HIS WORD OF HONOR.

A Tale of the Blue and the Gray.

BY E. WERNER.

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CHAPTER V.

But Florence was silent. She only cast a beseeching glance at Edward; but the latter knew his advantage too well. He was aware that there was still one means of parting the two lovers, and did not delay using the weapon.

"You have come at an unfortunate time, Mr. Roland," he said, with cutting scorn. "I shall be at your service for the explanation you will probably demand at any hour tomorrow; today I regret that it is impossible. At my uncle's urgent desire, my marriage with his daughter takes place this very day; all the arrangements for the ceremony are completed; the justice of the peace will arrive in an hour. You probably understand that our affair must be deferred for the present."

Roland had turned deadly pale; he scarcely heard the last words; his eyes rested only on Florence. At last, with a violent effort, he murmured almost unintelligibly:

"You heard? What have you to say? Answer!"

Florence stood as if utterly crushed. For the first time she realized how unpardonable her weakness had been, and that the decision which she had regarded as a sacrifice to filial love was really an act of treason to the man to whom her promise and her faith were pledged. In the consciousness of this guilt she did not even attempt to defend herself, but, instead of answering, burst into passionate weeping.

"I know enough," said William in a hollow tone. "Farewell!"

A flash of triumph blazed in Edward's eyes, but he exulted too soon. The moment when William turned from her broke the spell which had held the young woman captive. She knew that if he crossed the threshold she would lose him forever, and, ere he reached it, she rushed forward, clasping his arm with both hands.

"William, don't leave me so! You see that I was deceived, ensnared, and that unfortunate promise was extorted from me beside my father's sick bed. They gave me no choice, and constantly told me you had given me up, and I believed it."

The young officer paused. His voice still sounded harsh and bitter, but at least he lingered.

"Then choose now," he said. "Now the net that ensnared you is torn, and no one shall prevent your free decision. Choose whose wife you will be."

"Yours! Yours!" cried Florence with passionate fervor, as she rushed into his arms. "Protect me, William! You do not know how they have tortured me!"

"Yes, I see it," he said, bending toward her.

His resentment could not endure against this touching entreaty. Clasping her hand in his, he turned resolutely to Harrison.

"My fiancee's explanation is sufficient for me, and I hope for you also. As

IT WAS THE LOOK OF A MAN SURE OF HIS VENGEANCE.

she has been the victim of a fraud."

Edward started at the insult, and was about to answer, but Roland gave him no opportunity.

"Well, call it delusion, if the word sounds better. The fact remains the same, and also the part which you have played in it. You probably will not refuse to account to me for it, even though there must be delay. In the house and at the hour when the man who also was a father to you lies on his death-bed, such a dispute cannot be settled. So I yield to necessity and shall wait a more fitting season."

Edward looked as if he were on the point of rushing upon his enemy. The icy contempt in Roland's words enraged him even more than the insults themselves, but by exerting all his strength of will, he controlled himself.

"A more fitting season!" he repeated. "You are right, Mr. Roland. I, too, can wait, and perhaps the hour for settlement will come before you expect it."

He turned slowly toward the door. His game was lost; the prize for whose sake he had humbled himself to intrigue was snatched from him at the last moment, yet he did not quit the field like a vanquished man.

The menacing glance which rested on the young couple ought to have warned them; it was the look of a man sure of his vengeance and his ultimate triumph.

CHAPTER VI.

As the door closed behind her cousin, Florence uttered a sigh of relief. She had feared an instant outbreak of the quarrel, which seemed at an end, at least for the moment, but the last threatening words of the two men had not escaped her notice.

"What are you to do?" she asked anxiously. "What is the meaning of the concealed threats you exchanged with Edward? William, I beseech you—"

"Say no more," he interrupted gravely, almost sternly. "This is a matter which concerns us men alone. You hear that no explanation will take place at present. Let that suffice."

Florence looked timidly at him. The dark cloud on his brow was not caused by the dispute with Edward, she knew only too well what had occasioned it.

"You are angry with me still?" she said softly.

