

IRENE'S VOW

By CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)
"Alas, my darling, there is none. I know that you would not send me away from you. I know how much you loved me. Now the only thing is for both of us to yield a little. Promise to marry me quietly, unknown to everyone, and I will take you anywhere you like to go—to France, Italy, Spain—to the other end of the world, if you will, and, my darling, you shall be so happy; you shall be a queen. I will deck you with rarest jewels, with richest dresses; you shall have all your heart can desire for a year or two, and then you will be at liberty to proclaim your marriage if you wish it. One or two years' silence is not much, is it, Irene?"

"No, not much," she answered. "But, Sir Hulbert, if you can make your marriage public then, why not now?"
"I shall have arranged all my affairs by then," he replied, "and it will not matter who knows it when that is done."
"Half shyly she asked:
"Would it not be better for us to wait until that time comes? We could see each other sometimes, and write often. Would it not be better, Sir Hulbert?"
"You know that it is uncertain, Irene. I cannot tell you whether it may be one year, or two, or three. Shall we part with this uncertainty before us? Ah, Irene, you say you love me; love does not stop at sacrifice; the proof I ask of you is small; if you really love me, you will not hesitate."

She looked up at him with child-like faith and love that might have touched his heart, but which did not.

"Tell me," she said, "exactly what you wish me to do."

"I will," he replied. "To-day is Tuesday. Meet me here early on Thursday morning. We will walk to Huddlestone railway station, then we will take the train to London. I will place you in safety while I am making arrangements for our marriage. When we are married we will give one day entirely to shopping, and you shall purchase a trousseau fit for a grand duchess; and then we will go wherever you choose. The wide world is open to us, and a beautiful world we will make it."

She hesitated one minute.

"What will they say at home, Sir Hulbert?" she asked.

"They cannot say very much. You have a perfect right to please yourself," he answered. "I leave a letter, telling them you have gone away to be married, and that in two years' time your husband will bring you home again. Will you consent to that?"

"Do you think it will grieve them very much?" she asked.

"I should think not," he replied; "if they love you very much, they will be pleased to know that you are happy, and you must not forget to tell them you are happy."

Again the sweet, clear eyes were raised to his.

"Do you think it right, Sir Hulbert?" she asked.

"Right? Yes. Why, my darling, what a simple question. You love me and I love you, why should we not choose each other from all the world to be happy with each other? It would not be what you call right to part and be miserable. In my mind all is fair in love and war, and not only fair, but right."
"I wonder," said the girl, simply, "if my mother will know when I am Lady Estmere?"

"Irene," he said, quickly, "although I am so strong, do you know that I am nervous and—talking of those who are dead distresses me. You do it so suddenly, you startle me."

"Do I? Then I will not do it again," she said, and before they parted everything was arranged for Irene to leave home with Sir Hulbert on Thursday.

CHAPTER VI.

On the, to her, fatal Thursday Irene walked through the fields, listening to the music that came from the soft throats of a hundred birds; so soon she should see those green fields again, so soon she should retrace her steps, and return the happiest and most envied of women. There, in the far distance, were the Outton Hills, where Santon Darcy had first seen his beautiful wife, coming to him, as it were, from the golden cloud-land. She walked quickly lest her lover should be waiting for her. There were no words when they did meet; he clasped her hands in his and kissed her beautiful lips; still holding her hand, they walked together to Bramble.

It was all a novelty to Irene, the incursions traveling, the first-class carriage, which, by dint of a golden key, Sir Hulbert kept for themselves, the care, the respect, the attention shown them, her delight when they first saw the streets of London, her surprise at the magnificence of the hotel where he placed her, and left her. Before he went, he drew her to the window, and they stood for some minutes watching the crowded street.

"Irene," he said suddenly, "you do not know much about the laws of marriage, I should imagine."

"No, not very much," she replied.

"You think, without doubt," he continued, "that all marriages are solemnized in churches."

"I thought so," she said, looking up at him, but his eyes were turned from her, and seemed fixed on something in the street.

"That is a mistake," he said, hurriedly, "there need be no going to church; every one, you know, does not believe in it. There is a marriage, quite as legal, quite as binding, as though it were solemnized by a bishop. One has merely to purchase a special license, and go to the clergyman; everything goes well then. It saves a great deal of trouble."

"Sir Hulbert," she said, "must I be married without a white wedding dress, and a veil? I always thought that a veil and wreath of orange blossoms were essential."

He smiled at the simple, girlish question.

