

THE DOUBT SECRET

BY FLORENCE MARYATT

CHAPTER I.

She was not a pretty girl by any means, at all events at that period of her life. Her most striking features were a large and somewhat heavy nose, and a wide mouth. But her chin was firm and well molded, and she had a pair of large, bright eyes, set in a noble forehead. Her hair, of a reddish tinge, and of which she possessed an unusual quantity, was all pushed off her face in a most becoming fashion, and her plain, black dress was relieved by nothing more ornamental than a frill of common lace about the throat. Yet there was nothing ordinary about her, unless it were the look of extreme weariness with which she surveyed the scene before her.

It was evening, at the close of one of the hottest days in July, and she was leaning with both elbows on the sill of her bedroom window, trying to inhale a breath of fresh air, and looking expectantly up the street as she did so. Such a bedroom as it was, too! An attic at the very top of a dingy lodging house in a back street of Liverpool, with a sloping roof that concentrated all the sun's rays, and made it like an oven at that time of the year.

Evelyn was seventeen years old, and that night she had lived where she now was, till the past had faded to a misty, far-off dream. Often, when she had a minute to spare, she would rub her fingers over the leaves of the verbenum, or bury her nose in the scarlet geranium on the window sill, and try to bring back some recollection of the place in which she had delighted long ago—the stream where the large blue forget-me-nots grew, and the fields laden with ripe corn, and the nut-bushes and wild briar roses that thronged over the country road.

"Evelyn!" called a shrill voice from the narrow staircase. The girl started from her reverie.

"Yes, Aunt Maria."

Evelyn opened the door and confronted the questioner.

"Good gracious me!" cried Miss Rayne, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Here am I, toiling morning, noon and night to keep a decent home above our heads, and you can sit down and do nothing!"

"It is only for a moment, I have been working, too," replied Evelyn, with a quiet dignity that always made her seem older than her aunt when it came to an argument between them. "I have made the pastry for tomorrow, and I have mended all Will's shirts," pointing to a heap of linen on the bed.

"Will's shirts, indeed!" exclaimed Miss Rayne, with a sniff. "Let Will find some one else to mend his shirts."

"Oh, aunt, how can he, with the miserable salary that Uncle Caryll gives him?"

"Well, he must ask for more pay, then. When Mr. Caryll begged me, as a favor, to take the lad into my house, and board and lodge him for a pound a week, he didn't say anything about the mending of his linen. Will takes quite enough advantage of my goodness as it is. He's no aunt, but he's my cousin."

"Rubbish! That doesn't oblige you to turn into his factotum. You are my own brother's child, and as such I'm bound to take an interest in you; but except that your poor mother was one of them, these Carylls have no claim on me."

"Uncle Caryll doesn't trouble us much," said Evelyn, in a low voice.

"No, my dear; that's just where it is. A man rolling in money, without kind of him, and takes no notice of you than if you were so much dirt. What have you done that you should be left out? You're quite as much his flesh and blood as your cousin."

"He hasn't done so much for Will, either," said the girl. "He has made him a clerk in his counting house, and gives him a pound a week for his clothes and pocket money."

"And pays me precisely the same sum for keeping him in food and lodging. It's disgraceful!" interposed Miss Rayne excitedly; "and some one ought to tell the old man so. Particularly if what you say is true, and he means to leave Mount Eden to Will."

"Aunt!" cried Evelyn, "is that really the case?"

"Well, my dear, it was told me in confidence, so you must be sure not to repeat it; but Mr. Gamble was called in to witness your uncle's will the other day, and the quite thinks Mr. Caryll has nominated your cousin his heir, instead of his son Hugh."

"Poor Cousin Hugh. But is it quite—quite sure, auntie, that he will never be heard of again?"

