



CHAPTER XVIII.

And now the business of the day is begun. Every one has settled him or herself into the saddle and is preparing to make a day of it. Two hours later many are in a position to acknowledge sadly that the day they have made has not been exactly up to the mark.

CHAPTER XIX.

A sickening sensation of faintness is overpowering her. When at length she gains courage to open her eyes again she finds Roger has fallen on her and is riding like one possessed across the open field, and there beyond, where the sun is glinting in small patches upon the dry grass, she sees, too, a motionless mass of scarlet cloth, and a dark head lying so strangely quiet.

CHAPTER XX.

It grows toward evening, and still the rain descends in torrents. Small rivers are running on the gravel walks outside, the snowdrops and crocuses are all dead or dying, crushed and broken by the cruel wind.

CHAPTER XXI.

Before you begin, Fabian, it is only fair to tell you that I will not listen favorably to one word in his defense. Under the farcical terms of secretary, Syme has been a disgrace and a torment to me for years; and last night has finished everything.

CHAPTER XXII.

My dear Christopher, very quietly, yet with an air of decision that can be heard above the fury of the storm, "It is impossible you can turn the old man out now, at his age, to again solicit Fortune's favor. It would be terrible."

overstands his face, and it is with difficulty he suppresses a groan. He controls himself, however, and listens eagerly for what may follow.

"Do you mean to tell me I am bound to leave a depraved drunkard beneath my roof?" demands Sir Christopher, glibly. "A fellow who insults my guests."

"The fact that he has contracted this miserable habit of which you speak is only another reason why you should think well before you discuss him now in his old age," says Fabian, with increasing earnestness.

"Why do that?" says Fabian, as quietly as ever, but with all the determination that characterizes his every word and action. "This house is large, and can hide him somewhere. Give him two rooms in the west wing. It is seldom used, and give him to understand he must remain there, but do not cast him out now that he is old and helpless."

"What was that?" asks Sir Christopher, quickly; the smothered cry had reached his ears.

"What? I heard nothing," says Fabian, looking up.

"The storm, perhaps," says his uncle, absently. Then, after a pause, "Why do you so strongly espouse this man's cause, Fabian?"

"Because from my soul I pity him. He has had many things of late to try him. The death of his son a year ago, upon whom every thought of his heart was centered, was a terrible blow, and then this wretched passion for strong drink, having first degraded, has of course finished by imbiting his nature. I do not blame him. He has known much misfortune."

"They are assembled in Dulce's boudoir, being under the impression, perhaps, that while the present incivility of the elements continue it is cooler to be in a small room than a large one. It may be so, for the fact that both Dulce and Roger have declined to come downstairs or enter any other room, until dinner shall be announced, under any pretext whatsoever."

"Why here be is again!" cries Sir Christopher, now incensed beyond measure. "Even my niece's room is not safe from him."

"He points angrily to the secretary, who cowers before his angry look, yet shows no intention of retiring. With all his air of hopeless sottishness, there is still something strange about the man that attracts the attention of Mark Gore."

"He has been closely watching him ever since his entrance, and he can see that the head unflinchingly buried on the chest is now uplifted, that in the smoldering eyes there is a new meaning, a fire freshly kindled, born of acute mental disturbance, and indeed in his whole bearing there is a settled purpose very foreign to it."

"Hear me, hear me!" he utters with quavering accents, but passionate haste. "Do not send me away yet; I must speak now—now, or never!"

"The final word sinks almost out of hearing. His hands fall to his sides. Once again his head sinks to its old place upon his breast."

"(To be continued.)"

Roof Tiles Made of Wood. Roof tiles are made in Warsaw, Russia, of thin wood sheets, which are gined on one another so that the grain of the wood is crossed. A thin, elastic plate of wood is thus obtained, which cannot by any accident be twisted out of shape.

Boston's New School. Boston is to have a new public school named after Paul Revere, which will cost, including the site, about \$8,000,000. The building will be constructed of light pink granite, gray, red and white brick and terra cotta. It will contain public bathing facilities for the children.



