

# HIS WORD OF HONOR.

A Tale of the Blue and the Gray.

BY E. WERNER.

Copyright, 1904, by Robert Bonner's Sons.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)  
"So you have reached this point of success!" Maxwell continued, in his dry way. "Yes, my dear Will, it doesn't always answer to run one's head against a wall; this time the masonry remained firm. You have tangible proof of it, since your progress is impeded. You were raging up and down like a caged lion."  
"Do you want to mock me even in this terrible situation?" cried Roland, impetuously. "You do not know how I was disarmed or what it is to meet with base treachery in the house where one seeks happiness and love."  
"Didn't I warn you against this Edward, though I knew him only from your description? He was traveling when I called on the Harrisons with you—luckily! Had I had the honor of his personal acquaintance, the whole plan would have been impossible. I pass here for the eminently respectable Doctor Blackwood and, as that worthy man, have been received with the utmost courtesy. Were it known that instead of medicine I was engaged in the iron business at present, the courtesy would probably end promptly—on both sides! I shall shoot this noble Mr. Harrison with the utmost composure if he takes it into his head to enter the corridor. Besides, Ralph is mounting guard at the outside door, to which fortunately a second key was found, and will give us a sign if danger is approaching."  
"But, at least, tell me how it was possible for you to accomplish all this in a single half hour, for you cannot have been here longer. You went to the outposts?"  
"Where Lieutenant Davis had again created an entirely unnecessary alarm. There is no appearance of fever. Two

an extremely important character. For instance, he is absolutely necessary at your wedding."  
"My wedding?" repeated William, in amazement. "What do you mean?"  
"Why, I think the best plan will be to wind up the business on the spot. You want to marry under any circumstances. The bride, the magistrate and the witnesses are all here, so I don't see what is to prevent you except this confounded iron grating, which I shall finally cut through. If Florence is your wife, you can take her with you to some place of security, then your amiable cousin can keep house here as he chooses. He can't wholly ruin the plantation or carry off the buildings; and, as soon as the war is over, you can assert your wife's claim."  
"But, John, have you gone daft? Such a plan in the house where Edward rules and will summon all the servants to his aid the instant we appear. He did so just now, at the time of my arrest."  
"Pshaw, the servants! They are only negroes, and not one will lift his hand against us as soon as we say we are officers in the Union army. The fellows are constantly coming in throngs to seek protection with us. You were not known to them, or else they were afraid of Captain Wilson and Harrison. The servants are not to be feared. I'll undertake to deal with the Justice and his companion. So no one is left except your beloved future relative—and he must be made harmless."  
"You mean that we are to attack him in his room?"  
"No; that is too uncertain, and will create an unnecessary stir in the house. I have a better plan. As

violent struggle, wrenched it from its fastenings. The opening was made; and, after a few anxious moments, Roland had forced his way through, and was standing in the corridor beside his friend.

"Here!" said the latter, laconically, handing him a revolver and grasping a second pistol himself. "Now I'll instruct Ralph."  
William uttered a sigh of relief when he found himself free and felt the weapon in his hand.  
"I thank you, John!" he cried enthusiastically after his retreating friend. "You are right. We two will rule the whole household."  
"Yes, that is just to your taste!" returned Maxwell, tartly. "This time we really must run our heads against the wall, and if it happens to stand firmer than we expect, it will cost us our lives. You have arranged matters so that we have no choice. But keep quiet! Harrison may come at any moment; the fighting will begin, and you will play the principal role again."

## CHAPTER X.

Meanwhile the Justice and his clerk were seated at a well-spread table in the dining-room, which also looked out upon the garden. Edward could not send the gentlemen, who had taken the long ride in vain, back to the city immediately; so he had invited them to dinner. Mr. Thompson could not find words enough to express his regret and sympathy for the sorrow overhanging the household, but he saw no reason why he should not have a comfortable meal on that account. He thought it perfectly natural that Edward should excuse himself and remain in the drawing-room. No one could feel offended with the grief-stricken nephew, but he himself discussed all the more eagerly the good things set before him, and was ably supported by his clerk.

