

# Love and War

A STORY OF SLAVERY DAYS.  
By MARY J. HOLMES.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.—Continued.

With tears and kisses Maude bent over her brother, who after that confession seemed so much brighter and more cheerful, that hope sometimes whispered to Maude that he would live. Annie was almost constantly with him now. He felt better and stronger with her, he said, and death was not so terrible. So, just as she had soothed, and comforted, and nursed many a poor fellow from Andersonville, Annie comforted and nursed Charlie De Vere, until that dreadful Saturday when the telegraphic wires brought up from the South the appalling news that our President was dead,—murdered by the assassin's hand.

"No, no, not that. We did not do that," Charlie cried, with a look of horror in his blue eyes when he heard the dreadful story, and that the Southern leaders were suspected of complicity in the murder.

"It would make me a Unionist, if I believed my people capable of that; but they are not,—it cannot be," Charlie kept repeating to himself, while the great drops of sweat stood upon his white forehead, and his pulse and heart beat so rapidly, that Maude summoned the attending physician, who shook his head doubtfully at the great change for the worse in his patient.

"I had hoped at least to keep him till the warm weather, but I am afraid those bells will be the death of him," he said, as he saw how Charlie shivered and moaned with each sound of the tolling bells.

"Perhaps they would stop if you were to ask them, and tell them why," Annie suggested to Maude; but Charlie, who heard it, exclaimed, "No, let them toll on. It is proper they should mourn for him. The South would do the same if it was our President who had been murdered."

So the bells tolled on, and the public buildings were draped in mourning, and the windows of Charlie's room were festooned with black, and he watched the sombre drapery as it swayed in the April wind, and talked of the terrible deed, and the war which was ended, and the world to which so many thousands had gone during the long four years of strife and bloodshed.

"I shall be there to-morrow," he said, "and then perhaps I shall know why all this has been done, and if we were so wrong."

Maude and Anne, Paul Haverill and Tom Carleton watched with him through the night, and just as the beautiful Easter morning broke, and the sunlight fell upon the Rockland hills, the boy who to the last had remained true to the Southern cause, lay dead among the people who had been his foes.

At Maude's request they buried him by the side of Isaac Simms, and Capt. Carleton ordered a handsome monument, on which the names of both the boys were cut, Isaac Simms, who died for the North, and Charlie De Vere, who, if need be, would have given his life for the South, each holding entirely different political sentiments, but both holding the same living faith which made for them an entrance to the world where all is perfect peace, and where we who now see through a glass darkly shall then see face to face, and know why these things are so.

Six months had passed since Charlie De Vere died. Paul Haverill, Will Mather, and Tom Carleton had been together on a pilgrimage to Paul's old neighborhood, where the people, wiser grown, welcomed back their old friend and neighbor, and strove in various ways to atone for all which had been cruel and harsh in their former dealing toward him. The war had left them destitute, so far as negroes and money were concerned; but such as they had they freely offered Paul, entreating him to stay in their midst and rebuild the homestead, whose blackened ruins bore testimony to what men's passions will lead them to do when roused and uncontrolled. But Paul said no; he could never again live where there was so much to remind him of the past. A little way out of Nashville was a beautiful dwelling-house, which, with a few acres of highly cultivated land, was offered for sale.

Maude had spoken of the place when she was in the city, and had said: "I should like to live there."

And Tom had remembered it; and when he had found it for sale, he suggested to Mr. Haverill that they buy it as a winter residence for Maude. And so what little property Paul Haverill had left was invested in Fair Oaks, as the place was called; and Tom gave orders that the house should be refurbished and ready for himself and bride as early as the first of November.

As far as was possible, Will and Tom found and generously rewarded those who had so kindly befriended them in their perilous journey across the mountains.

But some were missing, and only their graves remained to tell the story of their wrongs.

