

HIS WORD OF HONOR.

A Tale of the Blue and the Gray.

BY E. WEBER.

Copyright, 1914, by Robert Hooper's Sons.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"You have reached this point of success!" Maxwell continued, in his old way. "Yes, my dear Will, it doesn't always answer to run one's head against a wall; this time the necessary remained firm. You have tangible proof of it, since your program is impeded. You were raging up and down like a caged lion."

"Do you want to mock me even in this terrible situation?" cried Roland, indignantly. "You do not know how I was alarmed or what it is to meet with blue treachery in the house where one seeks happiness and love."

"Didn't I warn you against this Edward, though I knew him only from your description? He was traveling when I called on the Harrisons with you—luckily! Had I had the honor of his personal acquaintance, the whole plan would have been impossible. I pass here for the eminently respectable Doctor Blackwood and, as that worthy man, have been received with the utmost courtesy. Were it known that instead of medicine I was engaged in the iron business at present, the courtesy would probably end promptly—on both sides! I shall shoot this noble Mr. Harrison with the utmost composure if he takes it into his head to enter the corridor. Besides, Ralph is mounting guard at the outside door, to which fortunately a second key was found, and will give me a sign if danger is approaching."

"But, at least, tell me how it was possible for you to accomplish all this in a single hour, for you cannot have been here longer. You went to the hospital?"

"Where Lieutenant Davis had again created an entirely unnecessary alarm. There is no appearance of fever. Two

an extremely important character. For instance, he is absolutely necessary at your wedding."

"My wedding?" repeated William, in amazement. "What do you mean?"

"Why, I think the best plan will be to wind up the business on the spot. You want to marry under any circumstances. The bride, the magistrate and the witnesses are all here, so I don't see what is to prevent you except this confounded iron grating, which I shall finally cut through. If Florence is your wife, you can take her with you to some place of security, then your amiable cousin can keep house here as he chooses. He can't wholly ruin the plantation or carry off the buildings; and, as soon as the war is over, you can assert your wife's claim."

"But, John, have you gone daft? Such a plan in the house where Edward rules and will summon all the servants to his aid the instant we appear. He did so just now, at the time of my arrest."

"Fshaw, the servants! They are only negroes, and not one will lift his hand against us as soon as we say we are officers in the Union army. The fellows are constantly coming in throngs to seek protection with us. You were not known to them, or else they were afraid of Captain Wilson and Harrison. The servants are not to be feared. I'll undertake to deal with the justice and his companion. So no one is left except your beloved future relative—and he must be made harmless."

"You mean that we are to attack him in his room?"

"No; that is too uncertain, and will create an unnecessary stir in the house. I have a better plan. As



THE FILE HAD WORKED UNWEARIEDLY.

cases of sunstroke, which were not even severe, and will probably terminate favorably. I've had the men removed to the hospital and sent a report to the colonel. Davis' introduction obtained for me the loan of a suit of civilian's clothes from the owner of the adjoining plantation, and, as I wanted to profit by the beautiful afternoon and my leave of absence, I rode to Springfield."

The accompaniment to this story, told in the most matter-of-fact tone, was the low, harsh grating of the file, which the speaker was diligently using. The whole affair was thorough by characteristic of John Maxwell. Any one else would have done everything in his power to keep his friend from such a venture, and, when all things would at least have been anxious and troubled about him. John did neither. He considered the form useless, the latter superfluous; but, without wasting another word, he rode straight into the jaws of danger after his man and considered it the simplest and most natural thing in the world.

William stood close by the window, breathlessly watching the work of liberation, as well as the dim light of the room permitted. He could do nothing to help.

"Have you talked with Florence?" he asked. "Does she know your plan? She is now alone at her father's death bed—gone with the scoundrel who betrayed me!"

"Hardly, for I have forbidden him to enter the sick chamber; and besides, he has a visitor—the magistrate from the city, who was summoned here for the wedding. They are in a hurry, it must be admitted. Mr. Harrison wished, under any circumstances, to become a Benedict to—"

"The magistrate? So he has really—?"

"I should like to wring his neck."

"You will please refrain from that," said Maxwell, reprovingly. "Mr. Harrison is a good friend of mine, and I hold in great esteem. It was he who originated the pernicious idea of making us Doctor Blackwood. I don't have his neck wrung on any account, and it would be very impudent on your part. A justice is

soon as you are at liberty, Ralph shall announce, apparently in great trepidation, that his young mistress has suddenly disappeared. He has looked for her in vain. Of course, she can be only in one place. Harrison will rush here as fast as possible to frustrate the attempt at liberation, and we shall have him in our hands. Then he can occupy the place which he so kindly selected for you, and you can use his marriage contract—the simplest exchange possible."