The old gentleman only regretted Doctor Blackwood's absence, and admired the sense of duty which would not permit him even to appear at dinner. He was just giving his factotum a discourse concerning this distinguished physician, at the same time helping himself to a large piece of roast meat. His factotum listened most dutifully and took a still larger slice, when the subject of the conversation suddenly entered.  
"Ah, there you are, Doctor Blackwood!" cried the judge. "Sit down. Unfortunately you have come a little late. We have had the roast served."

The doctor bowed in the most charming manner, and signed to the servant, who had just brought in the dishes, to leave the room.

"Thank you. I am very sorry to disturb you, but there is a business matter to be settled, which admits of no delay."

"A business affair? Is there a will to be made?"

"No, on the contrary, the matter concerns a wedding."

Mr. Thompson dropped his knife and fork and stared at the speaker in the utmost astonishment.

"The ceremony is put off. Mr. Harrison told me himself that he was compelled to defer it for the present."

"Certainly, and he will probably do so altogether; but another person has taken his place—Mr. William Roland."

"What? What did you call him?"

"William Roland. The circumstances have entirely changed, and unfortunately I have not time to explain them to you in detail. But, in the name of the betrothed couple, I beg of you to perform the wedding ceremony at once."

The magistrate leaned back in his chair, assuming a dignified attitude and a solemn, official manner.

## CATS CAN SWIM.

An Old Fisherman's Story in Illustration of That Fact.

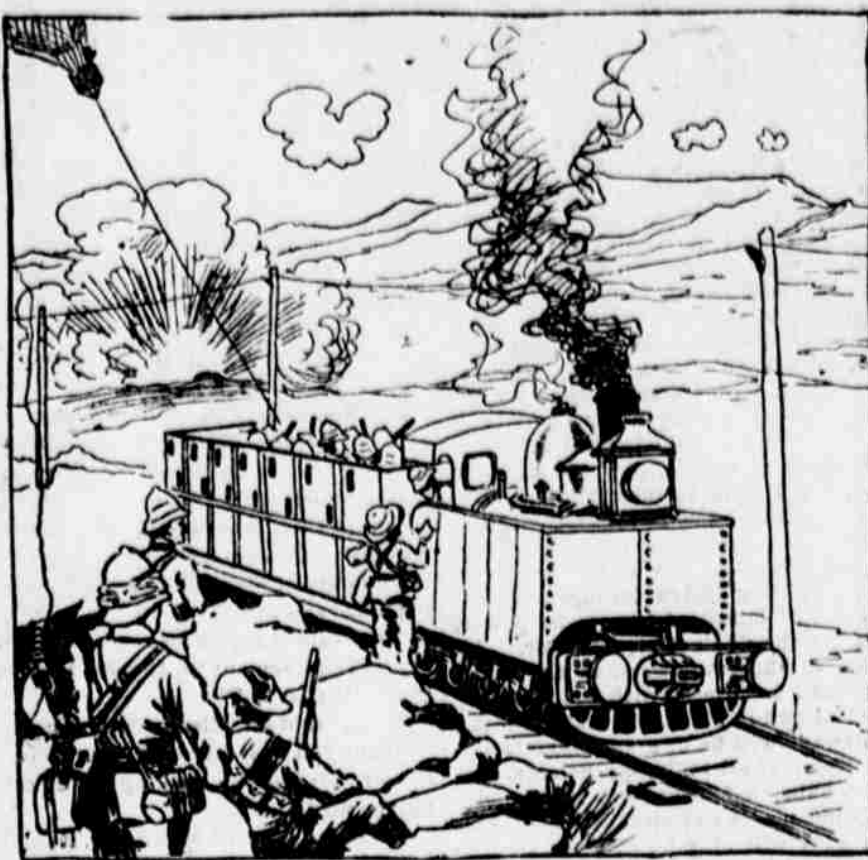
"Can cats swim?" was asked of an old fisherman. "Why, certainly," was the reply, "and that reminds me of a cat I once tried to drown that swam ashore. Surely there must have been hundreds or thousands of people who have drowned cats in the same way, but nevertheless this was an experience of my own. We had a cat that we wanted to get rid of, and as humane a way as any to kill it was by drowning. So I put a couple of bricks in the bottom of an old grain sack and put the cat, and tied the bag up carefully and securely, and walked down to the end of a wharf and stood there and swung the bag, with the cat and the bricks in it round like a sling until I could give it a good momentum and then let it go, and along it out to fall and sink in the water. I should say twenty feet away. I supposed, of course, that that was the last of the cat, but the next morning the first thing I saw when I went out of the house was the cat sitting on the veranda. I suppose the bag had a weak spot in it somewhere, the bricks were heavy and sharp-cornered, and swinging the bag round that way started it more, and the cat was desperate; and with the bag that way it scratched and tore its way out and got to the wharf and clawed its way up and came ashore. Can a cat swim? Why, sure!"

