

HIS WORD OF HONOR.

A Tale of the Blue and the Gray.

BY E. WERNER.

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CHAPTER V.

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

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

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

"You heard. What have you to say?"

"Answer!"

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

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

A flash of triumph blazed in Edward's eyes, but he exulted too soon. The moment when William turned from her broke the spell which had

trigued was snatched from him at the last moment, yet he did not quit the field like a vanquished man.

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

CHAPTER VI.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Until tomorrow!

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

(To be continued.)

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

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

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

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

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

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Paving Stones and Revolutions.

The reasons why another reign of terror was not recently inaugurated in France is thus stated by the Chicago Times-Herald: "One hundred—fifty—twenty-five years ago these things would have set the mobs going. They would be throwing paving stones at one another! Paving stones? Ah, there is the secret of the whole matter. The mobs have been robbed of their ammunition. The people stand ready to hoist the red flag and run riot, but what are the bare hands against maces and muskets? The rioter stoops to pick up a paving stone, and his fingers scratch vainly along the smooth surface of the asphalt with which most of the streets of Paris are now paved. Ciel! He is helpless! He straightens up and stares vaguely about him for a moment, and then some commissary of police runs him in. Men and women follow, shouting and shaking their fists, but there are no paving stones for them to hurl. So the Republic continues to stand. It is wonderful! A little bit of asphalt prevents the killing of people by the scores, and history is robbed of whole chapters of bloody details. Vive le tar barrel!"

Dangerous Friction.

An insurance adjuster was sent to a Massachusetts town to adjust a loss on a building that had been burned.

"How did the fire start?" asked an acquaintance who met him on his homeward trip.

"I couldn't say certainly, and nobody seemed able to tell," said the adjuster, "but it struck me that it might have been the result of friction."

"What do you mean by that?" asked his friend.

"Well," said the insurance man, gravely, "friction sometimes comes from rubbing a ten-thousand-dollar policy on a five-thousand-dollar building."

PICTORAL CONTRASTS

DIFFERENT CONDITIONS UNDER TWO ADMINISTRATIONS.

Dismal Scenes of Poverty and Suffering Give Place to Gratifying Representation of the Splendid Prosperity Visible on Every Hand.

This week's American Economist presents two illustrations which preach a sermon and tell a story of peculiar interest and significance. The first, a photographic reproduction of a scene of actual occurrence, brings into view a condition which existed in January, 1894, less than a year after the inauguration of Grover Cleveland as president of the United States. The administration of President Cleveland was distinctly committed to the policy of free trade, and from the moment the result of the presidential election of November, 1892, became known, the country began to feel the stress and stringency of the changed industrial and economic outlook. A year and a quarter later, the period at which the scene portrayed in the first picture occurred, the wage earners of the United States were brought face to face with the disastrous consequences involved in the triumph of free trade. Out of work, out of money, their wives and children suffering for lack of food and clothing, eagerly thronged the places where relief was dispensed. One among these numerous places was the New York Herald building, corner of Broadway and Ann street, where free clothing was handed out to the needy. It was a charity which honored the generous proprietor of the Herald and which went far toward mitigating the sufferings of the poor in that never-to-be-forgotten free trade winter of 1893-1894. The charity was the worthier on the part of the Herald, because of the element of reparation entering into it.

Come we now to the second picture, which appears in the New York Herald of Dec. 5, 1899. Three years and a month have elapsed since the verdict of the people at the presidential election of November, 1896, was made known in favor of a protective tariff. Instead of the dismal scenes of poverty seeking the dole of free soup and free clothing, we have a picture of Uncle Sam, his features expressing supreme gratification, standing by the side of a chimney in whose dense mass of escaping smoke are seen the outlines of the word "PROSPERITY," while a huge placard announces the fact that

During the past week the wages of 56,700 operatives in Fall River, Lowell and New Bedford have been advanced 10 per cent.

The New York Herald was for many years a strenuous advocate of free trade for the United States. It is not so strenuous now. Otherwise it would hardly have furnished the second picture of a pair which tell so vividly and so convincingly the story of contrasting conditions under two administrations.