"As sure as anything can be in this world. The poor boy ran away to sea, and was drowned by the upsetting of a boat in the surf in the Bay of Galles. His body was never found again. It was a terrible shock at the time for your poor uncle, but it is five years and more since it occurred. Hugh would have been three and twenty had he lived; but since he is gone, and we none of us can take our money away with us, it is only natural Mr. Caryll should think of those who have a claim upon him."

"I am so glad! I hope it is true," said Evelyn, with a suspicious sound in her voice like tears. "How happy it will make poor Will. And he is so fit for the position, too. He hates work. He would always be miserable as a poor man, but Will may have a long apprenticeship to serve before he comes into Mount Eden."

"Mount Eden, indeed," thought Miss Rayne. "It's sickening to think of that boy coming into Mount Eden. Why, the parson's lodge would be too good for him."

"Is it such a beautiful place as that, Aunt Maria? Have you ever been there?"

"Once—in your father's lifetime, and then only for a day. But it's the most beautiful place you ever saw. Evelyn, how the Paradise has anything like it. It's rightly named. But it should have come to you (or, at the least, the half of it), and I'll maintain that to my dying day."

"Evelyn!" shouted a youthful voice from the dining room door; "Eve, where are you? Come down and give me my tea; I'm in a hurry."

"The girl made for the door.

"I say, Eve, this is too bad!" exclaimed young Caryll, as she entered the room. "How am I waiting for my tea, and in a house of a hurry to get out again, and

there's not a sign of it. Where's that fool Sarah? Why hasn't she laid the cloth?"

"My dear Will, it is only just 6 o'clock, and you never have your tea till half past. It shall be on the table in five minutes. Why are you in such a hurry to-night?"

"I'm going out."

Evelyn's face fell. It was evident the news was a disappointment to her.

"Oh! Then the best thing I can do is to go and help Sarah."

"Are my shirts ready?"

"Yes, I laid them on the bed. Shall you want anything more?"

"Only a clean white tie. And I think there's a button off my new gloves."

"I will manage it," she answered cheerfully, as she left the room.

It was more of an effort than some might imagine for her to answer cheerfully at that moment. She had been looking forward all day to her cousin's return, and to a pleasant evening spent with him. For it was Saturday, and on Saturday Will Caryll received his weekly stipend, and always seemed in better spirits for it. Saturdays he had been used to take his cousin Evelyn for long strolls, riding on the omnibus or street train, into the surrounding country, leaving dingy, smoky Liverpool far behind, and wandering about all the summer evening with her upon his arm.

These were the girl's happiest moments—would prove, perhaps, to be the happiest moments of all her life—although she was unconscious why they were so. And now, Will was going out somewhere by himself, and she must find her Saturday evening's recreation in toasting Miss Fletcher's bread, or catering for Mr. Gamble's supper. But she did not grumble, even to herself. She even felt a certain pleasure in producing coppers from her own pocket and running round the corner to buy a few shrimps to make his meal more palatable to him. And she sat down afterwards to peel them, while he ate, and would have asked no better fate than thus to minister to his wants for the remainder of her life.

CHAPTER II.

Will Caryll was very reticent on the subject of where he was going that night. He ate his shrimps as fast as Evelyn could peel them, and chattered to her of the events of the past day, animating strongly on his uncle's meanness and strict surveillance, which prevented a fellow ever having a moment to himself.

He had good reason to keep his intentions a secret from his cousin. He knew that she would have reason to dispute and oppose him. For he had two theater tickets in his pocket, and he wanted to take a pretty milliner's girl to the play. He was looking forward to posing as the "masher swell" to "Emily," and impressing her with a sense of his importance in the commercial world. But when he arrived at the girl's residence, he found himself doomed to disappointment. Emily had been "one too many" for him. Some other fellow, older than Will Caryll, and probably with more money in his pocket, had already made his appearance on the scene, and the faithless milliner had left the house under his protection. So half an hour later, just as Evelyn's supper returned home with Mr. Gamble's supper, she encountered Will Caryll on the doorstep.