## Mechanical Argument.

Judge—And what did the prisoner say when you told him that you would have him arrested? Complainant—He answered mechanically, yer honor, Judge—Explain. Complainant—He hit me on the head with a hammer.—*Stray Stories.*

It is impossible that an ill-natured man can have a public spirit; for how should he love ten thousand men who has never loved one.

# RECONNOITERING IN THE CLOUDS



One of the extraordinary features of the battle of Farquhar's Farm in the Anglo-Boer war was the use of a captive balloon attached to an armored train. This balloon was utilized as a sort of movable conning tower, and during the engagement an officer took observations of the enemy's position and movements and signaled the same to his forces below. Both train and balloon on this occasion were under fire, but the daring aeronaut escaped uninjured. The success with which the balloon detachment of the engineer corps has been operating during the war seems to point to the fact that the balloon will certainly be a fixture in warfare of the future, unless, of course, the world grows tired of all the bloodshed that is now taking place and asks for another and more effective Hague peace conference.

## SWORD TRICK

That Astonished an American Visitor to a Store in Madrid.

New York Tribune: Of all the cities I have visited in Europe," said R. A. Stinson, of Boston, at the Fifth Avenue hotel, "I found Madrid one of the most interesting. It has a number of out of the way features that appeal to one. For instance, take the Rastro, which is a street in one of the lower sections of the city wholly given over to the purchase and sale of second-hand articles. I used to spend a good deal of time there. There are two—I think three—equestrian statues in Madrid that depict a horse that has since become obsolete. It is the horse of the middle ages, that carried not only the rider clad in armor, but armor on the horse as well. With the giving up of the use of armor, this particular horse's mission in life came to an end, and he disappeared from off the surface of the earth, and the only memory of him left is in an occasional equestrian statue or picture of that date. While I was in Madrid I tried to purchase one of the famous Toledo blades. The old-fashioned two-hand sword was what I wanted to get, one of those that were built to cut through armor and which fulfilled their mission completely, as many a bloody battlefield in ye ancient days bore testimony. I had to give it up on account of the expense. They cost from \$150 up, but while I was looking for one a shopkeeper showed me a very scientific trick. His store was a most lofty, running up two or three stories, and he was descending on the beauties of this particular sword, when, in order to prove the perfect temper of the metal, he drove the point into the floor and bent the blade until hilt and point met. He then suddenly released the hilt and the six feet of gleaming sword sprang up into the air like a thing alive. Up and up it went, almost to the lofty ceiling itself, when it lost its impetus and began to descend hilt first. It returned almost to the place whence it started, the shopkeeper catching it by the hilt with practiced ease and returning it to its case. I was crazy to try it myself, but the owner refused to allow me, as he thought I would probably not only wreck the store but perhaps injure myself as well. He told me that if I wanted to learn the trick I had better practice it in a large open lot, and that a suit of armor wouldn't be a bad thing to wear until I got the hang of it."

