



CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

One morning he let the shooters start without him, and strolled across the park and through the fields to the hall, which was about a mile and a half from the castle. He wanted to see Clarice in the bosom of her family, to see whether her surroundings were too terrible, the father too suggestive of the original baron. He had seen very little of the Danebrooks in his boyhood. The passion for Clarice was a new craze of her ladyship's.

The hall was everything which the castle was not. It had been built five and twenty years before, in the midst of a level expanse of meadow land, which during that quarter of a century had been in process of education into a park. But as there had been very few old trees to begin with, the park was still barren, a waste of level turf with new plantations dotted about at intervals. A fine carriage drive went from the lodge gates to the hall door, surely the most uninteresting drive in the country.

Mrs. Danebrook had just come in from her conservatory, where she snipped off the dead leaves and damaged a few of the plants every morning under the delusion that she was helping the head-gardener. She was a large, placid woman with small, regular features, which must have once been like those of Clarice. She was very fair, with the lily-like fairness of her daughter, and she had flaxen hair, which her daughter had carried out in a richer and warmer tint of golden brown. The daughter seemed to Lashmar to be a refinement upon the mother, but he told himself that as the mother was, the daughter might be five and twenty years hence.

While Lashmar was dawdling in the morning-room, turning over a pile of new novels and discussing their contents with Clarice, Mr. Danebrook came in from his model farm, fresh and breezy as the October morning itself, and bringing with him that compound odor of pigsty and stable which hovers about the person of amateur agriculturists and in which they apparently delight.

They went in to luncheon, and Lashmar, who had rather despised Clarice for her stay-at-home metropolitan habits, forgave her when he compared her pure and delicate beauty with the bronzed and weather-beaten countenance and roughened hair of the typical country-bred damsel.

After luncheon Lashmar proposed that Clarice should walk to the castle with him, and although Mrs. Danebrook would hardly have seen the fitness of such a proposition from a commoner, she was willing to stretch the proprieties just a little for the sake of a noble admirer and to allow her daughter to stroll across the fields unchaperoned. So Lashmar and Clarice went across those rich Middle-shire pastures, as gaily as Phyllis and Strophian, in the sweet half-consciousness of dawning love, and were received most graciously by her ladyship.

Lashmar and Clarice went off to the tennis ground and began a set without delay. They played two sets and then went wandering off towards the Italian garden, which was at the other end of the castle, out of Lady Lashmar's ken. It was upon the garden that the late Lord Lashmar's rooms opened. Clarice loitered to look in at one of the windows of the library.

"Oh, what a noble room!" she cried, peering in at the spacious apartment, with white marble busts which gleamed in the shadowy interior. The room seemed in half darkness as seen from the bright clear light of the garden. "Do you know that I have never seen the famous Lashmar library?" she said, looking back at Lashmar. "I should like to see it."

"Then you shall," he answered cheerily. "Strange that her ladyship should never have taken you in to look at the old Books of Hours and such like valuable rubbish. But the room has very sad associations for her, on account of my brother. He almost spent his life in that room."

"Yes, I know. How very good and sweet he was—such a lovely, mournful face. I only saw him two or three times, but I thought him so nice. He spoke so kindly, he had such a beautiful manner. What became of that pretty little dark-eyed girl he adopted? I saw her with him one day; such an interesting little thing."

"Oh, she is still here, I believe, somewhere in the housekeeper's quarters," Lashmar answered carelessly.

They went in at the glass door, which opened into the late Lord Lashmar's sitting-room. Nothing in this or any of his rooms had been altered since his death. Her ladyship meant to have a general turnover of everything and a complete rearrangement of these rooms later on, when the sharp, sad feeling of recent death should have worn away. She was not altogether without feeling upon the subject; though she had always wished for Hubert's early death as the best possible arrangement Providence could make for everybody, dear Hubert himself included.

Clarice looked at the room with a mournful air. Suddenly in the midst of her contemplation of the room, she gave a little start and touched Lashmar lightly on the wrist.