BARGAIN COUNTER THEORY.

Our Products Not Sold Abroad for Less Than at Home.

One of the arguments most generally urged against the protective tariff system by its opponents is that American products are frequently sold to foreign consumers for less than they are sold at home. The same objection might be urged against the bargain counter sales of the American merchant. He has a surplus and cannot afford to hold it over until the next season, to be put up in competition with new and fresh goods, even of the same manufacture. The bargain day sales of the merchant do not affect the salaries of his employees, they are of some benefit to those who buy, and although they may not add to the profit side of the merchant's account, they at least save him from loss.

The manufacturer cannot exactly estimate the quantity of goods he can sell during the season, but he knows he must have enough, and he furthermore feels that he is in duty bound to furnish his employees full employment, and therefore lets his mills go full time. If he has a surplus and can dispose of it at cost in a foreign country it saves him from loss, helps the purchaser to the extent of reduction in price, and above all, enables him to give his labor full employment.

Is there anything wrong in the



Result of the New York Herald's Teaching—The Distribution of Free Clothing in the Herald's Ann Street Building, January 19, 1894.

transaction? The thinking man will say no.

The fact of the matter is, however, that American products are never sold in foreign markets for less than they are at home.

That they are sold, however, at less price than the foreign manufacturer can produce them for, is an acknowledged fact. This is the misfortune of the foreigner.

The superiority of our skilled labor and improved labor saving machinery enables us to do this, and we do it.

Can any one find fault with us for doing so?—St. Louis Star.

FREE TRADE BOSH.

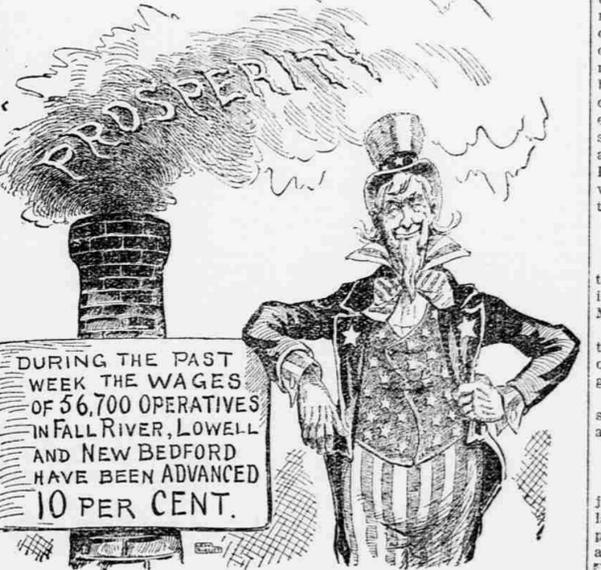
The Assertion That President McKinley Leans Toward Cobdenism.

The New York Times seems to be taxing its resources to save the Democratic party. It sees that Mr. Bryan and all that he stands for on silver, trusts and expansion can only make that party less popular with the people. It has finally hit upon a scheme by which the party can be reinstated and the country saved from untold disaster, namely, by abandoning its position on silver, trusts and the Philippines, and standing for the simple issue of tariff destruction. Let the party declare for putting all trust products on the free list and make "a determined assault upon the 52 per cent Dingley tariff" and its popularity with the people is assured. It takes the recent remarks by President McKinley and Postmaster-General Charles Emery Smith, favoring foreign commerce, as certain evidence that the administration is rapidly getting in line for free trade, and warns the Democratic party that if it does not hurry up and get upon this anti-tariff platform the Republicans will be ahead of it, and then its chances of success will be gone for another generation. Mr. Bryan may lack political insight in adhering to the 16-to-1 proposition, but in his wildest moments he has never exhibited such mental chaos as is revealed in the notion that President McKinley and his postmaster-general have turned their backs on protection, and that free trade would be a popular issue for 1890. Such a notion can only be entertained on the assumption that the American nation is composed of seventy-five millions of people "mostly fools." Besides this delirium Mr. Bryan's talk really sounds like statesmanship.—Guntton's Magazine, December, 1899.

