

HIS WORD OF HONOR.

A Tale of the Blue and the Gray.

BY E. WERNER.

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CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"I hope, sir, that you are not venturing upon a jest with me, the justice of the peace! How does it happen that you have anything to do with such matters? Who is this Roland, and what does Mr. Harrison say to the affair?"

"Nothing at all, because for the moment he is in a very uncomfortable situation, which prevents any protest. But, as to my authority, allow me to show it to you."

The barrel of a revolver was suddenly presented to the old gentleman, who, with a cry of terror, fled to the recess of the window, leaving both dignity and dinner in the lurch. The clerk, on the contrary, who had listened with mouth wide open, sat as if paralyzed with terror.

"Help! Murder! Robbers!" shouted Mr. Thompson; but terror so stifled him that the cry sounded a piteous whimper.

"Don't scream, sir," said Maxwell, quietly. "We can come to a friendly agreement. As I said, the point in question is merely a wedding. The bridegroom is my friend, Lieutenant William Roland. I have the pleasure of presenting myself to you as Doctor John Maxwell, both of the Union army, which will arrive here in a few hours."

"The whole Union army?" exclaimed Thompson, with a fresh outburst of horror.

"No; not the whole army—there would scarcely be room for it on the plantation—but our regiment. I told you during our drive that the troops were marching in this direction. But we desire, for certain reasons, to have the ceremony performed first. The bride and groom are ready, and I hope you will be, too. I place myself at your disposal as a witness, your clerk will be the second witness, and I suppose you brought the marriage contract with you. We can use it at once."

"Unprecedented! Impossible!" groaned the justice, who now came forward again. His clerk had recovered from his stupor so far as to fly from the range of the revolver. He,

she must be ready to be married at once.

He had at last entered with the utmost zeal into Maxwell's bold plan, which had at first seemed out of the question. It was really the only way to secure his bride and prevent any later intrigues of Edward. He had an inviolate right to claim his wife. Happen what might in Springfield, she belonged to him alone. The brief delay which would be caused by the ceremony was really not so dangerous as it seemed. Captain Wilson could hardly have reached the city, and the escort would not arrive before evening. The doctors were not expected for several hours; and as for the servants, Maxwell's judgment of them proved correct.

CHAPTER XI.

From the moment they discovered the identity of the two strangers all hostility was at an end. They belonged to the ranks of the "liberators." Besides, they loved their young mistress as much as they feared in Edward the stern master. The last few months, during which he had had the reins of government, had shown the whole household what was to be expected from the new master. Now he had mysteriously vanished. Perhaps he might even be dead. But not a hand stirred to seek or aid him.

Besides, practical John, who never lost sight of any possibility, had taken care to prevent danger from the few white men who were acting as overseers in the fields. He had summoned the whole establishment, and briefly stated that the Union army was marching in that direction; that one regiment would arrive that evening and hold every human being in Springfield to a strict account, if a hair of his head or Lieutenant Roland's was harmed. The composure with which he related this fairy tale made a strong impression, and the rapidity of all these incidents bewildered them. No one ventured to raise an objection when Maxwell ordered the fastest horses to be harnessed and the carriage brought round; but all hastened to obey, while the doctor

"The names are still missing. Please insert them. Mr. William Roland—Miss Florence Harrison! There, now we can begin."

The magistrate had so far recovered that he could commence the ceremony, which was performed very quickly, but in strict legal form. The usual questions were asked and answered, the signatures were affixed, and in less than ten minutes the wedding was over. William, deeply moved, clasped his young wife to his heart.

Maxwell glanced toward the door, where Ralph had appeared during the last moment, but remained standing motionless in order not to interrupt the ceremony. The doctor exchanged a few words with him in a low tone, then turned to the young couple.

"Mrs. Roland, please go to your father. William, you can accompany your wife. There is no fear that your presence will disturb the sick man—don't leave her alone now!"

A significant glance emphasized the words. William understood that the last moments of Mr. Harrison's life were at hand, and putting his arm around his wife he led her to her dying father.

(To be Continued.)

How a Boer Signs His Name.

