

# HIS WORD OF HONOR.

A Tale of the Blue and the Gray.

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## CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

His tone was the courteous yet decided one of a man accustomed to see his medical authority recognized 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 our disposal. Can you rely upon this old man? Implicitly?"

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

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

"Yes, Miss Florence—anything."  
Maxwell looked keenly at him a few minutes, and seemed satisfied.

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

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

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

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

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.

## THE LOGIC OF EVENTS.

FREE-TRADE SOPHISTRY COMPLETELY DISCREDITED.

Impressive Lessons Taught by Our National Experiences in the Past Eight Years Under Different Economic Systems.

Statesmen in forecasting the industrial outlook for several years prior to the enactment of the Wilson tariff predicted the defeat of protection to American industries.

For decades the country has been filling up with people from foreign shores who, without any reflection upon their general intelligence and motives in seeking a new place for industrious pursuits, were ignorant of the government and institutions of this republic. In this condition they easily became the victims of the political shyster and demagogue. The cry of "tariff reform" was raised and persistently exploited until a sufficient number of people were deceived into voting against the interests of the laboring classes to carry the election. During the campaigns leading up to the catastrophes of 1890 and 1892 no sophism, falsehood or misrepresentation was unappealed to for the purpose of misleading the workmen and laborers. Peddlers with tinware on their backs were started out over the rural districts with instructions to ask double the usual price for such goods. Upon being inquired of for the cause of such advanced prices, they credited them to the McKinley bill. Democratic campaigners vehemently asserted that the dinner bucket would double in price. An ex-governor of this state held aloft a tin cup while he berated the tariff on tin. Another ex-governor charged the Republicans with admitting diamonds free for the benefit of the plutocrats. Both were false, and only intended to mislead and deceive the ignorant. Newspaper and magazine writers quoted decisions of the Supreme court of the United States against the principle of protection to industries, which had no more to do with the tariff for protection than Pike's peak with the Gulf stream.

The flood tide went on, and Cleveland was landed in the presidency. Then the storm began, and for four long years the whole people suffered as never before. Every prediction of Republicans in the press and on the stump was more than verified in the daily experience of every business man. Laborers were idle, factories were closed, the consumptive capacity of the people declined more and more, foreign importations grew less, commerce languished, the national bonded debt largely increased, insolvencies and receiverships were more numerous than ever, individual indebtedness grew as the years rolled by—all the direct result of Democratic "tariff reform." The aggregate losses to the nation have been conservatively estimated at four or five billions of dollars. The foreign contingency could not be schooled in the economy of protection, except by paying this enormous tuition in the school of experience. The greatest prosperity hitherto attained was in Harrison's administration after the passage of the McKinley bill. If that was great, the people clamored for still greater figures in trade and commerce, and were led to believe that "tariff reform" under Democratic administration would bring it. In vain history was adduced to prove disaster and ruin always had followed low tariffs, or tariffs squinting toward free trade. "Tariff for revenue," a sweet political morsel under Democratic tongues, always increased the public debt.

The lesson, though a long and hard one, was learned at last for this generation, and the majority of voters wanted no more of that kind of experience. That trinity of administrations—Harrison's, Cleveland's and McKinley's—prosperity sandwiching dire adversity, should be treasured as a warning precedent by every workingman and be handed down to his latest posterity.

The lesson of this recent national experience is that men who so recently have been reversed in their prognostications by the trend of political events cannot in any sense be trusted with the solution and determination of the profounder problems of the present nor those which will arise in the future.—Topeka Capital.

## TRUTH AS TO TRUSTS.

An Economic Evolution in No Manner Due to Tariff Laws.

The purpose of the Democracy next year to veil their attack upon the tariff, as they did in 1892, under the guise of an anti-trust cry, is daily becoming more apparent. The fact that the tariff has little to do with the trusts is a matter of no consequence to the Democracy, for that party is never hampered by facts when it is given a shibboleth which it believes will enable it to score a victory. The truth that trusts are independent of tariff is shown by the fact that in free trade England they have had a growth and assumed proportions unknown in this country, thus evidencing that they are an economic evolution in no manner due to tariff laws. A recent cable dispatch to the New York Tribune, discussing the trusts in England, says:

"Free trade offers no safeguard against them. English law is powerless to regulate them, for it is obviously impracticable to prevent manufacturers from carrying out arrangements for selling their own properties to themselves and managing their business more economically by reducing their expense account and the pressure of competition. There is no outcry against trusts and combinations in

A PLEASANT NEW YEAR'S CALL.



England, since the general effect of these industrial amalgamations is to reduce the cost of manufactured articles for the benefit of consumers. There is, however, a growing feeling of public indignation over the excesses and irregularities of stock promoting and the lack of efficient safeguards for the protection of share owners."

If England, with a strong central government, finds it difficult to draft legislation which will prevent trusts, it is easy to comprehend the greater difficulty in the United States, where it is possible to incorporate them under the laws of any one state, which may legislate in their favor and with whose power to do so the federal government cannot interfere and against whose action the other states cannot effectively legislate.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

## FACT VS. THEORY.

British Free Traders Staggered by the Workings of the Protective Policy.