This trip was made in June, and early in August, the whole Carleton family went to London, where Jimmie improved so fast that they would have recognized the pale, thin invalid of Andersonville, not only in the active, red-cheeked, saucy-eyed young man, who became the life of the gay belles practiced their most bewitching coquetries.

But these were all lost on Jimmie who was seldom more than minutes away from the fair, blue-eyed woman who

the girls had learned, was a widow, and of whom they at first had no fears. But they changed their minds when day after day saw the "handsome Carleton at her side, and night after night found him walking with her along the road, or sitting on the rocks and watching the tide come in just as he had done years ago, when both were younger than they were now. They lived those days over again, and in their perfect happiness almost forgot the sorrow and pain which had come to them both since they first looked out upon the waters of New London bay.

Tom and Maude were there, too, together with Rose Mather and Will, and Susan Simms and John.

A well-timed investment in oil stock—a lucky turn of the wheel,—and Captain John Simms awoke, one morning, with one hundred thousand dollars! He did not believe it at first, and Susan did not believe it either. But when John, who with all his good sense, was a little given to show, or, as his mother expressed it, "to making a fool of himself," brought her a set of diamonds, hand-some than Rose Mather's, and bought her a new carriage, and took her to Saratoga, with an English nurse for little Ike, she began to realize that something had happened to her which brought Rose Mather's envied style of living within her means.

She soon grew tired of Saratoga. She was too much alone in that great crowd, and when she heard that the Carletons were at New London she went there with her diamonds and horses, and, patronized by Rose, who took her at once under her protection, she made a few pleasant acquaintances, and ever after talked confidently of her "summer at the seaside." She did not care to go again, however. "She and John were not exactly like people born to high life," she said, and so she settled quietly down in her pretty home, and made, as the Widow Simms said, "quite a decent woman, considerin' that she was one of them Ruggleses."

Bill Baker was astir very early one bright, October morning, his face indicating that some important event was pending in which he was to act a part. It was a double wedding at St. Luke's, and Maude and Annie were the brides. There was a great crowd to witness the ceremony, and Annie's "boys" whom she had nursed at Annapolis, were the first to offer their congratulations to Mrs. James Carleton, who looked so fair and pure and lovely, while Maude, whose beauty was of a more brilliant order seemed to sparkle and flash as she bent her stately head in response to the greetings given to her.

Upon Bill, who had turned hack-driver, devolved the honor of taking the bridal party to and from the church, and his horses were covered with the Federal flag, while conspicuous in his button-hole was a small one made of white silk and presented to him by a girl whom he called "Em," and who busied every time she heard Bill's voice ordering the crowd to stand back and his horses to "show their oats," as he drove from the church with the newly-married people.

Their destination was Nashville, where, in Maude's beautiful home, Jimmie and Annie passed a few delightful weeks, and then returned to Boston to the old Carleton house on Beacon Street, which had been fitted up for their reception.

Mrs. Carleton, senior, divides her time between her three children. Tom, Jimmie and Rose, but her home proper is with Annie, in Boston, where there is now a little "Lulu Graham," six months old, and where Rose and Will often go, while each summer Tom Carleton comes up from Fair Oaks with his beautiful Maude, the heroine of the Cumberland Mountains.

The End.

## UMBRELLA DIPLOMACY.

A man with an umbrella was walking in the rain; an umbrellaless friend joined him and shared the protection. The umbrella owner noticed that now he was getting only half protection, as the rain and the drippings from the umbrella as well fell on one shoulder. Seeing another friend without an umbrella he invited him in out of the wet, saying: "There is plenty of room for three." By this new arrangement he now had complete protection, as he had to move the umbrella to the position he carried it when he was using it alone, and a friend on either side protected him from the rain while receiving the drippings from the umbrella.—Woman's Home Companion.

## HAD MORE THAN ONE REASON.

Anxious Mother—Why don't you drive that bad boy away from your playground?

Good little Boy—It wouldn't be right.

