

HIS WORD OF HONOR.

A Tale of the Blue and the Gray.

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CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

His tone was the courteous yet decided one of a man accustomed to see his medical authority recognized with-out opposition. Edward had not intended to enter the sick chamber, where he would be obliged to meet Florence; but the plainly intimated request that he should remain outside nettled him. He glanced haughtily at the doctor and replied with evident coldness.

"The physician always has the right to command in such cases. I will submit, but shall expect speedy news of my uncle's health."

He gave the necessary orders to the servant, who was still in the room, and then turned to Thompson again.

The doctor was ushered through several apartments no less richly furnished than the drawing-room, then the man opened a door veiled by a heavy portiere and permitted the physician to enter, while he himself remained behind.

CHAPTER VIII.

Here, too, a subdued twilight reigned, and in the dusk the newcomer at first perceived only the white figure kneeling beside the bed, with her face buried in the pillows. The sick man himself appeared to be in a sort of stupor, and, at the end of the room, Ralph was busied with some medicine. After convincing himself by a hurried glance that the door had again closed behind him, Doctor Blackwood approached the kneeling girl, bent down to her and said, in a low tone, with marked emphasis:

"Miss Harrison!"

She slowly raised her pale, tear-stained face. The voice seemed to arouse some memory, her eyes rested inquiringly upon the stranger's features for a few seconds, then a startled cry escaped her lips.



KNEELING BESIDE THE BED.

"Doctor Maxwell! Is it you?"

"Hush! Don't mention my name!" said Maxwell in a low, impressive tone. "I pass here as Doctor Blackwood, and we are not alone."

He glanced significantly at the negro, whose attention had been attracted; but Florence made an eager gesture of dissent.

"Ralph is faithful and discreet. You need fear no treachery from him. I will answer for that."

"So much the better. But, first: What has happened here? I am looking for William. Isn't he in Springfield?"

"Yes, he is here, but a prisoner, betrayed by Edward, and just at the moment they dragged him away from me this severe, perhaps fatal attack, came on. Doctor Maxwell, will my father die?"

John Maxwell did not answer the despairing question at once. The first glance at Harrison had told him that it must be in the affirmative, but he bent over the patient, felt of his pulse and placed his hand upon his heart. It was a short but careful examination.

"Yes, Miss Harrison," he said at last. "It is useless to withhold the truth; you must face it; but the struggle is over, and the end will be painless. He will probably not recover his consciousness."

Florence, sobbing aloud, covered her face with both hands; but Maxwell allowed her no time to give way to her grief.

"And now for the living," he continued. "Calm yourself. Another life is at stake, as dear to you as the one now vanishing."

"William!" cried the young girl, in terror. "Is his life threatened? They concealed it from me. They spoke only of imprisonment. For heaven's sake, tell me the truth!"

"First of all, you must tell me what has happened. I have just arrived, and know none of the particulars."

Taking her hand, he led her to the window, where Florence, in hurried, breathless whispers, informed him of what had occurred.

Maxwell listened silently, without interrupting her. Not until she had finished her story did he ask a few brief, direct questions.

"Is Captain Wilson still in Springfield?"

"No. I heard from Ralph that he rode away half an hour ago."

"And when do you expect your family physician and the real Doctor Blackwood?"

"Toward evening. They will not arrive before seven o'clock."

"Well, then, we shall have a few hours at our disposal. Can you rely upon this old man? Implicitly?"

"Ralph was the friend and confidant of my childhood. He is devoted to me with all his soul, and will do anything to save William. Won't you, Ralph?"

She had summoned the old servant by a gesture. He laid his hand upon his heart.

"Yes, Miss Florence—anything."

Maxwell looked keenly at him a few minutes, and seemed satisfied.

"Miss Harrison's lover is to be rescued," he said. "Will you help us?"

"Yes, master, as much as I can."

"Then first inform Mr. Harrison that I must remain here for the present, as his uncle's death may take place at any moment. But I must request him not to enter the sick chamber. Miss Florence does not wish it. Then find out for me in what part of house Lieutenant Roland is imprisoned, and whether it is possible to reach him unseen. This can easily be learned from the servants; but be careful to rouse no suspicion."

Ralph's face showed that he clearly understood the importance of the commission. He promised in a whisper to obey exactly, and then glided noiselessly out of the room. Maxwell again turned to Florence, who seemed somewhat sustained by his presence.

"Do you really mean to try to reach William?" she asked. "Suppose that you should be discovered and recognized as his friend?"

John shrugged his shoulders.

