HIS WORD OF HONOR.

A Tale of the Blue and the Gray.

BY E. WERNER.

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CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

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

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

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

"You don't seem able to show your prisoner sufficient respect and indulgence. [illegible] one intends to insult him. I shall [illegible] myself to preventing any effort to escape, which is always possible. You [illegible] positively refused to adopt any further precautions."

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

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

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

He bowed as coldly and formally as before, and left the room. Harrison did not return the salute, but gazed mutely and gloomily after his former friend, who now turned from him with undisguised contempt. The act which the wildest jealousy had led him to commit already showed to him a very different face than at the first moment of gratified revenge. What had he gained by it? Florence was forever lost to him, for she knew as well as Roland himself who had been guilty of this deed of treachery. Her father was no longer able to exert any control over her or make any bequest in favor of his nephew who, with his daughter's hand, was to receive all the rights of heirship and now possessed no legal claims. Nothing was left save vengeance on the hated rival, and this vengeance, at least, should be wreaked.

CHAPTER VII.

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

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

"You must take the right-hand one, sir," said the older of the two, a little withered man, with gray hair. "But we are going to Springfield, too; and if you will join us you cannot miss the road."

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

The rider urged his horse to a faster trot as he spoke, in order not to fall behind the carriage. The old gentleman eyed him curiously.

"You are in a hurry?" he repeated. "I suppose things are very bad at Springfield."

"Very bad!" was the laconic answer, but a sharp, keen glance rested on the speaker.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He paused, apparently seeking just the right words.

"Poor Mr. Harrison," observed the justice.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Certainly, if God so wills."

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

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

"Nothing especial. I merely repeated your pious words."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

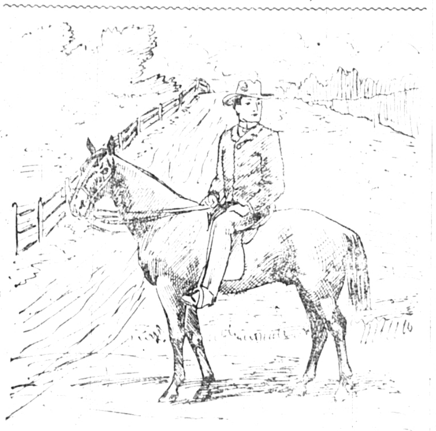
Meanwhile, during the last half hour Edward had had time to regain his composure. These visitors must, of course, obtain no glimpse of the catastrophe which had happened here.

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

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

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

(To be continued.)



CHECKED HIS HORSE.

VOTING PLACES IN PRUSSIA.

Beer Halls Chosen for the Purpose of Holding Elections.

The practice in Prussian cities regarding the selection of voting places is in direct contradiction to American usage, says Municipal Affairs. Instead of closing all places where intoxicants are sold on election day, it is precisely the best known and most popular beer lokals that are chosen for the purpose of holding elections. The halls which are commonly maintained in such places to be used for all sorts of social gatherings are well known in the neighborhood; they form ideal places for holding an election. Liquors are not sold in the room in which the voting takes place, but may be freely drunk there. Indeed it is a very exceptional election judge who does not have a [illegible] before him, from which he occasionally quenches his thirst while the tedious process of balloting is going on. A very considerable economy is effected by holding elections in such places, as rent is either not charged at all or is fixed at a nominal sum by the proprietor, who expects to be reimbursed through the purchases of those who visit the polls. Any unusual amount of drunkenness on election days, or at least during city elections, which are seldom attended by excitement of any sort, is unknown.

Self-Mastery.

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

Ingersoll Floored.

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

Hard on Him.

Peter (reading)—The Indian nation is dying off at a rate that is amazingly rapid.

Bobbie (bursting into tears)—An' I'll not be big enough to go out west for a good many years yet—boo-boo!—New York World.

BERNARD QUARITCH.

FAMOUS LONDON BOOKMAN A WORLD CHARACTER.

Believed in the Honesty of Men and Made It Pay—Known to Scholars all Over the Civilized World—Scholars His Friends.

Bernard Quaritch, the eminent London book dealer, whose death was recorded recently, was unquestionably the foremost man of his line in the world. He was born in Prussia in 1819, and went to London in 1842. His place in Piccadilly is as modest and as unobtrusive exteriorly as its interior is rich in all the treasures that are dear to the heart of him who loves the "red morocco's shine." The name will stand upon the door in the future, for another generation of Quaritches has grown up around the old collector, and Mr. Quaritch's son has been the real head of the house for some time.