"Will!" she exclaimed, with pleased surprise; "what brings you home so early?"

He could not tell the truth. He knew it would lower him in her eyes, and he was too conceited to wish to lose even the least medium of admiration from any one of the sex.

"Cannot you guess?"

"Indeed, I cannot."

"I went out to buy some tickets for the theater. I want to take you there to-night to see 'Human Nature.'"

"Oh, Will, why didn't you tell me of it before? Do you think I shall look nice enough? I have not been to the theater for years—not since Mr. Gamble took auntie and me to the pantomime at the Rotunda. I have nothing to wear but my Sunday frock. And will Aunt Maria let me go?"

"Cut in and ask her, and don't keep me waiting all night," retorted Will.

Evelyn flew on the wings of the wind into the presence of her aunt. She was rosy with excitement, and her great eyes glowed like two stars.

"Aunt Maria, uncle has sent Will two tickets for the theater. May I go?"

"Theater tickets, child! Have you got Mr. Gamble's supper?"

"Yes, yes. Such a nice little lobster. Quite fresh, and only shrimps."

"And Miss Fletcher has had her tea?"

"O, aunt, half an hour ago, and she said the toast was delicious."

"Well, I really don't see why you shouldn't go, then, if your cousin promises to take proper care of you; but don't yield to any of his persuasions, Evelyn. I haven't much faith in William Caryll. If he doesn't bring you straight home from the theater, just jump into an omnibus and come back by yourself. Do you understand me?"

"Of course I do, auntie; but Will will bring me straight home. Oh, how good it is of you to let me go."

When she came downstairs again, in her dress and hat, and a muslin fichu tied carelessly about her throat, Will Caryll was pleased to approve of her appearance.

"You don't look half bad when you're properly dressed, Eve," he observed, in a patronizing tone; "it's a shame Miss Rayne keeps you so shabby."

"Don't say that, Will," she answered, as they turned out of the hall door and hurried on their way. "Auntie gives me as much as she can afford, and I can't tell you how sorry I am to be a burden to her. I am utterly useless, except to look after the house."

"That's the best thing a woman can do," said Will, "and, when you marry, you'll find the truth of it."

A crimson wave of color surged up into Evelyn's face.

"Marry! Oh, I never shall do that, Will."

"That's rubbish," remarked Will ironically. "But we must look sharp, Eve, or we shall lose the first piece. Hilt hansom!"

Evelyn could not believe her eyes. The most she had ever dreamt of was that her cousin would take her to the theater in an omnibus or a tram.

"Will," she whispered, in an awestruck

tone, "did you mean it? Won't it be expensive?"

"Of course I meant it," he returned, laughing. "Do you want to walk all the way? If it's a warm night we may stroll home again, but just now time is precious. To the Grand, cabby, and hurry up."

"Oh, isn't it delightful!" exclaimed Evelyn, as the horse set off at a swinging trot. "If I could always hire a hansom, I should never want to have a carriage."

"You shall have both carriages and hansom when I come into the Mount Eden property. Eve, for I shall never forget what friends we have been—the very best of friends, eh?" he continued, as he pressed the hand he held in his.

Evelyn was in a flutter of delight.

When they reached the theater they went into their seats—two of the best seats in the theater—and for the next three hours the girl could think of nothing but the scene before her, and the actors who took part in it.

But when the evening's amusement was concluded—when the lights were out and the curtain had dropped for the last time on the mimic world which had seemed so real to her—and they were walking back together, the fear that Will might be outstripping his means recurred to her.

"Will, dear," she said, a little timidly, "I am so much obliged to you for taking me out to-night. I have enjoyed myself beyond measure, but I am afraid it must have cost a lot of money. You must not be extravagant, you know, or you will make me miserable."

"That's no affair of yours, my dear," he said gaily. "All you have to do when I take you out is to enjoy yourself and look your best. And you have been looking your best to-night, Eve. I was quite proud of you. Your eyes are glorious, and when you are happy you get such a nice color."