## A Story About Wilberforce.

Before he became a bishop he had been archdeacon of Surrey, and his old archdeaconry became a part of his later bishopric of Winchester. At a meeting of the clergy at Clapham his chaplain told him that an old Dr. —, who had been many years in the diocese, was vexed at having been forgotten. "Yes," said the bishop, "I have not the smallest recollection of him, but I will make it all right, and will go out and speak to him. Which is he?" He was pointed out, and the bishop made his way to him. "My dear Dr. —, I have not had a moment for a real conversation with you. I need not ask how you are after all these years. Do you still ride your gray mare?" "Yes, my lord; how good of you to remember her," etc. The chaplain, who was within earshot, said when he again came near the bishop: "Then you did remember Dr. —, after all!" "Not a bit of it," said the bishop. "I saw the gray hairs on his coat, and I chanced the net."—*Kegan Paul's Memoirs.*

## The Butter She Wanted.

New Wife—I wish to get some butter, please, Dealer—Roll butter ma'am? New Wife—No! We wish to eat it on biscuits.—*Chicago News.*

## RECKLESS DARING.

Of the Cubans in Fishing for the Man-Eating Sharks.

Memphis Scimitar: Mr. O. C. Kemery, an American who has spent much of his life in Cuba, was at the Franch hotel, in talking about the Cubans he had much to say of the reckless daring of some of the native fishermen. "One of the instances of the nerve of these fishermen," said Mr. Kemery, "is illustrated in the manner in which they fish for sharks. Sharks' teeth are valuable, and it is to obtain these teeth that the Cuban takes such desperate chances. It is thrilling to see a shark hunt. A spot is chosen along the reefs where it is shallow, and where the sharks usually congregate, and the fisherman throws a big hunk of beef into the thick of them. Instantly there is a rush and a fight among the great fish for the meat, and while they are battling the daring fisherman jumps into the water with a long, keen knife and sinks the blade into the heart of the nearest shark. The others rush toward him when they perceive him, but the sight of the dead shark turns their attention from the man and they proceed to rend the carcass of the fish. The fisherman closely watches his chance and kills them one by one in their cannibal greed. He is often attacked, but by nimbly jumping to one side when the shark turns over he manages to escape and plunges the knife into the shark's vitals. Twenty-five or thirty of these man-eaters are often killed in a few minutes by one man. The heads are all cut off and boiled, which process loosens the teeth and they are easily extracted. The teeth have serrated edges, are perfectly white, resembling porcelain, and are in several rows. The upper and lower rows mesh into each other like the teeth of a saw, and when the shark bites anything in two, a man's thigh, for instance, it is practically sawed off and not torn or mashed. There are, of course, many other ways employed to kill the sharks, such as shooting and harpooning, but the Cuban finds the method described the most efficacious, even though it is the most dangerous."

## Curious Wedding Rings.

Among the curiosities of wedding rings it is on record that in the early days in England rings were made of rushes. Perhaps the most curious material used for rings required in an emergency is the case of one being hurriedly made by cutting it out of the finger of a glove, and another cut out of a visiting card. Many cases are on record of rings made of brass and iron being used, as also curtain rings and doorkeys being pressed into service at weddings. The Quakers and Swiss Protestants do not use rings at their marriage ceremonies. The Irish people have a strong objection to any but gold rings. In St. Kilda wedding rings are made of worsted. The women of the Upper Congo, on the Congo, wear their wedding rings around their necks. These rings are made of thick brass rods, which are made into great rings and strongly welded together. The more wealthy the husband the heavier the ring; in some cases they weigh thirty pounds.—*Louisville Dispatch.*

## The Proper Method.

Jack—You know when Mabel rejected me last week I told you my troubles and you promised to help me. Well, she accepted me last night. Am I to thank you for interceding for me?  
Cousin Belle—Not exactly, dear boy. I simply intimated to Mabel that I was after you myself.

