Woman The Mystery

By HENRY HERMAN

CHAPTER XIII.

The two men walked on in silence, and proceed a long journey, all through the western suburbs of Richmond into the town itself, through the town and along Main street, out at the Rockets. There the pickets on duty challenged them, but Walter, being a field officer, had both the password and the countersign, and they were immediately allowed to proceed without question.

Denon had not spoken a word on the way. Walter turned down the Williamsburg stage road and passed camp after camp among the pines, being only allowed to proceed after satisfying the sentinels at each place.

"May I ask," said Denon, on a sudden, "what you propose to do with me?"

"You shall be dealt by fairly," replied Walter, sternly, but without emotion. "You shall be shown all the leniency you can expect, and a great deal more than you have the right to expect."

Denon saw that it would be useless to continue the conversation, and strode along without another word. When they arrived at the angle of the Williamsburg stage road and of the Charles City road, Walter took the direction of the latter, and followed it for a couple of miles or more.

At last he arrived at a part where several rows of small shelter tents shone white in the moonlight between the great pines by the side of the road. It was the camp of the Louisianians. Here the sentry saluted, and the officer of the guard came to meet his major.

"The battalion is away on picket duty," said the officer of the guard. "There is nobody in the camp but the guard and a few of the sick. An order came late in the evening from Gen. Hill. The Fourth Alabama were to have furnished picket to-night, but they were so badly cut up last Saturday that they could not have found men enough. We were the next troops, and so we got the order."

Walter walked through the rows of small tents into a larger one at the end of a line. A big, square-headed and huge-footed negro servant met him, and opened his eyes wide with amazement when he saw the imitation man of color in the company of his master.

"Don't mind him, Joe," said Walter. "You will find his color will wash off, and he will turn out only white after all. Fetch two or three buckets of water and some soap."

With that he beckoned Denon to come into the tent, and pointed to a camp stool. Denon seated himself without further ado, and said:

"I suppose you wish me to take these things off. But I have no other clothing."

"I will supply that," answered Walter, and taking a suit of civilian's homespun from a bag, threw it on the heap of blankets which served as a bed.

"My servant will assist you," he said; "and in the meantime I am going to consider how to settle this business with fairness to both of us."

With that he sat himself down on a camp stool outside the tent, seeking a light amid the nebulous turmoil which clouded his thoughts. Denon, in the meantime, aided by Joe, had resumed his own appearance in a suit of drab homespun.

"I will now tell you what I propose to do," said Walter, when he had sent the negro away. "I have been thinking over the matter as we walked along, and since I have been here, I have just learned that my battalion is on picket duty, and this has given me an idea which leads me to what I think a fair settlement. You are a spy, or something very like it. Of that I have no doubt. My plain duty as an officer of the Confederacy is to hand you over to the provost guard. At the same time, I know that Miss Lemure endeavored to save you, by hiding you in her own room, and by helping you to the disguise you wore a little time ago. I owe a duty to her as well. If I can, I will satisfy both obligations."

He was speaking slowly and without the least trace of excitement, and he paused for a moment to look at the man opposite him, who sat there in somber silence.

"We are going to fight," said Walter, on a sudden, "and either I will kill you or you will kill me."

Denon shrank back with a barely perceptible movement, but raised himself again with a sigh of relief.

"Very well," he said, "certainly. If that is the way out of the difficulty. How are we to fight? Where are we to fight?"

"I have provided for that," said Walter. "We will fight with revolvers. I will supply you with a weapon loaded with six chambers. I will have another of exactly the same kind—a Colt's army revolver. I will take you outside our picket line, so that, if you kill me or so severely wound me that I am left on the ground, you shall not be prevented from escaping toward the Union lines. If I kill you, of course, there is an end of it; and if I disable you, you will have to take your chances if you are taken back into the Confederate lines."

"That means," said Denon, slowly, "that I am to take my chances of death from your bullet, and through hanging by your people, both."

"I think the offer a very fair one," said Walter, "and it will have to be that, for the course which plain duty demands from me, and which I yield to you, risking my life."

"I accept," said Denon. "Do I understand you rightly? Let us settle all points first of all. How are we to fire? When are we to fire?"

"We will walk together beyond our picket lines," replied Walter, "until I shall cry 'Halt!' Then we will turn back to back, and each of us will march fifteen paces, we will face round again, and then fire, and continue firing until the end is attained. I think you are a man of honor, and I will trust you. I hope that you will trust me. We will be better without seconds."