The trend of thought in England regarding the advantages of the policy of protection is indicated by the following editorial paragraph in a recent issue of the Sheffield Telegraph:

"President McKinley's message to congress will be read with great interest. At the very outset it contains a statement calculated to stagger our free traders. One of their favorite theories is that protective duties kill a country's export trade. Well, the United States are indulging at present in about as stiff a protective tariff as anybody need want to live under; yet President McKinley was able to inform congress that the commerce of the country was in a state of unexampled prosperity. In fact, the imports and exports were the largest ever known in the history of the United States, while the exports alone for 1899 exceeded by more than a billion dollars the exports and imports combined for the year 1870. If the protective tariffs strangle trade, we could do with a little of the same kind of strangling on this side of the 'herring pond,' even though our own trade statistics just at present are not of the kind to grumble at."

Much has occurred in the past two and a half years, since the Dingley tariff went into effect, that is "calculated to stagger" free traders everywhere. The Sheffield editor is among those who have begun to think seriously and deeply about the question of the potency of free trade to promote and the tendency of protection to destroy a country's export trade. It is a case where an ounce of actual fact is put in the scale opposite a ton of theory, and the ounce outweighs the ton.

## Republicans and Trusts.

The Supreme Court has decided in every case in which unlawful combinations are attempted in violation of interstate commerce that congress has power to legislate. It has, therefore, sustained the views of Harrison, Sherman and leading Republicans which are embodied in the Sherman law and has rejected the doubts of Mr. Cleveland and his associates, which seemed to prevent the two entirely Democratic congresses which followed the congress enacting the Sherman law from taking any action hostile to trusts. In this latest decision (the Addystone case) the court has declared without reservation that congress has power to legislate against all combinations of manufacturers which are in restraint of commerce between the states. And now President McKinley urges congress, which has the highest assurance of its right to legislate against trusts prejudicial to interstate commerce, to enact further anti-trust laws.—Indianapolis Journal.

## Status of Protection.

Those little Democratic papers which are worrying about the fancied inconsistency of a protective tariff in America with the demand by our government for an "open door" in China, and which are predicting a Republican change of front to free trade, have but an imperfect grasp of the status of the tariff question in the United States.

As a matter of fact, no party does question the policy of protection.

The Democrats were forced to abandon that issue in 1896, because they say that they could not carry ten states on it. Protection is stronger than ever before in this country. The Dingley bill was passed in 1897 by a senate not Republican, and the results are an indorsement of that policy. The "open door" in China does not mean free trade. England, Germany and Russia are perfectly welcome to lay tariffs on imports in the territory they have taken from China so that they do not interfere with the treaties we have made with the Chinese government.

These newspapers might learn from Mr. Bryan that there is no hope of votes in fighting protection in the United States. See how careful he is not to antagonize that policy. He will not even recognize free trade as a remedy for trusts. Mr. Bryan is a pretty good practical politician and he does not intend to put himself in a position to be run over by the protection band wagon. There is no longer an anti-protection party in this country, though these dreamy free-trade theorists seem unable to grasp the fact.—Superior (Wis.) Leader.

## How a Monopoly Was Broken.

The free trade papers which are finding so much consolation in Mr. Griffith's testimony regarding the profits of tin plate manufacture under the recent combination, lose sight of that part of his statement in which he said that at the time of the passage of the McKinley tariff bill and for some time previous the price of plate was \$5.65 a box. At that time all the plate used in this country was made in Wales, and the duty was the same as it was on sheet iron. In other words, the low duty gave the British manufacturers a monopoly which enabled them to obtain \$5.65, against the present price of \$4.55. Probably much of the advance in plates is due to the advance in steel, which is from 75 to 100 per cent. The probability is that if there were no more duty on tin plates now than there is on the steel of which the plates are made, outsiders could not regain the American markets, because our manufacturers have learned the business, and, moreover, have introduced machinery which cheapens the cost. It would, however, be well for congress to consider this matter, and if there is a combination to prevent the purchase of machinery by outside parties, put that machinery on the free list for a time. After all, the public may rest assured that if there is a profit of even 25 per cent in the manufacture of tin plates, it will not be long until independent competitors will find ways to operate mills and put their goods upon the market. When they do, the combination, which must pay interest and dividends on bonds and stock representing four times the amount for which new factories can be built, will be the loser in the competition.—Indianapolis (Ind.) Journal.

## Rapid Transit.

It is conceded that there has never been known in the world anything quite so fast as the modern railway train, but fast as that is, prosperity, with the protective tariff as the propelling power, has quite outstripped it. None of our railroads can keep pace with it, and from all over the country come reports of scarcity of cars, of freight receipts too great to be handled with the desired promptness, of overtaxed capacity, of crowding everywhere. The railroads will need to look out for their laurels.

## It Has Always Worked That Way.

All parties in this country believe in tariff taxation for certain purposes. The Democratic party is for tariff for revenue, and the Republican party for tariff for protection. But Mr. McKinley's imperial policy, if permanently adopted, will destroy both.—Columbus Press-Post.

But you have probably noticed that when Democracy had an opportunity to show what it could do for a "tariff for revenue" it only succeeded in producing a deficit in revenue.—Mansfield (O.) News.



KNEELING BESIDE THE BED.

"Doctor Maxwell! Is it you?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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