From the London Mail: The Boer may be fairly good at handling a rifle, but he is sadly deficient in his ability to handle a pen. When the average Boer has to attach his name to a document an air of importance pervades his dwelling for several hours. The children are constantly chided, the patient "vrouw" has a preoccupied look and the husband himself puffs even more vigorously than usual at his pipe. Eventually a corner of the table is cleared and carefully wiped. The family Bible is placed in position and the sheet of paper requiring the signature placed upon it. An expectant silence falls upon the company. "Stilte!" cries the wife. "Stilte, kindertes, papa gaat sein naam teken." ("Hush, children, father is about to sign his name.") The family stands round open-mouthed, and all eyes gaze expectantly upon the paper. With arms bared for the fray, and with pen carefully poised, the Boer bends to his task. The pen is gripped firmly between his horny fingers. In thick, ungainly scratches, and with slow and painful motion, the pen begins to work, and at the end of it, may be four minutes, the deed is accomplished.

Half-Way House of Big Birds.

Near St. Charles, Mo., is a great sandbar, called Pelican bend, which projects into the Missouri river, and for some unknown reason it is a favorite stopping place for the numerous flocks of pelicans that migrate north and south every year. It has been noticed that regularly each fall on Sept. 4 they begin to arrive. They remain till cold weather and then pass on south. In the spring they return to the bend, remain a short time, and then proceed north. It may be that in the shallows around this sandbar are quantities of fish of which the awkward birds are fond, for they live almost entirely on fish. A pelican loves nothing better than to wade in shallow water, where schools of minnows and small fish are gathered, and to scoop them up in its great elastic pouch that hangs under its lower bill. These big-bodied and short-legged birds are clumsy enough on land, but they have enormous webbed feet, and widespread wings. So in water or air they move rapidly, and they seem never to tire of swimming or flying.

Earth a Pyramid in Shape.

Since the earth was first formed many theories have been advanced as to its shape and the process of its formation, but no one until our day ever maintained that its form was that of a huge pyramid. Centuries ago Pythagoras and Aristotle declared that it was spherical. Anaximander that it was shaped like a column. Democritus that it was a concave disc and very much resembled a huge porringer. Empedocles and Anaximenes that it was a plane disk, and Zenofanes that it had roots like a tree, which spread in all directions far into the infinite. Now comes J. Greene, an English scientist, and a government official in the Sandwich islands, with the bold announcement that all these ancient theories, as well as the modern ones, are utterly baseless, since, according to him, the earth has the form of a triangular pyramid, or, in other words, of a regular tetrahedron, with the apex at the south pole and the base at the north.

Obeded the Orders.

New York Evening Sun: The story of the green servant girl who boiled a watermelon is more than rivaled by the story of the experienced girl, who boiled the plum pudding. She was the sort of young person who more than anticipated any directions with the assurance of her knowledge on the subject, so that the woman of the household gave her but one important hint about the Christmas pudding. "Be careful not to let it boil down," she said; "put plenty of water in the kettle, and keep putting more in as it boils out." "Yes'm," was the response. There was no doubt but that she obeyed that injunction to the very letter. She had put in plenty of water and she had added more from time to time. But another little item she had neglected—she had not put the pudding into a bag.

His Favorite Barber.

Grymes—"Why do you always go to that particular barber?" Ukerdek—"He is bald as an egg." Grymes—"What of that?" Ukerdek—"He cannot advise me to use a hair restorer."

STORIES OF LINCOLN

One of Mr. Lincoln's characteristics was his ineffable tenderness toward others, says the Springfield Republican. He wrote injuries in the sand, benefits on marble. The broad mantle of his enduring charity covered a multitude of sins in a soldier. He loved justice with undying and sollicitous affection, but he hated every deserter from the great army of humanity. He was dowered with the love of love.

He was always equal to the occasion, whether saving a sleeping sentinel by one stroke of the pen from a dishonored grave or writing that bold and steady signature to the proclama-



"I'D GIVE THEM JESSE."

tion of emancipation which made the black race give him a crown of immortality. As the negro preacher in Vicksburg said of him: "Massa Lin-um, he ebberywhere; he know eb'ryting; he walk de earf like de Lord."

His Keen Irony.

Abraham Lincoln could say true things when just resentment required. He released some prisoners on the other side of the "divide" in 1863. The wife of one of these insisted "that her husband was a religious man, even if he was a rebel." Mr. Lincoln wrote the release slowly, as if in doubt, and, without smiling, handed it to the now happy wife, but said, with keen irony:

"You say your husband is a religious man. Tell him when you meet him that I say I am not much of a judge of religion, but in my opinion the religion that sets men to rebel and fight against their government because, as they think, that government does not sufficiently help some men to eat their bread in the sweat of other men's faces is not the sort of religion upon which people can get to heaven."