No Tariff Tinkering.

Representative Payne of New York, chairman of the house committee on ways and means, is certain that the present congress will do no tariff tinkering. "The Fifty-sixth congress has important work on its hands," said he in a recent interview. "There will be no tariff legislation during the present session. The condition of the country is today thoroughly prosperous and will continue so unless ill-advised and radical legislation affecting the busi-

GOOD NEWS.



—New York Herald, Dec. 5, 1899.

ness and financial interest of the nation is enacted during the next few years.

"The country demands and should have a settled and assured policy in respect to those questions. The Dingley law as a revenue producer has more than satisfied those responsible for its enactment, and has proved gratifying to the people of the country generally."

"It has furnished ample revenue to carry on the government from the moment the sugar and wool schedules began to operate. I am convinced that the happy results it has produced will be permanent."

Representative Payne is right. The Dingley law has proved so satisfactory and in all ways beneficial to the country that the people have no desire to interrupt its operations for some time to come.

Protection and the Gold Reserve.

The treasury statement for October 13 shows that the gold reserve in the treasury stands at \$257,746,906. The Democratic "endless chain" seems powerless to draw the gold out of the treasury during a Republican administration. When we had free trade, or tariff reform, the Democratic administration sold over \$262,000,000 in interest bearing bonds to obtain gold with which to maintain the gold reserve and to pay current expenses of the government. There has been no drain on the gold in the treasury since the Republicans were placed in charge of it, because the people have full confidence in the financial ability of the Republican party. If the Democratic party was placed in power tomorrow our unparalleled prosperity would vanish, our gold reserve would melt away like snow in August, and before six months had passed the "endless chain" would be doing business at the old stand, bonds would be sold to pay expenses and maintain the gold reserve, business would be paralyzed and before a year had passed the country would be swept by a panic, and labor would be thrown out of employment.—Benton (Ill.) Republican.

Historic Phrases A la Atkinson.

From the Mobile Register: If the fashion prevails of bewailing our nation's effort to maintain the dignity of its flag in the face of the enemy, we will have to revise the saying of those who once were national heroes and ask our children to study them in the following shape: Give up the ship.—Lawrence. Be sure you are right, then apologize for it.—Davy Crockett. We have met the enemy, and ours are theirs.—Oliver Hazard Perry. Wait until you see the whites of their eyes, boys; then run.—Andrew Jackson. Don't hold the fort; I'm running.—W. T. Sherman. Damn the torpedoes; take a sneak.—David Glasgow Farragut. I propose to get out of this line if it takes all summer.—U. S. Grant. There stands Jackson like a stone wall, but he is a fool to do it.—Gen. Lee. When you are ready, Gridley, you may skedaddle.—Dewey.

Doing Very Well.

The offer of the treasury department to redeem \$25,000,000 worth of government bonds is an unmistakable indication of the flourishing condition of our national finances. The lack of readiness shown by the holders of bonds to take advantage of the offer of the secretary of the treasury is an equally reliable indication of the very satisfactory condition of commercial affairs throughout the country. The Dingley law seems to be doing pretty well, both by the government and by the people generally.

Oh, the Sadness of Prosperity!

"Everything seems to be lost for the time being in the whirl of money-making—the pursuit of money."—John R. McLean, in Cincinnati Enquirer.

This is the pathetic way in which the candidate defeated on a platform of calamity and discontent describes general prosperity.

The situation, as Mr. McLean describes it, may seem sordid, but it is all right.—New York Sun.

Much More Favorable.

No other word than triumph does justice to the results of the Dingley law. No matter where the test is applied its workings are far more favorable than any tariff ever devised by a Democratic congress.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



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

held the young woman captive. She knew that if he crossed the threshold she would lose him forever, and, ere he reached it, she rushed forward, clasping his arm with both hands.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He turned slowly toward the door. His game was lost; the prize for whose sake he had humiliated himself to in-

Had I arrived a few hours later, I should have found you another's wife."

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

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

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

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

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

"You are going? You will leave me?"

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

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

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

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