

# A DYING PROMISE

OR, THE MISSING  
WILL

## CHAPTER VII.—(Cont.)

Before he left England, and resigned Jessie to the temporary care of her other guardians, they went together to the graves of their father and mother, which Jessie had made pleasant with flowers and greenery. As he stood there, Philip thought of all that they had done for him. But for Matthew Meade's beautiful charity to an orphaned child-waif, what might his lot have been? A workhouse boy, a nameless, homeless unit in that mass of shipwrecked humanity, untaught and unloved, what chance of even a decent life would have been his?

He was glad now that he had chosen the lowly home at Stillbrooke rather than Marwell; what would the more brilliant-seeming life have profited him if he had remained a comparative stranger to those two kind hearts, now stilled forever?

Yet he must now be a nameless, kinless man; his last forlorn hope that he might discover his own origin in looking through Mr. Meade's papers was gone. He decided once for all to think no more of his dubious origin, from the knowledge of which, in spite of his efforts to learn it, he shrank, fearing dishonor. He felt that he ought to know, but since he had failed to find out from Matthew Meade, he would remain henceforth ignorant. But for the Medways, the secret would have died with Mr. Meade. Something more than pride or fear restrained him from consulting Sir Arthur Medway, who would probably conclude that Matthew Meade had told him all there was to know on his coming to man's estate. And, after all, if there were any profit in knowing, they would surely have told him before.

All who had cared for him and his orphan sister lay there beneath the turf; he must carve out a place in life of his own.

"My loss was greater than yours, Jessie," he said, after a long silence; "I owed them more."

"Yes," she replied, looking up from her flowers with a faint smile. "And I often thought they cared most for you. Especially father. They were so proud of you."

"And I such a beast," he thought. Then he asked Jessie to renew the death-bed promise, and they clasped hands solemnly over the graves, and he put a ring on her finger.

"Oh! Philip," she exclaimed, when they turned to leave the spot, "it is an opal ring."

"Don't you like opals?" he asked. "I thought you did; that is why I chose them."

"Ah! but the bad luck!" "Foolish child," he said, tenderly, his heart going out to her in a rush of pitying love, "how can a true-love gift be unlucky?"

They sat alone together in Mrs. Plummer's house till late that night, counting the minutes. Next morning they drove together to Cleeve station whence Philip started for Dover, on his way to India.

Jessie stood on the platform by the carriage-door with him till the last moment; every tick of the station clock seemed to beat some life out of their throbbing hearts; they held each other's hands, and when the last bell clanged and their hands were forced apart, the jangling strokes crashed on the two bruised young hearts. The engine panted away, Philip looked back till the bend of the road swallowed him up, and he could no longer see Jessie, and the yearning gaze of each was met by vacancy.

Then Cousin Jane, who had been standing at a bookstall showering tears upon the monthly magazines, came bustling forward and bid Jessie make haste home to Miss Blushford's.

"He'll write from Dover to-night," she said, "and that you'll hev tomorrow. Then at Calais he's to write, and at Paris. Dear, dear, what expense he'll be at with postage to be sure. Look up, Jessie, look up, 'tisn't many of our sort can be engaged to a fine young officer like Philip."

Jessie did not heed, she saw nothing but Philip's vanishing face; it seemed as if her life had been violently wrenched from its place.

As for Philip, he felt that all that was most vital in him was left behind with Jessie, while he rushed on aimlessly into a blank, homeless void.

Yet one thought throbbled glowingly in his breast; this agony of yearning, this tenacious clinging of the heart, meant nothing less than love. He was quite sure now he should love her and no other to the end of his life.

## CHAPTER VIII.

In retrospect this year of Jessie Meade's life seemed five. She shot up several inches in height and her mental and moral growth kept pace with the physical. The utter destruction of her early associations, the loss of home, the sudden and repeated irruption of death, gave her the emotional experience of years. The sorrow of her triple bereavement—

do now?" the family said, when anybody came to grief.