"No, I understand that you were deceived by the intrigue, that a father's last wish has a powerful influence, but I had expected my affianced wife to show more resolution, more confidence. I, too, remained for months with no message from you. I, too, heard that you assented to the separation your father decreed, but I did not believe it for an instant. What made me hither was merely the torturing uncertainty, a vague presentiment of misfortune. Had I arrived a few hours later, I should have found you another's wife."

Florence bowed her head in conscious guilt. She had dreaded this fate, yet had not had courage to boldly resist it. But [illegible] she would indeed [illegible] a victim to it.

"I am brave only when you are at my side," she confessed. "Do not reproach me, William! I was so utterly deserted, but now you are here again and all will be well."

He gazed silently at her [illegible] face raised so imploringly to his, and the reproof died on his lips. He loved this tender, yielding creature with her gentle unselfishness and knew that she was capable of any sacrifice as soon as a strong hand guided and directed her.

"Then show me that you can be brave and steadfast when only my love, not my presence, protects you," he replied. "I cannot stay with you as you expect, my leave of absence gives me only a few hours more. I must rejoin my regiment today, and God alone knows when I shall be permitted to see you again."

At his first words Florence's features expressed [illegible] anxiety, now she started in sudden terror.

"You are going? You will leave me?"

"I must. I gave my colonel my word of honor to return at sunset. This was the sole condition on which he would permit me to ride here. I must keep this promise."

"And leave me alone, exposed to the full fury of the storm which Edward will raise. You mortally insulted him, flung the word 'fraud' into his face. He will avenge himself for it, and on me, if you are out of reach."

"Then come with me," said William with desperate resolution. "Cast everything behind you and follow me at once. Our marriage has long been agreed upon. We shall find within our lines a justice of the peace and a priest will perform the ceremony. Day after tomorrow, tomorrow even, you can be my wife. Then come what may, at least nothing can separate us."

"And my father?" replied the young girl, with a trembling voice. "Must he, in his last hour, call in vain for his child? Must a stranger's hand close his eyes? So long as he breathes my place is at his side."

"You are right! I forgot. You are bound, but so, too, am I. You hear, I gave my word of honor, and where duty calls—"

"Duty? To whom? Your first, most sacred duty is to protect me. I shall stay. I have not the heart to leave my father. You will go, when you see that I cling to you in mortal anguish? William, our love is at stake!"

"And so is my honor! Florence! Merciful heaven! Hear me! Do not torture me longer by your entreaties! Do you not understand that I must go, even though the whole happiness of my life depended on my remaining!"

She really did not understand. The spoiled, idolized daughter of the rich planter could not believe that anything could be more valued than herself. She had had before her eyes the dangerous example of a passion which set aside duty and honor to gain her hand. Only an hour before she had heard the confession from Edward's lips. From William she always heard of honor and duty; and the old suspicion that there was a lack of love stirred in her heart. And yet, her whole soul drew her to the man who seemed so hard and unyielding; she would not lose him.

"William!" There was no reproach in her voice now. The tones were sweet and persuasive. "William, do not leave me; you do not know what I must encounter during the next few hours. My father will demand the fulfillment of my promise. If I refuse, the excitement will perhaps cause his death. Then I shall be wholly in Edward's power, and you do not know him as I do. He has a fiendish will, which can overcome all resistance. During his suit I have often felt like the bird spellbound by the gaze of the serpent. It knows that it is going to destruction, yet flutters into its jaws. Have you courage to leave me to this power? I fear it."

With feminine instinct, she had touched the right chord. William's jealousy blazed up at the thought of the possibility suggested. He, too, knew Edward, and was aware that Edward would make every effort to wrest from him the prize which he had just regained. Florence was not created for a heroine. To leave her now was indeed to loose her. Torn from the sheltering trunk, she would flutter helplessly, like a vine in the storm, and become a prey to the tempest.

Roland made no reply, but a terrible conflict was raging in his soul. Now, for the first time, he understood the warning of Colonel Barney, who had been unwilling to let him go into temptation.

He had manfully resisted it when Harrison assailed him, but it was very different to stand face to face with Florence, listen to her entreaties and see her tears. The young officer loved her with all the passion of his four and twenty years, and his strength threatened to forsake him.