"Never mind the dresses until after the wedding," he said. "This that you wear will do—a pretty lilac muslin that always reminds me of spring-tide. We will buy dresses enough for a duchess afterward. Will you be ready by to-morrow at ten?"

There was something like a shadow that lay on her beautiful face. He saw it. "Wait—let me think, Irene. After all, you shall not be married in that dress; I will send you a dress to-night. Will that please you?"

"Yes," she answered, with the gay, bright smile he always liked to see. "I did not think it was very nice to be married in this old muslin dress."

He bade her adieu, and went at once to purchase a wedding dress for her. The purchase did credit to his taste. He bought a pale gray costume of rich silk, and a pretty bonnet, with gray drooping plumes—a dress at once rich, quiet and distinctive. It was sent to her at the hotel, with a note from him, asking her to wear it on the morrow. He sent at the same time a beautiful bouquet of white and crimson flowers.

For that it was all like a dream to her—the long, sleepless night, when dreams of home came to her, the slow waking, when the noise of the distant city was so strange to her.

She could not at first remember where she was—rising and dressing, looking at herself in her new dress with a startled, half-shy wonder, sitting down and trying to drink the warm, fragrant tea prepared for her.

For years afterward she remembered the fierce, wild beating of her heart as the carriage drove up to the door, and she heard the sound of her lover's voice on the stairs. Her first thought, poor child, was a prayer.

"Mother," she cried, "you are among the angels, and I am all alone. I am going to be married; send me a blessing from heaven; there was no one to give me one here."

The next moment her lover was in the room, and everything was forgotten in the delight of seeing him.

He was bewildered with surprise. The poor girl, who had "made a mistake in this case," the costly, shining silk, the rich lace, the drooping plumes made a wonderful difference.

"My darling," he cried, "why, you look like a queen. Why do I say a queen? No queen ever looked so fair. How proud I am of you, my darling. All the world will envy me the possession of that fairest face."

"I am glad you are pleased with me," she murmured.

"Pleased," he said, laughingly; "that is not the word, sweet; I am proud. I wonder at my own fortune. For me life holds nothing, the world nothing half so fair. Pleased! why, my darling, can you not see that your beauty drives me mad?"

"The rest was like a dream to her—except that she trembled with fear, with awe, with reverence. She remembered how Sir Hulbert, holding her hand with a loving clasp, led her to the carriage; that, as they drove in silence through the sunlit streets, his arm was thrown round her, as though he doted death even to take her from him; that they drove for a long way until they reached a tall, gloomy house in the midst of a gloomy square.

"It does not look like a clergyman's house," she said, and then wondered why his face grew so deadly pale.

"You must not expect to see a country vicarage, covered with flowers," he said. "Irene, throw this black cloak over your shoulders; I do not want everyone to know what is going on; and, my darling, you do look so much like a bride. I believe you would look just the same, sweet, fair and blooming, if you were dressed in black crepe."

"No, not quite the same," she said, drawing the black cloak round her shoulders. "Where are my flowers? Oh, Sir Hulbert, give me my flowers; there they were on the seat. I could not be married without my beautiful flowers. Other girls have sisters and friends on their wedding day—I have none, save my flowers, and they seem to understand."

"You have me, Irene," he said, half reproachfully, "what more do you want? You have me."

For long years afterward she remembered every detail of that scene. They entered a large, square, gloomy room, plainly furnished, yet with every evidence that a clergyman inhabited it. She remembered every detail of it. Over the mantelpiece hung an engraving of the "Good Samaritan," opposite to that hung a wretched copy of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper"; a few good steel engravings of various subjects finished the list of works of art. The greater part of the walls was covered with books; there was a reading chair, a writing table, one or two bronze statuettes; a few large folios lay open on the table; the dark blinds and dark curtains gave a somber aspect to the room.

The door opened and the minister entered. She gave one keen, half-frightened glance at him. He did not impress her favorably; he was tall and thin; he wore a long coat and a white collar, but something was wanting in him. She could not tell what. He bowed to Sir Hulbert in a distant, cold fashion.

"You appointed half-past ten," he said, "and now it is eleven. My time is valuable; it is as well to be careful and punctual in these matters."

"I am sorry," said Sir Hulbert carelessly, "but the drive was longer than I thought."

"That may be, but it has nothing to do with me. Have you the license? Give it to me."

Sir Hulbert gave him a folded paper, which he read attentively from beginning to end.

"That is right," he said. "Now, have you the wedding ring?"