But Jessie knew of Miss Blushford only that she was ignorant, narrow, so she chafed against her yoke, as her own nature expanded. After the Byron episode, Miss Blushford began telling her pupil that it was un-feminine as well as unladylike to read much; it was particularly unladylike to have strong feelings; more unladylike still to wish to be independent and work for bread (which Jessie began to hint she should like to do).

"May I never do anything because I like it? Must I only do what men like me to do?" Jessie asked.

"Certainly, my dear," Miss Blushford replied, with her little didactic air; "it is un-feminine to have strong likings. Gentlemen always know what is truly feminine and ladylike. Sweetness, submission, unselfishness are the chief qualities required of females. Mr. Philip Randal justly observed in his last epistle to me: 'I wish Miss Meade to read less and give more time to strictly feminine pursuits, such as needle-work, dancing, housekeeping, and accomplishments'—such was Miss Blushford's translation of Philip's request that Jessie should not be made to learn too much. 'Gentlemen dislike blue-stockings. Ladies of superior attainments should always endeavor to conceal them, lest they should be deemed un-feminine.'"

"I suppose, Miss Blushford!" said Jessie, "that it matters nothing what women think, the great point is what people think of them."

"Quite so, my love."

"Their conduct should be entirely ruled by public opinion?" continued Jessie, with a curious glitter of her eyes.

"In everything, my sweet girl," returned Miss Blushford, pleased at signs of grace in her charge.

After this Jessie read with more ardor, but less candor. She did not hesitate to deceive Miss Blushford by false covers to her books, most of which she kept in a hiding-place she had discovered under the roof-tiles opening from her bedroom. Here also she kept a store of smuggled candles and matches, which she used to light her studies after her candle had been removed from her room. Was it not lawful to conceal things from children? Jessie argued; why, then, should a grown-up baby like Miss Blushford, however amiable, know all that she did?

The pupils came little in contact with Jessie, and when they did, regarded her with no sense of fellowship. As a parlor-boarder and grown up young lady, they looked up to her, while the fact of her being engaged, and especially engaged to a fine young officer, invested her with all the glamour of romance. A letter from Philip created a flutter of pleasant excitement in the house; unlike the pupils' letters, it was inviolate; Miss Blushford actually dared not open it. The letters came fast and thick at first, Philip dotted them all along his route, whenever he found a post-office. "My own Jessie—My precious child—My darling," they began, and were all heart-break and tenderness, but slightly relieved with sketches of travel as far as Calcutta, where they settled down into "Dearest Jessie," and so continued at that affectionate level.

Jessie's letters were of necessity fewer, since she could not dot them along Philip's route; they too were at first tender and full of heart-break, but resigned and meek; they lacked the stormy revolt of Philip's; gradually the tenderness and heart-break faded out of them, and the letters on both sides became chronicles of what befell each, mingled with requests on Jessie's part and good advice by way of answer from Philip. Almost immediately after he started for India, the news of the Meerut and Delhi outbreaks thundered through England, to be followed by still more tragic tidings throughout the summer and autumn.

As each tragic episode in the drama of the Mutiny unfolded itself and was told in England with all the exaggerations of fear, mystery, pity, and indignation, a sort of madness seized upon the people, to whom the knowledge that Christian women and children of their own race were slaughtered and tortured by that inferior and subject heathen race they had been accustomed to hold so cheaply, was a horror beyond endurance. War, which to other nations means invasion and the suffering, if not the slaying, of women and children, the breaking up of homes, with famine, fire and pestilence, has a milder face for inviolate England, whose soldiers alone taste its immediate horrors. All the prejudices and antipathies of religion, race, and caste were stung into fierce vitality by the suffering and degradation of helpless English in India, whose countrymen at home were powerless to succor them. A wave of passionate vindictiveness swept over men's hearts, an unsuspected trait in the national character was brought to light. Not only in India, where their position was so desperate, but at home, where people were maddened by their impotence, there were loud cries for vengeance—vengeance alone in its naked ferocity. Pious clergymen, peaceful laymen, gentle, kindly people, did not hesitate to say that no reprisals could be too severe for those monsters of iniquity, and much that was only said with impotent passion in England was done with sterner vindictiveness in India.

