

HIS WORD OF HONOR.

A Tale of the Blue and the Gray.

BY E. WERNER.

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CHAPTER I.

A Soldier's Honor.

The rays of the noonday sun were beating down with the scorching glow known only to the South. In the hot, quivering air every object seemed to shimmer in radiant light, and even the forest afforded no coolness, for it, too, was pervaded by the sultry atmosphere, and beneath the huge trees the burning breath of noon was still felt.

Under one of these trees, whose branches, heavy with foliage, extended a long distance, two young men had flung themselves on the ground, apparently for a short rest.

Both wore the uniform of the Union army, one being a lieutenant and the other a surgeon. The latter, who had a slender figure somewhat below the middle height, expressive features and dark hair, lay in a comfortable attitude on the turf, listening calmly to his companion, who had started up and was pacing hurriedly to and fro. The powerful form, thick, fair hair and blue eyes unmistakably revealed German ancestry; but a cloud shadowed the frank, youthful face, and the voice trembled with passionate emotion.

"I must go, cost what it may! Since I know that Harrison and his daughter were on the plantation, I have had no rest. Say what you please, John, I am going!"

"My dear William, you are on the eve of doing a very foolish thing," said the surgeon, without changing his comfortable position. "I advise you, as a friend, to drop it; the affair may be your death."

"What do I care for that! Certainly I will have at any cost. A brisk ride will bring me there in two hours, and I can return before sunset. I'll venture it at any peril."

"And risk a bullet through your

will ride into the enemy's country? You don't even know whether Miss Harrison wishes to see you—whether she did not agree when her father dismissed you so unceremoniously."

"No, no!" William impetuously retorted. "Florence has been deceived—forced; she has not received any of my letters, as I have not had a single line from her. Her father was always opposed to our engagement; we fairly extorted his consent. He gave it reluctantly, and promptly availed himself of the excuse afforded by the war to recall his promise."

John Maxwell shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, you can hardly blame him! He, a secessionist and slave-baron, and you with your humanistic ideas! You harmonize like fire and water, and you were always a thorn in the flesh of his nephew, the charming Edward. You stole from under his very eyes the girl on whom he had set his heart. He'll never forgive you. Conditions were imposed at the outbreak of the war?"

"Yes—shameful ones! I was to deny my convictions, desert and betray the cause I serve and fight in the ranks of the enemy against our army. I rejected the dishonorable demand as it deserved."

"With the most reckless bluntness to the millionaire and future father-in-law. The Harrisons really are not so very much to blame. You would be an extremely troublesome son-in-law. I should have considered the matter a little. Where a bride and a fortune are at stake—"

"You would have practiced treason? John, don't make yourself worse than you are. Even you would have been incapable of it."

"Who talks of treason? You merely

"Well, Lieutenant Roland, have you anything important to ask?" said the colonel, when they were alone.

"I merely wished to request a short leave of absence," replied the young man, with apparent calmness. "There is a family matter to be arranged which is of the utmost importance to me."

"And which you can arrange while on the march?"

"At least I hope so. I intend to visit relatives who live on a plantation only a few miles from here. I have just learned that I was in their immediate neighborhood."

The request was not singular, and was easily granted, yet something in the young man's face attracted the colonel's attention, and he inquired:

"What is the name of the plantation you desire to visit?"

William hesitated a moment, then slowly answered:

"Springfield."

Burney started.

"Springfield? That is beyond our outpost. Are you not aware that it is in the enemy's country?"

"I know it."

"And yet you wish to go there? It won't do. I cannot permit it."

"I took a similar and far more dangerous ride a week ago on staff duty," replied William.

"That was in the service; duty required it; but this is a private affair, and I cannot permit one of my officers to risk his life for such a matter. No, Lieutenant Roland."

(To be continued.)

"Certainly. I am especially anxious to have reliable information concerning the nature of the disease. The outbreak of an epidemic would be extremely inconvenient just now. When do you expect to be back?"

"In three hours, if necessary. But I had intended to ask leave of absence until evening on account of another matter, which I should like to attend to at the same time."

"Of course, if you wish," said Burney, absently. "Only send me some good news."

"The best in my power. At any rate, there is no time to lose. I will go at once."

The colonel nodded assent, and the other officers now joined in the conversation. The subject was discussed in all its bearings. If these cases were really the first in an impending epidemic, the matter was very serious.

At last Maxwell took his leave; but, in the act of going, approached his friend, who was standing silently at the window.

"Do you still persist in your resolve?" he asked, under his breath.

"Certainly. As soon as I get my leave I shall ride over."

"And perhaps be shot on the way? Good luck to you!"

"Thanks for the kind wish," said William, angrily. "Perhaps it will be fulfilled."

"Hardly. Men who, like you, are forever butting their heads against a wall, generally have uncommonly good fortune. Where the rest of us crack our skulls, they push the stone apart. Farewell, Will!"