Florence saw the conflict in his face, and clinging to him like a timid dove, she pleaded more and more fervently, while the temptation stole nearer and nearer. After all, why was it necessary that he should return today? There was no battle in prospect; the soldier would not be missed from his post. What if he should stay merely until the morrow? Much, nay, everything would be decided by that time. Death was already knocking at the door, and, as soon as Mr. Harrison passed from earth, his daughter would be free to follow her lover.

Until tomorrow!

A pretext was easily found. Springfield was within the enemy's lines. The way might be obstructed, return impossible, any one of the hundred perils which threatened the daring rider might intervene. It was but a word which stood between him and his happiness—true, his word of honor.

(To be continued.)

WHY WOMEN WORRY.

This Feminine Failing Contrasted with Man's Indifference.

Despite that women have been warned that worry digs untold wrinkles in their faces and sprinkles gray among their tresses, they will go on worrying through all time, or until time has solved some mooted questions. Women worry in spite of themselves; it is a feminine failing, we are told, and what is it? And why is it? The question of worry with women seems to be simply this. Women are so hedged about by the littlenesses of their protected lives—for it is the protected woman who does the most worrying—that it is hard to see beyond and above sometimes, and matters in this way get wholly out of focus. If women had the capacity with men of getting up and doing battle with things, worry would slip off their shoulders as easily as from off those of the average masculine. Man doesn't worry about debt, because he feels that he has it within him, since money-making is his business, to make sufficient money to pay his debts some time. Women look at it more practically and consider the now. Man doesn't usually worry about his health because he really has not the time. Let him become ill, though, and have to stop his work, and how is it with him? Man doesn't worry about the future; he is so madly interested in the present; nor about his clothes, for the tailor stands between him and that; nor about home matters—they, from his point of view, are too trivial until he comes home to a badly cooked dinner, and then in his broad outlook there is no excuse for this state of things, for in business circles if an employe does not do his work properly his employer gets some one who can; a method that will yet come to be a powerful lever in the leveling of woman's worries.—Detroit Free Press.

SOME UNEXPECTED PRESENTS.

Peculiar Transposition of Words Frequently Found in Modern Writings.

If it happens that some public character becomes the object of a set of resolutions, the cane or other testimonial, the printed account of the function presents some singular features. Owing to a certain carelessness in the handling of the English language—elastic as that medium of speech is—the writer makes himself say exactly the opposite that he intends to say. A well-educated man and a regular writer for publication will make this glaring error in the majority of his productions. For instance, the nation—that is, a small portion—made up a pocketbook to buy Admiral Dewey a home. In every published account of that function, headlines and all—none is barred that has come under the eyes of the writer—the text ran after this manner: "Admiral Dewey Given a House." The elision of the preposition "to," in the eyes of the writer of that line, seems to have atoned for the blunder. The effect is that Admiral Dewey was presented to a house, instead of the house having been presented to the admiral. Instances without number are printed wherein prominent educators, lawmakers and others are formally picked up—in language, if not in physique—and presented to walking sticks under the designation of canes. In ninety out of a hundred cases of this kind the recipient is made the subject instead of the object of the sentence. This is inconvenient for the men who are bestowing attentions on a corpulent person.

Revenge Deferred.

Biggs—I am surprised to see you so intimate with Smith, after his shabby treatment of you. Boggs—How can I ever get even with him if I don't win his confidence?—New York Journal.

FOR WOMEN AND HOME

ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS.

A Smart Combination—Evening Gown—Business Girls, Not in the World of Finance, but the World of Home—Our Cooking Schools.

A Simple Word.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century.

But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men.

To write some earnest verse or line,
Which, seeking not the praise of art,
Shall make clear faith and manhood shine
In the untutored heart.

He who doth this, in verse or prose,
May be forgotten in his day,
But surely shall be crowned at last with those
Who live and speak for aye.
—James Russell Lowell.

Business Girls.