Dick Gower's Appointment.

Mr. Lincoln once told Horace Deming, a Connecticut congressman, when he had been importuned to join a church, that "when any church will inscribe over its altar as its sole qualification the Savior's condensed statement of the substance of law and gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul, and thy neighbor as thyself—that church will I join with all my heart.'"

His great good sense was shown in his making Dick Gower a lieutenant in the regular army. Dick had shown his bravery and his capacity among the western Indians, but was rejected by the board of military martinetes at Washington because he "did not know what an abatis, or echelon, or hollow square was." "Well," sharply said the diletante officer with a single eyeglass, "what would you do with your command if the cavalry should charge on you?"

"I'd give them Jesse, that's what I would do; and I'd make a hollow square in every mother's son of them."

Lincoln signed his commission and Dick made a famous soldier.

Read the Letter.

McClellan then requested his chief of staff to find a copy of the letter. It was speedily produced, and Gen. McClellan proceeded to crush Mr. Lincoln by reading his vituperative attack on Stanton, with reflections on Lincoln's conduct of the war. Lincoln's peaceful smile vanished. When the letter ended he rose quickly, looking neither to the right nor left—not waiting for any farewell to Gen. McClellan.

He seemed oppressed with the consciousness of the dangers of the military as well as the political situation of things. He drove slowly with Gen. Blair over to the boat, which was to convey them from Harrison's landing back to Washington. When the vessel had started, Mr. Lincoln, for the first time since leaving McClellan's tent, broke the silence and said to Gen. Blair:

"Frank, I now understand this man. That letter is Gen. McClellan's bid for the presidency. I will stop that game. Now is the time to issue the proclamation emancipating the slaves."

He forthwith issued the proclamation of emancipation. Within a week after the world was started by a new charter of freedom for the slave.

Gen. McClellan's Mistake.

Congressman Vaux of Philadelphia, in his late years changed his views about President Lincoln. He told an interesting story about the proclamation of emancipation. The classic and scholarly Vaux had been making speeches in Connecticut, and came home with Frank P. Blair of Missouri, who was very close to the many-sided patriot president while the war lasted.

Gen. Blair told Richard Vaux this story:

"Mr. Lincoln had become impatient at Gen. McClellan's delay on the peninsula, and asked Frank Blair to go with him to see the commanding general. The distinguished visitors arrived on a hot day, and went straight to McClellan's headquarters. They were received with scant courtesy, and the commanding general did not ask the president to eat or drink. Lincoln sat in his white linen duster, uncomfortably silent, with his long and sneaky limbs doubled up like a jackknife, till finally Gen. McClellan broke the dense silence by saying:

"Mr. President, have you received the letter I mailed you yesterday?"

"No," courteously replied Lincoln; "I must have passed it on the way."

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN.

The greatest names in American history are Washington and Lincoln. One is forever associated with the independence of the states and the formation of the federal union, the other with the universal and the preservation of that union. Washington enforced the declaration of independence as against England, Lincoln proclaimed its fulfillment, not only to a down-trodden race in America, but to all people, for all those who may seek the protection of our flag. These illustrious men achieved grander results for mankind within a single century—from 1775 to 1865—than any men ever accomplished in all the years since first the flight of time began. Washington engaged in no ordinary revolution.

With him it was not who should rule, but what should rule. He drew his sword, not for a change of rulers upon an established throne, but to establish a new government which should acknowledge no throne but the tribune of the people. Lincoln accepted war to save the union, the safeguard of our



LINCOLN ROSE QUICKLY.

liberties, and re-established it upon "indestructible foundations" as forever "one and indivisible." To quote his own grand words:

"Now we are all contending that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

LINCOLN AND THE WIDOW.

The 12th of February, Abraham Lin-

coln's birthday, brings to our thoughts stronger than ever reminiscences of this noble man's life, says a writer in Harper's Round Table. Hundreds of books have recorded and will perpetuate his good deeds for centuries to come, but it is a pleasure to read now and then of some little act of kindness that will stand alone illustrating the breadth of this man's sympathies and the nobility of his character. During all that dreadful period when the civil war was ravaging the country Lincoln held the reins of the government, and although worn out with the unceasing toil, he never neglected an opportunity to help those who suffered.