He left the room. Doctor Maxwell did not spoil his friend by pretty speeches; that was evident. He took leave of the young officer who might "perhaps be shot on the way" as carelessly as if there was nothing in prospect save an ordinary ride. William scarcely heeded it; his mind was filled with other thoughts, and he availed himself of the first pause in the conversation to approach the colonel and request a brief private interview.

Burney opened the door of a small room adjoining, and the two men entered.

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WHEN MEN MISS SUCCESS.

Idleness and Incompetency Keep the Business Novice Down.

Walter P. Phillips, the founder of the national newspapering corporation known as the United Press, and the inventor of Phillips' telegraphic code, a typical, energetic American, who has put many young men in the newspapering business, believes that the cause of failure everywhere among young business beginners lies in incompetency. Nine-tenths of the young men who are struggling for a name and place in the world are unfitted for the callings they have picked out for themselves. Besides an unlimited supply of energy and whole-heartedness in the work before him, the successful man of the future must know his business from A to Z. The next greatest drawback to success is idleness. Nothing worth while is accomplished without work, and plenty of it. Things do not happen without a cause, and behind every great life there are years of concentrated energy and tireless industry. Idleness will make any man a failure; intelligent work will land any man among the successful. It is all so simple and so trite that one hesitates to put the fact down in cold blood, and yet how few men recognize or, recognizing, live up to the axiom, that labor conquers all things! Idleness and the consciousness of incompetency should make any man ashamed of himself and drive him to do something that is worth the doing. It is within the grasp of every one to learn some one thing that will yield both pleasure and profit. Success comes only to those who seek it. The young man who is really in earnest will not have to be advised how to succeed. He may learn much by studying the failures of others, however, and he will always find, after a survey of the great legion of the unsuccessful, that two causes have brought them to their present misery—idleness and incompetency.—Saturday Evening Post.

BURR FOUND THE ASSASSIN.

Famous Lawyer Once Cleared His Client of Murder.

"I was particularly interested," said an old Washington lawyer the other day, speaking of the Manhattan well crime, "in the paragraph that described Aaron Burr's dramatic act in holding a pair of lighted candles in the face of a spectator in the courtroom and shouting, 'Gentlemen, here is the real murderer.' I do not question this, but I remember that Jere Clemens, once a famous United States senator from Alabama, told of a trial in which Burr appeared for the defense of a man charged with murder. My recollection is that the trial was in the southwest. When Burr addressed the jury it was night. The guilty man was in the room. He had been the principal witness for the prosecution, but Burr had learned that this witness was the assassin, and in closing his address for his client he picked up two lighted candles from the table and holding them in the face of the witness referred to, he exclaimed: 'Gentlemen of the jury, there is nature's verdict. Now write yours.' At that moment the witness fled from the room. After Clemens told this story he wrote an historical novel called 'The Rivals; or, The Times of Hamilton and Burr.' In that book he wove the incident into one of the chapters. The book is out of print and has been for many years. But it had a great sale, particularly in the south, before the civil war, for Clemens was a typical southern orator, and a man of wonderful personal magnetism. The object of the novel was to make Burr a hero, and to besmirch Hamilton's character. In one chapter where Burr was high in the esteem of Washington, the latter is represented as reading a letter from Hamilton in which Hamilton detailed some scandalous gossip about Burr. Burr was standing behind Washington during the reading of the letter. Washington incensed at the contents of the letter, turned quickly and saw Burr, to whom he said: 'How dare you read my letter over my shoulder?' Burr, as Clemens represents, stung to the quick, drew himself up and replied with all the hauteur of his nature: 'When your majesty addresses such an inquiry to me in the manner you have, the only reply decency can prompt is, Aaron Burr dares to do anything.' This, Clemens avers, was the cause of the break between Washington and Burr."

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FILTHY PEKING.

The Frightfully Unsanitary Condition of China's Capital.

The three chief characteristics of the Chinese capital which most impress the newly arrived visitor are dust, stench and dogs, writes an American from Peking. There has been no rain since June, and the hideous tracks that are dignified by the title of streets are ankle deep in black dust, much of which is pulverized filth. Along the macadamized streets, of which there are three, are open drains. These serve as sewers from which the sewage is dipped and the highways sprinkled. When it dries the pulverizing is resumed, and, in addition to the original compound, the residuum of the tainted water is breathed into the lungs. From the gayety of Japan, with its dainty teahouses, pretty gardens, polite, cheerful people, China is a descent into Avernus. There are two classes—the rich and the poor—since in comparison with the poverty of the very poor, those in comfortable circumstances, the farmers, shopkeepers, and others of like position, must be counted as rich. The one thought—the daily struggle with half the population—is to secure food enough to allay the pangs of hunger. In summer they are but half clad, and, in the north, in winter, their wadded clothing simply prevents them from freezing to death. They wear no underclothing, and the wadded garments, worn for years, left when not in use at the pawnbroker's, are black and stiff with filth and infested with vermin. The houses of the lower classes are wretched in the extreme, the floor of earth or brick, the kang or brick stove bed, and a few poor utensils being the sum of their possessions. While they show great skill in many lines of purely decorative work the Chinese are not the best artisans in the world, especially as carpenters, and the doors and windows are seldom fitted to exclude the piercing winds. Added to this they rarely shut a door, and the windows, covered with paper, which soon becomes ragged and broken, are better adapted to excluding the light than the cold. The people suffer frightfully from chilblains during the winter months, hands and feet being raw and bleeding, and thousands die of pulmonary complaints.