Wouldn't it? No, ma. You see that playground is public property.

Oh, so it is. Yes, ma; and it would be selfish and dishonest to deprive any other boy of the right to go there.

So it would, my angel. I didn't think of that.

Yes, ma; and besides he can lick me.

## MONSTERS OF THE DEEP.

THEY TERRIFIED AND ASTONISHED OUR ANCESTORS.

Some Veracious Sea Tales of Olden Times Which Are Timely at the Opening of the Sea Serpent Season—A Great Fish Which Flew.

The annual crop of sea serpent stories is now about due, and, in fact, rather belated. In the absence of authentic current information the following will be found of much interest. It is a recital of well established facts concerning sea monsters discovered or captured in ancient times. The stories are unquestionably true.

### A NOISY ONE.

In 1574 when Elizabeth was Queen, a monstrous fish, according to Kilburne and Hasted, was stranded on the sands at a spot somewhere near Broadstairs, which has since borne the name of Fishness. There the monster died next day for the want of water, amidst hideous roars that could be heard over a mile around.

This extraordinary denizen of the ocean measured no less than 66 feet in length, 14 feet in thickness from back to belly, which lay uppermost, and the same distance across the tail, while a breadth of 12 feet separated the eyes. Some of the ribs were 14 feet long, the tongue was 15 feet, and, whereas one man managed to creep into a nostril, three were able to stand erect in the monster's mouth, which opened 12 feet wide. The liver, when removed, made two cartloads, and a six-horse team proved unequal to the effort of drawing one of the eyes along.

A century ago, a bone of this remarkable fish was still preserved at Little Nash, in St. John's parish, but it had become considerably reduced in size, through long exposure to the air.

Nearly 200 years later, another wonderful aquatic animal was caught, and shown about the country by a fisherman it had injured. In this instance, the head and tail resembled those of an alligator, and there were two large fins which could be used both to swim and fly. These fins, when examined by the naturalist, were too dry to be extended; but they appeared, by the folds, to be shaped somewhat like the wings, painters have given to dragons and other fabulous creatures supporting coats-of-arms. The body was covered with impenetrable scales, the legs had two joints, and the feet resembled donkey's hoofs. Each jaw had five rows of very sharp, white teeth.

### THIS ONE FLEW.

The denizen of the main measured 4 feet to the tip of the tail, in its dried state, but had been much longer when alive. It was caught in a net with mackerel, between Oxford and Southwold, on the Suffolk Coast, and, being dragged ashore, was knocked down with a boat hook. On the net being opened, it suddenly sprang up and flew over 50 yards. The man who first seized it had several of his fingers bitten off, and the wounds mortifying, he died. It then fastened on the arm of the man who afterward exhibited it, and lacerated the limb so badly that the muscles shrank and the hand and fingers became distorted. The wound would not heal and was thought incurable. By some naturalists this ferocious creature was called a "sea dragon."

In 1759 some fishermen engaged in trawling for tunny, not far from Clette in the South of France, perceived their nets uncommonly heavy, and, bringing them aboard, found a very strange fish with five large membranes in the shape of a cowl between head and shoulders; hence they named it a "monk." Beneath these membranes were apertures through which water was drawn in and ejected with great velocity. The rough, rasping seal. This marine wonder measured 22 feet in length and 16 feet round the thickest part of the body. The head alone was 4 feet long, with a snout projecting more than a foot from the mouth, which had the form of

### A LARGE CRESCENT.

The jaws were set with a goodly number of small, sharp teeth, similar to those of a wood-rasp. The eyes were little more than an inch in diameter. The breadth of the open fins exceeded 5 feet. Beneath them were concealed the ears, surrounded by a flexible beard forming a kind of grating. The body was provided with three swimming fins on each side, supplemented by two others on the back for ornament or defence. The weight of this strange creature was estimated to be at least 5,000 pounds, judging from the dip of the boat in the water when it was hauled aboard. About a dozen lampreys found sticking to its body were removed with difficulty, and it is possible that the fish, being overgrown and disordered, was unable to defend itself against their attacks, dragged it into their craft.