One day a poor woman, whose tears had worn furrows down her cheeks, gained an audience with Lincoln, and in a few words related the sad tale of her husband, who had fought in the Union army, only to lose his life, and of her three boys who were then fighting. She requested the discharge of



LINCOLN WROTE THE ORDER.

her eldest boy, that she might have some one to support her. Lincoln's heart responded to the appeal, and he replied: "Certainly, if you have given us all, and your prop has been taken away, you are justly entitled to one of your boys."

The poor woman went away light of heart, only to return later, tearfully begging the release of her second son. The discharge of the first son had come too late. He was killed before it reached him. Sadly Lincoln sat down and wrote the requisite order for the release of the second son, and rising, handed the paper to the afflicted woman, saying: "Now you have one and I have one of the two boys left; that is no more than right." Weeping with joy, the poor mother blessed Lincoln and hurried out to send her precious order.

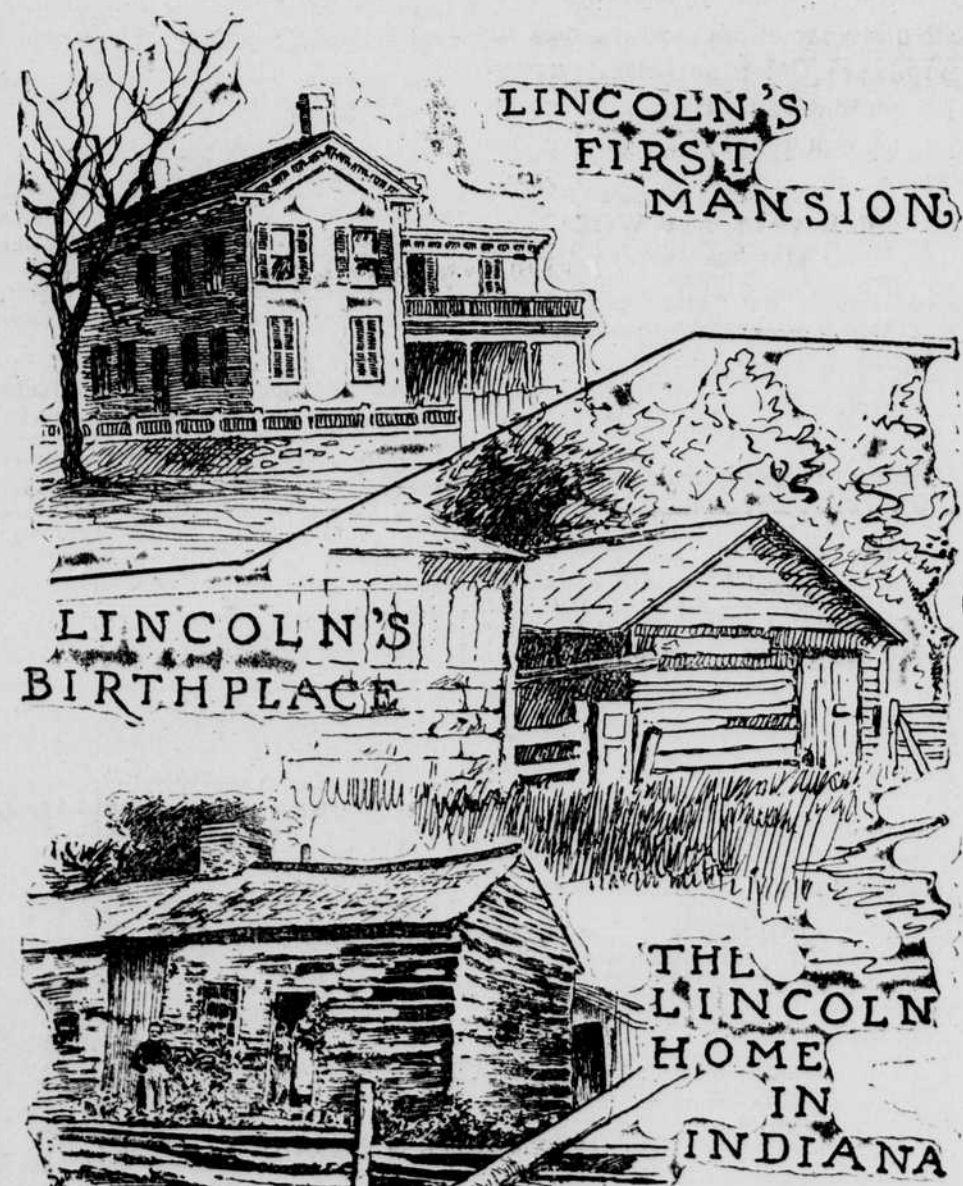
Hobart and Newspaper Men.