Absent-Minded.

It was an electric car, and a man was sitting between two women. The man left the car, and as he passed out an umbrella slid from the seat toward the floor and woman No. 1. She caught it, rushed to the door, had the car stopped and told the conductor to call the man back. The man, however, declined to take what was not his, and so the good Samaritan, leaving the "watershed" in the conductor's hands, regained her seat. Meantime woman No. 2, who had seen and heard the whole performance, suddenly came out of her trance and exclaimed, "Where is my umbrella?" You can imagine the rest of the tale; but it was very funny to see it all.—Milford Journal.

Sailors' trousers, or "trombone pants," as they have sometimes been called, expand in bell-shape at the bottom so as to be the more easily kicked off in case of the wearer's falling into the water.

WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES

Regard Peruna as Their Shield Against Catarrh, Coughs, Colds, Grip and Catarrhal Diseases.



MRS. BELVA A. LOCKWOOD, LATE CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

Mrs. Belva Lockwood, the eminent barrister of Washington, D. C., is the only woman who has ever been a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. She is the best known woman in America. As the pioneer of her sex in the legal profession she has gathered fame and fortune. In a letter to The Peruna Medicine Company, she says:

"I have used your Peruna both for myself and my mother, Mrs. Hannah J. Bennett, now in her 88th year, and I find it an invaluable remedy for cold, catarrh, hay fever and kindred diseases; also a good tonic for feeble and old people, or those run down and with nerves unstrung." Yours truly, Belva A. Lockwood.

Catarrh may attack any organ of the body. Women are especially liable to catarrh of the pelvic organs. There are one hundred cases of catarrh of the pelvic organs to one of catarrh of the head. Most people think, because they have no catarrh of the head, they have no catarrh at all. This is a great mistake, and is the cause of many cases of sickness and death. "Health and Beauty" sent free to women only, by The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

READY REFERENCE GUIDE OF FINANCIAL FIRMS, WHOLESALE DEALERS, AND MANUFACTURERS.

Grid of advertisements for various businesses including Mackintosh Skirt, Silsby, Chicago College of Law, and others.

Advertisement for The Premium Hay-Stock Grain & Coal Wagon Scale, Official Stock Scale, Worlds Fair, Chicago, 1893.

Advertisement for Dr. Arnold's Cough Killer, Paralysis, and Pensions, featuring a portrait of a man and text about medical treatments.



"WILL YOU ACCOMPANY ME?"

brain. You have probably forgotten that we are engaged in a war and that it is desertion for an officer to be absent from his regiment without leave. Court-martials are sometimes disagreeable in such cases, and it would be unfortunate if Lieutenant Roland should go out of the world by lynch-law."

The sarcasm of these words succeeded in producing an impression where sensible arguments might have failed. William Roland started and answered more quietly:

"What fancy have you taken into your head? Of course, I don't mean to go without leave. The colonel will not refuse it; we are doing nothing here. I must see and speak to Florence once more, even though I hazard my life to do it."

"You lovers are always ready to risk your lives," said the young surgeon, sternly. "Your feelings are forever at the boiling point. A strange condition of affairs. Let me feel your pulse!"

"Cease this jesting!" cried William, sternly. "Can't you curb your spirit of mockery even here? But how could I expect sympathy or appreciation from you when affairs of the heart are concerned?"

"From the heartless American!" retorted John. "Of course, heart and feeling are the prerogatives of the German. You have taken out a patent of them, and consider yourselves actually justified if other people claim a little of the article, too. Here we are back again at the old point of dispute, over which we wrangled sufficiently as boys—the honor of our different nationalities."

"In which you usually came off worst."

"Yes; you had an abominable way of smugling German supremacy into me; and as you were the stronger, I generally yielded to your palpable arguments. But when there was anything worth required brains and reflection, John Maxwell was summoned. Then you assumed to my authority, and, at the utmost, appeared on the scene as a man who was drabbing to be given."

"I hope it will prove a false alarm, as has happened several times, but we'll soon ascertain."

"I am glad you have come, doctor," he said to the surgeon. "I was just going to send for you. Lieutenant Davis has reported that two of his men are ill, and the symptoms appear very grave; he fears fever, and begs to have medical assistance as soon as possible. You will ride over to the outpost."

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