I do not mean a girl who has gone into some trade or profession, for the most domestic "home bird" of my girl readers may be one. Indeed, if she helps to carry out her daily duties successfully she must do her utmost to become a "business girl" in my sense of the word. And when in course of time she passes to a home of her own she will be at no loss in taking up her position as housekeeper and mistress. She will win the respect of those in her employ by showing them that she understands how she should be served, and that while comfort is absolutely required, no extravagance will be allowed. She will cause her husband's love for her to increase by showing him how truly his interest is hers by bringing into play her knowledge of "how to spend and how to save." To make home uncomfortable by mean, unnecessary savings is no real economy, but to plan with loving thought how to make every dollar yield its true value is housekeeping in its best sense; for such a "business girl" will make a small income go further and give more real happiness and comfort than would one of double and treble the amount in inexperienced hands. But to make my girl reader a complete business one of the type which I write, she must also learn how to conduct her charities. Giving indiscriminately, without inquiry or thought, is often more productive of evil than good, and she must be as wise over the spending of the portion allotted "to help others," and give as thorough consideration to it as she does to what she puts apart for her personal concerns.

Woman's Sunday.

From Monday morning till Saturday midday the majority of husbands tell you they are hard at work. They rise at 6, 7, or 8, and, having eaten breakfast, get to business. At midday comes an hour for dinner and rest. Then work fills up the time till 5, 6, or 7. The evening they claim as their lawful rest after a hard day's bread-winning. When two of these hard-worked men meet they almost invariably, sooner or later, sneer or joke about the lazy lives women lead. Listen! If the head of a house rises at 6, his wife must rise at 5 in order to have his breakfast ready on a clean table in a cleanly swept room. The husband leaves for business, and his wife settles down to the necessarily dull routine of housework. At the midday meal she most probably has to attend to the wants of two or three children. In the afternoon she must call on her neighbors in order to keep up friendships, so that her husband may have people to talk to when he wants variety in the evening. She also has to do the necessary shopping. At about 5 the hardest part of her day begins. First the evening meal, then the children to be put to bed, then she must try and be lively and amuse her spouse till such time as he chooses to go to bed. As to a wife's Sunday every one who has ever been a child knows what that means.

A Smart Combination.

Visiting gown of drab velvet. Underskirt of black gauze embroidered in jet and black sequins. Tunic of the velvet draped slightly at the left side where a few hollow pleats are inserted. It is cut undulating at the bottom and is lost with a narrow band of sable.

Corsage of velvet, shaped like a cuirass, with long basques that describe a scallop at the back and front.

Yoke and sleeves of jetted black mousseline de soie.

A Face Shampoo.

Perhaps every one is aware of the quite magical effect of a face shampoo when tired out. Its refreshing powers are so great that the little trouble involved is not worth considering. Wet a sponge in soft, hot water. Put on it a little good soap and a few drops of glycerine. Lather the face thoroughly with the rinse, and rub the skin with almond meal till it is quite dry. Wash the meal off with fresh hot water, then spray or sponge the face with cold water till the flesh feels nice and firm. This closes the pores. Dry gently with a soft towel and powder lightly with pure fuller's earth.

EVENING GOWN

Of yellow satin; very narrow strips of the satin interlaced over white satin on bodice and skirt; white silk fringe trimmings, large bow of black velvet on shoulder.

OUR COOKING SCHOOL.

Salmi of Duck.

Cut the flesh of a roast duck into pieces no larger than a half dollar and keep them hot. Put the scraps and trimmings in a sauce pan with half a pint of claret, two shallots, a bay leaf, a spring thyme, a pinch of red pepper and a pint of stock. Reduce this over a quick fire and strain, add two ounces of butter, half a pint of shrimps or mushrooms and the juice of half a lemon. Mix well, but do not boil. Dish the duck on slices of fried or toasted bread, pour the sauce over it and garnish with parsley.

Chocolate Pudding.

Take a quart of milk, mix a little of it with three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch and the same quantity of grated chocolate. Blend to a smooth paste and stir it briskly into the remainder of the milk while it is boiling briskly. Cook for three minutes, remove and add a teaspoonful of vanilla and the beaten yolks of three eggs. Pour the mixture into a buttered pie dish and bake from twenty to thirty minutes. Whisk the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, stir into them a tablespoonful of powdered sugar and pile it carelessly on the pudding and place it in a warm (not hot) oven for five minutes to set. Serve hot.

Grown people tire of their toys just like children do.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

Horticultural Observations.