"But that is a partial deception," replied William. "Am I secretly, craftily, to steal a right which was promised me openly in the presence of all the world? Am I to urge Florence to a marriage in this terrible hour which robs her of a father—?"

"Stop, Will! My patience is being exhausted!" Maxwell angrily interrupted. "Don't bother me again with your German slowness and stupidity, or I'll leave you behind bolts and bars. One can't lead good fortune straight to your arms. You must first inspect it on all sides—subject it to a critical examination—to ascertain whether it is thoroughly ideal and free from earthly dross; and meanwhile the light, airy thing flutters out of your hands. In short, do you want to marry Florence or not?"

"Of course I do. But—"

"Very well, then, the matter is settled. Leave the rest to me. True, it's abominable to expect a best man first to drag the bridegroom from behind so many iron bars, but you must have some unusual circumstance connected with it. One thing more: Of course you have no weapons."

"Should I have been captured otherwise? I certainly would not have surrendered with arms in my hands."

"I anticipated that and concealed two pistols about me. There, now I've finished. Try your strength and see if you can tear out the grating."

The file had worked unwearily all the time, had cut through the larger portion of the grating and loosened the rest, but the iron still held. William tugged and shook in vain, and there was no more time to lose. But the consciousness of danger lent the young man unnatural strength. After a few unsuccessful efforts he again seized the grating and, with a last,

violent struggle, wrenched it from its fastenings. The opening was made; and, after a few anxious moments, Roland had forced his way through, and was standing in the corridor beside his friend.

"Here!" said the latter, laconically, handing him a revolver and grasping a second pistol himself. "Now I'll instruct Ralph."

William uttered a sigh of relief when he found himself free and felt the weapon in his hand.

"I thank you, John!" he cried enthusiastically after his retreating friend. "You are right. We two will rule the whole household."

"Yes, that is just to your taste!" returned Maxwell, tartly. "This time we really must run our heads against the wall, and if it happens to stand firmer than we expect, it will cost us our lives. You have arranged matters so that we have no choice. But keep quiet! Harrison may come at any moment; the fighting will begin, and—you will play the principal role again."

CHAPTER X.

Meanwhile the justice and his clerk were seated at a well-spread table in the dining-room, which also looked out upon the garden. Edward could not send the gentlemen, who had taken the long ride in vain, back to the city immediately; so he had invited them to dinner. Mr. Thompson could not find words enough to express his regret and sympathy for the sorrow overhanging the household, but he saw no reason why he should not have a comfortable meal on that account. He thought it perfectly natural that Edward should excuse himself and remain in the drawing-room. No one could feel offended with the grief-stricken nephew, but he himself discussed all the more eagerly the good things set before him, and was ably supported by his clerk.

The old gentleman only regretted Doctor Blackwood's absence, and admired the sense of duty which would not permit him even to appear at dinner. He was just giving his factotum a discourse concerning this distinguished physician, at the same time helping himself to a large piece of roast meat. His factotum listened most dutifully and took a still larger slice, when the subject of the conversation suddenly entered.

"Ah, there you are, Doctor Blackwood!" cried the judge. "Sit down. Unfortunately you have come a little late. We have had the roast served."

The doctor bowed in the most charming manner, and signed to the servant, who had just brought in the dishes, to leave the room.

"Thank you. I am very sorry to disturb you, but there is a business matter to be settled, which admits of no delay."

"A business affair? Is there a will to be made?"

"No, on the contrary, the matter concerns a wedding."

Mr. Thompson dropped his knife and fork and stared at the speaker in the utmost astonishment.

"The ceremony is put off. Mr. Harrison told me himself that he was compelled to defer it for the present."

"Certainly, and he will probably do so altogether; but another person has taken his place—Mr. William Roland."

"What? What did you call him?"

"William Roland. The circumstances have entirely changed, and unfortunately I have not time to explain them to you in detail. But, in the name of the betrothed couple, I beg of you to perform the wedding ceremony at once."

The magistrate leaned back in his chair, assuming a dignified attitude and a solemn, official manner.

(To be continued.)

CATS CAN SWIM.

An Old Fisherman's Story in Illustration of That Fact.

