

HIS WORD OF HONOR.

A Tale of the Blue and the Gray.

BY E. WIENER.

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CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"I fear it will be of little service to the prisoner. There is so much bitterness against the enemy that the mere suspicion of his having come as a spy will suffice to bring the most severe sentence of the court-martial can impose. In the interest of our safety, I felt compelled to give you the information and urge the arrest of the suspicious person."

"And I have fulfilled your request, as duty required. My opinion of it we need not discuss. Only I desire to remind you that I have given Lieutenant my word of honor that he shall have honorable treatment. I shall hold you responsible for every insult that is offered him."

Edward shrugged his shoulders and tried to assume a scornful manner.

"You don't seem able to show your prisoner sufficient respect and indulgence. No one intends to insult him. I shall confine myself to preventing any effort to escape, which is always possible. You must positively refuse to adopt any further precautions."

"Of course I did. Captured officers are not gagged; that is a measure fit only for spies or traitors."

Edward clenched his teeth. The glance with which he surveyed the captain was full of menace; but Wilson only smiled contemptuously.

"Farewell, Harrison. The object for which you summoned me here is probably baffled; and after what I have learned today I can only congratulate Miss Harrison. I again request that the prisoner shall be neither molested nor insulted until the escort arrives."

He bowed as coldly and formally as before, and left the room. Harrison did not return the salute, but gazed steadily and gloomily after his former friend, who now turned from him with undignified contempt. The act which

aver, but a sharp, keen glance rested on the speaker.

"Unfortunately, that was to be expected. But as you are so well informed, I presume I am not mistaken in supposing that I have met Doctor Blackwood?"

"Doctor Blackwood—of course," returned the stranger, with the same brevity. "And to whom have I the honor—"

"My name is Thompson. I am a justice of the peace in the city, and a friend of your colleague, Doctor Green. He told me yesterday that you had been summoned for consultation, and that he was going with you to Springfield. But you are alone, I see."

"Yes. Doctor Green was detained by an extremely critical case, and cannot leave town today, so I set off alone. These confounded military disturbances! Not a vehicle could be had in the whole city. I was obliged to ride in this scorching heat."

"May I offer you a seat in my carriage?" asked the magistrate courteously. "My companion can take your horse."

"I thank you. Don't trouble yourself. I'll keep up with the carriage."

Mr. Thompson, who was evidently glad to find some one with whom he could chat away the weary hours, ordered the driver to proceed more slowly, and an animated conversation was soon in full course. The old gentleman did not perceive that it consisted almost exclusively of questions which he answered. He did this, however, very eloquently, and was much pleased with his new acquaintance.

"Yes, I was summoned for consultation," said the physician. "Doctor Green has no doubt about the case, but the patient—"

He paused, apparently seeking just the right words.



CHECKED HIS HORSE.

the wildest jealousy had led him to commit already showed to him a very different face than at the first moment of gratified revenge. What had he gained by it? Florence was forever lost to him, for she knew as well as Roland himself who had been guilty of this deed of treachery. Her father was no longer able to exert any control over her or make any bequest in favor of his nephew who, with his daughter's hand, was to receive all the rights of heirship and now possessed no legal claims. Nothing was left save vengeance on the hated rival, and this vengeance, at least, should be wreaked.

CHAPTER VII.

A horseman, who was evidently a stranger to the road, was trotting toward Springfield. He scanned every object very closely, and sometimes even seemed doubtful concerning the direction to pursue. He wore civilian's dress, a gray summer suit suited to the climate. Now, at a point where the road branched in two directions, he checked his horse irresolutely, pondered a few minutes and then waited for a carriage approaching him from behind. It was a light open vehicle, occupied by two gentlemen. The stranger, bowing, said:

"Pardon me, I am on my way to Springfield, and don't know whether to turn to the right or the left. Perhaps you will be kind enough to inform me?"

"You must take the right-hand one, sir," said the older of the two, a little withered man, with gray hair.

"But we are going to Springfield, too; and if you will join us you cannot miss the road."

"With pleasure. I should not like to get out of my way, as I am in a hurry."

"Poor Mr. Harrison!" observed the justice.

"Yes—poor Mr. Harrison! You know him, too?"

"Certainly; he always spends half the year at Springfield with his charming daughter. It is hard for the young lady that her wedding should take place under such sorrowful circumstances."

The physician started. Again a swift, searching glance scanned the old gentleman's face.

"Wedding? At her father's sick-bed?"

"That is the reason. He probably knows that the end of his life is approaching, and wishes first to place his daughter in her husband's arms. At least that is what Mr. Edward Harrison told me when he asked me to perform the marriage ceremony at Springfield. Under the circumstances, I could not refuse, and am on my way there."