On Jan. 16 there will be held in Kansas City a convention of growers and shippers of fruit and farm produce. It is proposed to form an association of national magnitude. Whether the plan will succeed or not we will soon see. But it is a fact that the science of organization is being learned, as is evidenced by the success of the California raisin growers' association. There are at present a number of small associations that have been doing business for years, and that, too, with success. There is little doubt that such a combination as that proposed has in it great possibilities for good and evil. Honestly and justly managed, it may give a uniformity to prices and prevent dishonesty among the retailers, especially among the stand fruit dealers in large cities.

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Fruit men should in some way combine to prevent retailers re-sorting their fruit when it is put on the market. This re-sorting of fruit by the retailers is a very widespread habit. It is in every sense dishonest, and injures the producer of fine fruit as much as it does the buyer of what is supposed to be fine fruit. Go among the fruit stands in Chicago very early in the morning, say, in peach time, before the rush for the day has commenced. The fruit dealers will be found vigorously at work packing fruit to be sold during the day. All the good fruit has been emptied out in one pile and the little, worthless fruit in another pile. The packer puts the little green peaches in the bottom and faces the basket with good-sized and possibly good-colored fruit. If it lacks good color, he stretches some red netting over the green fruit and gives it the proper color. Now, when the basket of fruit that Fruit-Grower John Smith has packed, with his stamp, comes into the hands of these same men, it is quickly emptied out and sorted with the rest. If, later, John Smith should come along and buy one of the honestly packed baskets that he has sent to market he would experience a shock on opening it, for he would not find under the top layer just as good peaches as on top, but the said green ones referred to. Fruit producers that are trying to make their brand recognized and respected on the market should find some way to compel dealers to sell the fruit as it comes to hand or take off their brand.

Agricultural Notes.

To what extent drain tile was pulverized by the hard freezes of last winter is not yet apparent. Inquiries sent out by the Farmers' Review revealed the fact that most farmers do not know whether their drains have been injured or not. The comparatively dry fall has not put them to the test. Should we have a wet winter we would probably find out if the drains are in condition to carry off water or not. It is not necessary that the whole line of drain be broken up to render it useless. A rod or two thoroughly pulverized does much to render the whole incapable of carrying off water. Perhaps it would have been a good idea if farmers with large quantities of tiled land had made some examination with the object of finding out its true condition. The loss to a single crop through a disintegrated drain may be large, and in addition large areas of land may be rendered unplowable in the spring just at the time it is most necessary to get onto the land.

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Prize corn crops are not always what they appear to be. There are corn crops and corn crops. It is possible for two men to raise each 100 bushels of corn to the acre and yet have one man raise twice as much corn to the acre as the other. This appears paradoxical, but is easily explained. One man may plant his corn at such a late day that it will become only well glazed at the time it has to be gathered for exhibition, while the other man may plant his corn early and thus give it time to thoroughly mature before it must be gathered. Corn gathered just after the roasting-ear period is very heavy, and will at that time sometimes weigh double what it will when it has been well dried. This is the secret of some of the enormous yields of corn that have been recently reported. The figures that claim yields per acre well up to the 200-bushel mark are based on weighed and not measured bushels. Inspect that same prize corn a few months after it has been gathered, and it will be found looking very shaky. Every kernel will be found standing by itself and with an abundance of room between it and its neighbors. Really such prize corn does not fill the requirements, or should not. The water content of corn should be taken into consideration, and we are not sure that it would not be a good idea to have each sample entered analyzed for its water content, and this analysis be taken into consideration when making the awards.

A Good Appointment.

Mr. J. H. Monrad has been appointed assistant dairy and food commissioner of Illinois. The appointment is a good one. All who know Mr. Monrad believe that he will discharge every duty faithfully. As a dairy expert he is known on both sides of the Atlantic and Pacific. He has had experience in dairy matters in Denmark, Norway, New Zealand and the United States. While progressive he is conservative, and is not easily led to indorse new things till he is thoroughly convinced of their utility. Illinois needs a strong man in the office of assistant commissioner, which office is supposed to be filled by a first-class dairy expert.

