Professor Frederick von Martens, who holds the chair of international law in the St. Petersburg university, is a noted linguist and author, and at the Venezuela arbitration conference in Paris, where he read the decision of the commission, he had a pleasant fashion of addressing each delegate in his own language. One of the English jurists wondered now the professor was able to keep up his knowledge of so many modern tongues. The professor replied: "It is self defense. You see in case I lose my chair I wish to be prepared for any offer you foreigners may make."

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HIS WORD OF HONOR.

A Tale of the Blue and the Gray.

BY E. WERNER.

Copyright, 1894, by Robert Bonner's Sons.

CHAPTER V.

But Florence was silent. She only cast a beseeching glance at Edward; but the latter knew his advantage too well. He was aware that there was still one means of parting the two lovers, and did not delay using the weapon.

"You have come at an unfortunate time, Mr. Roland," he said, with cutting scorn. "I shall be at your service for the explanation you will probably demand at any hour tomorrow; today I regret that it is impossible. At my uncle's urgent desire, my marriage with his daughter takes place this very day; all the arrangements for the ceremony are completed; the justice of the peace will arrive in an hour. You probably understand that our affair must be deferred for the present."

Roland had turned deadly pale; he scarcely heard the last words; his eyes rested only on Florence. At last, with a violent effort he murmured, almost unintelligibly:

"You heard. What have you to say? Answer!"

Florence stood as if utterly crushed. For the first time she realized how unpardonable her weakness had been, and that the decision which she had regarded as a sacrifice to filial love was really an act of treason to the man to whom her promise and her faith were pledged. In the consciousness of this guilt, she did not even attempt to defend herself, but, instead of answering, burst into passionate weeping.

"I know enough!" said William in a hollow tone. "Farewell!"

A flash of triumph blazed in Edward's eyes, but he exulted too soon. The moment when William turned from her broke the spell which had held the young woman captive. She knew that if he crossed the threshold she would lose him forever, and, ere he reached it, she rushed forward, clasping his arm with both hands.

"William, don't leave me so! You see that I was deceived, ensnared, and that unfortunate promise was extorted from me beside my father's sick-bed. They gave me no choice, and constantly told me you had given me up, until I believed it."

The young officer paused; his voice still sounded harsh and bitter, but at least he lingered.

"Then choose now," he said. "Now the net that ensnared you is torn, and no one shall prevent your free decision. Choose whose wife you will be."

"Yours! Yours!" cried Florence with passionate fervor, as she rushed into his arms. "Protect me, William! You do not know how they have tortured me!"

"Yes, I see it," he said, bending toward her.

His resentment could not endure against this touching entreaty. Clasping her hand in his, he turned resolutely to Harrison.

"My fiancee's explanation is sufficient for me, and, I hope, for you also. As she has been the victim of a fraud—"

Edward started at the insult, and was about to answer, but Roland gave him no opportunity.

"Well, call it delusion, if the word sounds better. The fact remains the same, and also the part which you have played in it. You probably will not refuse to account to me for it, even though there must be delay. In this house and at the hour when the man who also was a father to you lies on his death-bed, such a dispute cannot be settled. So I yield to necessity and shall wait a more fitting season."

Edward looked as if he were on the point of rushing upon his enemy. The icy contempt in Roland's words enraged him even more than the insults themselves, but by exerting all his strength of will, he controlled himself.

"'A more fitting season!'" he repeated. "You are right, Mr. Roland. I, too, can wait, and perhaps the hour for settlement will come before you expect it."

He turned slowly toward the door. His game was lost; the prize for whose sake he had humbled himself to intrigue was snatched from him at the last moment, yet he did not quit the field like a vanquished man.

The menacing glance which rested on the young couple ought to have warned them; it was the look of a man sure of his vengeance and his ultimate triumph.

CHAPTER VI.

As the door closed behind her cousin, Florence uttered a sigh of relief. She had feared an instant outbreak of the quarrel, which seemed at an end, at least for the moment, but the last threatening words of the two men had not escaped her notice.

"What are you to do?" she asked anxiously. "What is the meaning of the concealed threats you exchanged with Edward? William, I beseech you—"

"Say no more," he interrupted gravely, almost sternly. "This is a matter which concerns us men alone. You hear that no explanation will take place at present. Let that suffice."

Florence looked timidly at him. The dark cloud on his brow was not caused by the dispute with Edward; she knew only too well what had occasioned it.