Denon held out his hand and Walter gripped it warmly. A momentary gasp convulsed the Englishman's handsome face, and he breathed a deep sigh.

"I understand you," said Denon, "and I thank you. I am ready."

The strange duel was fought as arranged, and at the second fire both fell, almost mortally wounded, to the ground. Their shots seemed to have aroused both the Union and Confederate troops, each side taking the reports as the signal of an attack from the other side. A sharp skirmish ensued, and when it was over the Union troops were in orderly retreat. As they passed the scene of the duel Denon raised himself on one arm, and called to one of the federal officers by name.

"Don't you know me, Frazier?" he cried. "I am Denon. Don't leave me here."

"It's Denon," exclaimed the Federal officer, "Capt. Denon! Here, two of you! Pick him up and carry him along with you. Gently! Gently does it."

"And that man over there," whispered Denon, as two of the Union soldiers took him on their arms between them. "Don't leave him here. Bring him with you. I particularly ask you."

"Certainly," said the Federal captain. "You have a reason for it, I suppose. Come along, some of you! Let us take that rebel with us as well. I don't think he is worth taking, though," he added, as two of his men raised the limp figure. "I think it's all over with the poor fellow. He is shot in the head. Look, there is a lump out of his skull."

"Bring him!" gasped Denon, and at that moment the stretcher bearers came along, and took charge of the two wounded men.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Federal field hospital adjoining the depot at Savage Station on the Richmond and York River Railroad was a far from unpleasant spot even in the fierce June heat of the Virginian summer sun.

Walter and Denon lay side by side in a huge tent near the palings with which the railway station was fenced. Denon's wounds, though severe, had proved to be not dangerous, and the doctor pronounced him fairly on the road to recovery.

Walter's case, however, was a very serious one. The bullet had struck the unfortunate man on the side of the forehead, and had smashed clean away a portion of the skull. Fortune, however, was kind, and the brain itself had not been injured except by a scratch or two from the splintered bone.

The surgeon who had the case in hand was surprised when he saw the young man, for he found that there was a previous fracture of the skull on the spot where the new wound supervened.

Walter, of course, was totally unconscious, and remained so for days, the attendants being compelled to keep him alive by liquid food poured between his lips, and nearly a week elapsed before he gave signs of recovering consciousness.

Denon improved rapidly, and showed the most assiduous attention to his former opponent. Had Walter been his brother or his father, he could not have devoted more care to him or expressed greater grief for his stricken state.

One morning, as the surgeon was bathing and bandaging his wounds, Walter opened his eyes and looked about him with a vacant stare. At last he raised his feeble hand to his eyes, but dropped it again in a moment and shook his head wearily.

"Is De Bardinot alive?" he asked, in a faint whisper; "is De Bardinot alive? Surely you know him. He is captain in the second battalion of the Nationals, and he was with me when that villain blew us up."

Denon looked at the doctor, and the doctor looked at Denon.

"I am afraid he is slightly delirious," said Denon. "He is mixing up something with his present case."

"He is feverish still," said the man of science, "but he is not delirious. The wound in his head may account for his speech, but we shall know more about that as we go on."

Walter, finding that he received no answer to his question, looked around again with an expression of piteous pain in his eyes. The objects which met his gaze were strange and unaccountable to him evidently, for again he shook his head as if the task of fathoming the mystery were too great for him, and then he dozed off to sleep.

Another day passed like that, and another night. On the following morning Denon was surprised to find Walter half-seated on his straw bed, supporting himself painfully with one arm. Denon jumped up, and finding an old knapsack, covered it with his own blanket, and thus formed a support for Walter to lean against.

"Thank you," said Walter, weakly. "I am so much obliged to you. Where am I?"

"You are in the field hospital at Savage Station," replied Denon.

"Savage Station? Savage Station?" questioned Walter to himself. "I don't know such a place—and—can you perhaps tell me what has become of my friend, De Bardinot?"

"De Bardinot?" asked Denon. "Who is he?"

"Don't you know?" exclaimed Walter, with febrile excitement. "He commands a company of the Second National Guards of the Seine. He was blown up with me in the Rue St. Jacques."

"I am afraid you are not clear in your mind," said Denon, shaking his head in pity.