Mr. Quaritch's association with scholars and his own natural high character made him one of the courtliest men in Europe. His letters to his customers, who are in every civilized land, by the way, were models of dignified style and grace. The poorest collector received the same considerate and polished attention as the wealthiest. It was Mr. Quaritch's boast that the inquiry for a book worth a shilling would be treated as conscientiously as an order for one worth a thousand pounds.

It was Bernard Quaritch who handled most of the books that came from the famous Kelmscott press of the late Wm. Morris. Through his agency and forethought many an American collector [illegible] his [illegible] valuable [illegible]. The [illegible] Piccadilly could [illegible] any book in Europe [illegible] judgment and [illegible] honesty [illegible] word for [illegible] of years.

As an instance of Mr. Quaritch's devotion to the interests of his customers may be cited the experience of a Chicago collector who desired to complete a set of editions of a certain poetical work. All his collection was one copy of one edition. He wrote to Piccadilly asking Mr. Quaritch for the book. The answer came back that no copy was to be had, but that a watch would be kept for one. No more was heard from Quaritch for a year. Then came a note to the effect that he had purchased the book and had shipped by mail, and not a word said about price. The bill came along six months later! And this collector was practically unknown to the famous London bookman.

Quaritch's catalogues are a liberal education in themselves. They may be studied with profit by anyone whose knowledge of books is not omniscient quite. Almost every branch of art and polite literature is covered by them in their description of the books Quaritch has handled or sold. The price of this catalogue is very high and a copy is a rarity in itself. Mr. Quaritch not only knew the outside of books, but he knew their contents too. His personal manner was as courtly as his letters, and he seemed never able to forgive the ignorance of rich men who bought rare books just because they were rare. No one without taste could be a bookman, for Quaritch. But of such he did cultivate the acquaintance.

BERNARD QUARITCH.

THE RICHEST SCHOOL GIRL.

A Kentucky Maiden's Fortune Estimated at More Than $10,000,000.

"There is a school girl in Louisville," said a Kentucky man of political prominence, "pretty well along in her teens, who is one of the richest persons of her age in the United States, and there is a good little romance goes with her fortune. Her grandfather was John H. Williams, born in Somerset, Ky., who as a young lawyer went to San Francisco. There in the course of his practice he undertook to [illegible] a [illegible] in Nevada and he earned a big [illegible] fee for his labor. However, the mine didn't pan out right and the company went to pieces without paying Mr. Williams his fee—I may say that he was then or afterward attorney-general of the state—and it was agreed that he should foreclose on the mine and buy it in for his fee. This he did, and a couple of years or so later, a representative of the Flood, Mackey & O'Brien interests, just then coming into prominence, came into his office one day and offered him $50,000 for his mine, which adjoined their big Nevada property. He declined to sell, although nearly paralyzed by the proposition and the figures were rapidly advanced to $200,000, which Mr. Williams also declined, because he was sure now that he had a good thing, though he had not suspected it before, but he agreed to put the mine in with the other interest and take his share of the profits. On this basis the F. M. & O'B. people took over the mine that had cost Williams $1,500 and he began to get dividends. Not a great while afterward a representative of the majority holders told Mr. Williams that somebody was bearing the stock in the market and he did not know what the result would be, but if he wanted to sell out he could do so. Mr. Williams was willing to sell if he could get his price, and after several days' dickering he sold his interest, receiving for it a check for $3,000,000, the largest check, by the way, ever drawn by anyone on the Pacific coast. After that Mr. Williams was on Easy street, but money does not prolong life indefinitely and in time he died, leaving married sons and daughters who did not long survive him. The young girl I speak of is the daughter of one of Mr. Williams' daughters, and she is now the sole heir of the property of her grandfather, which I am reliably informed has increased in value until it is worth somewhere between [illegible] and $12,000,000."

AMERICAN WITH BOERS.

Duncan N. Hood, an American soldier and a graduate of West Point, is serving as a commissioned officer in the Boer army. Hood is a son of the famous Gen. Hood. He attended Riverview Military Academy, where he was prepared for West Point.