About the same time another extraordinary fish was caught near Bristol. It measured four feet nine inches long. The mouth, which opened a foot sharp teeth, set very irregularly at some distance apart. This fish, which had neither tongue, nor narrow gullet, looked like a great hollow tube. At the back of the mouth were two open-

ings resembling nostrils, and under these openings, about nine inches below the jaw, could be seen two large knobs, from which several short teeth protruded. A little further down was another knob armed with similar teeth.

Right and left inside the body, a foot from the jaws, were

### THREE CROSS RIBS.

something like the straight bars of a chimney grate, placed an inch apart. Through these bones one could see into a great cavity, extending under the skin toward the breast, and distended by longitudinal ribs plain to the touch on the outside.

Why the fish was not discovered does not appear, but we are told that a man thrust his hand and arm into the mouth up to his shoulder, encountering nothing on the way, so the historical naturalist concludes that heart, stomach and bowels must have lain in a very small compass near the tail, where the body was exceedingly small.

Two long horns, hard and elastic, and without the ring joints of those of the lobster, proceeded from the neck. On each side of the back were two sharp-edged protuberances, and between each eye and the breast appeared a cavity, somewhat like the inside of a human ear, but which did not penetrate to the interior.

At each shoulder was a strong, muscular fin, and hard by, toward the breast, an aperture through which one could thrust hand and arm up into the mouth. Between these fins two short paws, proceeding from the breast, had somewhat the appearance of the fore paws, and entirely devoid of scales. Half of human feet, the five toes on each of them joined together, looking like nails. Near the tail were two large fins, one on the back, the other under the belly. The skin was a dark-brown color, spotted darker in places and entirely devoid of scales.

## THE ENGLISH RAILWAY DOGS.

They Collect Alms for the Widows and Orphans of Employes.

Railway dogs—those, that is to say, that serve as collecting agents for the various charities—are likely to receive additional attention from travelers, after her majesty's kindly notice of "Tim," one of the number, at Paddington on Monday. There are still several collecting dogs on the various lines about the country, though the more famous are no more. One of the best known of these dead collectors was "Help"—a collie trained by a guard on the Brighton line. "I am 'Help,' the railway dog of England"—read an inscription on a silver medal attached to his collar—"traveling agent for the orphans of railway men who are killed on duty." My office is at No. 65 Colebrooke row, London, where subscriptions will be thankfully received and duly acknowledged.

This canine collector got no less than a thousand pounds sterling, during his charitable career. He is to be seen to-day at Brighton Station—preserved under a glass case.

But perhaps the prince of railway dogs, though not engaged in collecting, was "Snatch." He was a yagrant Cockney cur, and was rescued from the loafers about the Euston terminus by one of the drivers of the London and Northwestern Company. "Snatch" always accompanied his master on the footplate of the engine, and was with him in a collision, when the latter was killed. "Snatch" was eventually run over in the London streets by a cab. But he lives in a sympathetic picture by Harrison Wier.

## POISON IN PURE WATER.

Seeming Paradox Explained by a German Scientist.

There is considerable danger, according to a German medical newspaper, which recently discussed the effect of drinking chemically pure water—that is, water containing no dissolved salts or gases. The action of pure distilled water withdraws salts from the tissues, which swell up by imbibition, and is a dangerous protoplasmic poison. When swallowed it causes a swelling up of the superficial layers of the gastric epithelium, which die and are exfoliated. That washing out of the stomach with distilled water has a bad effect is proved. Really pure water would be worse still. Waters occur in nature, and hence the practical importance of the subject to medicine. Water obtained from clear, natural ice may cause gastric catarrh and vomiting when given to patients to suck. Artificially made ice never produces such a pure water on melting, and is therefore safer. Guide books usually warn travelers not to drink water from snow, glaciers or clear mountain torrents, which, instead of quenching thirst, often produces gastritis. The most remarkable instance is that of a spring at Gastein, which has been known for centuries as the "Poison Spring," and no one will drink it water, though no poison has ever been found in it. The simple fact is that the Gastein water is purer than distilled water, and has in consequence the same injurious effects.

