

HIS WORD OF HONOR.

A Tale of the Blue and the Gray.

BY E. WERNER.

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CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"I hope, sir, that you are not venturing upon a feat with me, the justice of the peace! How does it happen that you have anything to do with such matters? Who is this Roland, and what does Mr. Harrison say to the affair?"

she must be ready to be married at once. He had at last entered with the utmost zeal into Maxwell's bold plan, which had at first seemed out of the question. It was really the only way to secure his bride and prevent any later intrigues of Edward. He had an inviolate right to claim his wife. Happen what might in Springfield, she belonged to him alone. The brief delay which would be caused by the ceremony was really not so dangerous as it seemed. Captain Wilson could hardly have reached the city, and the escort would not arrive before evening. The doctors were not expected for several hours; and as for the servants, Maxwell's judgment of them proved correct.

CHAPTER XI.

From the moment they discovered the identity of the two strangers all hostility was at an end. They belonged to the ranks of the "liberators." Besides, they loved their young mistress as much as they feared in Edward the stern master. The last few months, during which he had had the reins of government, had shown the whole household what was to be expected from the new master. Now he had mysteriously vanished. Perhaps he might even be dead. But not a hand stirred to seek or aid him.

"The names are still missing. Please insert them. Mr. William Roland—Miss Florence Harrison! There, now we can begin."

The magistrate had so far recovered that he could commence the ceremony, which was performed very quickly, but in strict legal form. The usual questions were asked and answered, the signatures were affixed, and in less than ten minutes the wedding was over. William, deeply moved, clasped his young wife to his heart.

Maxwell glanced toward the door, where Ralph had appeared during the last moment, but remained standing motionless in order not to interrupt the ceremony. The doctor exchanged a few words with him in a low tone, then turned to the young couple.

"Mrs. Roland, please go to your father. William, you can accompany your wife. There is no fear that your presence will disturb the sick man—don't leave her alone now!"

(To be Continued.)

How a Boer Signs His Name.

From the London Mail: The Boer may be fairly good at handling a rifle, but he is sadly deficient in his ability to handle a pen. When the average Boer has to attach his name to a document an air of importance pervades his dwelling for several hours. The children are constantly chided, the patient "vrouw" has a preoccupied look and the husband himself puffs even more vigorously than usual at his pipe. Eventually a corner of the table is cleared and carefully wiped. The family Bible is placed in position and the sheet of paper requiring the signature falls upon the company. "Stille!" cries the wife. "Stille, kindertes, papa gaat sein naam teken." ("Hush, children, father is about to sign his name.") The family stands round open-mouthed, and all eyes gaze expectantly upon the paper. With arms bared for the fray, and with pen carefully poised, the Boer bends to his task. The pen is gripped firmly between his horny fingers. In thick, ungainly scratches, and with slow and painful motion, the pen begins to work, and at the end of it, may be four minutes, the deed is accomplished.

Half-Way House of Big Birds.

Near St. Charles, Mo., is a great sandbar, called Pelican bend, which projects into the Missouri river, and for some unknown reason it is a favorite stopping place for the numerous flocks of pelicans that migrate north and south every year. It has been noticed that regularly each fall on Sept. 4 they begin to arrive. They remain till cold weather and then pass on south. In the spring they return to the bend, remain a short time, and then proceed north. It may be that in the shallows around this sandbar are quantities of fish of which the awkward birds are fond, for they live almost entirely on fish. A pelican loves nothing better than to wade in shallow water, where schools of minnows and small fish are gathered, and to scoop them up in its great elastic pouch that hangs under its lower bill. These big-bodied and short-legged birds are clumsy enough on land, but they have enormous webbed feet, and wide-spreading wings. So in water or air they move rapidly, and they seem never to tire of swimming or flying.

Earth a Pyramid in Shape.

Since the earth was first formed many theories have been advanced as to its shape and the process of its formation, but no one until our day ever maintained that its form was that of a huge pyramid. Centuries ago Pythagoras and Aristotle declared that it was spherical, Anaximander that it was shaped like a column, Democritus that it was a concave disc and very much resembled a huge porringer, Empedocles and Anaximenes that it was a plane disk, and Zenoannes that it had roots like a tree, which spread in all directions far into the infinite. Now comes J. Greene, an English scientist, and a government official in the Sandwich Islands, with the bold announcement that all these ancient theories, as well as the modern ones, are utterly baseless, since, according to him, the earth has the form of a triangular pyramid, or, in other words, of a regular tetrahedron, with the apex at the south pole and the base at the north.

Obedyed the Orders.

