

# HIS WORD OF HONOR.

A Tale of the Blue and the Gray.

BY E. WERNER.

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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 without 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.

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 my 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.

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 ride 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.)

## 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.

## WARRIOR WOMEN.

Some Females Who Have Dressed and Fought Like Men.

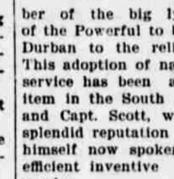
The position of women in the last century, writes Sir Walter Besant in the London Queen, lead to many classes of subdivisions. I have ascertained, without much trouble, that woman drank like a man, fought like a man, and was as strong as a man.

One of these men-like women led a mob in the Gordon riots of 1789, and, to escape the consequences, assumed man's dress, became a peddler, and kept up the disguise for the rest of her life. There is the case of Samuel Budge, the girl who served on board a "man-of-war" first and a merchantman next. There was a negress on board the Queen Charlotte for eleven years; she became captain of the foretop. There were many others, but I will only relate the case of Christian Cavenagh. Her father lost his fortune, and she was taken up by an aunt who kept a tavern. She married the waiter and had three children. This husband was then kidnaped, after the humane methods of the time, and was carried off to Holland, where he had to enlist as a private soldier. When Christian heard of this she dressed as a man and enlisted as a private soldier in order to get near her husband. She was wounded at the battle of Landen. She was made prisoner by the French, and was carried to St. Germain-en-Laye, where she stayed until she was exchanged. She quarreled with her sergeant, fought a duel with him, wounded him, and got transferred to another regiment. Again she was wounded. At Ramillies she was wounded in the head, and while in hospital her secret was discovered. She was permitted to stay with the regiment as cook. She married again, lost her second husband, returned to England, and presented a petition to the queen, setting forth her case and her services. The queen gave her a bounty of £50 and a pension of a shilling a day. She married a third time, set up a pie shop, came over to Chelsea Hospital with her third husband, died in 1739, and was buried with military honors.

## THE DELIVERER OF LADYSMITH

One of the real heroes of the Anglo-Boer war now going on is Capt. Percy Scott of the British battleship Powerful.

For it was the clever brain of Capt. Scott that invented the land carriages for the conveyance of heavy naval guns, and by so doing enabled a number of the big Lyddite thunderers of the Powerful to be rushed up from Durban to the relief of Ladysmith. This adoption of naval guns for field service has been a most important item in the South African campaign, and Capt. Scott, who already has a splendid reputation as a fighter, finds himself now spoken of as the most efficient inventive engineer in the service.



Costly Pipes of Oriental Rulers.

The Shah-in-Shah, or Padishah (King of Kings), the present ruler of Persia, owns the world's costliest pipe. It is the kalkan, or state pipe, and is used on special occasions. It is valued at \$400,000 and is ornamented with diamonds, rubies and smaragdites. The long, snake-like stem and the bowl are of pure gold. The sultan of Turkey also possesses pipes of great value. In 1862, when the prince of Wales was on a visit to Turkey, he was invited by the sultan to smoke a narghila, an

## MOLASSES FOR CAVALRY HORSES.



HORSES WANT HAY AND MOLASSES.

(American horses refuse to take their Philippine meadow grass straight.)

"Molasses for cavalry horses" will in future be one of the items of expense for the maintenance of the army in the Philippines.

Gen. Otis, in a cable to the war department some months ago, objected to the department sending cavalry regiments because the horses would not eat the hay grown in the Philippines.

Recently, however, Gen. Otis cabled that he would like to mount Col. Ken-

non's Thirty-fourth infantry, and asked the war department to send him horses for this purpose.

Secretary Root asked Gen. Otis then how he intended feeding the horses, and received a reply in which the general said that cavalrymen had found that when molasses was sprinkled over the native hay the horses were fond of it and ate it as readily as hay grown in the United States.

oriental pipe, in which the smoke passes through water. This pipe was studded with diamonds, and was worth \$15,000. It was given to the prince as a memento of his visit to Constantinople. Another pipe, made entirely of meerschaum and amber, and belonging to Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, is reported as costing \$3,000.