## The City of Mushrooms.

More mushrooms are raised in the vicinity of Paris than in any other place in the world.

## BRET HARTE'S ARRIVAL.

A Pistol Ball Nearly Spoiled His First Drink in the Gold Diggings.

"I entered the barroom. It was crowded with miners and traders, and a few smartly dressed professional looking men. Here again my vanity led me into extravagance. I could not bear to address the important, white-shirt-sleeved and diamond-pinned barkeeper as a mere boyish suppliant for information. I was silly enough to demand a drink and laid down, alas! another quarter. I had asked my question, the barkeeper had handed me the decanter, and I had poured out the stuff with as much ease and grown-up confidence as I could assume, when a singular incident occurred. As it had some bearing upon my fortune, I may relate it here. The ceiling of the saloon was supported by a half-dozen wooden columns about 18 inches square, standing in a line parallel with the counter of the bar and about two feet from it. The front of the bar was crowded with customers, when suddenly, to my astonishment, they, one and all, put down their glasses and hurriedly backed into the spaces between the columns. At the same moment a shot was fired from the street through the large open doors that stood at right angles with the front of the counter and the columns. The bullet raked and splintered the moldings of the counter front, but with no other damage. The shot was returned from the upper end of the bar, and then, for the first time, I became aware that two men with leveled revolvers were shooting at each other through the saloon. The bystanders in range were fully protected by the wooden columns; the barkeeper had ducked below the counter at the first shot. Six shots were exchanged by the duellists, but as far as I could see nobody was hurt. A mirror was smashed, and my glass had part of its rim carried cleanly away by the third shot, and its contents spilled. I had remained standing near the counter, and I presume I may have been protected by the columns; but the whole thing passed so quickly and I was so utterly absorbed in its dramatic novelty that I cannot recall having the slightest sensation of physical fear. Indeed, I had been much more frightened in positions of less peril. My only concern, and this was paramount, was that I might betray by any word or movement my youthfulness, astonishment, or unfamiliarity with such an experience. I think that any shy, vain schoolboy will understand this, and would probably feel as I did. So strong was this feeling that while the stinging of gunpowder was still in my nostrils I moved toward the bar, and taking up my broken glass, said to the barkeeper, perhaps somewhat slowly and diffidently: 'Will you please fill me another glass? It's not my fault if this was broken.' The barkeeper, rising flushed and excited from behind the bar, looked at me with a queer smile, and then passed the decanter and a fresh glass. I heard a laugh and an oath behind me, and my cheeks flushed as I took a single gulp of the fiery spirit and hurried away."—*Youth's Companion.*

## FACTS ABOUT SARDINES.

The Greater Part of This Country's Consumption Now Packed Here.

Formerly the sardines consumed in this country were all imported from France; now about three-quarters of the sardines eaten in the United States are put up here, the chief center of the sardine industry in the United States being the eastern coast of Maine, though some sardines are now put up on the coast of California. The packing of sardines in this country was begun about thirty-five years ago. Thousands of people now find employment in one part and another of the work in catching fish, in making cans and in canning and packing and marketing and so on. Sardines are put up in greater variety than formerly, there being nowadays sardines packed in tomato sauce, sardines in mustard, spiced sardines, and so on; but the great bulk of sardines, both imported and domestic, are still put up in oil. Sardines are put up also in a greater variety of packages than formerly, there being, for example, various sizes and shapes of oval tins, and some French sardines are imported in glass, and as the great bulk of sardines are still put up in oil, so the great bulk of them are still put up in the familiar flat boxes, the great majority of these being of the size known as halves and quarters, and far the greater number of these being in quarters. Sardines are packed 400 tins in a case, and the consumption of sardines in this country is roughly estimated at from a million and a half to two million cases annually. Like canned goods of every description, sardines are cheaper now than they formerly were, and American sardines are now exported from this country to the West Indies and to South America.