## A Child's Suffering.

MR. WM. McKAY, CLIFFORD, N. S. TELLS OF HIS DAUGHTER'S CASE.

She Was First Attacked With Acute Rheumatism. Followed by St. Vitus' Dance In a Severe Form—Her Parents Hoped She Could Not Recover. From the Enterprise, Bridgeport, N. S.

Wm. McKay, Esq., a well known and much respected farmer and man at Clifford, Lunenburg Co., N. S., relates the following wonderful case effected in his family by the use of Williams' Pink Pills. About ten years ago my little daughter Ella, a child of ten years, was attacked with acute rheumatism. It was a terrible case; for over a month she was confined to her bed, and during most of the time was utterly helpless, being unable to turn in bed, or in fact, move at all without help. She could not even hold anything in her hands. All power or use of her limbs had entirely gone and the pain she suffered was fearful. By constant attention after a month or so she began to acquire a little strength, and after a while she proved enough to be taken out of bed and even walked around a bit, after a fashion by means of a support.

Now she was seized with a worse ailment than the rheumatism. Her nervous system gave way, and she was completely shattered. She shook violently all the time, would tremble down in trying to walk. In attempting to drink from a cup her hands shook so as to spill the contents over herself. She was a pitiable object. The doctors were called to see her again and said she had St. Vitus' dance in the worst form. She was given the medicine prescribed and followed the instructions of her physician for some time, but without apparent benefit. She wasted away almost to a skeleton and we gave her up for lost.

About this time I read in a paper an account of a great cure of nervousness effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and resolved to try them. I bought six boxes and the little girl began using them. The good effects of the first box were quite apparent, and when four boxes were used she seemed so much improved that she kept on improving and after a few weeks was as well as ever. We were told that the cure would not last, that it was only some powerful ingredients in the pills which was deceiving us, and that after a time the child would be worse than ever. All this proved false, for now nearly three years she has had unbroken good health, nerves as strong as they are made, and stands school work and household work as well as a mature person. We have no doubt about the Williams' Pink Pills restoring to our little girl, whom we looked upon as doomed to an early grave.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood or diseased nerves, such as St. Vitus' dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of a grippé, headache, dizziness, erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Protect yourself against imitations by insisting that every box bears the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not have them they will be sent, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## SMOKING IN CHURCHES.

Some Instances in Which the Practice Has Been Authorized.

Although not exactly a popular custom smoking in churches has been and is more largely indulged in than is generally supposed. The custom is Dutch, that people being most inveterate smokers and rarely seen without their pipe. They even indulge in it in their churches, and spittoons are frequently provided for the better accommodation of those members of the congregation who cannot give themselves the enjoyment of a smoke. A similar practice exists in several churches in South America. At one time smoking was carried to such an excess in Seville Cathedral that the chapter applied to the Pope for permission to repress the abuse. Urban VIII, yielding to their wish, issued a bull, which was promulgated on January 24, 1622. In Wales smoking in church was indulged in as late as 1850. In one church the communion table stood in the aisle, and the farmers were in the habit of putting their hats upon it, and when the sermon began they lit their pipes and smoked, but without any idea of irreverence. It is also stated that when the Archbishop of York, was on a visitation in St. Mary's, Nottingham, he ordered some of his attendants to bring him a pipe, tobacco and some liquor into the vestry for his refreshment after the service of confirmation, but the rector would not allow it to be done. It was reported recently that at a Presbytery meeting in Scotland the churchyard, where all the members lighted up their pipes and had a smoke before resuming their deliberations.