The late Vice-President Garret A. Hobart delighted in informal chats about people and things bordering on Bohemia. The ways of newspaper men strangely interested him. He said once that he envied them because of their roving freedom and the ease with which they seemed to write. He considered writing a greater art than speaking. "I find no trouble in talking to an audience," he said, "but when it comes to putting my thoughts on paper I find it a great task. Readers are more critical than hearers. The art of writing is the greater."

New Fodder for Cavalry Nags.

Molasses for cavalry horses will in future be one of the items of expense for the maintenance of the army in the Philippines.

LINCOLN'S HUMBLE HOMES.



Here are three homes of our great martyred president, as unpretentious as he was himself. His birthplace was a cabin in Hardin county, Kentucky. "Tain't much of a place to be born in," said young Abe, revisiting the scene in his youth. The years from 7 to 10 the lad spent in the Indiana home, near Farmington, Coles county. The picture also shows the modest house in Springfield, where Lincoln lived when events began to push him toward the top of the ladder.



LEAVING BOTH DIGNITY AND DINNER.

too, took refuge in the window recess, where he vied with his employer in trembling.

"May I request you to let me see the document?" asked Maxwell.

"But it contains the name of Edward Harrison," said the magistrate, desperately.

"We'll erase it and put William Roland in its place."

"But that won't do."

"It must do! I most courteously beg you for it."

A movement of the revolver gave this courtesy the necessary emphasis. Mr. Thompson tried to hide behind his clerk, and the latter, with a trembling hand, drew out a paper which he held like a shield toward the oppressor.

"Space for the names has been left," he stammered. "They were to be filled in at Springfield."

"Excellent! Then there is nothing to be erased. Calm yourself, Mr. Thompson. I assure you that I have the highest regard for you, and have told my friend so much about you that he, too, holds you in great esteem. Permit me again to apologize for disturbing you, but there is nothing to prevent your continuing your meal as soon as the ceremony is over. So, if you please—"

The gentlemen did not look as if they were inclined to follow. They left the window with evident reluctance, but they did leave it and, under Maxwell's escort, went to the drawing-room.

Here they found William with Florence, the latter half-bewildered by the rapidity with which events had followed each other. While waiting in terrible anxiety for news, her imagination conjuring up the most terrible possibilities, Roland suddenly stood before her, free and unharmed, and in hurried words told her that

proceeded to exchange the courtesies already mentioned with his esteemed friend, Mr. Thompson.

Florence was sitting on a sofa, with William standing beside her—both in the greatest agitation and excitement—when the gentlemen entered. Doctor Maxwell, however, was calmness itself, when he made the necessary introductions.

"Lieutenant Roland—the bridegroom—you already know the bride, Miss Harrison. William, I have the pleasure of presenting to you the justice of the peace, Mr. Thompson, who, with the utmost readiness to oblige, instantly consented to gratify your wish."

William looked at the magistrate, whose pale face and shaking knees distinctly showed how he had been induced to show this vaunted obligingness. The affair, which afforded his friend a malicious satisfaction, was extremely painful to him.

"Calm yourself, sir," he said, approaching him. "You are perfectly safe. Neither you nor your companion needs fear. I deeply regret that we were forced to put the request in such a form, but the circumstances compelled it. As soon as the wedding is over, you can return to the city."

The old gentleman again breathed freely. He had imagined the lieutenant a far more terrible personage than the doctor, and now he proved to be the more humane of the two. But Mr. Thompson preferred to place himself close to Miss Harrison as quickly as possible. If he stood close by her side, no one could fire at him.

Meanwhile, Maxwell had given the marriage contract, which had been handed to him, a brief, yet thorough scrutiny, and now again laid it on the table.

"Everything is correct!" he said.