"Edward Harrison? A relative of the sick man, I suppose?"

"His nephew, and, through this wedding, also his heir. Miss Florence is the only child."

"But this haste is incomprehensible!" said the physician, whose lips curled in a smile of cutting amusement. "I heard from my colleague that but a short time ago the young lady was bound by other ties."

"Yes, I have heard so, too. Some romantic youthful love affair, which probably was not meant to be taken seriously. The lover, a young officer, is said to have entered the Union army, which, of course, ended the matter. At any rate, the young lady will be Mrs. Harrison this evening, if God so wills."

"Certainly—if God so wills."

"The tone was so peculiar that even unsuspecting Mr. Thompson noticed it."

"What did you mean, sir?" he asked.

"Nothing essential; I merely repeated your plain words."

The mention of Springfield was now made by the physician; they were already driving through the plantation.

The justice of the peace availed himself of the opportunity to dwell upon Mr. Harrison's wealth, discussed the possible losses which the war might inflict upon his property and expressed his belief that a large portion of his fortune was invested elsewhere. The doctor listened attentively, but this did not prevent his scanning the vicinity still more closely than before. He seemed trying to fix every bead in the road, every distant landmark upon his memory, and the house with its doors and terraces received the same scrutiny.

"A fine estate," he said. "Do you think its vicinity to the city will afford it protection? I have the contrary opinion, for it is an open secret that the march of the Union forces is directed here."

"Impossible! How do you know?" cried Thompson, starting from his corner of the carriage in terror.

"I heard it on my journey to the city."

"I heard, on the contrary, that their march was southward, otherwise I certainly should not have left town."

The doctor smiled mischievously at the timid little gentleman, who had turned pale with fright.

"Why, the troops will not interfere with a justice of the peace. At the utmost, you could only be obliged to unite some loving couple within the enemy's lines, in the bonds of matrimony."

"Just as much as you choose," said Thompson, angrily. "I want nothing to do with the enemy. At any rate, I'll inquire about that rumor, and, for the present, remain in the city, which can only be taken by a regular siege."

The carriage now stopped at the house, the gentlemen alighted, and the doctor dismounted from his horse, throwing the bridle to a negro who hurried up.

"Don't unsaddle my horse," he said, carelessly. "I must go back to the city as quickly as possible, and at any rate shall leave before the other gentlemen."

He let the two men precede him and lingered, as if by accident, on the steps, looking after the servant.

An unmistakable expression of satisfaction flitted over his face as he saw that the animal was led to a stable close by the house.

Edward Harrison received the new arrivals, and the loquacious Mr. Thompson instantly presented Doctor Blackwood, aping the latter any explanation by relating in detail the cause of Doctor Green's absence. Then he introduced his clerk, a pale, effeminate fellow, whose manner was excessively timid and deferential, and of whom no notice whatever was taken.

Meanwhile, during the last half hour Edward had had time to regain his composure. These visitors must, of course, obtain no glimpse of the catastrophe which had happened here.

He expressed in courteous phrases his regret for having troubled the magistrate in vain, his uncle's condition had changed so suddenly for the worse that it was impossible to have the wedding take place that day. Miss Harrison was in a state of the utmost anxiety and excitement. Then, turning with the same courtesy to the physician, he added:

"You are welcome, Doctor Blackwood, though I fear you can give us no consolation. We were prepared for the worst long ago, yet a physician's presence is always a satisfaction. I suppose Doctor Green has told you about the case?"

"Yes," replied the doctor, whose sharp keen eyes raised steadily on the young man's face. "So I should like to go to the sick room at once. Pray, don't trouble yourself. I prefer to see the patient first alone, and will then inform you of the result of my examination."

(To be continued.)

Self-Mastery.

He who has mastered himself, who is his own Caesar, will be stronger than his passion, superior to circumstances, higher than his calling, greater than his speech. Self-control is the generalship which turns a mob of raw recruits into a disciplined army. The rough man has become the polished and dignified soldier; in other words, the man has got control of himself and knows how to use himself. The human race is under constant drill, says O. S. Marden in the St. Louis Republic. Our occupations, difficulties, obstacles, disappointments, if used aright, are the great schoolmasters which help us to possess ourselves. The man who is master of himself will not be a slave to drudgery, but will keep in advance of his work. He will not rob his family of that which is worth more than money or position; he will not be the slave of his occupation, not at the mercy of circumstances. His methods and system will enable him to accomplish wonders, and yet give him leisure for self-culture. The man who controls himself works to live, rather than lives for work.

Supposed Steward.