"Oh, I am perfectly clear," said Walter. "We stormed the barricade, and we took the house in which that villain, Rostrome Parlowe lived. I had got into his very room, and had just seen that Helene was not there, and I was asking him where she was, when the whole thing blew up, and sent us sky-high, and I remember no more."

Denon sat there for a moment or two in a pained silence.

"I don't understand you," he said. "You are speaking of some French place. We are in America—in Virginia."

"I also don't understand you," said Walter. "I am the Honorable Walter Glaydes, son of Lord Yorley, and I was hurt in the Rue St. Jacques. All I want to know is, if my friend De Bardinot is alive, and if that villain, Rostrome Parlowe, is dead?"

The surgeon had entered in the meantime, and stooping over Walter, felt his pulse.

"I must forbid all further conversation," he said. "You have been exciting yourself, major."

"Major!" exclaimed Walter, in seeming astonishment.

"Yes," interposed Denon. "Surely you know who you are. You are Major Jack Adams, of the First Louisiana Battalion of the Rebel army."

"I am Walter Glaydes," said Walter, pitifully, and the doctor again interposed.

"Now, this will do," he said. "Further we must not go. You must try to not think, else we shall have you laid up with brain fever."

A week passed, during which Walter improved rapidly in health of mind and body. He could rise from his bed and walk, and the surgeon allowed him to sit in the shade of a couple of great beech trees which stood in the depot yard.

And the wounded soldiers, who had heard the strange case of the rebel who had a piece of his head shot away and still lived, came and looked at the man who had had such a wonderful escape.

The sight of their uniforms and a dozen wounded Confederates who were kept as prisoners in the hospital helped much to restore the equilibrium of his mind. He soon remembered how he came to be there. He remembered Helene's protection of Denon and his fight with the latter.

Then, tracing back incident by incident and scene by scene, a light dawned upon him through the darkness which had shrouded his past from him for years, and he saw the sequence of events clearly.

"Yes, he was Walter Glaydes, Lord Yorley's son, and he had been wounded in Paris trying to drag his cousin Helene out of the clutches of that villain, Rostrome Parlowe, whom men knew as Jean Lemure. He remembered it all as he thought over it, and it flashed upon him that his wound there must have smashed his memory out of his mind.

Then he remembered himself again as Jack Adams, and he remembered Helene—Helene Lemure—growing from lovable girlhood to majestic womanhood, and himself loving her with all his heart and soul. Surely Helene Lemure was his cousin Helene, whom he had striven so hard to find and restore to her friends. Her very name Lemure proved that, if it required a proof.

His wounds healed rapidly, and the surgeon expressed every hope that, very shortly, he would be able to fit the mental cover over the wound in the head. But memory was not to be restrained. It welled up in a turgid flood and left the mind clear.

Walter knew all about his past, and though he would have given his heart's blood to be able to whisper a word into Helene's ears, she was as far away from him as if for the moment she had been dead. He was a prisoner of war, and Helene was in Richmond. Between them lay the contending forces in their myriads, a barrier of iron and death.

(To be continued.)

THIS IS THE NAVAL WAY.

Treasury Pays Expenses of Recruiting Officer in a Peculiar Fashion.

Officers of the navy who have charge of the recruiting for that service have devised a means of extracting money from the federal treasury. According to a decision recently made by Comptroller Tracewell it is unlawful to pay the expences incurred by officers detailed for recruiting duty. He holds that all they are entitled to receive is their mileage, amounting to 5 cents for each mile actually traveled. Mileage will not cover the expenses, because most of the journeys are short and the stays in a particular city rather long.

The plan is to send the officers around Robin Hood's barn. When it is desired that an officer shall open a recruiting office in Baltimore for a week or ten days he is to be ordered to St. Louis and then to Baltimore. His stay in St. Louis is to be limited to about five minutes. By the operation the officer comes into possession of about $160, out of which he has to pay about $60 for railroad fare. The remainder will pay his expenses for a two weeks' stay in Baltimore.

After he has "done" Baltimore Pittsburg may be his next stopping place. Instead of going there from Baltimore and getting about $24 he, under the new plan, will journey to Denver and return before beginning operations in Pittsburg, and so on to the end of the recruiting itinerary.

It is believed that the comptroller will not dare question the discretion of the Secretary of the Navy to send an officer wheresoever he thinks his services are required and that the scheme will work. If it will not, then recruiting will have to come to an end until Congress can act. That would be a calamity, as the navy needs 1,500 men to man the ships in commission. The seaboard cities are not good recruiting grounds, because there the satisfactory men know too much about the life of an enlisted man in the navy to be persuaded to enlist, except as a last resort or as a means of bracing up.