The girl ran to him and touched him on the sleeve. "Mr. Verne, dear Mr. Verne, I am so glad," she gasped, her cheeks flushed. "Slowly, and as if with an effort, the dim old eyes withdrew themselves from the chiton tower and gazed wondrously upon the pale young face looking eagerly upward."

"Why Stella? Are you still at the castle? They told me you had been sent to school. Why did you not come to see me before?"

"I was not allowed to go out till her ladyship went away, and I did not know you were here. They said you had gone to London."

"They were right, my child," answered the old man, with a profound sigh; "I did go to London. I was in London nearly four months. A terrible place, child—a fearful place—when one has lost the habit of cities, as I have. The din of the crowded streets defenestrated me, the strange faces made me feel distraught. It is a dreary wilderness, Stella, for a man without friends; and I had no friends in London—no, not one. But let us talk of it no more. Come indoors and rest yourself. Stella; it is too cold to be standing here so long."

He led the way into a cottage parlor, littered with the chaotic lumber of a student's days and nights—a table crowded with pamphlets and papers, books piled in every available corner, heaped upon the floor; dust, untidiness everywhere. The owner of the cottage had given up the struggle for neatness and had allowed her eccentric lodger to have things in his own way. He was not a troublesome lodger, needed but little attendance, never grumbled at the cooking, paid his way punctually; but his long night watches were a source of fear to his landlady, lest in poring over those dry-as-dust old volumes he should fall asleep and suffer the house to be set on fire.

"Have you been living here long?" asked Stella, looking at the chaos and longing to put things straight with dextrous womanly fingers.

"Only since last November. Lord Lashmar has been good enough to give me a small pension, which I accept without compunction, as I know that my dear pupil always intended to provide for my old age. And you, child, how has it fared with you since that fatal day?"

Stella smiled to answer. She struggled with herself in silence for a little while; the dark brows contracted in a frown; the crimson of passion kindling in the wan cheeks, and then she burst into tears. The old man drew her towards him, gathered her upon his knees, sheltered her wet cheek upon his breast with almost maternal tenderness.

"My poor child! my poor child!" he murmured, "death was very cruel to you and to me that summer day."

"Oh, if I had only died, too!" sobbed Stella, and then in broken sentences she told Gabriel Verne what her life had been like since he left the castle, a life spent among servants, in the bondage of mental servitude.

"She took away my books, too," Stella went on tearfully; "the books he gave me; my Greek and Latin books, my book about the stars, and Scott and Tenyson. But I have gone on learning my lessons and writing exercises, though there has been no one to tell me the faults."

"That need be no longer, Stella. Come to me every day, if they will let you, and I will go on with your education. Yes," cried the scholar with sudden enthusiasm, "it shall be the delight of my life to train this bright young mind. You—with the rapture of conferring an ineffable boon—"you shall help me to annotate my book."

"I will," said Stella, "and I will keep your room tidy, if you will let me. I know how to arrange books and papers, and keep them all in nice order, without disturbing anything. I used to tidy his papers when I was very, very little, when I could hardly reach up to the table."

So day by day and every day, as the leaves unfolded and the flowers came peeping forth in the hedgerows and meadows—first, the season of daffodils, and then the season of bluebells, and onward even to the first of the dog-roses—Stella lived her own life, and learned diligently in the great volume of classic lore, till even those modern Middleshire copies, that reverse of to-day, seemed peopled with ideal forms, so interwoven became the fables of the past with the realities of the present. And every day the girl's care helped to make the old student's life more pleasant, providing for and forestalling his wants, supervising his modest wardrobe, beautifying his cottage home, surrounding him with an atmosphere of womanly love and watchfulness.

Lady Lashmar was in London, in Paris, in Vienna, with her adored son, following him as a satellite follows a planet—not with him but always near him. He had spoken in the House of Lords, and his speech had attracted attention; had been talked about as a wonderful speech for so young an orator; and it had been said by some of his party that Lord Lashmar was a young man who would make his mark.