"O Will!" she cried, blushing all over, "what nonsense you do talk. But if you think I am nice, it is all I care for."

"Think you nice?" he repeated, with a fervent pressure of the arm which was slipped within his own. "I should think I did think you nice. Why, Eve, you're the very best girl in all the world to me! What should I do without you? You're everything to me, Eve. But you shall have your reward some day. Some day, when I am rich and prosperous, and the owner of Mount Eden, you shall see that I have not forgotten what you have done for me."

CHAPTER III.

"But I don't want any reward," said the girl shyly; "I do it because—because—"

"Because why?" he demanded, looking down upon her triumphantly.

"Because you are my cousin," she answered, more firmly; "and it is pleasant to wait on you. If relations cannot help each other, who will?"

"You dear girl!" he answered, pressing her arm to his side. "It was just what I was going to say myself. We are Uncle Caryll's only relations. The property must come to one or other of us two. He couldn't in decency leave it to a stranger. And whichever of us gets it will share it with the other. Is that a bargain?"

"Yes, yes, with all my heart," cried Eve.

"But there is only one way of doing it, my dear," continued Will, as they passed into the shadow of a leafy square, "and that is by marrying each other. Will you promise to marry me, Eve?—not just directly, of course, because we are both too young, but by-and-by, when I earn a decent salary, and my prospects are a little more settled."

Under the shade of the leafy lime trees, Eve blushed a vivid red from brow to bosom. In the quietude of its sheltered nook, Will Caryll could hear the rapid beating of her heart. This was what she had been dreaming of for a year past, but never hoped to gain—the bright vision of happiness that had danced before her waking eyes, but burst like a bubble with the sigh that dispersed it.

"Won't you say 'Yes'?" whispered Will, as his arm stole round her waist, "or don't you think you like me well enough?"

"Like you? Oh, Will, my darling Will, you know—you must understand. But are you sure that I am good enough?"

"Why, of course I am sure. You don't suppose I want a wife with nothing but a pretty face to recommend her, do you? Turn your face this way, Eve, there's no one looking, and give me a kiss to seal the bargain."

This was not the first kiss, by many, that had been exchanged between the cousins, but it was the first that Will had ever given her in the character of lover, and Eve felt the difference at once, and never again forgot it. It changed her from a child to a woman. She walked the rest of the way come by his side in a species of silent, blissful delight.

"I hope your aunt will have gone to bed," whispered Will, as they fumbled with the latch-key; "and then we can have a few minutes in the parlor to ourselves."

But Miss Rayne was not in bed. As soon as they stepped into the hall, she confronted them.

"Dear, dear!" she said, testily, "how late you are. Do you know that it's past twelve? I've been expecting you for the last hour. Mr. Gamble has been in for a long time, and asking to see Will Caryll. He's waiting for him in the front room."

"Let him wait, then. It's past working hours. He's got no right to bother me now," cried Will.

Mr. Gamble was the cashier in his uncle's counting house, in the firm of Caryll, Tyndal & Masters, timber merchants. He had lodged with Miss Rayne for some years before the lad had ever been taken into the business.

"Perhaps not, Mr. William," said the cashier, opening the door of his sitting room; but you will acknowledge that Mr. Caryll has. On my return this evening, I found a note from him that demands your immediate attention. Be good enough to step in here."

The lad turned red, but was compelled to obey. He had only just time to give Evelyn a significant glance before Mr. Gamble's door had swallowed him up and closed upon him, as she was left alone with Miss Rayne.

Eve gave one wistful glance at Mr. Gamble's closed door through which the cashier's voice could be heard speaking in very grave and measured tones, and with a sigh went up to her room. But when she reached it, she did not remove her things, but sat on the edge of her bedstead, listening for Will's step upon the stairs.

Mr. Gamble was saying to her cousin below—

"It's a mysterious business altogether, Mr. William, and one that we don't like."