"You are angry with me—still!" she said, softly.

"No, I understand that you were deceived by the intrigue, that a father's last wish has a powerful influence, but I had expected my affianced wife to show more resolution, more confidence. I, too, remained for months with no message from you; I, too, heard that you assented to the separation your father decreed: but I did not believe it for an instant. What urged me hither was merely the torturing uncertainty, a vague presentiment of misfortune. Had I arrived a few hours later, I should have found you another's wife."

Florence bowed her head in conscious guilt. She had so dreaded this fate, yet had not had courage to boldly resist it. But for this intervention, she would indeed have fallen a victim to it.

"I am brave only when you are at my side," she confessed. "Do not reproach me, William! I was so utterly deserted; but now you are here again, and all will be well."

He gazed silently at the pale, sweet face raised so imploringly to his, and the reproof died on his lips. He loved this tender, yielding creature, with her gentle unselfishness, and knew that she was capable of any sacrifice as soon as a strong hand guided and directed her.

"Then show me that you can be brave and steadfast when only my love, not my presence, protects you," he replied. "I cannot stay with you as you expect; my leave of absence gives me only a few hours more. I must rejoin my regiment today, and God alone knows when I shall be permitted to see you again."

At his first words Florence's features expressed vague anxiety; now she started in sudden terror.

"You are going? You will leave me?"

"I must. I gave my colonel my word of honor to return at sunset. This was the sole condition on which he would permit me to ride here. I must keep this promise."

"And leave me alone, exposed to the full fury of the storm which Edward will raise. You mortally insulted him, flung the word 'fraud' into his face. He will avenge himself for it, and on me, if you are out of reach."

"Then come with me," said William, with desperate resolution. "Cast everything behind you and follow me at once. Our marriage has long been agreed upon. We shall find within our lines a justice of the peace and a priest, will perform the ceremony. Day after tomorrow—tomorrow even—you can be my wife. Then come what may, at least nothing can separate us."

"And my father?" replied the young girl, with a trembling voice. "Must he, in his last hour, call in vain for his child? Must a stranger's hand close his eyes? So long as he breathes, my place is at his side."

"You are right! I forgot. You are bound; but, so, too, am I. You hear. I gave my word of honor, and where duty calls—"

"Duty? To whom? Your first, most sacred duty is to protect me. I shall stay. I have not the heart to leave my father. You will go, when you see that I cling to you in mortal anguish? William, our love is at stake!"

"And so is my honor! Florence! Merciful heaven! Hear me! Do not torture me longer by your entreaties! Do you not understand that I must go, even though the whole happiness of my life depended on my remaining!"

She really did not understand. The spoiled, idolized daughter of the rich planter could not believe that anything could be more valued than herself. She had had before her eyes the dangerous example of a passion which set aside duty and honor to gain her hand. Only an hour before she had heard the confession from Edward's lips. From William she always heard of honor and duty; and the old suspicion that there was a lack of love stirred in her heart. And yet, her whole soul drew her to the man who seemed so hard and unyielding—she would not lose him.

"William!" There was no reproach in her voice now. The tones were sweet and persuasive. "William, do not leave me; you do not know what I must encounter during the next few hours. My father will demand the fulfillment of my promise. If I refuse, the excitement will perhaps cause his death. Then I shall be wholly in Edward's power, and you do not know him as I do. He has a fiendish skill, which can overcome all resistance. During his suit I have often felt like the bird spellbound by the gaze of the serpent. It knows that it is going to destruction, yet flutters into its jaws. Have you courage to leave me to this power? I—fear it."

With feminine instinct, she had touched the right chord. William's jealousy blazed up at the thought of the possibility suggested. He, too, knew Edward, and was aware that Edward would make every effort to wrest from him the prize which he had just regained. Florence was not created for a heroine. To leave her now was indeed to loose her. Torn from the sheltering trunk, she would flutter helplessly, like a vine in the storm, and become a prey to the tempest.

Roland made no reply, but a terrible conflict was raging in his soul. Now, for the first time, he understood the warning of Colonel Burney, who had been unwilling to let him go into temptation.