CHAPTER IX. The years had come and gone and strange things had happened in the world of history and politics; wars and treaties, invasions and expeditions, changes in literature, in science and art. New whims, new fancies, new theories had rippled the river of time; but here at Lashmar Castle there had been no stirring events by which to distinguish the passing years. Life here had been monotonously placid and tranquil, yet not altogether happy. Lady Lashmar had drunk of the cup of disappointment in those slow years. Life had seemed to open with the buoyant rapture of a wedding march when Fate made her son master of Lashmar Castle, but a great change had come over Lady Pittland's daughter with the seven years that had passed since Hubert, Lord Lashmar, had been laid in the family vault yonder under the old church at the end of the park.

The hand of affliction had weighed heavily on that proud spirit. Lady Lashmar's health had given away, until little by little those who were constantly about her discerned that the Lady Lashmar of the present had become an entirely different woman from the Lady Lashmar of the past.

There had been times when she regretted her dead step-son; regretted the old days in which her influence had been paramount, as her boy, as a younger son with his own way to make in the world, had been dependent upon the maternal purse for all his pleasures and indulgences. She had longed then for the day when he should stand in his brother's place. That day had come, and it had

SOLDIERS AT HOME.

THEY TELL SOME INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

How the Boys of Both Armies Wilted Away Life in Camp—Foraging Experiences, Tireless Marches—Thrilling Scenes on the Battlefield.

Did the Work of a Horse.

A LITTLE volume published by Mr. Patterson, of Jefferson City, Mo., in 1874, gives the biographies of the members who composed the General Assembly that year. Among others this paragraph will be found:

"Benjamin Allsup—Born in Tennessee and removed to Douglas County, Missouri; was captured by Gen. Shelby, tried as a spy and condemned to be shot; worked in the brick mill of the rebel tannery at Little Rock all winter as a horse and was released in the spring."

To a group of friends Col. Henry A. Newman, of Randolph County, Missouri, the other day related a truly interesting story about Mr. Allsup, with whom he served in the lower house of the Missouri Legislature in 1874. Mr. Allsup is now dead, but a host of relatives in Southern Missouri and Northern Arkansas survive him. Col. Newman said that he was first attracted to Mr. Allsup by reading the brief biography referred to.

"This remarkable statement attracted my attention," said Col. Newman, "and I hunted the old fellow up, and asked him what it all meant. I had rendered him a little favor once, and being a Tennessean myself (you know Tennesseans are clannish), I succeeded in obtaining further particulars from him. Here is about the way he told the story to me, as I now recall it:

"It is true that I was captured by Gen. Shelby's men as a Federal spy. I tried to conceal my identity under the guise of an ignorant old farmer, but it didn't work. Compromising papers were found in my possession, which proved that I was a spy beyond question. This happened in the vicinity of Little Rock. I well knew the penalty. A drum-head court-martial followed and I was sentenced to be shot just outside the camp at Little Rock."

"As the guard was taking me away from Gen. Shelby's tent, Capt. Dick Collins, Shelby's gallant chief of artillery, came in and said to the General that he had found a splendid horse for his battery in the Government tannery, working in the bark mill. He said it was very light work and a broken-down mule could pull the beam."

"Gen. Shelby at once called the guard back and instructed the soldiers to take me down to the tannery, rig up a set of harness of some kind and put me to work and turn the horse over to Capt. Collins. The order was strictly obeyed. The soldiers tied the back-band of the harness to me and I worked all winter grinding tanbark. The work was easy, but very monotonous. Round and round I went all day. A soldier was on guard with a rifle in his



hands to see that I didn't strike for higher wages or seek a change of climate for my health, but all things considered, I was treated fairly well."

"The rebels would come around and poke their fun at me sometimes. One said he believed that 'Old Hoss,' as I was called, had the bots; another observed that 'Old Hoss' was about to lose his off shoe, and then I was given a new pair. One old fellow said he believed I had a sore neck and suggested that a leather collar in place of the shuck one I wore would prove beneficial. He also advised a good feed of oats. All these suggestions were made in good humor."