It was a ghastly satire on our boasted progress and civilization; it might have been still more ghastly but for a few brave and noble men, who turned a deaf ear to popular clamor and public obloquy, and did

justly, and loved mercy even in that awful tempest.

Jessie, in the conventual seclusion of her school, where newspapers were rare, heard little of these things; she did not realize the awfulness of the crisis; she had grown accustomed to war in the Crimean days, and feared comparatively little for Philip even when she knew him to be in the thick of the fighting. Had he not already tried the fortune of war?

But in those rare occasions when she mingled with the outside world, she was horror-struck at the way in which people talked of "those black devils," and one or two passionate expressions in Philip's letters made her shiver and hope they were but momentary ebullitions, caused by righteous indignation at the first hearing of such cruelties as will forever throw a mournful horror upon the word Cawnpore. She did not inquire too closely into Indian details; she dared not let her thoughts dwell upon Philip's danger, any more than upon her parents' death; she deliberately lulled the emotional side of her nature to sleep, by continuous strenuous mental occupation. Instinct told her that madness lay in feeling (To be Continued.)

## FEEDING THE TWO ARMIES

SYSTEMS OF RUSSIA AND OF JAPAN COMPARED.

Czar's Soldiers Apt to Go Hungry—The Japanese Marching Order.

The war in the East is affording a test of the transport and commissariat systems of Russia and Japan.

By the Russian system an army corps of 45,900 men is supposed to be accompanied by 2,400 wagons.

When campaigning, the Russian soldier is supposed to carry two days' rations on his person. The regimental trains carry rations for each man for two days longer, and the divisional trains for from two to four days. It is reckoned that fresh supplies should always be obtainable from the surrounding country or along the line of communications within the six or eight days allowed.

The system is a good one, but the transport and commissariat broke down miserably in every important war waged by Russia during the last century. The experience of the past indicates that the Cossacks are the only Russian soldiers who are mobile and well fed in a campaign. They are mobile because they always have large numbers of spare horses—often two for each man; they are well fed because of their skill in foraging.

Russian officers spend freely out of their private funds during a campaign in order to remedy the defects of the official transport and commissariat. They have been obliged to do so even during manoeuvres.

The example was set by Skobelev, Russia's greatest General of modern times, during

## THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

He was a rich man, and every ruble he owned was at the disposal of his beloved soldiers when they needed it.

All the official arrangements for feeding the men and caring for the sick and wounded broke down utterly, and Skobelev was always putting his hand in his pocket through that campaign. On one occasion he spent 15,000 rubles to charter a steamer to take a number of wounded men to Odessa for treatment. He never recovered from the Government the large sums he expended.

When Skobelev was praised for his generosity toward his troops, he replied unaffectionately:

"I owe everything to these men, and the least I can do is to spend a few thousand rubles to help them in their need."

That spirit animates most officers in the Russian army to-day. Gen. Kouropatkin, Gen. Grodekoff and other famous Russian officers trained under Skobelev followed his example.

Now it is regarded as the regular thing in the Russian army for an officer to have to spend money on his men to remedy official shortcomings. It is to be feared that graft has a great deal to do with those shortcomings.

These defects are, however, largely offset by the patient endurance of the Russian soldier, born of his dog-like

## LOYALTY TO THE CZAR.

The American military attaché was impressed by that quality.

"When his battles result in defeats, when his biscuits are full of maggots, when his clothes are shabby, when his boots drop to pieces, the Russian soldier," he said, reasons it all out slowly and can only come to the conclusion, so pathetic in its simple faith: 'Ah, if the Czar only knew!'

"Every one within his reach he freely discusses, criticizes and blames; he half suspects that his Generals may be fools, and he is sure that his commissaries are rascals; but no thought of censure ever crosses his mind against the Czar."

It is hardly necessary to point out the value of this mental attitude as a military asset.

