorders, and to those of a rheumatic or gouty tendency. The French have made a medical study of cider, doubtless partly because it takes the place of wine in parts of France, and the result of such study has led the French experts to the conclusion that the presence of malic acid and of tannin in cider makes it of great hygienic value. Some dyspeptics cannot drink it, but in some forms of intestinal trouble it is helpful. It is recommended especially to gouty persons. To be wholesome, however, cider must be in good condition, and especially it must not be too hard. The old method of putting up cider in a strong and securely corked bottle, along with three or four raisins and a tablespoonful of sugar to a pint is still practiced in this country, and the result is a delightful beverage with all the effervescence of champagne; but this method of preserving cider is expensive and troublesome. The French have discovered a cheaper method, and that is to place in cider that is to be preserved from hardening a small quantity of the sublimate of bismuth. It is found that a partly consumed barrel of rapidly hardening cider may thus be preserved for many months. The hardening process is not altogether arrested, but in goes on very slowly. The French have also discovered a method of preserving the bright transparency of cider. Most cider when exposed to the light becomes clouded and brown. This change is due to the chemical action of tannin and sometimes of iron contained in the cider. Save in appearance the beverage is none the worse for the change, and indeed a cider that quickly turns brown is regarded as especially wholesome for some persons because of its being rich in tannin. To preserve the clear beauty of color, however, the French use citric acid in quantities varying with the natural acidity of the cider, usually about 60 grains to the gallon. With citric acid and sublimate of bismuth cider may thus be kept indefinitely not only fine in color but almost at a uniform condition of fermentation.

NOT FISH STORIES.

But Tales of a Hardened Mountain Climber.

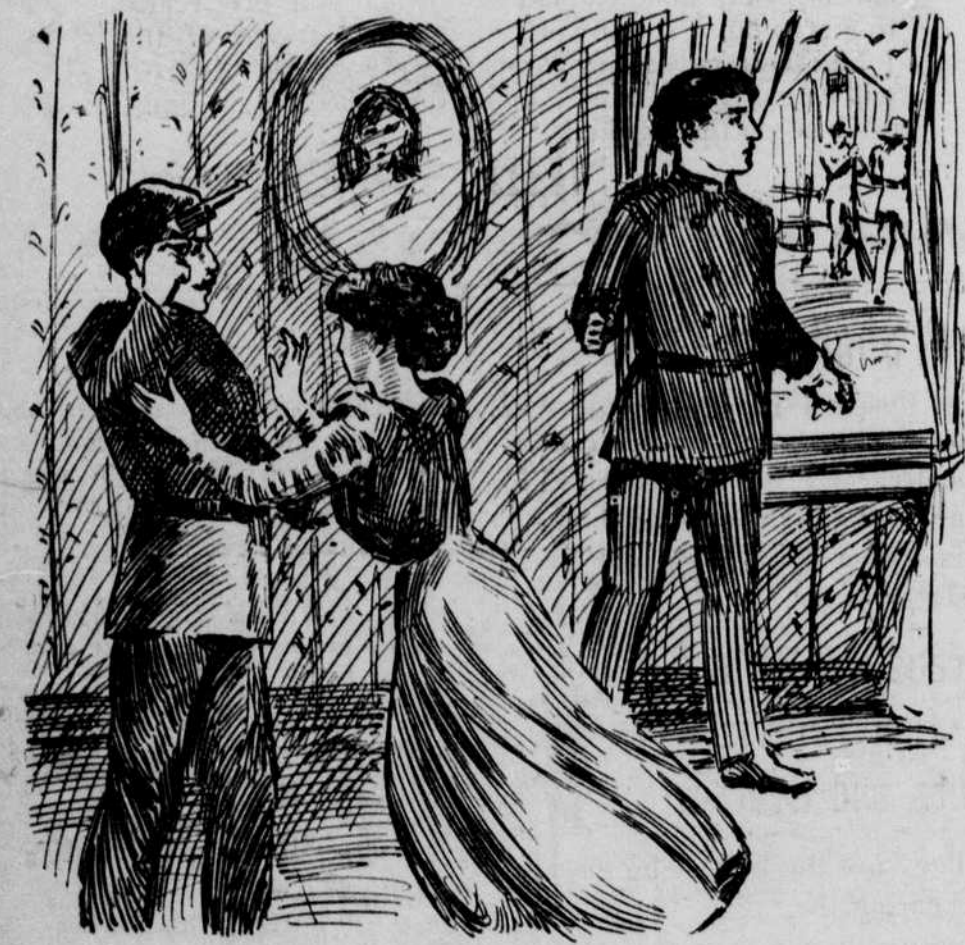
Fish stories are all very well in their way, observes the New York Commercial Advertiser, but when it comes to an out and out "yarn" the man of the woods can outdo any fisherman who ever pulled a sea serpent aboard while fishing for black bass. Bear, deer and wildcat yarns enliven the cool evenings in the Adirondacks just now, but the other day an Englishman who has a passion for climbing added his mite to the fund of romance. He is climbing all the mountains of America systematically. Pike's peak, Mount Washington and Whiteface, he considered worthy of his skill. But Blue mountain is an ant hill. He went up on its crest one morning to see the sun rise, and after trotting home to breakfast and spending the day fishing he went up again to see the sun set (most people start at 5 in the morning and come home at 7 in the evening when they climb Blue mountain. "Of course, I'm a hardened climber," said this energetic Briton, as he stirred the fire of pine boughs, "and I've had some funny experiences. Climbing isn't dangerous out here, that's why I get about so quickly. I remember once, years ago, when I was quite a young fellow, my two brothers and I were clambering about the Gorner glacier with an elderly uncle of ours. He was a roly-poly old chap, and he slipped and got wedged up to his waist in a crack in the ice, so firmly that we almost despaired of ever getting him out again. We pulled and tugged and nearly dragged all his clothes off; then we gave him our flasks to drain. He said he didn't know what was the use of writing and talking so much about the St. Bernards when a fellow could get in such a plight as his and not be able to get any assistance. Then he called the whole party together and began to dictate a codicil to his will, cutting out any legatees 'who might happen to be present on the occasion of any accident resulting in his demise.' I remember the wording of it to this day—it made such an impression on me at the time!" "How terrible! And then I suppose he perished miserably?" broke in an awed voice. "Oh, dear, no," said the bold Briton, cheerily. "My brothers and I made a super-human effort and hauled him to the surface just in time."

But Tales of a Hardened Mountain Climber.

Sir Redvers Buller is credited with being of that type of officers whose "butcher's bill" is rather more likely than not to be large. That he is not a person who will allow any ordinary considerations to swerve him from what he thinks is his duty was shown at a dinner in his house not long ago. A certain well-known man was present, and told an anecdote which was so "off-color" that the ladies were excessively displeased and distressed. When the dinner was over Sir Redvers rang the bell. "Mr. A.'s carriage," he ordered when the butler appeared. "I do not expect my brougham so early," said Mr. A., and there was a gleam of defiance in his eyes. Sir Redvers did not reply, but he took Mr. A. by the arm, and led him gently into the hall. "It is time for you to go," he said quietly and his guest went.

Buller Dismissed the Guest.

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SHE RUSHED PAST HIM TO ROLAND.

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 almost 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