"The little conscript who fed the bark mill was very kind to me, and would work in my place occasionally when the guard was not around. But he was caught one day, and the guard called the Corporal, with this explanation:

"Here's this dorned little flaxen-mane colt that ain't half broke working in place of Old Belshazzar. He will run away and break the mill." I was put back to work.

"I do not know just why the guard changed my name to Belshazzar. It was his duty to put on my harness, which consisted of a belt around my waist and two straps over my shoulders, and then I was hitched to the single-tree; the guard would 'click' to me, as if I were in reality a horse and tell me he would give me a good feed at night, and also a good currying down in the morning if I worked well."

"All this was fun enough for the rebels, and I had no particular reason to complain, as it was preferable to being led out and shot as a spy. In this way I ground tan bark all winter, and in the spring Gen. Shelby exchanged me."

Story of a War Song. The man who composed the music for Whittier's song, "We Are Coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand Strong," is an old and somewhat decrepit piano tuner, who carries

on his post in this part of Minnesota, says a Window exchange. His name is A. B. Irving.

One day soon after Lincoln's call for 500,000 more men Irving, then a young man, was on his way to Defiance, Ohio, from Fort Wayne for the purpose of singing at a political and loyal meeting. He had considerable reputation as a composer and singer, and the Republicans had asked him to come and help them. On the way he read the poem, which had just been published. Irving studied it, formulated a tune, hummed it and got the rhythm, and that evening at the Defiance meeting he sang the song for the first time. When he had finished and the last echoes had died away men mounted their chairs with wild enthusiasm, swung their hats and broke loose in cheers that rang with feeling. He sang it again and again, and they could scarcely let him rest.

The next night he sang the song at Fort Wayne, and again aroused the same enthusiasm. He wrote out the music and sent it to the publisher who had handled what he had composed, with instructions to publish it on his usual terms of royalty. It was published, and inside of a month more than 40,000 copies had been sold. In a few days the publisher failed, and Irving never received a dollar for the music.

The Unanswered Challenge.

A soft and beautiful night. The moonlight had about it that hazy appearance befitting rain in a few days, and seemingly spreading a soft film over the surrounding objects. A delicious languor was in the air, while the katydids chirping their shrill notes answered one to another in the adjacent trees. The colonel was evidently in a reflective mood. His face and attitude of thought there in the moonlight were a study, and at length rousing himself from his lethargy, he said:

"My mind has been busy with the scenes of other days. I am reminded to-night of an incident of the war in which I took part. It occurred while I was with the army in Tennessee. There was a crisp coldness in the atmosphere, however, while the snow upon the ground made it seem almost as bright as day. The pickets had been doubled, and my companion and I, who were on picket duty together, had our coats buttoned tightly about the neck. Strict silence had been enjoined, as the two armies were facing each other in close proximity, and we were ordered to keep a sharp lookout at our post, which was an important one. We did not walk any beat, but simply stood in the shadow of the trees, having strict orders to shoot anyone approaching who did not answer the first hail."

"After standing thus for a long time we perceived the dim outline of a figure approaching from the direction in which the enemy was encamped. Drawing back still further into the shadow of the trees, we awaited the coming of the soldier, for such we now perceived him to be. He was walking in a leisurely manner, seemingly unconscious of any impending danger or of his venturing too far beyond his own lines. He stepped as carelessly as if taking a stroll, and had now approached quite close to where we were posted."

"Halt!" exclaimed my companion, in a clear, ringing voice; "who goes there?" while there was an ominous click of his gun, and I also made ready; but there was no answer to the challenge, and the man continued to advance directly toward us. My companion's gun went to his shoulder, and I saw his face work convulsively in the moonlight, and in a low but distinct voice he again exclaimed "Halt!" but there was still no response and the man continued his even stride. A bright trail of fire sprang from my companion's gun and our strange visitor fell dead, his blood reddening the snow. There in the moonlight we looked upon his calm features and upon his limbs stiffening in death, and the picket said as he leaned upon his rifle:

"I am sorry I had it to do, but it couldn't be helped," and then resumed his position.