## New Verses.

"Sir, how is it you advertise all the beer a fellow can drink for five cents and then stop me on one glass after I have paid my money?" indignantly demanded Hungry Willie. "I advertised all the beer you can drink for five cents, didn't I?" asked the bartender. "You did, sir," replied Willie. "Well, that's all the beer you can drink for five cents in this place. See?"—*Baltimore News.*

## An Absorbing Topic.

Dick—Miss King is so reserved and has so little to say that I can't keep conversation with her from lagging. Jack (her former beau)—Mention pearls, and you will have nothing to do but listen—and buy.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*



THE FILE HAD WORKED UNWEARIEDLY.

cases of sunstroke, which were not even severe, and will probably terminate favorably. I've had the men removed to the hospital and sent a report to the colonel. Davis' introduction obtained for me the loan of a suit of civilian's clothes from the owner of the adjoining plantation, and, as I wanted to profit by the beautiful afternoon and my leave of absence, I rode to Springfield."

The accompaniment to this story, told in the most matter-of-fact tone, was the low, harsh grating of the file, which the speaker was diligently using. The whole affair was thoroughly characteristic of John Maxwell. Any one else would have done everything in his power to keep his friend from such a venture, and, when all failed, would at least have been anxious and troubled about him. John did neither. He considered the former useless, the latter superfluous; but, without wasting another word, he rode straight into the jaws of danger after his man and considered it the simplest and most natural thing in the world.

William stood close by the window, breathlessly watching the work of liberation, as well as the dim light of the room permitted. He could do nothing to help.

"Have you talked with Florence?" he asked. "Does she know your plan? She is now alone at her father's death bed—alone with the scoundrel who betrayed me!"

"Hardly, for I have forbidden him to enter the sick chamber; and besides, he has a visitor—the magistrate from the city, who was summoned here for the wedding. They are in a hurry, it must be admitted. Mr. Harrison wished, under any circumstances, to become a Benedict today."

"The magistrate? So he has really come? I should like to wring his neck!"

"You will please refrain from that," said Maxwell, reprovingly. "Mr. Thompson is a good friend of mine, whom I hold in great esteem. It was he who originated the peerless idea of considering me Doctor Blackwood. I won't have his neck wrung on any account, and it would be very impractical on your part. A Justice is

soon as you are at liberty. Ralph shall announce, apparently in great trepidation, that his young mistress has suddenly disappeared. He has looked for her in vain. Of course, she can be only in one place. Harrison will rush here as fast as possible to frustrate the attempt at liberation, and we shall have him in our hands. Then he can occupy the place which he so kindly selected for you, and you can use his marriage contract—the simplest exchange possible."

"But that is a partial deception," replied William. "Am I secretly, craftily, to steal a right which was promised me openly in the presence of all the world? Am I to urge Florence to a marriage in this terrible hour which robs her of a father?"

"Stop, Will! My patience is being exhausted!" Maxwell angrily interrupted. "Don't bother me again with your German slowness and stupidity, or I'll leave you behind bolts and bars. One can't lead good fortune straight to your arms. You must first inspect it on all sides—subject it to a critical examination—to ascertain whether it is thoroughly ideal and free from earthly dross; and meanwhile the light, airy thing flutters out of your hands. In short, do you want to marry Florence or not?"

"Of course I do. But—"  
"Very well, then, the matter is settled. Leave the rest to me. True, it's abominable to expect a best man first to drag the bridegroom from behind so many iron bars, but you must have some unusual circumstance connected with it. One thing more: Of course you have no weapons."

"Should I have been captured otherwise? I certainly would not have surrendered with arms in my hands."

"I anticipated that and concealed two pistols about me. There, now I've finished. Try your strength and see if you can tear out the grating."  
The file had worked unwearily all the time, had cut through the larger portion of the grating and loosened the rest, but the iron still held. William tugged and shook in vain, and there was no more time to lose. But the consciousness of danger lent the young man unnatural strength. After a few unsuccessful efforts he again seized the grating and, with a last,