"Yes, I did not forget that," said Sir Hulbert, as he drew the little gold ring from his pocket.

"Take this lady's hand and stand before me," said the stranger, briefly. And then he went over the beautiful words of the most solemn service the church knows. "For richer, for poorer, for better, for worse, in sickness or health, until death do us part."

Irene remembered no more, it was like a confused dream.

CHAPTER VII.

It seemed to Irene that she never awoke properly to life until she opened

her eyes in that bright, gay city of Paris, where life is all festivity and death seems impossible.

Sir Hulbert had laden her with presents; he had taken her to the best shops in Paris; he had lavished hundreds of pounds on her dresses. She had satins and velvets and furs, laces and silks that many a duchess might have envied; she had jewels and ornaments; he never seemed tired of buying for her; he seldom came home without a valuable gift of some kind.

As she passed along the streets people would turn again and again to look at that wondrous face. As she drove through the Bois de Boulogne, every man who passed her wondered who she was.

"La belle Anglaise," they called her, and many hundreds of inquiries were made as to who "La belle Anglaise" was.

Her history seemed simple enough; she was Mrs. Leigh, and she lived with her husband, an English millionaire, it was commonly supposed, at the Hotel de Bourbon, close to the Tuilleries, one of the most curious could learn about her.

The lovely Mrs. Leigh was fond of balls, fond of the opera, enjoying driving out, had splendid taste in dress, and was altogether the loveliest woman in Paris.

After some quiet observation they began to perceive that, although Mr. and Mrs. Leigh went to nearly every public ball, they were never at private ones. That although the carriage of "La belle Anglaise" was always surrounded by gentlemen, she had no lady friends.

Among their visitors no ladies came. The pretty silver card basket was filled with cards, all belonging to gentlemen. One day she said to Sir Hulbert:

"You know a great many gentlemen in Paris, Hulbert, but no ladies. How is it that you have no lady friends?"

"It seems to me the most natural thing in the world, Irene. I do not know that I cared much about the society of ladies, until I saw you."

She interrupted him.

"Major Camden, who was driving with you yesterday, said that his sisters were staying near here. I wish you would introduce me to them."

He looked away from her, slightly confused.

"You would not care for them," he said. "They are very tiresome—quite old maids."

"I should not mind," she replied; "you do not know how strange it seems always to be with gentlemen, and to see no ladies."

"You cannot be lonely, Irene, when you have me," he said, gently.

"No, it is not that. I am not lonely, nor at all; how could I be with you, Hulbert? It is something quite different. Perhaps I want to discuss the latest fashions, or the prettiest bonnet. You could not talk about those little matters, could you, Hulbert?"

"I will talk about anything in the world that pleases you," he replied; "but if I were in your place I would try not to know the Misses Camden—they are both proud and disagreeable. Make yourself happy with me, my darling; never mind either the spinsters, matrons or maids; think of me, and of no one else."

They were sitting together one morning when the English mails came in; there were several letters Sir Hulbert read through quickly and laid aside.

"I am not in the humor for letters this morning," he said; "nor for my newspapers."

Irene answered laughingly:

"That means you are lazy and want me to read to you."

"My clever little darling, you have guessed the exact truth," he replied. "I am lazy, and above all, I should like the dearest voice in the world to read to me all that is most amusing in the newspapers."

"I understand," she replied. "It was wonderful to see how quickly she attended to all his wants. Another few minutes, and the most beautiful woman in Paris sat by him, one white hand lingering in the dark curls of his hair, the other holding the paper from which she read to him. There were several amusing paragraphs, several tidbits of the week's scandal, which were all a lead letter to her, then she said:

"We are informed that the Earl Gerant, with his lovely and accomplished daughter, the Lady Lira Gerant, intend spending the next few weeks in Paris."

She read the words clearly and distinctly to her, they were the same as any other; then she was startled by a low cry from his lips.

"I—I—I did not hear, Irene. Read that to me again. Earl—what—who? Read it again."

Irene read it slowly, carefully, word for word.

Before she had quite finished he had risen from his comfortable lounging chair.

"What is the matter, Hulbert?" she asked, gently.

"Do not read any more, Irene. Either I am irritable this morning, or I am not well; I cannot tell which."

"You are never irritable," she answered. "Are you going out, Hulbert, and going alone, too?"

He bent down and kissed her.

"I shall not be long, my darling. I am going out on business, or I would take you."