"Well, I know nothing of the matter, sir."

"That is what the faint line. You

should know something of business to know. The situation is in your department. Caryll expects a strict account of both. It is only right it. No business can be properly checked. We have no error of this kind in the office. It reflects on everybody employed. That's just it," cried young Caryll, and it is impossible to down every postage stamp together, either. I'm in and desk like a jack-in-the-box, each can I be responsible for taking the stamps and papers not there?"

"Well, sir, you'll have to be careful for the future," replied Will, "for it has come to Mr. Caryll's ears, and he seldom passes over a fault for the second time."

Will had grown very red and angry during this discussion.

"You seem to forget that I am Mr. Caryll's nephew and nearest relation," he said haughtily. "You are talking to me, Mr. William, I forget nothing; but neither, you will find, does Mr. Caryll, even though you are his nearest relation. He is a just employer, but a very strict one. So I advise you to keep your books more accurately for the future. And that is all!"

"I don't want your advice, and I shall go and see my uncle to-morrow and speak to him about it myself," retorted Will, as he left the room and slammed the door after him.

(To be continued.)

Sunday School Books.

Edward W. Bok, in the Ladies' Home Journal, writes of the "wispy-washy," pernicious literature which is placed in the hands of the young through the Sunday school libraries. He makes a plea for a reform of this evil, and has some words of regret that standard novels are not generally included in the libraries of Sunday schools. He also gives the titles and teachings of a few of the books procured from Sunday school libraries.

"The first," he says, "was called 'The Assault, or Bobby's Lesson.' Bobby struck a boy, who died from the effects of the blow! Imagine! Then Bobby became sorrowful, morose, finally went insane, was sent to a madhouse and died there at the age of 23. The story plainly points to the fact that Bobby went to hell. Another book which I read, preached the cheerful gospel of idleness. It was called 'Margaret, or the Story of a Little Idiot Girl.' In it a little girl was born an idiot, and eight little girls were daily sent to her house so that they might hear her idiotic sayings and feel thankful for their blessings! 'Oscar's Sunday Flowers' told the story of a boy who picked flowers on Sunday, and that finally made him an unsuccessful man for life! 'Jim's Confession, or a Boy Who Lied,' was the story of a lie. Poor little Jim told a lie to his mother one day, and that settled him. His tortures are pictured through one hundred and forty-eight pages, until he at last repents. But men and women shun him, and he is always known as 'Jim, the Liar.'"

"The Two Schoolboys' portrays two boys: one good, the other bad. Both die: one goes to heaven and the other to hell! 'Little Ella' is a dressy girl. She puts on a bright red frock to wear to Sunday school one day against her mother's wishes, and her downfall as a woman is the result! . . ."

Reflections of a Bachelor.

A wedding is life's prize package. If eyes were the windows of the soul there would be more people that squint.

Marriage is a lottery in which men have to wear the blanks hung around their necks.

If some men were in business for their health, they'd take the doctor into partnership.

The average man doesn't know much about women; if he did he'd think he knew more.

Probably the real fact is that the lady ate the figer.

There never was a lovable man who couldn't tolerate tobacco.

The serpent knew his business. He advised Eve not to eat the apple.

Women probably began wearing clothes because they were tired of trying different shades of sunburn.

The women invented the name "kimono" because they knew the men wouldn't let them wear them if they called them Mother Hubbards.

Every married woman wonders what she would have said if a certain man had proposed to her, and every married man wonders what a certain woman would have said if he hadn't—New York Times.

Beat This Record If You Can?

They say lightning never strikes twice in the same place. It may not, but it comes very near it sometimes, as Col. Curtlett, of Atlanta, will agree. During a passing storm in the summer of 1892 the Colonel took refuge under a poplar tree. Upon a bolt of lightning striking a tree in the same row he ran into a house near-by. While there another bolt struck a part of the house, stunning everybody in it. An hour later another storm came up, while the Colonel was riding home in a wagon. As he passed along a group of trees one was struck by lightning, about 500 pounds of wood splinters falling into the Colonel's wagon. Arrived at home, he had barely entered when a terrific flash unroofed the whole building.