New York Evening Sun: The story of the green servant girl who boiled a watermelon is more than rivaled by the story of the experienced girl, who boiled the plum pudding. She was the sort of young person who more than anticipated any directions with the assurance of her knowledge on the subject, so that the woman of the household gave her but one important hint about the Christmas pudding. "Be careful not to let it boil down," she said; "put plenty of water in the kettle, and keep putting more in as it boils out." "Yes'm," was the response. There was no doubt but that she obeyed that injunction to the very letter. She had put in plenty of water and she had added more from time to time. But another little item she had neglected—she had not put the pudding into a bag.

His Favorite Barber.

Grymes—"Why do you always go to that particular barber?" Ukerdek—"He is baldness age." Grymes—"What of that?" Ukerdek—"He cannot advise me to use a hair restorer."

MADE WILLS

Leaving Her Wealth To the Relative Wherever She Went. "Several years ago," said a New Orleans lawyer, chatting about queer experiences in his profession, "a woman died in this city who to my certain knowledge had made at least 25 different wills. Of course there are people in the world who have a mania for will-making, just as there are manias in other directions, but there was a distinct method in this woman's madness. She made her numerous wills for the deliberate purpose of exciting curiosity and then profiting by it, and if the true story of the curious complications growing out of that policy could be written it would form an astonishing chronicle of greed and duplicity. To begin with, she had a couple of pieces of improved property worth perhaps \$6,000, and a lot of personal belongings which were mere junk and rubbish, but which she valued at a fabulous figure. Between the two she was reputed to be worth from \$50,000 to \$60,000, and there was much jealousy as to prospective succession among a lot of distant relatives. The old woman would take up her quarters with some particular set of her kin and make a will in her favor. Needless to say, she would be treated with every consideration, but she was very fickle, and invariably got into a quarrel in the course of a few months and moved somewhere else, where the same program was repeated. She spent years of migrations of that sort, going the rounds of her relatives several times and camping temporarily with numerous personal friends. When she finally died it was found that her last authentic will left the coveted property to a niece who had shown her scarcely any attention at all, and the will of rage and disappointment that arose was something simply terrific. I dare say she engendered more family bitterness when she was alive, precipitated more rows and was instrumental in causing a greater number of people to stop speaking when they passed by than any other one person in the parish. This was an extreme case, but it was by no means unique. Almost every lawyer in town who has a large general practice could cite instances where judicious will-making has kept old age surrounded by affectionate solicitude."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Coasting on Snow-Shoes.

In Russia one of the great winter sports is coasting. As the snow-shoes in use in that country are long, narrow strips of ash wood, the wearer of them is able to slide over the snow whenever he has occasion to descend a slope. An English sportsman thus describes how he attempted a "coast" of this kind: I found a most fascinating hill, long and not too steep. At the bottom was a river—frozen over, of course—some ten yards in width. I should have to turn at right angles, and run along the level surface of the ice, in order to avoid darting up the opposite bank and slipping down again backward. I shot the hill very successfully, reaching the river with a terrific impetus; but I could not turn to the left quickly enough, and was carried with irresistible force straight up the bank opposite. The impetus took me several feet up the steep incline, but when at last my shoes abruptly ceased to move, I fell backward. Being on a steep slope, my head rested much lower than my feet, and as these were in snow-shoes, I was quite unable to recover myself. When I realized this fact, a chill ran through my frame. What in the world should I do? Must I really lie there and starve? I should certainly freeze, to death long before the keepers could track and release me! For many minutes my frantic exertions were unavailing, and I was seriously losing heart, when fortunately the instep-strap of one of the shoes gave way. Having got one shoe off, I succeeded after further violent struggles in freeing myself of the second. Since that day I have been careful how I shoot hills with narrow rivers at the foot.

A Dangerous Diet.

A box containing wheat saturated with strychnine was placed in the hands of a scientist for examination because of the curious fact that a number of insects had been found there, all of which were busily engaged in devouring the poisoned grain. So remarkable did this appear that studies had been made of the taste and poison-resisting qualities of some of these small creatures. It is ascertained that the weevil will grow and flourish on grain mingled with strychnine. This is destructive to almost all insects, but the weevil seems to prefer it to other food. Samples of the same poisoned grain were given to a number of varieties of insect pests, and in every instance they died almost immediately. In this same line of research it may be said that almost every poison plant has its parasite, and from it some form of life derives its subsistence.

Difference in Ministers.

It was related in the Stockton News that the Congregational minister of that town threw up his job and left in anger because some of his congregation played whist, and refused to stop when he preached against them. There is a wide difference between Congregational ministers. There used to be one in Hays City who not only played whist, but when some of the boys dropped faro chips into the contribution box he would go around to the game next morning and cash them in.—Kansas City Journal.

Pain the Asparagus.

According to Liebig the alkali in asparagus develops form in the human brain.

HE LIKES WESTERN CANADA.