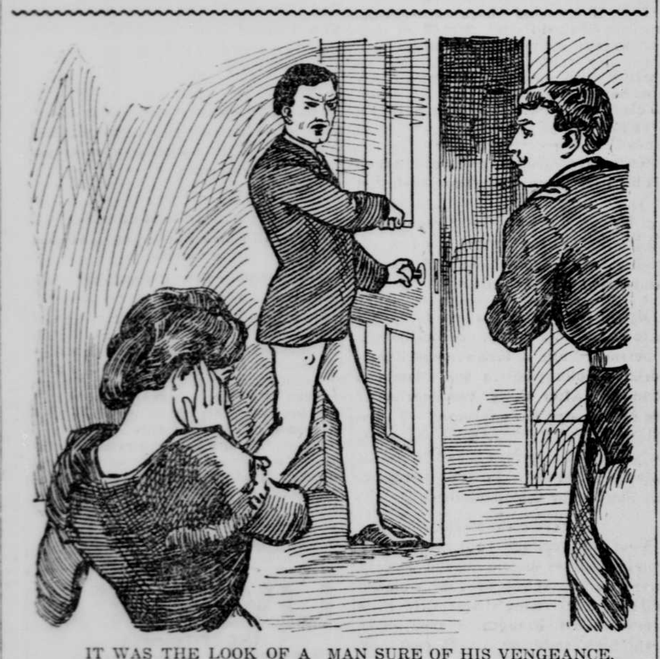
He had manfully resisted it, when Harrison assailed him; but it was very different to stand face to face with Florence, listen to her entreaties and see her tears. The young officer loved her with all the passion of his four-and-twenty years, and his strength threatened to forsake him.

Florence saw the conflict in his face, and, clinging to him like a timid dove, she pleaded more and more fervently, while the temptation stole nearer and nearer. After all, why was it necessary that he should return today? There was no battle in prospect; the soldier would not be missed from his post. What if he should stay merely until the morrow? Much—nay, everything—would be decided by that time. Death was already knocking at the door, and, as soon as Mr. Harrison passed from earth, his daughter would be free to follow her lover.

Until tomorrow!

A pretext was easily found. Springfield was within the enemy's lines. The way might be obstructed; return impossible; any one of the hundred perils which threatened the daring rider might intervene. It was but a word which stood between him and his happiness—true, his word of honor.

(To be continued.)



IT WAS THE LOOK OF A MAN SURE OF HIS VENGEANCE.

WHY WOMEN WORRY.

This Feminine Failing Contrasted with Man's Indifference.

Despite that women have been warned that worry digs untold wrinkles in their faces and sprinkles gray among their tresses, they will go on worrying through all time or until time has solved some mooted questions. Women worry in spite of themselves; it is a feminine failing, we are told, and what is it? And why is it? The question of worry with women seems to be simply this: Women are so hedged about by the littlenesses of their protected lives—for it is the protected woman who does the most worrying—that it is hard to see beyond and above sometimes, and matters in this way get wholly out of focus. If women had the capacity with men of getting up and doing battle with things, worry would slip off their shoulders as easily as from off those of the average masculine. Man doesn't worry about debt, because he feels that he has it within him, since money-making is his business to make sufficient money to pay his debts some time. Women look at it more practically and consider the now. Man doesn't usually worry about his health because he really has not the time. Let him become ill, though, and have to stop his work, and how is it with him? Man doesn't worry about the future—he is so madly interested in the present; nor about his clothes, for the tailor stands between him and that; nor about home matters—they, from his point of view, are too trivial—until he comes home to a badly cooked dinner, and then in his broad outlook there is no excuse for this state of things; for in business circles if an employe does not do his work properly his employer gets some one who can; a method that will yet come to be a powerful lever in the leveling of woman's worries.—Detroit Free Press.

SOME UNEXPECTED PRESENTS

Peculiar Transposition of Words Frequently Found in Modern Writings.

If it happens that some public character becomes the object of a set of resolutions, the cane or other testimonial, the printed account of the function presents some singular features. Owing to a certain carelessness in the handling of the English language—elastic as that medium of speech is—the writer makes himself say exactly the opposite that he intends to say. A well-educated man and a regular writer for publication will make this glaring error in the majority of his productions. For instance, the nation—that is, a small portion—made up a pocketbook to buy Admiral Dewey a home. In every published account of that function, headlines and all—none is barred that has come under the eyes of the writer—the text ran after this manner: "Admiral Dewey Given a House." The elision of the preposition "to," in the eyes of the writer of that line, seems to have atoned for the blunder. The effect is that Admiral Dewey was presented to a house, instead of the house having been presented to the admiral. Instances without number are printed wherein prominent educators, lawmakers and others are formally picked up—in language, if not in physique—and presented to walking sticks under the designation of canes. In ninety out of a hundred cases of this kind the recipient is made the subject instead of the object of the sentence. This is inconvenient for the men who are bestowing attentions on a corpulent person.

