HIS WORD OF HONOR.

A Tale of the Blue and the Gray.

BY E. WERNER.

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CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

His tone was the courteous yet decided one of a man accustomed to see his medical authority recognized without opposition. Edward had not intended to enter the sick chamber, where he would be obliged to meet Florence, but the plainly intimated request that he should remain outside nettled him. He glanced haughtily at the doctor and replied with evident coldness.

"The physician always has the right to command in such cases. I will submit, but shall expect speedy news of my uncle's health."

He gave the necessary orders to the servant, who was still in the room, and then turned to Thompson again. The doctor was ushered through several apartments [illegible]

[illegible]

CHAPTER VIII.

[illegible]

"Ralph was the friend and confidant of my childhood. He is devoted to me with all his soul, and will do anything to save William. Won't you, Ralph?"

She had summoned the old servant by a gesture. He laid his hand upon his heart.

"Yes, Miss Florence—anything."

Maxwell looked keenly at him a few minutes, and seemed satisfied.

"Miss Harrison's lover is to be rescued," he said. "Will you help us?"

"Yes, master, as much as I can."

"Then first inform Mr. Harrison that I must remain here for the present, as his uncle's death may take place at any moment. But I must request him not to enter the sick chamber. Miss Florence does not wish it. Then find out for me in what part of [illegible]

[illegible]

... free the prisoner, at least in her father's dying hour.

William paced up and down the close, gloomy room in the most intense excitement. So this was the end of the foolhardy ride which he had undertaken in defiance of every warning. True, he had thought of two alternatives only—success or death in honorable conflict; and Colonel Burney, too, had had no other idea when he uttered the fateful words: "Dead or dishonored." There was a third: "Captured!"

True, this captivity meant death. The young officer did not deceive himself concerning his fate; but little as he feared death, his blood boiled in fierce rebellion at the thought of being sentenced as a spy. Anything save this shameful doom. There was one bright ray of hope for him: He trusted in the honor of the Confederates. Unless Edward Harrison could hoodwink them into believing him a spy, he seemed reasonably safe.

Then came the thought of Florence, who would now be left wholly without protection. How would she endure the terrible event and what would befall her after her father's death? Edward, as the sole male relative, would [illegible]

[illegible]

KNEELING BESIDE THE BED.

"Doctor Maxwell! Is it you?"

"Hush! Don't mention my name!" said Maxwell in a low, impressive tone. "I pass here as Doctor Blackwood, and we are not alone."

He glanced significantly at the negro, whose attention had been attracted; but Florence made an eager gesture of dissent.

"Ralph is faithful and discreet. You need fear no treachery from him. I will answer for that."

"So much the better. But, first. What has happened here? I am looking for William. Isn't he in Springfield?"

"Yes, he is here, but a prisoner, betrayed by Edward, and just at the moment they dragged him away from me this severe, perhaps fatal attack, came on. Doctor Maxwell, will my father die?"

John Maxwell did not answer the despairing question at once. The first glance at Harrison had told him that it must be in the affirmative, but he bent over the patient, felt of his pulse, and placed his hand upon his heart. It was a short but careful examination.

"Yes, Miss Harrison," he said at last. "It is useless to withhold the truth; you must face it; but the struggle is over, and the end will be painless. He will probably not recover his consciousness."

Florence, sobbing aloud, covered her face with both hands. But Maxwell allowed her no time to give way to her grief.

"And now for the living," he continued. "Calm yourself. Another life is at stake, as dear to you as the one now vanishing."

"William!" cried the young girl in terror. "Is his life threatened? They concealed it from me. They spoke only of imprisonment. For heaven's sake, tell me the truth!"

"First of all, you must tell me what has happened. I have just arrived, and know none of the particulars."

Taking her hand, he led her to the window, where Florence, in hurried, breathless whispers, informed him of what had occurred.

Maxwell listened silently without interrupting her. Not until she had finished her story did he ask a few brief, direct questions.

"Is Captain Wilson still in Springfield?"

"No. I heard from Ralph that he rode away half an hour ago."

"And when do you expect your family physician and the real Doctor Blackwood?"

"Toward evening. They will not arrive before seven o'clock."

"Well, then, we shall have a few hours at our disposal. Can you rely upon this old man? Implicitly?"

[illegible]

CHAPTER IX.

[illegible] ... the only entrance was through a strong door with a double lock, and the one window, which also opened upon the passage, was protected by an iron grating, which, though not heavy, was remarkably strong. In addition the corridor was closed by a second door, and Edward kept the keys of both in his pocket. No assistance could come from outside, and her cousin knew only too well that Florence had not the energy to attempt to ...

[illegible]

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW AS A SENATOR.

His Classic Mansion in Lafayette Square, Facing the Executive Mansion.

Senator Depew's advent in Washington society and Washington political life is being observed with more than the usual interest attaching to the coming to Washington of a new senator. The senator's fame as a teller of pat and amusing stories has set the senators to wondering whether he will spring any of them in the sedate senate, while his generosity as an entertainer is likely to make him a prominent figure in the social life of the capital.

The junior senator from New York has leased the famous Corcoran mansion, occupied at different times by Daniel Webster, the French minister and Senator Brice, the scene of many [illegible]

[illegible]

"'You don't say,' exclaimed the highly delighted lawmaker. 'Is the similarity in the shape of my head, uncle?'

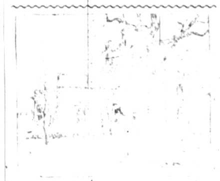
"'Oh, no, sah. 'Tain't dat.'

"'Is it my manner?'

"'No, boss; 'tain't yore manner, nudder; hit's yore breff.'"

"And he got it, too," added Mr. Depew.