Duhamel, Jan. 24, 1900. Dear Sir and Friend—We had a lucky trip, made good connections and got to Wetaskiwin Monday afternoon; stayed there all night, bought a pony and saddle for the boy and hired a three-seated rig for the balance of us, and got home to dinner next day; caught the boys cleaning up and getting ready to come after us. Wednesday the snow was all gone and we had bare ground and bright sunshine for a month, and it has been pleasant weather ever since. The ground is frozen about two feet and about six inches of snow—just enough for good sleighing. We had one cold spell in December. The thermometer went down to 32 below zero, but we did not suffer with the cold at all. We have worked every day all winter, are all well and feeling well; have built a log house 18x18, two log stables 16x12, and are now busy on a well. We have 10 cows, three other cattle and six head of horses. The boys send their best respects to Mr. Huchison, and say they will talk to him enough to pay for not writing when he gets up here; will write you again next spring and tell you all about the winter. We all unite in sending you and family our best wishes and respects and hope this will find you all well. Yours very respectfully, (Signed) THOMAS TATE, Duhamel, Alberta, Canada. P. S.—It has not been down to zero this month. It is 22 above now.

The Savage Bachelor. "Anyway," said the Sweet Young Thing, "it is the man who is the most scared at a wedding." "Of course," said the Savage Bachelor. "He has the most sense."—Indianapolis Press.

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You never know how good some men are until you read their obituaries. I never used so quick a cure as Peck's Cure for Consumption.—J. B. Palmer, Box 1171, Seattle, Wash., Nov. 26, 1903.

A Liverpool physician has discovered the bacillus of plaque in horses.

When All Else Fails, Try Dr. King's Cure for Croup and Whooping Cough. Never fails. Drug stores or mail 10c. Dr. J. C. King, 101 Ave. B, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Columbus was the son of a weaver and a weaver himself.

Geoff's Cough Balsam is the oldest and best. It is a sure cure for colds, coughs, croup, and whooping cough. It is always reliable. Try it.

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Experience never teaches fools anything. Brown's Teething Cordial is warranted, and is never returned as worthless. When in doubt, don't do it.

Could Not Eat. COLUMBUS, Kan., Oct. 26, 1906. With this letter permit me to thank you for what the free sample has done for me. It has greatly benefited my health and done me more good than all the pills and tablets I have taken. I was so bad I could not eat, and had a feeling in my throat as though I was being choked. After taking your Swedish Essence a short time I began to feel better. I recommend and praise this medicine on every occasion, and now a number of my lady friends desire to try it. Please send me for enclosed amount the large packages as soon as possible. Next time I will order more. This remarkable medicine, by removing disease germs from the blood, has an action that affects the entire system. It tones up the stomach and creates an appetite; works on the liver and has a mild, continuous effect upon the bowels, thus cleaning out the entire system. It makes new, rich blood, regulates the heart and kidneys and rids the body of all waste matter. It also induces a gentle perspiration, thus preventing fevers and congestion. Rheumatism, backache and headache, biliousness and all nervous diseases are rapidly cured as well as diseases peculiar to women. TWO WEEKS TREATMENT FREE! No one need trouble themselves to doubt whether this remedy will do all these things, as you can have a free trial package first and see what it does for you. Do not neglect to get in your application at once. The best way is to sit down this minute, write a letter to M. R. Zaegel & Co., Box No. 831, Sheboygan, Wis., and say that you want a trial package of Swedish Essence of Life. This will be sent you by mail and is large enough to convince you of the merit of this celebrated household remedy. A 3-cent stamp should be enclosed in your letter to pay the postage on this free sample. Write for it today.

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LEAVING BOTH DIGNITY AND DINNER.

He took refuge in the window recess, where he vied with his employer in trembling. "May I request you to let me see the document?" asked Maxwell. "But it contains the name of Edward Harrison," said the magistrate, desperately. "We'll erase it and put William Roland in its place." "But that won't do." "It must do! I most courteously beg you for it." A movement of the revolver gave this courtesy the necessary emphasis. Mr. Thompson tried to hide behind his clerk, and the latter, with a trembling hand, drew out a paper which he held like a shield toward the oppressor. "Space for the names has been left," he stammered. "They were to be filled in at Springfield." "Excellent! Then there is nothing to be erased. Calm yourself, Mr. Thompson. I assure you that I have the highest regard for you, and have told my friend so much about you that he, too, holds you in great esteem. Permit me again to apologize for disturbing you, but there is nothing to prevent your continuing your meal as soon as the ceremony is over. So, if you please—" The gentlemen did not look as if they were inclined to follow. They left the window with evident reluctance, but they did leave it and, under Maxwell's escort, went to the dining-room. Here they found William with Florence, the latter half-bewildered by the rapidity with which events had followed each other. While waiting in terrible anxiety for news, her imagination conjuring up the most terrible possibilities, Roland suddenly stood before her, free and unshaken, and in hurried words told her that she must be ready to be married at once.