The Russian soldiers appear, as a general rule, to lack the ability to shift for themselves in matters of transport and commissariat. If their elaborate system of baggage trains breaks down, as it may well do under the strain of a hard campaign,

they are utterly at a loss—unless they are Cossacks, Kalmucks or Turcomans, accustomed from boyhood to picking up their meals wherever and whenever they can find them.

The Japanese, on the contrary, showed during their war with China a remarkable ability to create their transport and commissariat apparently out of nothing as they went along. They did not trouble much about baggage trains, they had them, to be sure, well supplied and well organized, but the troops moved so quickly that they were out of touch with their wagons half the time.

They travelled in the lightest possible order and picked up any old native carts or mules or coolies they chanced to meet, making them serve the necessities of the moment, and then letting them go and getting others further on.

## THE ONLY DRAWBACK

of this system was that as the campaign advanced the armies became clogged by large numbers of coolies and other camp followers, who created a great deal of trouble and committed excesses, which were wrongfully charged to the regular troops.

Some of the Japanese commanders adopted a short way with these obnoxious persons, driving them out of the army on pain of death as soon as their services were over. After the war it was pretty generally agreed that no similar nuisance should be tolerated in another campaign.

During the advance to the relief of the besieged legations at Peking the Japanese commissary was, by common agreement of the foreign officers, better than that of any of the European troops, and the Japanese soldiers showed a genius for foraging and accommodating their appetites to the food available in the country.

Instead of using heavy wagons liable to be bogged or to tire out, the horses, the Japanese had a great number of light hand carts. These carts were drawn by coolies or by the soldiers themselves, and they were so lightly laden that they interfered little, if at all, with the mobility of the force.

The horse and mule carts were of the smallest type and lightly built. Spare animals were made to carry their own fodder, and that of the other animals as well.

These measures were rendered necessary by the smallness and weakness of the Japanese horses, which are about the scrawniest animals of their kind. The Russians, on the contrary, are well supplied with large, strong,

## WELL-BRED HORSES.

In the Turcoman campaigns in Central Asia camels were employed, but they are hardly ever used to-day by Russian troops. Thousands of dogs are pressed into service, mainly for transporting soldiers and supplies in sledges across Lake Baikal.

In the present campaign the Mikado's fighting man is carrying a great deal more food with him than his Russian adversary. Against the latter's two days' rations he carries two cooked rations of rice in addition to six emergency rations. These are contained in an aluminum mess pan, and as the rice has been boiled and dried in the sun, the entire weight is trifling.

It is commonly supposed that the Japanese soldier lives on rice and dried fish, but such is not the fact. He can live, and fight well, on that spare diet, if necessary; but he is given meat and other sustaining foods whenever practicable, as well as beer or sake.

Several years ago a military commission was appointed by the Mikado to ascertain why the physique of the Japanese troops was inferior to that of the British, German and other countries. The commission came to the conclusion that beef and beer helped to build up the stalwart frames of Occidental fighting men, and since then beef and beer have been included in the diet scale of the Japanese army.

## ELECTRIC POWER.

The Germans Obtain It From Windmills.

Probably one of the most novel, as well as one of the most interesting features in factory operation, is now being practiced in several cities in Germany, where dynamos are being driven by wind power. For several years past factories, both at Hamburg and Leipzig, have been using this form of motive power. The power is generated by windmills which have a diameter of about fifteen feet, these being mounted on the roofs of the works. To insure its reliability, the wind wheel itself has no moving parts, the speed regulation being obtained by turning the windmill so as to vary the angle under which the wind strikes upon the sails, which are built of steel sheets. This regulation is performed by a small auxiliary wind motor, and is said to be done so quickly and accurately that the voltage of the dynamo remains practically constant throughout the range of ordinary wind pressure. An automatic switch is arranged so that as soon as the wind falls below a certain point the battery connected with the dynamo is cut out. This device is also being used in these districts mentioned for the purpose of generating electricity for lighting.

People who come to high words are apt to indulge in low ones.