He was absent some time. When he returned the sun had set and the hotel lamps were lighted. He went to her room, where she was dressing for dinner.

"You will make me play truant again if you give me such a warm welcome home, Irene," he said.

She was so delighted to see him. He had never been absent from her so long before since the day in London when he had made her his wife.

"It always seems to me to be an old-fashioned word," he replied, "and by no means a pretty one."

Her beautiful face fell.

"Do you think not," she said, "I am sorry to hear it. I think it the most beautiful and impressive word in the English language."

He smiled, as he said:

"Do you, beloved wife? Then I will try to use it a little oftener; you never told me before how often you liked it. Now will you give orders about the boxes?"

(To be continued.)

EXISTS UNDER TWO FLAGS.

Postoffice that is Partly in the United States and Partly in Canada.

"The man without a country" is generally regarded as an anomaly, but there is something far stranger—a post-office that does business under two flags. It is located in Beebe Plain, a town that is half in the State of Vermont and half in the Province of Quebec. The building was erected some seventy-five years ago exactly on the line between the United States and Canada, so that it stands in two countries and serves in the postal service of two nations.

The cellar of the building connects the two countries, and some years ago when the postoffice was a general store whisky was known to be sold in one country and delivered in another without ever having gone out from under the roof of the old structure. This combination postoffice is now being run by parent and child, the father being postmaster for Canadian Quebec and the daughter postmistress for Vermont.

Standing in front of this strange post-office is a large post which marks the boundary line, and it is said that one time a man who wanted to get a road-way to his premises moved this post, and many thousands of dollars and no little time were spent in establishing the exact line again.

Until a short time ago a very peculiar postoffice was used in Argylshire, England. It was situated in the lonely hills between Drimmin and Barr, three miles from any habitation, and consisted of a simple slit in a rock, closed up by a nicely fitting stone.

When any letters arrived at Drimmin for the district of Barr they were conveyed to the rock by the first shepherd or crofter going so far. Having been dropped in and the slit reclosed, they were left until a shepherd or crofter from the other side happened to come along, when they were taken up and delivered at their due destination. No letter was ever known to get lost at this primitive postoffice.

At Barra, Shetland, an old tin canister, made water tight with newspapers and pitch, was once picked up on the shore. It contained ten letters, with the correct cash for postage. With these was also a letter for the finder, urgently requesting the posting of the accompanying missives, as they were important business communications. After the letters had been carefully dried they were at once posted to their destinations, which they reached without further adventure.

Searching After Amber.

A pleasant form of idling is wandering along the edge of the sea in quiet, out-of-the-world spots, and searching for amber, says the London Daily Mail.

Lately a fair amount of amber has been washed ashore on the sands and beaches of East Anglia; a gale from the east and northeast and a strong sea usually bring up the amber in Essex, Suffolk, Sussex and elsewhere—I dare say in parts of the Lincolnshire coast, too.

Even some of the professional fishermen and boatmen search for amber when they have no more important work on hand, and sell, in a rough state, the scraps they find to local jewelers and dealers in curiosities and odds and ends.

I find some of these fishermen when I have talked take quite the accepted view of the day as to the origin of amber. They call it gum from the trees; but perhaps they are a little astray in regard to the age of this resin; the "fly in the amber" is not exactly our modern blue bottle; in fact, the foreign substances found in amber generally belong to species extinct ages ago. Amber is no longer used in medicine; formerly oil of amber was regarded as a cure for various complaints.

Tiled with Tin Cans.

A remarkable little building stands on the lawn of Dr. Naaman H. Keyser's house in Church Lane, Germantown, Pa. It was erected by Dr. Keyser himself when a boy, some addition or alteration being made to it each year during his vacation. The architecture is old English. The lower part is wooden, and the upper part has the effect of tiling, the tiles being made out of old tin cans. The youthful architect persuaded the boys of the neighborhood to collect cans from the various dumps, 1,000 of them being used on the building. The bottoms of the cans blocked over wood formed circular tiles, with which the roof is covered, and the remainder of the tin being beaten out flat and also blocked, made square tiles for the upper part of the walls.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Loose Ways of Turks.

Horses, mules and donkeys go loaded to market in Turkey, but the road is strewn with grain leaking from the old sacks, and thousands of turkeys, which may be bought at 12 cents apiece, feed on the dropping grain.

A Remarkable Record.

Modern steamship travel is so safe that the English government has not lost or injured in transit a single man of the 250,000 sent to South Africa.