Robert G. Ingersoll was not always the fatal lawyer he became in his maturity. Early in his career he found himself set counsel for the defense in a murder case, with a funny old doctor as principal witness against him. Thinking he saw a chance to be brilliant he sarcastically proceeded to bully the witness by commenting upon doctors' mistakes. "Doctors make as few mistakes as lawyers," asserted the old man. "A doctor's mistakes are buried six feet under ground," was the reply. "Yes, but a lawyer's mistakes are hung as many feet above the ground," was the reply. "The lawyer is just the opposite. The lawyer is the man who is buried through the foundation."

A NEWSPAPER FAMINE

SCARCITY OF PRINT PAPER MAY BRING IT ON.

Great Shortage of the Material from Which It Is Made—Canadian Supply of Wood Pulp Shut Off Entirely for the Present.

(From the Chicago Daily Inter-Ocean.)

A serious famine threatens the paper industry of the United States. Various causes have conspired to lessen the product of the mills, while the demand for print paper and the other ordinary grades is unprecedented.

The conditions led to a secret meeting of the leading paper manufacturers of the United States yesterday at the Great Northern hotel, to consider what could be done to avert the famine threatened by the shortage in wood pulp, which, if it is not relieved, will cause the vast paper mills of the country to shut down and cripple seriously every industry which depends upon the product of the mills. Nearly all of the leading paper manufacturers of the country were present, and the principal topic of interest was a new fiber for the manufacture of paper, to take the place of the wood fibre now in such universal use. What the new fiber is, the paper manufacturers would not say. They averred that at present the process by which it is manufactured is in a crude stage, but they discussed it as the only visible solution of present difficulties.

Great Lack of Material.

"Not for twenty years has such a serious condition confronted the manufacturers of paper, and there is great danger that we may be forced to close our mills for lack of material," said A. D. Schaeffer of the Hartford City Paper company, who presided over the meeting. "Various causes are responsible for this condition. The principal one is that wood pulp, from which the lower grades of paper is manufactured, is so hard to get that there is a constant scramble for material. Recent inquiry of the pulp mills at Sault Ste. Marie, the largest pulp mills in the world, develops the fact that there is not a pound for sale there, and other mills are as hard pressed. The rapid cutting of the forests of the Eastern and middle Western states, and the stopping of the supply from Canada is largely responsible for the threatened famine. Added to the scarcity of timber is the recent mild weather, which has made it impossible to bring the pulp wood which has been cut to market. A large part of the season's cut of the forests of Wisconsin and Michigan, upon which the middle Western states depend for pulp wood, is now lying on the bare ground and cannot be moved until snow comes. Another great danger comes in the possibility of a heavy fall of snow following this long dry season. A fall of eighteen inches of snow would cover up the pulp wood already cut so that it would be next to impossible to dig it out and float it down the river to the mills."

Labor Also Scarce.

"A great scarcity of labor in the pineries has also made the movement of pulp wood to the mills slow. Companies cutting pulp wood have spent thousands of dollars importing men into the pineries to cut pulp wood only to lose them when they got there. Boys of eighteen and nineteen are being largely employed in the work. "Canada has been the source of supply for many of the Eastern mills, but that source of supply has been cut off as the cutting of timber on crown lands has been prohibited and the province of Quebec makes the importer pay \$1.50 per cord duty, which makes the material too expensive. The only solution we can see is to adopt a new fiber as a substitute for wood fiber. That is the subject of discussion. We have one in view, but I do not care to talk of that now."

"Another difficulty which confronts Eastern manufacturers is a lack of water upon which they depend for power. That, too, is the result of the cutting away of the forests. The mills of the middle West are not embarrassed in this respect to the same extent as the Eastern mills."

"We have not come together to form any combination or to raise prices. The demand naturally governs prices. The sole object is to avert a famine if possible, for a famine would hurt the producer as much as the consumer."

J. C. Brockelbank, vice president and Western manager of the Manufacturers' Paper company of New York, with offices in the Rookery building, confirmed the statements made by William Schaeffer concerning the trade.

Condition Is Serious.

"If present conditions in the pineries continue, there will be a serious shortage of pulp wood in the West until next fall," he said. "It has been simply impossible to get the spruce, from which wood pulp is made, to market. It grows in the swamps of the pineries, and the winter has been so open that it has been impossible to haul it to the rivers, down which it is floated to the mills in mud and water. Only continued cold weather can relieve the condition."

The stock of paper now on hand is extremely short. The export trade, which was large, has been abandoned entirely, and the jobbers have very little free paper on hand. The mills have no free paper and will see that they are in condition to meet contracts already made before they sell to any one else. There is serious danger that the mills may have to shut down entirely for lack of pulp wood. The greatest danger to the trade is likely to be during March and April, and May, but the famine will continue until next fall."