As there is no way for an enlisted man to get a commission so he can become a "gentleman," there is no such incentive for an ambitious boy to enlist in the navy as there is in the army, where, after two years' service, he is eligible to be ordered up for an examination, which, if successfully passed, means a commission and a life job at good pay and a pension for his widow and minor children.

Positive Proof.

Smithby—I know I need glasses.

Oculist—How do you know?

Smithby—Because last night I was reading a newspaper and I couldn't tell whether or not a certain word was "building" or "blinding."

Oculist—Which did it turn out to be?

Smithby—It turned out to be "bull dog."—Judge.

Disappointed.

Nell—Yes, she refused him, but it almost broke her heart.

Belle—Really?

Nell—Yes, when she discovered that it hadn't broken his.—Philadelphia Ledger.

WOMEN AND FASHION

Should a Girl Work Who Does Not Need To?

Productive industry is woman's natural field of expression. She carried it on at home first, while the world was full of warfare; but now that man has also become industrious she has as much place in the world as he. Work is woman's own distinctive province, but the habit of doing it at home alone is merely a "left-over" from those old days when the home was the only safe place.

Now we have a peaceful, orderly industrial community, with scientific discoveries and mechanical inventions which give freedom and power to women as well as men. The education of boys and girls is sufficiently equal to allow the development of human faculties in women and each step of increased ability. Each year sees a larger number of girls who are no more willing to stay at home and do housework than their brothers are. Why should they be. Why should an intelligent, able-bodied young woman be content not to take part in the great vital processes of society—in the world of work?

The opposition to her so doing has several grounds, and as many faces. One is this proposition that she should leave the work—that is, the wages—that strictly limited crop of benefits—to those who need it most.

Let us take a good grip on this thing, hold it tightly, and apply it liberally to the general field of human labor, to see if it applies fairly and reasonably. As a principle it means this—that labor—all our great industrial processes, business, education, law, art—everything we call "work"—is in truth a sort of beneficiary device to feed people. "We"—those who have that unaccountable possession of the precious work-crops—should give the work to those who need it—that is, to those who need the pay for it. When we say "work," in this connection, we always mean pay. We do not imagine that the needy person wants the work, for exercise or for enjoyment—but that he wants food and clothes, and must work to obtain them.

If this is so we are singularly inconsistent in carrying out our idea. It would follow—if this were so—that we ought to promptly dispossess President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard University of his chair and put in—requiring some efficiency—the neediest scholar we can find.

Why should President Eliot be taking the bread and butter out of the mouth of the deserving poor man? All our rich people should give up business at once and play the rest of their lives, as some of them are piously doing now. Of our working classes we should keep close watch, and, as soon as a man has more than others, take away his job and give it to one who "needs" it most.—Charlotte Perkins Gilman, in Success.

Stylish Gown.

Gown of satin de chine in golden-brown. The skirt has three puffs formed by shirrings over cords and opens in front with revers of onionskin-brown satin de chine and a petticoat of same. The revers are caught back under tabs of the silk that are piped with the darkest shade of coq de roche velvet and cabochon buttons of brown velvet with gold rims. The shirred waist, slightly pointed in front, closes under bows of the silk with rhinestone buckles. V-neck, lace chemisette, revers of the onionskin-brown silk trimmed like those of the skirt. Elbow sleeves in two puffs with band piped to recall the tabs on the revers.

Complaining Wives.

Never complain that your husband neglects you; if you do the day will be sure to come when you would give the world to make someone believe that he does not. Moreover, when you think that you have been neglected you think a great deal more of the one occasion than you do of all the many tender cares he usually lavishes upon you. Doubtless he is not perfect; neither are you, and perhaps you often vex and displease him, only he does not worry and brood over it as you do. Besides, you should remember that for many of the thoughts and habits with which your husband worries you, his training perhaps is more to be blamed than he is.

A California woman, Mabel Adams, has trained a number of butterflies. The latter go through quite a few performances.

Eliza Gordon Browning, public librarian at Indianapolis, is said to be the only woman at the head of such an institution.

Mrs. P. H. Sheridan refuses to allow her husband to be buried at Arlington unless she can be buried there also. The national cemetery laws may be revised.