Peppered at Chickamauga. During the past twenty-seven years the 19th and 20th of September have been bright, sunshiny days—such as were the 19th and 20th of September, 1863, at which time the battle of Chickamauga was fought.

A white-haired, young-faced, blue-eyed man, Maj. Henry G. Rogers, made the remark. Then he closed his blue eyes, hooked his left thumb in his vest and was lost, seemingly, in thought, for some minutes. At the end of that time he began in a way peculiarly his own to tell a story of personal experience in that, one of the great battles of the war. He began in this manner:

"I can recall the scenes and incidents of Chickamauga as readily and distinctly as I recalled them a week after the battle, if not more so. For a week after the battle, yes for several months, I was giving a good deal of attention to the work of being patched up for future service by the surgeon and nurses. Gen. W. H. Lytle, of Cincinnati, was our brigade commander. Before the battle began he made a speech telling us what he wanted the brigade to do, and how he wanted it done. Calling his bugler to his side he said: 'When you hear the call the bugler will give now I want every man to fix bayonets and start in on a charge. The bugler sounded the charge twice as a means of emphasizing the General's desire and instructions. Just before we moved out he ordered the bugler to repeat the call for a third time. Lifting his hat, he said: 'Remember, my men, what I have told you—when you hear the bugle sound the charge, fix bayonets and give them the cold steel.'"

"Poor Lytle never gave the order to charge, though it is said that he was about to do so when he was mortally wounded. He was a brave man and much loved by his soldiers, and also had the confidence of his superiors. You remember that it was Lytle who wrote the beautiful and expressive poem, 'I am dying, Egypt, dying.'"

"The forenoon of the 20th, when our regiment moved into line of battle, I was acting as first lieutenant and was in command of the second platoon, my brother Charles commanding the company. I had a premonition that I would be shot that day. Look in whatever direction I might there seemed to be a dark spot before my eyes. Did it bother me? Of course it did. Did ever a man in the war have a premonition that did not bother him? We had not moved far when the enemy opened fire on us and we returned the compliment. There was a man in our company who had managed to fly from the ranks to the rear every time we went into battle. I made up my mind he should fight that day. As soon as the shooting commenced he stepped back as if to run. I raised my sword to force him back into the ranks, and at that instant a bullet went through my arm and dropped it by my side. The fellow got away, as he always did when it came to the pinch of whistling bullets. He died a good many years ago and this truthful remark about him can do him no harm. The bullet grazed the bone and cut the muscles of my arm, giving me great pain, but I would not quit the field. Every now and then I looked at my brother and he at me. It is not necessary to tell why. Soon after I was shot he came to my side and said: 'Henry, you look pale; how are you getting along?' 'Oh, first-rate; I am doing well.' At that moment he caught sight of the limp arm from which the blood was flowing profusely. 'Henry, you are shot; you had better go to the rear.' 'Oh, no, not for this little stab. I have paid to see the whole show and shall keep my seat until the curtain drops.'"

"The enemy crowded down against us three or four lines deep and were getting on our flank before we had orders to fall back. Just before orders came I saw a large cluster of Confederates in a fence corner a little to our left. A dozen men caught sight of the crowd about the same time. I picked up a gun that had just fallen from the hands of a dying man and gave the command to fire into that cluster. Just as we fired I felt some more burning sensations, including a shot that tore this hand and made it necessary to carve off a couple of fingers; a buckshot struck my wrist, another bullet slashed into my well arm, and still another gave my shoulder a scratch. By this time we had received orders to fall back. I could have stayed, if the rear had a little longer, but I was growing weak rapidly, and felt faint. At that point Capt. Greene, of our company, who, because of an ugly hole in his foot, had been serving on the staff of Gen. Lytle, came along, and my brother, the acting captain, asked him to assist me in escaping, which he did. While trudging along as best we could, both covered with dust and painted by battle smoke, and I soaked in blood from five wounds, we presented a queer picture. I looked up at Greene and said: 'Captain, I wish your wife could see you now; I don't believe she'd know you.' The Captain returned the shot with, 'Well, I think if your best girl were to see you now she would change her mind.' Funny comments from one man so disabled that he could hardly walk and the other shot in five