"Then we shall probably be shot together. It will be quite superfluous here and cannot serve us in the least. If you are not resolute, the game will be lost; and I tell you frankly that it is a matter of life and death. We shall undoubtedly be considered spies, and your cousin will certainly do nothing to clear up the error. This is the exact state of the case. Will

you lie here, fainting, while it is decided, or will you do what you can to help?"

These blunt words fulfilled their purpose. What William, with all his consideration and tenderness, had failed to do, his friend's sharpness accomplished. Florence, who was really on the verge of fainting, rallied her strength. Her voice still trembled yet thrilled with kindling energy as she replied:

"I am not so weak as you imagine. I have courage for anything where William is concerned. Tell me what I am to do."

"For the present you must remain quietly here, but be ready to respond at any moment if I call you. This room has another door, I see; so I can leave it, unobserved, while I am supposed to be engaged in my professional duties. After the message I sent to Mr. Harrison, he will probably remain near, expecting further news."

"But if he doesn't—if he discovers and surprises you—if the doctors should arrive a few hours earlier—"

"Yes, but one must not take the 'ifs' into account in such enterprises," said Maxwell, carelessly. "Several hundred 'ifs' menaced me when I rode after that obstinate William, yet here I am, and my identity is wholly unsuspected, which is enough for the beginning."

He again approached the sick bed, where his prediction was being fulfilled. Death was approaching slowly but calmly and without suffering, and he silently beckoned to the daughter to resume her place.

CHAPTER IX.

Edward Harrison had, of course, taken every precaution to prevent any attempt at escape or rescue. He had been forced to yield to Captain Wilson's demand for suitable accommodations for his prisoner and his refusal to adopt other measures—indeed, the latter would have been superfluous. William was in the charge of his most bitter enemy, and he guarded him better than any jailer.

In a side-wing of the building, at the end of a long passage, was a room where many valuable articles were kept during the absence of the owners. The only entrance was through a strong door with a double lock, and the one window, which also opened upon the passage, was protected by an iron grating, which, though not heavy, was remarkably strong. In addition, the corridor was closed by a second door, and Edward kept the keys of both in his pocket. No assistance could come from outside, and her cousin knew only too well that Florence had not the energy to attempt to

free the prisoner, at least in her father's dying hour.

William paced up and down the close, gloomy room in the most intense excitement. So this was the end of the foolhardy rife which he had undertaken in defiance of every warning. True, he had thought of two alternatives only—success or death in honorable conflict; and Colonel Burney, too, had had no other idea when he uttered the fateful words: "Dead or dishonored." There was a third: "Captured!"

True, this captivity meant death. The young officer did not deceive himself concerning his fate; but little as he feared death, his blood boiled in fierce rebellion at the thought of being sentenced as a spy. Anything save this shameful doom. There was one bright ray of hope for him: He trusted in the honor of the Confederates. Unless Edward Harrison could hoodwink them into believing him a spy, he seemed reasonably safe.

Then came the thought of Florence, who would now be left wholly without protection. How would she endure the terrible event, and what would befall her after her father's death? Edward, as the sole male relative, would also be the guardian and protector of the young girl, who would be absolutely in this scoundrel's power. William clenched his hands in helpless fury, and a low groan escaped his lips.

Suddenly he started. He fancied that he heard his name spoken by some one close at hand. Of course it must be a delusion, yet he stood still and involuntarily glanced toward the window. The voice reached him again. This time more distinctly.

"William! Don't you hear?"

With a sudden spring, the young man reached the somewhat high window, behind whose gratings the outlines of a human figure were now visible.

"John—you? Impossible! It can't be!"

"I have the honor, however, to be myself," was the reply. "Good evening, Will!"

"But how did you get to Springfield? How did you hear of my fate? How did you succeed in making your way here?"

"Don't be in such a hurry. Put your questions slowly, in regular order, and I'll answer in the same way. We shall have plenty of leisure for it; it will be some time before I can saw through this confounded iron grating."

The faint sound of a file showed that the rescuer was really at work, and at the noise fresh hope and courage filled the young officer's soul. Freedom! Rescue! He could have shouted for joy at the bare thought, as if the rescue had already been accomplished.

(To be continued.)

KING CHARLES' DOG.

Advertised as Lost in the London Gazette of 1867.