The dividing line between smiles and tears is a very narrow one.

SOLDIERS AT HOME.

THEY TELL SOME INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

How the Boys of Both Armies Whiled Away Life in Camp—Foraging Experiences, Tiresome Marches—Thrilling Scenes on the Battlefield.

"I was in Crook's division at Appomattox," said Capt. Henry, "and when the 9th of April comes around the scenes of the week before the surrender come up vividly before me. We were twenty-five miles away when a scout brought an intercepted dispatch from Lee's commissary general ordering four train loads of provisions to Appomattox depot. This gave Sheridan the information he wanted, and soon the divisions of Custer, Crook and Merritt were galloping toward Appomattox.

"The trains were captured, but what I most clearly remember is the scene that followed the capture. Locomotive engineers jumped from the saddles in our division and took charge of the locomotives deserted by the rebels, and ran the trains back and forth through the great masses of cavalry lining both sides of the track. They tooted the whistles, rang the engine bells, while the cavalrymen yelled and the horses pranced and neighed. It was a wild scene and I have never witnessed another like it.

"We knew that at last we were across Lee's line of retreat, and looking at the heavy columns of cavalry moving into line, I thought we could check the enemy, no matter how strong. I felt different during the night, but was reassured when the infantry came up at a double-quick and formed behind us in the woods. When the heavy line of Confederate infantry advanced on the morning of the 9th to brush Sheridan's cavalry aside, a great double line of infantry in blue arose to meet them.

"Some one saw an old owl on a stick and the word went down our line, 'A flag of truce; don't fire.' But Sheridan said to those about him: 'Is this a makeshift to gain time? I have lost too many men this morning to be put off by any game.' Gen. Gordon and other Confederate officers explained that Gen. Lee was in correspondence with Gen. Grant as to surrender, and they asked a suspension of hostilities. In a minute it seemed to me the cavalry dismounted and the infantry lay down in line of battle. The men had marched all night, but their eyes were bright and their faces eager and expectant. It was Sabbath day and the end had come. And while the commanders talked thousands of the men dozed and slept in contentment."

"After the surrender," said the Sergeant, "a comrade and myself went over to the camp of Walker's division to see how the men of the old Stonewall brigade took the surrender. The regiments marched out, stacked arms, and were moving off quietly in splendid order when their brigade band struck up, 'Ain't I Glad I'm Out of the Wilderness,' and all stopped to listen. Then the band played 'Dixie,' but there was no cheering. Later came 'Home, Sweet Home,' and a cheer swelled around the Confederate lines and was carried into and around the Union lines. It was not a cheer of exultation, but of common sympathy and rejoicing.

"I have carried from that day to this a square inch of the apple tree of Appomattox, which came to me in this way: There was a general impression that Grant and Lee met under an apple tree for their first informal talk over the terms of surrender, and the particular tree was guarded by both Unionists and Confederates. But, as soldiers passed, twig after twig was broken off, and finally cavalrymen broke off large limbs as they rode by. At this juncture a squad of cavalry rode down on the crowd about the tree, dismounted, and two men proceeded to cut it down, the chips flying out among the men who stood near. One of these chips I put in my pocket, and I have it yet.

"When the tree had been cut down the cavalrymen cut it in sections, and, mounting their horses, carried all off toward headquarters. In five minutes every chip and scrap had disappeared, and the next day there was a great hole where the tree had stood, the rebel hunters digging down to get even the smallest root branch. And, after all, Lee did not surrender under the tree, but rested under it while waiting to hear from Grant, and was met there by Marshall and Babcock, who carried Grant's message to him.

"I was standing near the famous apple tree when Jenkins' rebel artillery, moving to the point where the guns were to be parked, stuck in the mud. While the men were striving to extricate the guns I asked Capt. Jenkins how he felt. He said: 'I am like my battery, stalled, stuck. I am like the lower side of one of those wheels, as low as I can get, and am waiting. If the Yankees come along and pull the gun up hill or down, the part of the wheel now on the ground is bound to roll up. So I am bound to roll toward the top, no matter what happens. Any change of position will be for the better.' And most of the Johnnies seemed to feel as did Capt. Jenkins."

"The flag of truce at Appomattox," said Surgeon Kitchen, "was brought to Maj. George F. Morgan of the One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania. The One Hundred and Fifty-fifth was on the skirmish line, when a rebel major came up with the flag, and said to Morgan, 'For God's sake, have your men cease firing.' Maj. Morgan replied: 'Why don't you have your men cease firing. You come here with a

flag of truce, and yet your men keep up their fire.' The bearer of the flag passed to the rear to report to Gen. Griffin, and in the meantime the Colonel commanding the Alabama brigade in front of us came forward and surrendered.