places and bleeding from every one, to indulge in, but that was a common thing, with the boys peppered in battle—common on both sides. About a mile and a half from where we had just fired the Captain and I came upon some ambulances. Greene told me to get into one of them. I attempted to do so when the driver started to drive away. The Captain drew his revolver and pointed it at the driver and told him to stop or he would blow his head off. He stopped and I rode to Chickamauga, reaching there about twelve hours after I was wounded and remaining a couple of days before the surgeon came to look after my various hurts. Some days in these piping times of peace I think what tender care a man hit by a single revolver bullet receives. He is generally carried to his home—never walks; a trained nurse is supplied, the surgeon gets at him at once, and for weeks and sometimes months he is watched and guarded with the greatest of caution. We young fellows in the army were not treated that way. Mind what I tell you, we shall always have bright, sunshiny days the 19th and 20th of September, days such as we have had ever since Chickamauga.

"Do you think I have ever regretted for an instant that I teased my father for permission to go to the war until his consent was given? Do you think that I ever regretted the hardships, the dangers, the sleepless nights? Never. There is nothing of which I am so proud as the fact that I was permitted to play even a little part in that mighty contest, and were my scars ten times as many and had my sufferings been tenfold greater, I should rejoice with a full heart that I had enlisted and had had those war experiences."—J. A. Watrous, in Chicago Times-Herald.

Sherman's March to the Sea. "There was a little incident in Gen. Sherman's famous march to the sea that has never been recorded by historians of the war between the North and the South," says a former South Carolina judge.

"South Carolina was the first State in the Union to send a regiment to participate in the war with Mexico. The people of a grateful State caused to be erected in front of the Capitol in Columbia a monument to the memory of the brave boys of the First South Carolina Regiment who lost their lives in that conflict.

"This monument is made of pounded brass and represents a palmetto tree. When Sherman's army entered Columbia, and his soldiers were destroying everything that came in their way, several companies made a dash for the shaft. With the butts of their muskets they began the work of demolition. They had not proceeded far when a man on horseback rushed up to them and commanded them to desist.

"Not another stroke!" he cried. "Several of the soldiers paid no attention. 'The next man who dares assault that shaft I will kill!' he thundered. 'The men saw tears in the eyes of the one who thus addressed them; they also saw that he had weighed his words carefully and meant every one of them.

"Soldiers," said he, 'the boys who sleep beneath that palmetto loved their country as much as you or I. They fought as valiantly.

"And the palmetto still stands in the old town of Columbia. The man who caused it to be preserved was Colonel Payne, of the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Ohio Regiment."

Scene of the Wilderness. A little to the east of the cross-roads stood the old Wilderness tavern, a deserted building surrounded by a rank growth of weeds, and partly shut in by trees. A few hundred yards to the west, and in the northwest angle formed by the two intersecting roads, was a knoll from which the old trees had been cut, and upon which was a second growth of scraggy pine, scrub oak, and other timber. The knoll was high enough to afford a view for some little distance, but the outlook was limited in all directions by the almost impenetrable forest with its interlacing trees and tangled undergrowth. The ground upon which the battle was fought was intersected in every direction by winding rivulets, rugged ravines and ridges of mineral rock. Many excavations had been made in opening iron ore beds, leaving pits bordered by ridges of earth. Trees had been felled in a number of places to furnish fuel and supply sawmills. The locality is well described by its name. It was a wilderness in the most forbidding sense of the word. "Campaigning with Grant," by Gen. Horace Porter, in the Century.

Give Him a Name. A great many curious facts connected with the names of veterans of the late war are developed in the work of the civil service commission, which is frequently called upon to certify in regard to the service of soldiers who seek to enter the classified service. This work of the commission develops the fact that one out of every eight soldiers who enlisted in the civil war enlisted under an assumed or partial name, which frequently makes it difficult to identify them now. A curious case has just come to light. It appears that A. L. Holmes, when he enlisted, told the recruiting officer his name was "Al Holmes." The officer wrote the name A. L. Holmes.

"No, that is not my name," protested the recruit. "My name is Albert Holmes."

"Well," replied the officer, "I will give you a middle name," and he proceeded to write the recruit's name Albert Lancela Holmes.