Then He Fainted.

Customer—Have you any postage stamps?
Clerk—Yes, ma'am.
Customer—Do you give trading checks with them?
The upright plane of our own door neighbor is always a downright nuisance.

GRAY

ON THE

Rebellion—late Reminiscence and on War.

Through the drench of ooze and slime at the margin of the river for
File upon file slips by. See! are they ghosts or men?
Fast do they forward press, on by a track unbarred;
Now is the causeway won, now have they throttled the guard;
Now have they parted line to storm with a rush on the height,
Some by a path to the left, some by a path to the right.

Hark! the peal of a gun! and the drummer's rude alarms!
Ringing down from the height there soundeth the cry "To arms!"
Thundering down from the height there cometh the cannon's blast;
Flash upon blinding flash lightens the livid air;
Look! do the stormers quail? Nay; for their feet are set
Now at the bastion's base, now on the parapet.

Urging the vanguard on prone doth the leader fall,
Smitten sudden and sore by a foeman's musket ball;
Waiver the charging lines; swiftly they spring to his side—
"Malden Anthony Wayne," the patriot army's pride!
"Forward, my heroes!" he cries, and the heroes hearten again;
"Bear me into the fort, I'll die at the head of my men!"

Did he die that night, felled in his lusty prime?
Answer many a field in the stormy after time!
Still did his prowess shine, still did his courage soar,
From the Hudson's rocky steep to the James's level shore.

But never on Fame's fair scroll did he blazon a deed more bright
Than his charge on Stony Point in the heart of the murky night.
—Youth's Companion.

A Tragedy of the War.

HE had been a captain for a year or more—Captain Blight of Company B, Fourteenth Infantry—but he had been on detached service instead of in the field with his men. And Captain Blight had finally been released from special duty and sent to the front and his command, and he arrived to find the camps in commotion. Orders had been issued to prepare three days' rations and that meant a movement and the opening of the campaign. He was jubilant at first, and he wondered that the men were glum and grim instead of exultant. Through the cotton walls of his tent he heard two of the privates of his command talking as they stood guard over some commissary stores.

"Goin' after Lee, eh?" queried the first.

"That's the chalk, old man; Grant's goin' to find Lee and go for him, and we'll be right in it."

"Wonder if our Captain's got sand?"

"Dunno. If he hasn't he'd better go on and hang himself. Don't look to me like a very gritty cuss."

The words struck Captain Blight strangely. The rank and file had been sizing him up, and the verdict was unfavorable. Ten minutes later he was asking of a corporal whom he had sent for.

"Corporal Henderson, you have been in several battles, haven't you?"

"Three big ones, sir, and three or four hot skirmishes," was the reply.

"How did you feel in your first battle?"

"I wanted to bolt, sir, and Lord only knows how I pulled through it. I didn't get over being scared till the sergeant kicked me and made me mad. I am told that seven of our men got into a ditch and had to be kicked out. The first battle is hell on the nerves, sir, begging your pardon."

"But no other ever bolts, Corporal?"

"Of course not. If a commissioned officer should run away it would be worse than death for him. No, sir—his way would be to shoot himself on the field."

For an hour after the corporal went away the captain sat and thought over the matter and discussed it with himself.

A hundred thousand men broke camp and went marching to the south for twenty miles, and then they found a lion in the path. The heads of the columns filed to the right and left, guns were hurried up and planted at intervals, and the legions faced each other in battle line. There was only skirmishing that day—developing the strong and weak spots in each other's position. The Fourteenth had three or four men wounded by stray bullets, and the victims were laughed at as they went to the rear. "Watch the captain! Watch the captain!" whispered the Company B men at frequent intervals during the afternoon, and Captain Blight realized that his every move was under criticism.