## PROFESSIONAL PAWNERS.

Their is a Nice, Easy Business and Quite Profitable.

"I have come across a new kind of a trade for you," said a friend to the saunterer the other day. "At least, it is a new one on me. Did you ever hear of a professional pawner?" The saunterer had to confess his ignorance, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. "Well, it's this way. There are lots of manufacturers of jewelry, of watches, of musical instruments and other things which would never find a sale except to the veriest duffers and greenhorns, so they have to get rid of them some other way. 'Uncle' comes in very handy about this time, but the difficulty is to persuade him to take the goods. He knows them very well, and he isn't going to lend money on stuff that he can never find a market for. But he stacks up against a very hard thing when he meets a professional pawner. These people are generally women. Their business is to so doctor and prepare the goods as to deceive the sharpest. In order to make the deception as undetectable as possible the goods are made to appear old and partly worn. Gold watches are first rubbed with mud and water, and then a few scratches are carelessly but very artistically added to complete

the verisimilitude. In the case of rings the insides are made to appear worn, and pieces of jewelry rubbed on those portions which would ordinarily receive most wear and tear. Now, here is the queerest part of the whole job. All of the tickets are torn up and destroyed as soon as the goods are pledged. Hundreds of watches, rings, brooches and other articles of 'virtue and bigotry,' as Sairy Gamp used to call them, are got rid of in this way every year. Fortunately, there are not a great many people in the business, but it is a very profitable and a nice, easy job."

## TWENTIETH CENTURY'S DAWN.

The Friendly Islanders Will Be First People to Meet Its Advent.

The first people to live in the twentieth century will be the Friendly islanders, for the date line, as it may be called, lies in the Pacific ocean just to the east of that group, writes John Ritchie, Jr. At that time, although it will be already Tuesday to them, all the rest of the world will be enjoying some phase of Monday, the last day of the nineteenth century (Dec. 31, 1900). At Melbourne the people will be going to bed, for it will be nearly 10 o'clock; at Manila it will be two hours earlier in the evening; at Calcutta the English residents will be sitting at their Monday afternoon dinner, for it will be about 6 o'clock; and in London, "Big Ben," in the tower of the house of commons, will be striking the hour of noon. In Boston, New York and Washington half the people will be eating breakfast on Monday morning, while Chicago will be barely conscious of the dawn. At the same moment San Francisco will be in the deepest sleep of what is popularly called Sunday night, though really the early dark hours of Monday morning, and half the Pacific will be wrapped in the darkness of the same morning hours, which become earlier to the west, until at Midway or Brooks island it will be but a few minutes past midnight of Sunday night.—Ladies' Home Journal.

## He Is Tamed Now.

About two years ago a fairly well-known young man of this town who, in the days of his bachelorhood, was addicted to the habit of conversing through his head covering, was delivering himself oracularly on the subject of the duties of paternity. "A man who'll wheel a baby carriage," he perorated loftily, "is a triple-plated, quadruple-expansion ass." On Sunday afternoon last he was observed—all of the customary earmarks of sartorial economy distinguishing his make-up—placidly trundling a perambulator through Lafayette park. A huge, fat baby goo-gooed in the perambulator, and a little lady with a bulgy, homemade bonnet walked at his side. Silence is ready money, and there's a lot of pathos in the spectacle of a tamed man.—Washington Post.

## Drawing a Fine Distinction.

Laurence Gronlund, the socialist writer who died a few weeks ago in New York, was a thorough pessimist. One evening, after he had denounced the modern industrial system in savage terms, a friend remarked: "It is not so bad as Russian despotism, is it?" "Not quite; the former is the worst possible; the latter the worst conceivable."

Tilled by Old Methods.

The soil of Egypt at the present day is tilled by exactly the same kind of plow that was used 5,000 years ago.

The mud picked up by the wheels does not increase the speed.



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 e-gger 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 deploring 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.

"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. Yes, Miss Harrison, a fainting fit 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 could 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