"Can cats swim?" was asked of an old fisherman. "Why, certainly," was the reply, "and that reminds me of a cat I once tried to drown that swam ashore. Surely there must have been hundreds or thousands of people who have drowned cats in the same way, but nevertheless this was an experience of my own. We had a cat that we wanted to get rid of, and as humane a way as any to kill it was by drowning. So I put a couple of bricks in the bottom of an old grain sack and put in the cat, and tied the bag up carefully and securely and walked down to the end of a wharf and stood there and swung the bag, with the cat and the bricks in it round like a sling until I could give it a good momentum and then let it go, and slung it out to fall and sink in the water. I should say twenty feet away. I supposed, of course, that that was the last of the cat, but the next morning the first thing I saw when I went out of the house was the cat sitting on the veranda. I suppose the bag had a weak spot in it somewhere, the bricks were heavy and sharp-cornered, and swinging the bag round that way started it more, and the cat was desperate; and with the bag that way it scratched and tore its way out and got to the wharf and clawed its way up and came ashore. Can a cat swim? Why, sure!"

Mechanical Argument.

Judge—And what did the prisoner say when you told him that you would have him arrested? Complainant—He answered mechanically, yer honor. Judge—Explain. Complainant—He hit me on the head with a hammer.—Stray Stories.

It is impossible for an ill-natured man can have a public spirit; for how should he love ten thousand men who has never loved one.

WATERING THE LAND

HOW IRRIGATION IS PROGRESSING IN IDAHO.

Manufacture And Regions Being Rapidly Transformed Into Gardens—Farmers Societies In Many Instances Own The Irrigating Works.

(Boise, Idaho, Letter.)

Most of the people who farm in the rainfall regions suppose that the irrigation of land is a complicated process and that the art of doing it can only be acquired after years of experience, whereas, as a matter of fact, it is about the easiest and most simple work the western farmer has to do. In most cases the children attend to it under the direction of their parents, and any boy of 10 or 12 can do a man's work when it comes to irrigation.

The western farmer is wholly indifferent as to rainfall. He doesn't depend upon it in the least. The water that interests him is that which flows down into the valley from the melting snows in the mountain ranges. These waters he diverts into great canals which run along the rim of the valley about the irrigable lands and are tapped at stated intervals by what are called "laterals" or sub-ditches which flow from farm to farm and out of which the farmer takes the water for his fields. In some cases the waters of these mountain streams are acquired by the community of farmers along their course, each one holding as many shares of stock in the co-operative canal scheme as he owns acres of land, and being entitled to so many inches of water for every acre of his ownership. This is the usual plan. But when the construction of the main canal, owing to engineering difficulties, is too expensive a piece of business for the farmer to afford, irrigation companies undertake the work and build the canal into portions of the country where large areas of land are to be reclaimed. These irrigation companies are "common carriers" of water and furnish it for a nominal price per acre per annum to the farmer. Sometimes these irrigation companies own large tracts under their ditch which they sell in small farms with the water right, to settlers at a nominal price per acre. In other instances they do not own land at all, leaving that to be acquired by the settler under the various acts of congress.

Perhaps no portion of the Union is now making such active progress in irrigation development, or is receiving so large a quota of immigrants as southern Idaho. There are millions of uncultivated acres in that state which only await settlement to become as productive as the lands upon the Nile. Efforts are being put forth by the state authorities to bring the advantages of these lands to the notice of the eastern farmer, and the several railroads of the state are engaged in the work.

Perhaps the easiest and the best way to acquire information is from the General Passenger Agent of the Oregon Short Line at Salt Lake City, from whence conservatively prepared pamphlets descriptive of irrigation methods and containing reliable information about the various localities now open for settlement, are being mailed free.

The time is certainly not far distant when the uncultivated public domain of Idaho will be entirely taken up, a condition which will be most unfortunate to those who delay taking advantage of the rare opportunities now offered.

WOKE UP JOE JEFFERSON.

For Fear He Would Sleep Like "Rip" for Twenty Years.

A good story is told of an experience of Joseph Jefferson, the great actor. A number of years ago he played a one-night engagement in a small Indiana town, appearing in his favorite part of Rip Van Winkle. In the hotel at which he stopped was an Irishman "recently landed," who acted as porter and general assistant. Judged by the deep and serious interest which he took in the house, he might have been clerk, lessee and proprietor rolled into one. At about 6 o'clock in the morning Mr. Jefferson was startled by a violent thumping on his door. When he struggled into consciousness and realized that he had left no "call" order at the office he was naturally very indignant. But his sleep was spoiled for that morning, so he arose and soon after appeared before the clerk. "See here," he demanded of that individual, "why was I called at this unearthly hour?" "I don't know, sir," answered the clerk. "I'll ask Mike." The Irishman was summoned. Said the clerk: "Mike, there was no call for Mr. Jefferson. Why did you disturb him?" Taking the clerk by the lapel of the coat the Hibernian led him to one side and said in a mysterious whisper: "He were snoring like a horse, sir, and Oi heard the b'ys say as how he were once after schlapping for twenty years, so Oi see to meself, sea Oi, 'Moike, it's a coming onto him agin, and it's yer juty to git the crayerther out o' yer house instantly!"—Leslie's Weekly.