Another gratifying thing about the appointment of Mr. Monrad is that it is in no sense a political appointment. This is an indication that the commission is to be run for real effectiveness. The mass of work to be done in Illinois requires the best talent that can be secured irrespective of party, and the sentiment of the people should be expressed in favor of keeping, as much as possible, partisan politics out of it. Illinois has the reputation of being the state in which more adulterated products are made than any other state in the Union. It is charged that Illinois has had more to do with ruining our foreign markets for dairy goods than any other state in the Union, and it is to be hoped that a reform is to follow. Every farmer in Illinois should do his utmost to uphold the hands of Mr. Jones and Mr. Monrad.

Teosinte.

Herewith we illustrate teosinte. The explanation of the plate is: "a," one of the ears enclosed by the husk; "b," the same with a portion of the husk showing the grains; "c" and "d," views of the grain.

The scientific name of this plant is Euchlaena luxurians. This is a grass of tropical nativity and much resembles Indian corn. It is said to have been introduced into this country from Central or South America, though it was first cultivated in Australia. In its native habit it grows freely and often attains a height of from 10 to 15 feet in a few months. It suckers out or tillers to a remarkable degree, often as many as thirty to fifty suckers springing from a single stalk. In this country the climate is not hot enough, neither are the seasons long enough to ripen the seed, except in a very few places. While this is true, it does well as a fodder plant as far north as Pennsylvania and Kansas.

In some of our more southern states it has given larger yields than any other forage plant. Georgia reported a yield of 19 tons to the acre, Mississippi 22 tons to the acre, but at the Louisiana station it yielded over 50 tons per acre. To succeed well it needs abundant moisture, a great deal of heat, rich soil and a long season. It is useless to plant it where those conditions cannot be had. If cut when it reaches four or five feet in height it makes excellent fodder. If allowed to grow till October it makes a good plant for the silo. Its value as a soiling crop may be seen

by the fact that the 50-ton per acre crop raised at the Louisiana station was sold to dairymen at the rate of $2 per ton.

Four-Horned Sheep.

While traveling through northwestern Pennsylvania my attention was called to a curiosity in the line of sheep. It was a breed with four horns, writes a contributor to American Sheep Breeder.

One ram had horns the total length of which was thirteen feet. Of course this breed will never come into favor as a profitable breed. Too much nutrition is used to produce the horns, but as a curiosity and a specimen for parks they will be sought after.

The horns vary greatly as to shape, but the general form was two standing straight from the top of the head and the other two branching from just below the others and in some cases making a curve, while in other instances they extended straight out.

I questioned regarding the origin of this breed and found they all came from one ram left by a traveling company several years ago. The company finished the season and asked a farmer to keep their ram until spring for them. In the spring they presented the ram to the farmer.

He took Highland Blackface ewes and crossed with the ram. The ram proved very potent and as a result there is a flock of twenty-five or thirty sheep with four horns.

They have been crossed in and seem to keep the original characteristics.

Where the first ram came from I have been unable to find out, but as far as I can learn this is the only flock in the world.

Neighboring Flocks.—With but one or two small flocks in a neighborhood there is sometimes a lack of buyers for both wool and mutton, but as flocks increase in size and number this difficulty will be largely overcome. Another advantage in being in a neighborhood where there are many small flocks is that rams can be exchanged frequently to good advantage; again, dogs never trouble so much, and if they do, their depredations are more scattered. A neighborhood pretty well stocked with profitable sheep is not as likely to be overrun with unprofitable dogs as one is where sheep are scarce. There, too, is more or less competition to see who has the best-looking flock, as well as the best-paying one, and the per cent of increase is watched more closely when near-by shepherds keep track of the lambing time.—Ex.

Miniature Trees.—One of the most remarkable features of Japanese gardening is the way in which every plant and tree in a famous garden will be reproduced in miniature, by a system of dwarfing which has been handed down from many generations back. Every characteristic of a large tree will be preserved, the foliage, color and the texture of the branches, and yet the miniature copy will often be not more than from one to three feet high.—Ex.

Some reliable fertilizer ought always to be kept on hand also. If this is not done, plants are often allowed to suffer for food at the very time when it is most needed.—Exchange.