[illegible] New Jersey, who educated him. After graduation Hood traveled through South America, Central America and Mexico. Then he resigned his position as second lieutenant and took up the study of mining engineering in Columbia College. When the war between the United States and Spain broke out he promptly dropped studies and speculation and went at once to his native state, Louisiana. He was the first to suggest to President McKinley the idea of immune regiments for service in Cuba, and was called to Washington to discuss the idea. The result was that Mr. Hood was commissioned as colonel of one of the regiments. It happened that this regiment saw no active service in Cuba. Last July, after being mustered out, Col. Hood returned to New York and resumed his studies. The fact that he had not seen actual fighting left him restless to know what battle meant. Then came the trouble in South Africa, and the young soldier, again dropping his books and putting aside

DUNCAN N. HOOD.

his ambition in civil life, left for South Africa just before war began. His [illegible] was eagerly accepted by the Boers.

Definition of Bric-a-Brac.

Little Dick—Uncle Richard, what is bric-a-brac? Uncle Richard—Bric-a-brac is anything you knock over and break when you are feeling for matches in the dark.—Puck.

Wisdom of Experience.

From Chicago News: Young wife—Tom presented me with a lovely pair of diamond ear-rings this morning. Her mother—Indeed! I wonder what he's up to now?

FOR BRIDE AND HONOR

ODD ROMANCE OF A CHICAGO PLUNGER

Who Seeks in Wreckless Speculation a Fortune of $250,000 That He May Cancel a Debt and Marry the Girl of His Choice.

The queerest and most interesting story that ever came out of the maelstrom of speculation is that of Arthur Mason, a Chicago plunger, who is trying to make a fortune of $250,000 in order to cancel a debt of honor and marry the girl of his choice. He went out several months ago to gather in this sum from the New York stock exchange. Sometimes luck was with him and he succeeded in accumulating as much as $150,000; at other times fortune was unfavorable and he lost the bulk of his winnings. He is up and down by turns, one week clearing from $50,000 to $75,000, and the next down, practically on his uppers. But he is never discouraged and believes he will win in the end.

Mason wants the quarter of a million with which to pay the sum that his friend Horace L. Porter lost in speculation on his advice in San Francisco two years ago. Porter is dead, but he left a pretty sister, Miss Alva Porter, to whom Mason has been engaged for five years. He says he doesn't wish to marry the girl so long as the debt of honor is unpaid, but at the same time he feels that it is unfair to keep a girl of her age tied up with a matrimonial contract the fulfillment of which is uncertain. So Mason has set to himself the task of securing the money within the next six months. Arthur Mason is the son of E. [illegible] Mason, the head of a large shipping business on the great lakes. The elder Mason would gladly have his son join him in business, but the young man has determined that, alone and unaided, he will make his own fortune. Mason's ambition and romance are the result of a five years' career as interesting as any young man had after leaving college. While Mason was at Princeton he met Horace L. Porter, a quiet, mild mannered youth of a rather retiring disposition. Porter was of the sort that is susceptible to a man of strong personality, and a close attachment sprang up between the young men, which strengthened as time wore on.

Shortly after leaving college Mason came to Chicago and began to speculate. Like many another man who has [illegible] the same game he lost and lost again and again. His father refused to give him anything but an allowance. [illegible] very [illegible] of Mason's financial [illegible] he received an invitation from his former college chum, Horace L. Porter, to visit him at his home in Nevada. The invitation came as a stroke of good fortune to Mason, who jumped at this temporary abatement of his troubles. It was there that Mason met Alva Porter and won her heart and the promise of her hand. Too poor to marry, Mason went to San Francisco and began operating in stocks, and was soon joined by his friend Horace Porter, who brought plenty of cash to do business with. As an evidence of his sincerity in his friendship, Porter suggested to his friend that they go into some business together. Porter had the capital, and he was sure Mason had the brains. The offer was accepted and under Mason's guidance Porter began speculating on the stock exchange.

In less than a year Porter's inheri-

ARTHUR MASON.