Hops for Hogs.

Rape is a most wonderful plant for hogs. It can be sown from early spring to the first of August. In eight weeks after the early sowing it will do to turn in to, and then you can have rape for pasture till into December, writes a contributor to Michigan Farmer. Hogs do not need rags in their noses while feeding on rape, or at least this is my experience. Very little rooting has been done all summer for us in our rape fields. It is most excellent to turn brood sows into after weaning the pigs. No attention need be given to them all summer only to see that they have shade and water. The rape is composed of so much water that it almost furnishes enough water. We have kept fourteen large brood sows in a patch of an acre and a half ever since the spring pigs were weaned and they have been unable to keep it eaten down. They were poor when turned in and they thrived right along all summer without anything but rape and water. One sow raised five nice pigs with no feed but rape. We now have thirty-three brood sows in this patch seeking up the last rape of the season. It is best to have two or three small lots sown, so that hogs can be changed from one to the other. Don't feed it off too close while the weather is warm and the ground too dry, for it won't come on very satisfactorily afterwards.

We nearly killed one patch in that way this last summer. It should be six or eight inches high before turning into. If turned into when too small, before it has sufficient root, the hogs will pull a good deal of it up. If your land is rich and free from weeds it will be best sown broadcast at five pounds of seed to the acre. A good way to do is to plow the ground early and drag it frequently till ready to sow. This will make a fine, firm seed bed and rid the ground of weeds that would otherwise bother. It is claimed, however, that better results can be had by drilling in rows about 20 inches apart and cultivating. However this may be, it would take a great deal more work and trouble. I don't see how much more could grow on the land than did for me sown broadcast. One man told me that his hogs would not eat it. I must say that he either sowed the wrong kind of rape or he had some very peculiar hogs. Our hogs seemed to like it better than clover, for they had both clover and rape to run into at the same time, and they could be seen most in the rape. Rape, if properly sown and properly pastured, will certainly solve the problem of cheap pork, for spring pigs, continually kept in it from weaning time till December, will make good sized hogs with very little grain.

Lisbon Butter in London.

The immense consumption of butter in this colony derived from foreign sources has set many people in recent years thinking as to whether they cannot participate in the profits to be derived from a trade which John Bull allows to go past his doors, says The Dairy. Thus it is the Australian trade has grown, America has been let in, and Canada has been enabled to increase her export to us 700 per cent. This year Denmark and Sweden, France and Italy, Russia and Holland, pay great attention to our requirements in the matter of butter. But there are other countries on the continent which have cows and surplus milk, and Portugal is the latest of these to show she is aware of the right market wherein to dispose of the butter she did not need herself. Lately there have been several consignments from that country, and as the experiment is said to have turned out beneficially to the exporters we are likely to find Portugal established on our list of imports, though the customs will hide the fact under the "other countries" euphemism which is so irritating to the inquirer. Undoubtedly, says Commercial Intelligence, the wonderful manner in which prices have kept up is responsible for the appearance of Lisbon butter in our midst. The dry weather everywhere has so curtailed production that quotations are at present some 10s to 12s per cwt ahead of those ruling this time last year, and the demand keeps at the heels of supply, which is a great temptation, and just the opportunity for a new-comer to step in.

Selecting Breeding Turkeys.—I have met with best success with pullets of from sixteen to twenty pounds, and old hens from eighteen to twenty-three pounds. They lay eggs that are larger and more fertile than do the big-gens. They are also more active and healthy, and make better mothers. The tom, I believe, has more influence on the shape and color of offspring than the female. He should be as near perfection in shape and color of plumage as can be found, and of medium size. Breeders ought not to try to get "the biggest tom in America." The male should be of medium height, but of large bone, with big feet and legs, and good-sized frame. If the breast is not filled out while he is young, he will be all right when matured. In fact, he will grow into a larger bird than if he is nice and plump at the beginning of the season without the other features.—S. B. Johnston, in American Poultry Journal.

Brahma fowls are of a gentle disposition, quiet in their habits, and are easily kept within a limited enclosure. An ordinary fence is sufficient to hold them.

Soft feeds are advantageous to fowls when fed judiciously. Once a day a warm meal is relished by the fowls.

It is easier to clean the poultry house every few days than it is to clean it every few months.

Langhans were introduced into England from China in 1872.

I Am Not a Bald Head. I had a very acute sickness... W. D. Quinn, Marcellus.

Makes Hair Grow. One thing is certain—Ayer's Hair Vigor makes the hair grow. It is because it is a hair food.

Write the Doctor. I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your kind letter of the 10th inst.