"You will never be ashamed of that name," the officer remarked as the recruit stood speechless.

Since that day he has been Alpher Lancela Holmes.



Ham Salad. For ham salad, cold-boiled or baked smoked ham is the best, although unsmoked may be used. Mix together and put into a fine dresser, a small quantity each of celery salt, cayenne and black pepper, white sugar and all-spice. Shave the lean of the ham and squeeze lemon juice over the pieces, then lightly dredge them with the above mixture. Shave up some white onions and celery and put them in the salad bowl with a few white lettuce hearts. Add the ham next, then pour several spoonfuls of oil over all and a dash of vinegar. Serve quickly.

Forms of Grace. The simplest form of words is the best. Here is a short one which may be helpful: "O, thou who givest daily bread, bless that which thou hast given and feed our souls as thou feedest our bodies, for Christ's sake, amen." Or this: "Almighty and most merciful Father, we thank thee for thy continual bounty and ask thee to sanctify it to our use for the sake of thy greatest gift, thine only Son, our Savior, amen." After a little use, other forms will readily suggest themselves. Here is a pretty one for a child, from one of Susan Coolidge's poems:

Lord Jesus Christ, be thou our guest, And share the bread which thou hast best, —Orange Judd Farmer.

Best Way to Make Lemonade. The best lemonade is made by boiling sugar and water together and adding the lemon juice after it is cold. Use one pound of sugar to each quart of water; add the juice of six lemons and the desired quantity of water at serving time. Pineapple lemonade may be made by boiling together one quart of water, one pound of sugar, and the grated rind of one lemon for five minutes. Strain; when cold, add the juice of six lemons, one pineapple pared and picked into very small particles, and either a quart of water or a quart of Apollinaris water.

Rice and Fruit Pudding. Wash a small quantity of rice and put in a pie dish in the oven with a little water; when the water has evaporated add to the rice a small quantity of milk, stir it and put it again in the oven, stirring it now and again until it is soft, and add more milk if required. A little sweet cream stirred in will be found an improvement. Fill a pie dish almost full of whatever fruit you prefer, sweeten it well, and then lay the rice unevenly over it in handfuls. Put it into the oven, bake until the rice is brown, and serve.

Baked-Bean Soup. Take cold baked beans and twice the quantity of cold water and let them simmer until soft. When nearly done add half as much tomatoes as beans. Rub through a strainer or sieve. Season with salt and pepper and dry mustard. Rub the mustard smooth with the salt before adding to the soup. If tomatoes are not liked they may be omitted and slices of lemon served in the soup. The canned beans may be used, and if canned with tomato sauce, need no other seasoning.

A Mustard Plaster. Made according to the following directions will not blister the skin: Two teaspoonfuls of mustard, two teaspoonfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of ground ginger. Do not mix too dry. Place between two pieces of old muslin and apply. If it burns too much at first, lay an extra piece of muslin between it and the skin; as the skin becomes accustomed to the heat, take the extra piece of muslin away.

Brief Hints. In preparing carrots for cooking, always scrape; never peel. Cinders form a good material for covering the floors and paths of the conservatory. In mending gloves, use fine cotton thread instead of silk, which is apt to cut the kid. During cold weather use alcohol to wash windows. This prevents the windows from freezing, and gives them a fine polish. The plants stored for the winter in the cellar have now been in some time, perhaps they need a little water or other attention. Where plants are kept about the windows, cold drafts from the sides of the sash should be carefully guarded against during severe weather. Frequent cleansing of the leaves of foliage plants, by using tepid water and a sponge, lends to their attractiveness, and is essential to the health of the plants. In roasting beef, dredge with flour, salt and pepper, then sear quickly in hot oven or in suet on top of stove, put in a cool oven, and finish roasting, allowing ten minutes to a pound. Just at this time, when work with the flowers is very light, is a good time to consider what will be best to plant in the garden in the spring. When the proper time comes everything must be in readiness, so that no valuable time will be lost. Silver that has been laid away and has become badly tarnished can be cleaned quickest if the first application of the whitening is moistened with sweet oil before application. Afterward dry whitening can be used as usual.