In the London Gazette, 1867, there is the advertisement: "A Sore ger Falcon of His Majesty, lost the 13 of August, who had one Varvel of his Keeper, Roger Higs of Westminster, Gent. Who-sover hath taken her up and give notice Sir Allan Apsley, Master of His Majesty's Hawks at St James's, shall be rewarded for his pains. Back-Stairs in Whitehall." In the number for June 28, 1869, of the Mercurius Publicus: "A Smooth Black DOG, less than a Greyhound, with white under his breast, belonging to the King's Majesty, was taken from Whitehall, the eighteenth day of this instant June, or thereabouts. If any one can give notice to John Ellis, one of his Majesty's Servants, or to his Majesty's Backstairs, shall be well rewarded for their labor." The "Smooth Black Dog" apparently does not turn up, says the Fortnightly, and the following announcement, in large italics, is to be met with in the next publication of this journal: "We must call upon you again for a Black Dog between a Greyhound and a Spaniel, no white about him, only a streak on his Breast and Tail a little bobbed. It is His Majesty's own Dog, and doubtless was stolen from England, and would never forsake his Master. Who-soever finds him may acquaint any at Whitehall, for the Dog was better known at Court than those who stole him. Will they never leave robbing His Majesty? Must he not keep a Dog? This Dog's place (though better than some imagine) is the only place which nobody offers to beg."

FOOD FOR THE BRAIN WORKERS

Those Who Are Subject to Mental Strain Should Regulate Their Diet.

From the Sanitary Record: It is all right for the man who labors all day in the open air to eat freely, but the man of sedentary habits, the brain-worker, must adapt his way of living to his needs. He must be well nourished, for the brain is incapable of good work unless well supplied with pure blood, but such a man cannot possibly furnish vital force to digest three large meals daily. If he tries it nature will protest at every step. The chemical changes of digestion will be imperfectly performed. The stomach will neither secrete freely nor churn the food with cheerful alacrity; the pyloric orifice contracts and allows such chyme to pass with grudging reluctance; the intestinal lacteals are ashamed to absorb such miserable pabulum, which chokes, irritates and congests them, so the large meal remains in the digestive organs to ferment, putrefy and steep the individual in foul gases and depraved secretions. But the system can furnish enough vital force to convert a small meal into pabulum of high standard, which will be absorbed without difficulty. Three such small meals are not enough to keep the individual properly nourished; however, four to six will be required. Each should consist of but one or at most two articles of food, the diet to be varied by changes at meals. The portion of food served must be small; the patient must stop as soon as the appetite is satisfied and gaseous distension is proof positive that the meals are still too large or too close together.

The direction of the mind is more important than its progress.

THE BOER WOMAN A FIGHTER

She is Never Too Old to Shoot Straight.

Two of my three trips to the Transvaal have been made while the country was in a state of excitement, and on each of these visits I was very glad to get away in safety. My first trip was at the time of the famous Jameson raid, at the beginning of the year '95. The second journey was an uneventful one in '97. Last year I again accompanied my husband, Prof. Mongreni de Lassomny, to South Africa, from which country we have just returned to San Francisco.

My husband's business, that of a prestidigitateur, takes him all over the world, and I always accompany him. Oom Paul, whose name the Boers pronounce "Ome Powl," is the last on the list of dignitaries before whom the professor has appeared in private exhibitions of his skill. Others are the shah of Persia, empress of Russia, queen of Italy, king of Belgium and prince of Wales. But none of these proved more appreciative or genial than President Kruger, whom the Afrikaners, as a prominent Boer once said to me, regard as a god.

The entertainment took place in the president's home and in the presence of about fifty invited guests who enjoyed Oom Paul's kindly hospitality. The old gentleman was in a very jolly mood that evening, and was as pleased as a child at the program. The tricks with coins amused him most, and he laughed heartily at the mysterious appearance and disappearance of money which passed in and out of hats and pockets with lightning ease through my husband's hands.

Oom Paul looks older than his pictures. He has a very keen expression in his eyes, but this is not readily observed, his eyes not being a conspicuous feature. He cares nothing for

in battle. Fighting to them is a business, a duty—anything but a matter for sentiment.

My opinion is that when there are no more Boer men left in the field, the Boer women will take their places and give desperate battle to the English foe, whom they hate with all their heart. These Afrikaner women are better soldiers than most men.

One peculiar thing about the Boers

ride bicycles, the two-wheeled vehicle which is called a ricksha is the favorite means of transportation and outdoor amusement in Johannesburg. The ricksha man is extremely picturesque as to costume. He delights in a curious bushy covering of white vegetable fiber, and he wears anklets of bells that jingle as he runs. A ricksha costs three shillings an hour.

The horse races attract thousands of people to Johannesburg, who come into town on wheels. A fine vaudeville performance takes place every night in the year, the best seats selling at \$2, the lowest 60 cents.