Revenge Deferred.

Biggs—I am surprised to see you so intimate with Smith after his shabby treatment of you. Boggs—How can I ever get even with him if I don't win his confidence.—New York Journal.

The December Atlantic might in same senses almost be called a Chicago number, for three of the most striking and salient articles are by Chicago authors. Harriet Monroe's "The Grand Canon of the Colorado" is a brilliant and effective sketch of nature and natural scenery; Mrs. Elia W. Peattie's lively "The Artistic Side of Chicago" pictures the aesthetic, artistic, educational, and literary features of the great city, while the short story "The Detectives," by Will Payne, is a capital example of the power of Chicago writers in romantic fiction. Chicago has reason to be proud of her contributions to this number of the representative magazines of America.

THE GRIP CURE THAT DOES CURE.

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets removes the cause that produces La Grippe. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

That virtue which requires to be ever guarded is scarcely worth the sentinel.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

What the conversation wanted in wit was made up in laughter.

Reliable Help Wanted

(Either sex.) The Humanitarian Home and Sanitarium for Invalids and Health Seekers, Incorporated. Send 12c in stamps for full information. Address J. H. Teltlebaum, Treasurer, East Las Vegas, N. M.

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Magnetic Starch is the very best laundry starch in the world.

I felt a secret pleasure in doing my duty without reward.

Baker's Breakfast Cocoa

is delicious. Costs less than one cent a cup. Made only by Walter Baker & Co. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

He had not resolution enough to give any man pain by a denial.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

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Good counsel rejected returns to enrich the giver's bosom.

Those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its favors.

If you have not tried Magnetic Starch try it now. You will then use no other.

The constantly increasing business of the B. & O. R. R. has necessitated very material additions to the telegraph service. During the past year nearly 2,000 miles of copper wire, 166 pounds to the mile, have been strung. New lines have been placed in service between Baltimore and Pittsburg, Baltimore and Parkersburg, Newark, O. to Chicago, Philadelphia to Newark, Philadelphia to Cumberland and Cumberland to Grafton. During the summer several of these wires were quadruplexed between Baltimore and Cumberland and duplexed west.

The January Century will contain a poem by Rudyard Kipling, "In the Matter of One Compass." Dr. Mitchell's story, "The Autobiography of a Quack," ends in that issue, but another serial by Dr. Mitchell will begin in the March number. It is called "Dr. North and His Friends," and one who has read the manuscript calls it "an epitome of the science, culture and common sense of the nineteenth century."

In Connecticut the percentage of criminal population to the thousand inhabitants has fallen steadily from 2.48 in 1896 to 2.33 in the present year.

Try Grain-o! Try Grain-o!

Ask your grocer today to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. One-fourth the price of coffee. 15c. and 25c. per package. Sold by all grocers.

Opium eating is described as making serious ravages among the working people in the fen district of Hantz and Cambridgeshire, in England.

AMERICA SAYS SO.

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From every part of America comes the news that sufferers from constipation have found relief in Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the wonderful modern scientific laxative and intestinal tonic. Cascarets are figuratively and literally in everybody's mouth. Thousands have tried Cascarets with the most pleasant and effective results, and voluntarily testify to their experiences. Here are a few extracts from some of the letters:

"I have been using Cascarets for headache and constipation and have received great benefit from them." Mrs. M. Gabler, 512 Larrabee St., Chicago.

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"I am using Cascarets and have never found anything so satisfactory." Mrs. C. W. Durrant, 57 Emerson St., Buffalo, N. Y.

"I have taken Cascarets and cheerfully recommend them to all my friends." Mrs. G. J. Gradwell, Frugality, Pa.

"Cascarets are fine for biliousness and malaria and are so pleasant to take." Mrs. Mary Cummings, Maud, Oklahoma.

"I use Cascarets in my family and find them all you recommend them to be." E. L. Irvin, Cor. Mead and Railroad, Meadville, Pa.

"You can safely add appendicitis to the list of diseases that Cascarets will benefit or cure." Eunice J. Smith, Rich Valley, Ohio.