MISS ALVA PORTER.

tance of $250,000 had dwindled to about $10,000. Mason would not ask his father for assistance and Porter refused to write to his mother for money, and thus it was that at the outbreak of the recent war with Spain Porter was working as clerk in a Boston dry-goods store, while Mason earned a sort of livelihood as a board-marker in a Boston bucket-shop. When President McKinley issued his call for volunteers Arthur Mason and Horace Porter were among the first to present themselves for enrollment on the books of the Ninth regiment of Massachusetts volunteers. Mason went from choice, Porter because his friend enlisted. They went to Cuba and underwent all the hardships into which that gallant band of heroes was driven. Mason, strong of physique, withstood the awful ordeal, but Porter, always delicate in health, quickly began to feel the effects of the climate. He became ill and was removed to the hospital. Mason begged to be allowed to go with his friend and the request was granted. Porter was unable to resist the tropical fever, and in a few days was dead. Mason cared for Porter as tenderly as a mother would for a sick child. As he held the fever-stricken hand of his comrade friend he made a vow that in life his only motive would be the redemption of Porter's money lost in speculation and the re-establishment of his own previously good business character.

Upon his return from Cuba almost the first one to meet him at Montauk Point was his father. An affecting scene followed during which Mr. Mason implored his boy to return home and the past would all be forgotten and forgiven. The soldier's answer was:

"When I have made things right with the mother of the dearest friend I had on earth I will come to you, father, but until then I must work as I never worked before."

For the past few months Mason has been living in New York city engaged in the mad whirl of speculation. He spends his time among the bucket-shops and pool rooms of the Wall street district, and he is now the recognized plunger among the world of strong speculators who worship "fickle Dame Fortune."

At times his play at the races is phenomenal, his luck seems to be always in range; his play at the brokers' stockboards is considered remarkable. His entrance at any of the smaller brokers' offices is generally the signal for the crowd to gather near and watch his moves.

On three separate occasions his winnings lately have reached over $15,000 a day, but in his eagerness to master fortunes at one bold stroke he has each time forfeited the greater part.

During all this time Alva Porter has written many letters. She urges him to abandon his self-imposed task and marry her. She waits for him to say the word and yet he refuses till he has accomplished his purpose of securing $250,000.

GEN. DEL. PILAR.

One by one the supporters of Aguinaldo are falling from him, some by surrendering to our troops, some by capture and some by death. One of those of whose services the Filipino leader has recently been deprived was Gen. Gregorio Del Pilar, commander of Aguinaldo's bodyguard. Gen. Del Pilar fell in battle with the American forces (Thirty-third infantry) at Cervantes recently. The engagement lasted four hours, during which 70 Filipinos were killed or wounded.

Gen. Del Pilar was one of the leaders of the revolution against Spain and was one of Aguinaldo's ablest supporters in the present resistance to American authority. Prof. Schurman met

GEN. DEL PILAR.

him as a member of the peace commission and rated him as a remarkably clever young man.

Hanging Bees in Pennsylvania.

More men are under sentence of death in Pennsylvania than at any prior period in its history, and the probability is that 1900 will be the banner year for executions in the nineteenth century. So far Gov. Stone has in his possession documents indicating the conviction of fourteen murderers, the date of whose execution he is required to name. To these must be added the names of Michael Baronsky, Andrew Coress, Anthony Machulas, Joseph Sachinsky, Peter Stenkewicz, Andrew Stenkewicz and John Stenkewicz, of Schuylkill county, who were found guilty of the murder of Joseph Rutkowski. This is the greatest number of men ever found guilty in this state for the murder of a single person, and probably the largest in the United States. If they are made to pay the extreme penalty of the law they will constitute the greatest number ever executed in the state at one time for the same offense. The nearest to this was a former trial in Schuylkill county, when five men were found guilty and executed for the murder of Policeman Yost of Tamaqua in 1877.

Free Pianos a Burden to the Deweys.

It was announced the other day that a piano firm had sent Admiral Dewey a piano. As a matter of fact, five piano firms sent the Deweys five pianos and, much to the dismay of the recipients, the instruments being a form of white elephant not easily nor conveniently disposed of. At first, indeed, they were at a loss what to do about it, but Mrs. Dewey finally settled the matter by deciding that it should be a case of first come first serve. The first piano to arrive was therefore accepted; the others, with thanks, were returned as "unavailable."

Abnormal.

Mammy—I wouldn't want no gal ob mine to marry dat Sam Johnson. Dinah—Yo' wouldn't. Mammy—No. Why, dat fellah am jes' as crazy 'bout dress as a sensible niggah ud be 'bout watah millions!—Puck.

Umbrellas are not a necessity at Payta, in Peru, where the average interval between two showers is seven years. To offset this there are frequent sea fogs.