Her Fatal Number.

"How many girls did you make love to before you met me?" demanded Mrs. Vick-Senn at the close of her long tirade.

"Twelve!" groaned her husband. "But I never counted them up until it was too late!"—Chicago Tribune.

Primitive Woes.

Lillian—What awful, awful hardships our forefathers must have experienced. Blanche—Yes, just think, they didn't have olives.—Indianapolis Journal.

FOUGHT HARD FOR A PENSION

Difficulties Surmounted by the Widow of Three Soldiers.

There are skeletons in the pigeon holes of the pension bureau, skeletons as ghostly as ever took up habitation in a family closet. The specialist who makes divorce-getting his business does not receive more shocking revelations than does the pension official through whose hands pass the result of investigations of claims. A case from St. Louis, now under consideration, fairly illustrates hundreds of domestic complications which come under the observation of these officers. Soon after the civil war a soldier who had married in the vicinity of St. Louis died. His widow applied for a pension and got it. But while the claim was pending a courtship was also under way. The second marriage took place just before the allowance of the pension. It stopped further payments, and all that the woman received was the amount due from the death of the soldier husband to the remarriage. With her second husband the woman lived twelve years. Then a separation took place. The woman went to Denver, became acquainted with a soldier, and lived with him as his wife about ten years, or until his death. Remembering her experience with the first husband, the woman presented a claim for a pension on account of the second soldier or third man with whom she had sustained marital relations. After a careful investigation of all the facts the pension office refused this claim on the ground that there had been no marriage to the second soldier. Thereupon the woman entered claim for the restoration of the old pension granted to her on account of her first husband, and stopped by the second marriage. To make her case she frankly admitted that she had not been married to the third man. She next proceeded to get rid of the bar created by her second marriage. She declared it was illegal. To establish this she set forth that the second husband had lived at the time of the marriage another wife, from whom he had not been divorced. Investigation showed that this was strictly true. The second husband, after the separation from this second wife, had become reunited with his first wife. The examiner found the two living together in St. Louis and learned that they were highly respected people. This strange case is still under consideration by the pension commissioner.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

YANKEE CAPITAL IN CHINA.

Apparently No End to the Opportunities for Investment.

Ten years of railroad building ought to bring at least half of China's population within reach of our cotton goods and that without any increase in the per capita use (only \$1) of our cotton would amount to \$200,000,000, or more than the total surplus of cotton now raised by us for export. China lies largely in a zone of severe winters, and while it has the greatest deposits of coal, the Chinese have never yet solved the problem of building heating stoves. The introduction of cheap American heaters into 50,000,000 Chinese homes is one of the possibilities which lie before our manufacturers. The Chinese are a nation living in brick houses in a land without a brickmaking machine. Thousands of walled cities, millions of homes, all built of brick and every brick made by hand. These bricks are made by labor costing but 10 cents per day, but still they cost more than our machine made brick with labor costing twenty-five times that much. Brick made by American machines with Chinese labor will command the market. China has long used large quantities of our petroleum. It needs our medicines, chemicals and disinfectants. It needs water works and sewers. It needs telegraphs, telephones and electric lights. When the sun sets night closes over that land, and its millions seek their beds in darkness. It needs electric railways. Cities with populations in the hundred thousands, lying but a few miles apart, are without any means of communication. Two cities only twelve miles apart, one with a population of 1,500,000, the other of 200,000, the smaller city being the port of the larger, are still unconnected. American watches, clocks and sewing machines are finding a ready sale, and American spirits, wines and beers are taken in quantities. The Chinese are the Teutons of the orient, as the Japanese are its Gauls, and when they become beer drinkers, as they will, think of the supply necessary to satisfy 400,000,000 thirsty throats. China needs our farm machinery, threshing machines and separators. All the grain used in that country is rolled out on threshing floors and winnowed by hand fans or the vagrant winds.

When goods in the rough are coming from the mills and factories in the East, the lake steamers are pressed into service at a freight expense which is but little in advance of the iron ore rates.

Their references are: Any bank or express company, or any man, woman or child in Chicago.

His Gestures.

Probably the Catholic Standard, which prints this dialogue, did not intend that stiff and awkward elocutionists should take it as a helpful hint: Teacher—Your recitation was extremely good, Johnny. The gestures were particularly natural. Where did you get them? Johnny—Git what? Teacher—The gestures, Johnny—I ain't got the gesticulations. It's hives!