As the lines of battle were formed he

became pale-faced, and there was a tremor in his voice as he spoke. As a shell screamed over the head of the regiment he looked furtively about him, but shut his teeth hard. The cries of the wounded men and the sight of blood made him stagger, but he pulled himself together after that one betrayal of weakness.

"He ain't goin' to flunk," said one veteran to another as they watched the captain.

"Nothing to flunk over in this," replied the other, "but you wait till to-morrow! He ain't got a darned bit of sand to carry a face like that, but he's got pride."

That night the men slept on their arms, and after the darkness had come down there was no more firing. If any other man in Company B was awake Captain Blight did not know it. He lay for hours looking up at the stars and fighting with himself. The events of the afternoon had proved to him that he was lacking in courage. It was a hard thing to admit, but it was true.

The sun was scarcely above the tree-tops next morning when the battle



THE FINAL ACT.

opened. It began on the right wing and rolled down along the front as you have seen a great wave run along a breakwater. In a quarter of an hour from the first crash of musketry the center was fighting for its life. The men of Company B, who had said to each other the afternoon before: "Watch the captain!" gave him no thought on this morning. They saw the battle lines of the enemy marching out one after another to attack them, and they waited with bated breath for the first shock.

"Tramp! tramp! tramp! A host of men in gray, with flags rippling in the morning breeze and lines dressed as if on parade, moved across the barren fields with stern set faces. Along the lines in blue the men lay in thousands behind the breastworks of rail and dirt, with every musket at the full cock and every finger on the trigger.

"Tramp! Tramp! Crash! A wall of flames two miles long—a cloud of blue-black smoke rolling back over the meadows—ten thousand cheers, and yells, and curses, as the shock came. Before the volley there had been silence in the ranks of Company B. As the sheets of flame leaped out every man began to cheer or curse.

"This will break the strain and hearten him up all right now," said the corporal, as he peered through the smoke.

"Five minutes later, as he was pulling a dead man aside, the captain stood before him. He had deserted his place. His face bore the pallor of death, even when seen through the heavy smoke, and his eyes looked the terror which was eating at his soul.

"Go back, captain—for God's sake, go back!" shouted the corporal, as he pointed to the head of the line.

"I'm running away—running away!" replied the captain, as he grasped the man by the shoulder and screamed the words into his ear. "I told you I couldn't stand it, and I told you—"

In his right hand he held his revolver. He lifted the weapon toward his face and the corporal seized it and cried: "Don't, captain; don't! You are all right now! Go back—go back! No, I won't—God, but look at that!"

A bullet from over the breastwork had struck the captain in the head and splattered the corporal with his blood. It was a thousand times better than dishonor or suicide.

Wilmer McLean's Two Historic Houses

Gen. Horace Porter describes the surrender of Lee in his "Campaigning With Grant" in the Century. The surrender took place in the house of Wilmer McLean. It will be remembered, Gen. Porter says: It is a singular historical coincidence that McLean's former home was upon a Virginia farm near the battle-ground of the first Bull Run, and his house was used for a time as the headquarters of Gen. Beauregard. When it was found that this fight was so popular that it was given an encore, and a second battle of Bull Run was fought the next year on the same ground, Mr. McLean became convinced that the place was altogether lacking in repose, and to avoid the active theater of war, he removed to the quiet village of Appomattox, only to find himself again surrounded by contending armies. Thus the first and last scenes of the war drama in Virginia were enacted upon his property.

His Reason.

The Sixth Michigan Cavalry, of the renowned Custer Brigade, was commanded by a gallant colonel, formerly a member of the Michigan bar.

In the early morning of the last day at Gettysburg, while his regiment, with others, was in line awaiting orders, the men grew noisy in their conversation and laughter.

Turning nervously to them the colonel roared out, "Keep silence there!" Then he added in an apologetic tone, "Not that I care, but it will sound better."