"I have used Cascarets; there is nothing better for constipation." Benj. Passage, Knightstown, Ind.

"Cascarets are all right. They have cured me of constipation, and I never expected anything would." Charles H. Nye, Lock Box 205, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"I am so thankful for your Cascarets. They are better than any medecine I ever used." Mrs. M. Rew, Lacelle, Iowa.

"I do not hesitate to say that Cascarets is the very best medicine ever placed before the people." Andrew Woodruff, Daysville, N. Y.

"Cascarets are the best cathartic I ever used." Tom Holt, Wellwood, Manitoba.

"I have tried your Cascarets and I want to tell you they are just splendid." John Wiegmink, Box 961, Allegan, Mich.

We could fill the whole paper with expressions like the above. Thousands of similar recognitions of the merits of Cascarets have been volunteered and prove that this delightful laxative, so pleasant of taste, so mild and yet effective, has secured a firmly established place in the hearts of the people.

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This is the CASCARET tablet. Every tablet of the only genuine Cascarets bears the magic letters "C C C." Look at the tablet before you buy, and beware of frauds, imitations and substitutes.

A Bright Outlook.

La Porte, Texas, is now attracting the attention of the business men of the United States and during 1900 great interest will be manifested in it. Owing to an advantageous natural location it is destined to enjoy a growth in commercial manufacturing and shipping interests which millions of dollars in advertising and years of energetic promotion could not give it were it not so favored by nature. Men of affairs with large experience in the upbuilding of cities are predicting a future for La Porte which if but half realized will make it the greatest seaport on the Gulf of Mexico and indeed one of the principal seaports of the United States as well as a city of great importance in the manufacturing, railroad and commercial world. It is at the head of Galveston Bay in the celebrated coast country of Texas and has a summer and winter climate which makes it a resort for travelers the year round. The farming land surrounding it is as fine as any in the United States.

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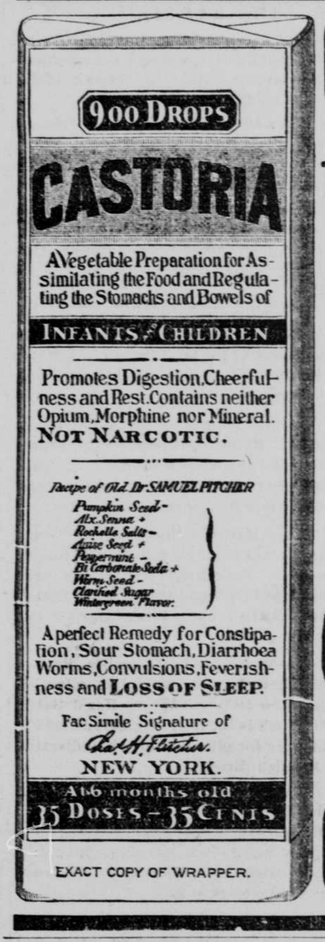

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5 Salt and Pepper Set, one each, quadruple plate on white metal	50	27 Toilet Set decorated porcelain, very handsome	800
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8 Butter Knife, triple plate, best quality	60	30 Dress Suit Case, leather, handsome and durable	1000
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10 Stamp Box, sterling silver	70	32 Revolver, Colt's, 38-caliber, blued steel	1500
11 Knife, "Keen Kutter," two blades	75	33 Rifle, Colt's, 16-shot, 22-caliber	1500
12 Butcher Knife, "Keen Kutter," 8-in blade	75	34 Guitar (Washburn), rosewood, inlaid	2000
13 Shears, "Keen Kutter," 8-inch	75	35 Mandolin, very handsome	2000
14 Nut Set, Cracker and 6 Picks, silver plated	80	36 Winchester Repeating Shot Gun, 12 gauge	2000
15 Base Ball, "Association," best qual.	100	37 Remington, double-barrel, hammer Shot Gun, 10 or 12 gauge	2000
16 Alarm Clock, nickel	150	38 Bicycle, standard make, ladies or gents	2500
17 Six Genuine Rogers' Teaspoons, best plated goods	150	39 Shot Gun, Remington, double barrel, hammerless	3000
18 Watch, nickel, stem wind and set	200	40 Regina Music Box, 15½ inch Disc	5000
19 Carvers, good steel, buckhorn handles	200		
20 Six Genuine Rogers' Table Spoons, best plated goods	250		
21 Six each, Knives and Forks, buckhorn handles	250		
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