A handsomely appropriate memorial to Burk, the Virginia historian, will soon be erected at Petersburg, Va., by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Miss Marie Overstolz, daughter of a former mayor of St. Louis, is studying law. She is one of the heirs to a large estate and wants to know how to guard her interests.

In the officers' circle around the flagstaff in the national cemetery at Fort Gibson is the grave of Mary Elizabeth Mix, who died in 1844. Her husband, Capt. Charles Mix, was killed by the Sioux, and she put on a uniform and engaged in several expeditions against the Indians.

Tell Children the Truth.

When your little girl comes to you with questions about the mysteries of life which trouble her innocent soul, never put her off with foolish legends and explanations which do not explain. Tell her simply and truthfully all that you wish your mother had told you. Make it a sacred confidence between her and yourself—something not to be spoken of to anyone else. She will feel a new sense of dignity and importance from the mere fact that her mother has trusted her.

As she grows older, do not be afraid to talk to her of the sacredness and beauty of the love and marriage that has not been thought unworthy of being chosen as a type of the relation between Christ and His church. She will not indulge in silly flirtations if you have done your part faithfully. She will know that while love is the crown of a woman's existence it may never come to her, and that marriage without it is a mockery of that consecrated name.—Home Magazine.

Fashion Fancies.

Japanese silks are favorites.

Almost every sleeve is tight below the elbow.

One of the pretty light silk bargains will come handy in the spring.

Hat brims are put through endless queer contortions, with the most delightful results.

One of these tiny silver trinkets containing a powder puff would appeal to most women.

White muslin and blue ribbons is no longer the unwritten law for gowning for debutantes.

Animal heads are notably absent from this season's furs and the muffs and boas gain thereby.

Corduroy suits are smart and endlessly serviceable. Velveteen boasts almost the same qualities, though most persons mistake it for velvet and therefore consider it too dressy.

Serges have bowed to popular taste and have taken on a softness hitherto unknown in that fabric.

Sable, point lace, velvet and diamonds is the very satisfying combination approved this winter.

A high belt, an effective bertha, a modish pair of sleeves—and behold the average evening waist.

Leather sets of broad belt and deep turn-over collar, with satin four-in-hand to match, are nobby.

The girl who can bead a flight of silver swallows across a plain black leather purse has a nice gift handy.

Health and Beauty Hints.

The orange stick is the only nail cleaner necessary. The stick properly pointed will not injure the enamel or the cuticle around the nail.

For a good camphor mouth wash try the following: Take a pint of hot water and dissolve in it two drams of powdered borax; when the water cools add one dram each of spirits of camphor and tincture of myrrh.

Never eat anything that you know disagrees with you if you want to keep a good complexion. Indigestion is one of the greatest enemies of the skin and for this reason the simpler the food one eats the better.

It is not generally known that castor oil may be most easily taken mingled with orange juice, a little sugar being added to the juice if the orange is not sweet. The difference between this and any other mode of taking this valuable medicine is surprising.

A floor should never be swept in a room where there is a contagious patient. It should be washed with a cloth dipped in borax water, so that no dust annoys the patient and no assortment of germs are flung up in the air, to drift out of the window en route to fresh victims.

Skin eruptions show an impaired digestion and an impure condition of the blood. For the blood take the old-fashioned remedy of sulphur and molasses. Avoid rich and greasy foods and each morning before breakfast take a glass of hot water in which you have squeezed the juice of an orange or lemon.

ELABORATE TOILETTES FOR DEBUTANTES

A Floral Pincushion.

The feature of this pretty pincushion is its decoration of ribbon roses. Cushions of any shape or size may be used. Cover the foundation with plain silk, in the colored desired. Make a double ruffle—the under part of silk, with a pinked edge, the upper of white lace. For the flowers use No. 2 double faced satin ribbon. There are eight loops to each flower, the center of each loop being tied in a single knot. This gives the effect of petals. Artificial flower centers are used.

Australian Women Suffrage.

While women are allowed to vote in Australia, no disposition is shown to elect them as legislators. The most popular woman candidate at the last election received only 30,000 votes, as against the 80,000 of the man lowest on the list of competitors.

Youthful Brides in Japan.

Not one bride was over 22 years old in the 346,530 marriages which, according to the latest census, took place in Japan last year. Forty-two were only 15, 759 were 16, 5,484 were 17, 17,406 were 19, and 16,100 were 20.