The first time I went to Johannesburg I lived in a barricaded house, where for days people were jumping by the windows in their haste to get out of town. This was because of the Jameson raid. There was a drought, too, and for some time we were compelled to wash our faces with soda water. At that time we gave our clothing to the blacks to launder, but we were wiser after our linen came back to us in shreds. The natives carried the laundry bundles on their heads to a little stream about a mile out of Johannesburg and washed them in muddy water, beating the garments on stones in order to cleanse them.

Whatever happens in the Transvaal, I hope that no harm will come to "Uncle" Paul. I would like to visit South Africa again, pass by the marble lions, and hear the president laugh at my husband's sleight-of-hand tricks in the home of the "god of the Boers."

Agreed to the Bargain.

"In upper East Tennessee," said a Memphis lawyer who was born in that



A ZULU BELLE.

in their method of fighting is their custom of standing one behind the other, and when the front man falls the next in turn faces the enemy, then the one behind him, and so on until the last is downed.

Housekeeping in the Transvaal has its servant problem, for the blacks are very inefficient, lazy, untidy and untrustworthy. There are no other domestics to be had. Once in awhile one



LOUISE DE LASSOMY IN A JOHANNESBURG RICKSHA.

country to a Memphis Scimitar reporter, "there once lived a fellow named Johnson, who was a thief. He lived near to a wealthy man, and year in and year out he stole his neighbor's hogs. Finally the wealthy neighbor tired of such a state of things, and one day when he met Johnson he stopped him and said: 'Now, look here, Johnson. This stealing must stop. You have been stealing my hogs for years, and I'm tired of it. You've got a good Christian wife, and good, honest children, and I don't want to cause you any trouble, but if you don't stop stealing my hogs I'm going to send you to the penitentiary. I'll tell you what I'll do. If you promise not to steal from me any more, I'll give you 500 pounds of bacon every time I kill hogs. Is it a bargain?' Johnson thought for a moment, and then said: 'Well, Mr. Smith, I'll do it, but I'm satisfied I'll lose bacon by it.' Both lived up to the bargain."

King of Siam and His Wives.

The king of Siam has forty wives, and in the harem are 3,000 women who never go out. When Miss Jessie Ackerman, in a missionary spirit, urged upon him the benefit of education for them, he replied: "You know with education there always comes culture and refinement. If I educate my women I should educate them into a state of discontent, for they would want many things which it is impossible for them to have." Now that is a perfectly logical statement, and the king's mind, at all appearance, has traveled as far as that of the Lord Chancellor of England. The Lord Chancellor is very anxious lest women should gain the

parliamentary franchise, because in his experience "she will accept nothing but what she believes to be right," a quality which renders her a dangerous guide in political questions. Neither man has, apparently, grasped the thought that there is something wrong about the institution itself that needs mending. The one pool will have its waters stirred to advantage by education, and the other will gain by having in it more people who "will accept only what they think is right."

COMTESSE DE CASTIGLIONE. She Was as Beautiful as She Was Eccentric.

It needed the news of her death to remind Parisians that one of the most renowned of the beauties of the second empire had lingered on in obscurity for all these years in their midst, says a Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette. The Comtesse de Castiglione was one of the most lovely women of her epoch; but she was as eccentric as she was beautiful, and, however much she altered physically with advancing age, she remained true to her character to the end. The only difference was that the nature of her eccentricities changed. In the heyday of her glory she was the heroine of adventures that did more credit to her audacity than to her judgment or reputation. She was wont to express the regret that she had not been born in Greece in the classic age, when no considerations of prudery interfered with the full appreciation of the human form divine. As it was, she was disposed to do her best to override prejudices with which she had no sympathy. Thus she created a memorable sensation, and, it must be confessed, a very considerable scandal, by appearing at a ball in the Tuileries dressed as Salammbo, in a tunic that allowed it to be seen that she had dispened with any covering whatever for her limbs. Were it possible to show her supreme contempt for the proprieties many other stories might be told of similar exploits on her part. When her beauty began to vanish her anguish of mind was intense and was displayed

Nature as an Embalmer.

A curious circumstance concerning the body of Admiral Spots has been reported from the Falkland Islands, where he died 17 years ago. The Falkland physician who attended him during his fatal illness was present at the exhumation of the body when the cruiser Badger was sent for it last year. The coffin had disappeared, but the corpse was absolutely unchanged, even the features having retained the exact appearance that they presented on the day of death. This wonderful preservation was due to the action of the great water which saturates the islands. It had embalmed the body completely.

They Earn a Living Picking Worms.

Some Japanese women earn their livings by picking worms from the leaves of growing tobacco. The worms secured are put into a bottle, and this bottle serves as evidence that the woman has earned her wage. Without it she would not be paid.