"Some home had doubtless been desolated by that shot, and we know not how many hearts were saddened, but it was one of the exigencies of war. A man became accustomed to many things, but it was a great deal easier to shoot a man while in the heat of battle than when one had time to reflect that he was taking life. We could never determine whether the man who was killed was deaf, walking in his sleep, very absent-minded or crazy. It was one of the sad mysteries of war times, and we did not have time to pay much attention to such matters then."

Death Wounds Don't Hurt. "Wounds that kill almost on the spot hurt least," said an experienced surgeon. "I once saw a soldier hit in the knee by a bullet going marching on for about a hundred yards, when his comrades called his attention to the blood flowing from him. Then he dropped and died. You see, he didn't know he had been shot; he thought, poor fellow, that he had run against a standing thistle."

It is slight wounds that hurt most. A spent missile, that only raised a lump, will make a man feel as though a whole arsenal of balls had struck him; while soldiers with ghastly, mortal wounds will often insist that nothing serious has happened, and act up to the idea till death or exhaustion lays them low."

Sir Henry Irving recently confessed that if he had a vast fortune he would spend it by "taking a company of strolling players through every village and lightening the uneventful lives with the lamp of a dramatic imagination." Perhaps no one would more earnestly welcome Sir Henry's project than the members of the overcrowded dramatic profession.

MOSQUITO BITE AN ACCIDENT.

Decision Affecting an Insurance Policy Given in Court.

The Kentucky court of appeals has just decided that the death of a man as a result of a mosquito bite is an accidental death, within the meaning of an accident insurance policy, and that the representatives of the deceased are entitled to recover accordingly. The decision seems so obvious that it is hard to see upon what ground the company should have resisted the claim. In the legal sense an accident is defined to be "an unusual or unexpected event, the effect of an unknown cause or the unknown effect of a known cause." If the definition had been framed to cover the case of death from a mosquito bite it could not have fitted it more completely. There could not be a more "unusual or unexpected event" than such a death, nor could there be a more "unknown effect of a known cause."

It is no doubt true that the underwriters in drawing up their policy did not contemplate mosquito bites as among the possibly fatal accidents the risk of which they meant to incur. Neither did the risk himself imagine that he went in peril of his life from mosquitoes. No man in his senses would think of taking out an accident insurance against death by mosquito bites, even if he were going shooting in the Jersey marshes in July. But obviously the contingency of death from a mosquito bite was no more excluded from the policy than it was included in it. The omission was in each case for the same reason, that it did not occur to either party to the contract. If the risk had asked the underwriters whether they would insure him against fatal consequences from mosquito bites the underwriters would no doubt have thought him a fool, but would not have hesitated to give him the assurance.—New York Times.

No Chance for Him.

The Chicago Times-Herald prints a story about a peculiar old justice of the peace who formerly held sway in a town in southern Indiana. His idea of justice, and of the best way of arriving at it, was no doubt queer, and yet a majority of readers will know how to sympathize with him.

On one occasion, after all the evidence was in and the plaintiff's attorney had made an elaborate argument, the defendant's attorney arose to begin his plea.

"Hold on there!" exclaimed the court. "I don't believe I can let you proceed, Mr. Smith. I have a very clear idea now of the guilt of the prisoner at the bar, and anything from you at this time would have a tendency to confuse the court. I know the man is guilty now, and I don't want to take any chances."

In the Future.

While Rev. Dr. R. S. MacArthur was talking to the graduating class of the New York University medical department recently he said: "The time is coming when we shall cross the ocean in steamships that generate their electric power from the waves as they speed over the sea. I believe that the time is coming when it will be possible to breakfast in New York and dine in London." The professors on the platform could not refrain from laughter, and the doctor turned to them: "I do believe it," he said, "really I do. If a man were to come to me to-morrow and say that he had a machine that would carry me to the moon, I might hesitate to trust myself in it or decline to invest in the stock, but I should not dare to contradict him."

The Audible.

"Still, me heart, still!" he whispers. Among those who are there not a few wonder if he hasn't confounded his heart with the colored shirt he is wearing.

But they say nothing.—Detroit Journal.

If you feel that you must give advice, become a lawyer or a doctor, and out!