"His men threw down their arms in the streets of Appomattox Court House and came forward in a body. Maj. Morgan, still maintaining his skirmish line, sent the Alabama colonel and his men to the rear under guard. All these men had surrendered and were prisoners before orders were received to cease firing and were not included in the forces surrendered by Gen. Lee, but were paroled with the Confederates captured at Sailors' Creek and Farmville. Because of our advanced position our brigade was designated in general orders to receive the surrender of the arms of the Army of Northern Virginia.

"At first the rebels, as they turned over their arms, were sullen and reticent, but when they were informed that they were to return to their homes with their horses and mules, they were eager to secure their paroles, and buoyant over the thought of going home to stay. When the first division of Gordon's corps marched past our camp going home Maj. Morgan assembled the brigade band on the road side and instructed it to play 'Home, Sweet Home.' Gordon's men straightened up, caught step, swung their hats, and went away from us cheering.

"Their spirit had an effect on our boys and as we marched back toward City Point there was much shouting to the effect that the war was over and much singing of 'When Johnny Comes Marching Home.' By the way, the last man killed in the army of the Potomac was Corporal Montgomery of Company I, One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania Zouaves. He was shot on the skirmish line a moment before the flag of truce came to our front."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

How We Did During the War.

We trimmed our hats with wreaths of flowers, also made from the palmetto. This task generally devolved upon me. I was an adept in the art of making war flowers, and this knowledge was of benefit in handling the palmetto; so I succeeded in making some beautiful flowers, which were proof against wind and weather. We would intermix with their tufts of red and blue and the gorgeous peacock feathers to brighten them up. Some of our hats were really lovely.

The male members of the family also sported the palmetto hat, and these we finished simply with a band of dark or black cloth. These hats were very durable. Father wore one constantly for three years, and at the expiration of that time it was perfectly good.

We also made sets of table-mats with palmetto braid, which were handsome in appearance, and far excelled in durability the straw mats generally purchased at stores. Mother was so much prepossessed in their favor that she continued their use long after the war. Many beautiful hanging-baskets, wall-pockets, picture frames, card receivers and other useful and ornamental articles we also made from palmetto.

The much despised corn shuck came bravely to the front in those days, and furnished a greater variety of indispensable articles than any other single commodity. Our mattresses, foot mats, scrub brooms and horse collars were all manufactured from the shuck. Most excellent mattresses were made in this wise; the shucks were torn into very fine strips by means of a common table fork, the upper or hard end cut away, and the flecking then well filled and tacked with strong cord in the usual manner. These mattresses possessed many advantages over either cotton or moss, as they are light and springy, and never pack.

One of the loveliest pieces of shuck work I ever saw was a hearth rug, for summer use. I used only the inner portions, which are soft and of a creamy whiteness. These I cut into pieces about an inch long and half an inch wide. I crossed the ends of these strips, thus forming a point at the top. For the foundation of this rug I used a heavy piece of white cotton cloth, one yard and a half in length and three-quarters of a yard wide. I began sewing on the points at the outer edge, letting each succeeding row cover the ends of the row above, until I reached the center, where I concealed all discrepancies with a fluffy tuft of shucks. I then surrounded the entire rug with a thick, heavy fringe formed of shucks. This rug was greatly admired, and many of our friends imitated the pattern.—A Southern Lady.

What the War Cost in Labor.

It may be assumed that at a minimum the cost of suppressing the rebellion was \$8,000,000,000, writes Edward Atkinson, in the Forum. It was, therefore, \$1,437,000,000 a year for seven years. It has been held that the maximum product of each person occupied for gain in 1880 could not have exceeded \$200 worth; labor and capital were at least one-third more effective during and since the war and reconstruction. If, then, we value one man's labor from 1861 to 1868, inclusive, at \$500 a year, the work of war required the unremitting labor of 2,270,000 men in sustaining them. At \$400 each, an estimate probably nearer to the mark at that time, the measure would be the constant work of 2,837,500 men each year for seven years. The average population of that period was 35,000,000, of whom not over one in five could be considered an able-bodied man of arms-bearing age. The cost of liberty, therefore, consisted, in actual arduous work at the risk of life for seven years, of one man of arms-bearing age in every three.