## NOW SHE JUST HATES HIM.

Mrs. Younglove, pouting,—George you have been treating me just as if I were a child. Why do you do that? Mr. Younglove—I don't know. I must have been thinking of something else. There surely is no reason why I should treat you that way.

## The Home

A "MAMMA" SONG.

"My little learned to walk! O, very little unnaused feet, each softer than a rose. How much his mamma loves him when you will, some day, won't you baby?"

each sunny curl that around his wondering eyes and his funny little nose, his little teeth that shine in two white rows, because they belong to my baby.

his rounded cheeks, where the sea-shell color shows, his dimpled fingers, and his pudgy little toes, the very buttons upon his little clothes, because they've been worn by my baby!

USES OF COOKED WATER. A woman who believes that she has not cured, constitutional weakness by drinking a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast, takes the same also in lieu of afternoon tea, and sips with apparent effect. She raised a laugh in a little company gathered about the tea table by asserting that she found as much difference in the quality of the hot water at various times of the day as she discerned in their cups of Bolong or Ceylon.

We knew the water bibber to be in the right, and supported her position. The founder of the famous Delmonico restaurant insisted that water should be boiled freshly for each brew of tea, and judge of really excellent tea, on the instant, when it has been made from water just boiled and the kettle has been dragged to the front from the hob where it has simmered all the afternoon brought upon the bubble, and then poured upon the dried leaves of the Chinese herb. Even more objectionable is the slovenly practice more prevalent now stairs than mistresses suspect, of filling the kettle from the boiler to carry off the bubble and steam. A person in tea-tasting knows when the water has never boiled. It may be not enough to scald the fingers on which it splashes, yet be unfit for tea making or any other nice culinary process. One man, whose wife always makes her tea upon the table, complains that much of that served to him out of his house has the flatness and a suspicion of the greasiness of tap-water. This peculiar phase of impurity is the result of unboiled water doing anything else. With the ebullition—down to the illiterate as a "bubbling" characterizes as brightness of tea.

The water for making tea and coffee should be put into the kettle cold and carried as rapidly as possible to the boil. It loses freshness—our hot-water drinker would say strength—when heated sluggishly. Warmed over, that is, a singing kettle that bubbled an hour or so ago, and has quietly passed away a certain quantity of vapor and life until moved anew from beneath to repeat the motions of the boiling, if poured upon leaves or grounds, "shells," and, if drunk by itself, is rather nauseating than stimulating to the stomach.

Always keep one kettle, a large one, full of hot water upon the range for household exigencies, dish-washing, filling hot water bags, should such be needed, drawing the pain out of bruises and sprains, soaking the feet in cases of headache or sudden congestion, bathing sore eyes and so many other incidental needs that the big pharmacopoeia and house-wife's friend. The uses—each of which is a blessing—of hot water are manifold. Some are suspected by every housemother, others water taken before breakfast cleanses and awakens the stomach, dilutes bile and powers to action. Do not make the mistake of drinking it so hot as to give pain to the delicate membranes of the alimentary organs.

The same caution applies to the water used for bathing inflamed eyes. Use it as warm as can be comfortably borne. When scalding hot the application defeats the end for which it is made. Unless the water supply of your household is beyond suspicion, cook—not merely boil—all the water drunk in the family. Every morning set a large, clean pot over the fire full of cold water; cover and bring to a steady boil. Keep this up for forty minutes; pour the water thus sterilized into bottles or glass jars, stop the mouths with clean raw cotton, "cotton wool" and set in the cellar, upon ice for use when wanted. This is a wise precaution to take with the water intended for babies or very young children at all seasons, but especially in the summer. The prolonged cooking destroys the hardiest of "malevolent" bacteria and makes the water no more flat to the taste than a five-minute boil.

When there is any danger of typhoid, diphtheria or malarial germs in precaution indicated here is of incalculable value. The insipidity objected

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