Ralph as a Disinfectant.

In cases of premises or apartments where there is diphtheria the most convenient method of fumigation is to drop a small pinch of sulphur upon a hot stove, if there is one in the room; if there is no stove in the room, a few coals on a shovel or other convenient utensil may be carried into the room and the sulphur dropped on the coals. A little experience soon enables any one to determine how much sulphur to burn in each room. A writer in a contemporary who has recently advocated this system of disinfection says that it is not necessary to fill the room so full of these sulphur fumes as to cause a suffocating feeling, and if in any case a little too much sulphur is used, causing offensive fumes, the doors and windows may be opened for a minute or two. Other disinfectants may be employed, but sulphur fumes are found to permeate every crevice in the house, it being a most effectual method of disinfection against the spread of the disease.

HANDWRITING "EXPERTS"

In the Treasury Department Their Success Would Be of Little Weight.

The testimony of such handwriting experts as those who aided in the conviction of Mollieux in New York, is at a discount among treasury officials at Washington, D. C., just now. Some time ago it was discovered that a number of money orders had been appropriated by a treasury clerk by means of forged indorsements. "pay to the order of John Brown," and then the signature of the payee, "John Brown." A certain clerk fell under suspicion and the treasury officials asked him for a sample of his handwriting. He gave them a slip of paper on which he had written at their request "Pay to the order of John Brown, John Brown." Three employes of the treasury were then asked to write similar slips, and the four specimens of handwriting with samples of the forged money orders, were taken to four experts in handwriting, and these gentlemen were informed that one of the four writers was guilty of the forgery. Conundrum. Which one? When the answers of the four experts were received, it was found that each of the four had found the forger, but that no two had found the same man! The suspected clerk is still on duty at his desk.



The above illustration shows one of the mammoth buildings occupied by the great Mail Order House of the John M. Smyth Company of Chicago.

For one-third of a century this Company has been in business. Beginning in a small way, they supplied their neighbors in the near-by towns, each year widening their field. They are now selling merchandise direct to the consumer at wholesale prices throughout the United States.

Some years ago they began supplying their customers with an illustrated catalogue. As the business expanded they were obliged to increase the size of this catalogue, until today it exceeds 1,000 illustrated pages, quoting the lowest wholesale prices on everything to eat, wear and use. By a superior process of color photography they illustrate many of their goods in natural colors, bringing out the rich color value of curtains, carpets, draperies, and the latest designs in paper, etc., thus enabling the customer hundreds of miles distant to select goods at his own fireside, knowing by the description, illustration and price the class of goods he may expect.

This feature of their business is becoming more and more popular each year, for it not only saves long and tiresome railroad journeys but is a great time saver. It leaves out the profit of the jobbing house, the retailer, the expensive commercial traveler, the general agent, the sub-agent and thus eliminates from one to four profits, saving this amount for the consumer. In short, it is a great wholesale store brought to the home. The mammoth catalogue referred to is a 20th century dictionary of economy.

The illustration below shows the recent building added to this great enterprise.

The success of this Company seems incredible, considering the fact that they have advertised so little. Their spirit of



fairness and industry is the secret of this wonderful success. The quantity of goods they require in some lines enables them to handle train loads of merchandise secured at the lowest possible cost and freight rate.

When goods in the rough are coming from the mills and factories in the East, the lake steamers are pressed into service at a freight expense which is but little in advance of the iron ore rates.

His Gestures.

Probably the Catholic Standard, which prints this dialogue, did not intend that stiff and awkward elocutionists should take it as a helpful hint: Teacher—Your recitation was extremely good, Johnny. The gestures were particularly natural. Where did you get them? Johnny—Git what? Teacher—The gestures, Johnny—I ain't got the gesticulations. It's hives!

The Burbank Indian Portraits

which appeared in *Brush & Pencil* during the past year have been so well received by all who realize their value as an educational medium, and also prize them for their historical and artistic merit, that we have decided to send them free to all new subscribers.

For \$2.50 a yearly subscription to *Brush & Pencil* and six of the Burbank Indian Portraits, Series B. For \$3.00 a yearly subscription and the entire series of twelve pictures, Series B. The *Brush & Pencil* Pub. Co., 215 Wabash ave., Chicago.

The frontpiece of the *March Critic* is a full length double page portrait of Mark Twain in color. It is a reproduction of a pastel drawing by Everett Shinn whose double page color sketch in a recent number of *Harper's Weekly* attracted wide attention. There are also special articles on Ruskin and Blackmore, both illustrated. Mr. Clement K. Shorter, than whom no man is better equipped for the purpose, begins in this number a monthly series of literary notes from London.