Senator Depew does not tell how the following came to be reported to him, but it is such a good story that he uses it continually in dismissing dignified bores or influential beggars from his [illegible]



WHERE SENATOR DEPEW ENTERTAINS AT WASHINGTON.

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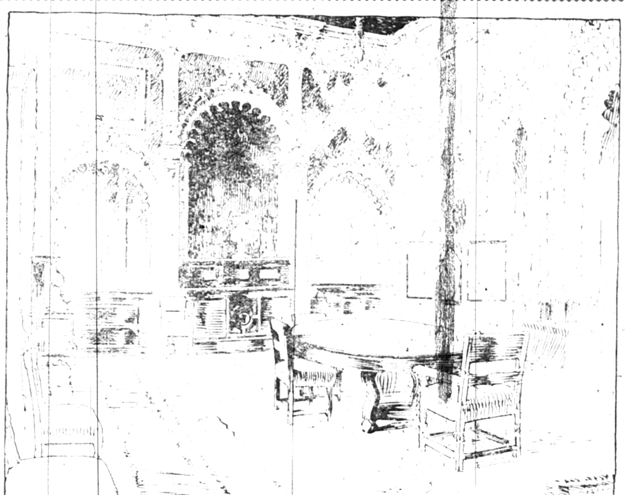


DINING ROOM OF DEPEW'S WASHINGTON HOME.

[illegible]

[illegible]

... ber now in existence which have been standing for considerably more than a century. The composition of the brick is loamy earth, containing about two-thirds fine sand and one-third clayey dust. This is mixed with water and pressed into the required size in molds, and then taken from the molds and placed on edge on the ground and left to harden in the sun. The adobes are laid with mortar, the same as an ordinary brick, and at the completion of every two feet of the structure an interval of two weeks is allowed for drying, and a similar space of time between the completion of the walls and the putting on of the roof.

SYLVANUS TURTLETON

[illegible]

[illegible]

Europe's Long Distance Trains.

[illegible] ... or Paris. The trains do not run daily, but usually once or twice a week, and the fares are much higher than on ordinary express trains. The oldest train and longest run is the Orient express that goes from Paris to Constantinople twice a week by way of Munich, Vienna, Budapest, Belgrade and Sofia, 1,921 miles, in 64 [illegible] hours. The Ostend-Vienna-Costanza express covers 1,690 miles in $58\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and connects at either end with London and Constantinople, $73\frac{1}{2}$ hours being the time for the 2,052 miles between these places. The North express takes 43 hours for the 1,597 miles between St. Petersburg and Ostend, while London is six hours further off. The St. Petersburg-Vienna-Cannes express runs only in winter and travels 1,916 miles in 65 hours. The best known of the trains to the south is the Peninsular express between Calais and Brindisi, 1,353 miles in $39\frac{1}{2}$ hours and four hours more to London. The South express goes from Paris to Madrid, 900 miles, in $36\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and from Paris to Lisbon, 1,176 miles, in $36\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Germany's long-distance train is the North and South express from Berlin to Verona, 687 miles, in $19\frac{1}{2}$ hours; it will soon run to Naples, 1,336 miles, but the time has not been calculated. All of these trains that can connect with Paris will run more frequently during the period of the exhibition next year.

THE GOVERNOR OF NATAL.

An official who occupies a somewhat unique if not precarious position just at the present time is Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, the governor of Natal. When the Boers successfully invaded that colony a few weeks ago, they declared it to be annexed by the South African Republic, and so, for a time, Sir Walter seems officially out of a job. Natal, by the way, has had a governor of its own since 1882, this official being assisted in the management of the affairs of the state by an executive and a legislative council.

Midshipmite of the Old "Oak Walls."

[illegible]

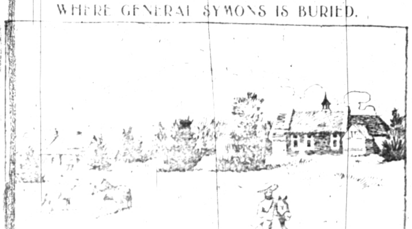
... serving that it was a fine day, to which he politely replied that it was. Encouraged by his urbanity, I ventured to ask him how long he had been at sea, to which he answered, 'I have only left my mamma six weeks, but I ain't going to cry on her majesty's quarterdeck,' a remark which I think as worth recording as many a one made by more illustrious heroes. Soon after this, however, a man was killed close to him, and the little fellow fainted and was taken below."

Cossacks as Horse Traders.

From the New York Journal: A few months ago a Russian veterinary surgeon was sent in the Ural district by the government to buy horses for the army. He had been selected by his superiors because he was famous as a shrewd and sharp horse trader, who never had been beaten in a horse trade. But he returned from his experience with the Ural Cossacks in a chastened condition of mind, for they had cheated him frightfully. He confessed that with all his cunning he had been perfectly helpless in their hands, and he swore by all the saints in the Russian calendar that nothing should tempt him to try again. His grief was made the more poignant by the fact that at the time they were swindling him so cheerfully and successfully a Russian [illegible] struck their territory, filled him with a firm conviction that the world was coming to an end in short order and sold them tickets for paradise at enormous prices."

[illegible]

WHERE GENERAL SYMONS IS BURIED.



[illegible] is the Natal town which early in the war fell into the hands of the Boers. It was in this little frontier mining town that Gen. Sir William P. Symons, who was mortally wounded in the battle of Glencoe and died a few days later, was buried. The body of this gallant officer was not put in a coffin, but simply wrapped in a union jack and buried in the churchyard attached to the English church. This churchyard and the vicarage are shown in the accompanying picture, which is made from a photograph taken by the Rev. G. C. Bailey, the vicar of this little Natal church.