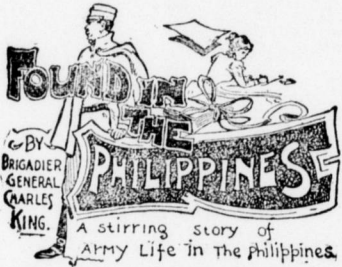


PENITENTIAL HYMN.

If I have played upon my heart The music of a lower art; If I have ever hoped to win A pleasure from the smile of sin; If ever I mistook the gleam Of quiverings in a starless dream; Or fondly hoped I might dispense With spirit in the joy of sense; Or slipped, or fallen, or gone astray, Lead Thou the way, lead Thou the way.

If I could ever yet despise The tear-drops in two human eyes; If ever once the voice of fame, Left me forgetful of Thy name; If in the strife I ever tried My heartstrings to the lower side; Or in the thicket of the fight Mistook the useful for the right; Or wielded an ignoble sword, Forgive, O Lord; forgive, O Lord.

If ever once have been my care Mere trappings of Thine altar-stair; If ever in a lovely face Thy handiwork I failed to trace; If I have doubted of the good Within the soul of womanhood; Or judged a man by some small blot Which Thou hast portioned to his lot; Forgive Thy law, or scorned Thy might, Guide me aright, guide me aright. —Joel Elias Spingarn, in Cosmopolitan.



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CHAPTER I.

The little party of visitors in the general's personal tent made a striking contrast to that assembled under the official canvas. In the latter, seated on camp stools and candle boxes or braced against the tent poles, were nearly a dozen officers, all in the somber dark blue regulation uniform, several in riding boots and spurs, some even wearing the heavy, frogged overcoat; all but two, juniors of the staff, men who stood on the shady side of 40, four of the number wearing on their shoulders the silver stars of generals of division or brigade, and among their thinning crops of hair the silver strands that told of years of service. One man alone, the commanding general, was speaking; all the others listened in respectful silence. In the gloom of that late, fog-shrouded afternoon a lantern or two would have been welcome, but the conference had begun while it was still light enough for the chief to read the memoranda on his desk, and now he was talking without notes. In the array of grave, thoughtful faces, some actually somber and severe in expression, a smile would have seemed out of place, yet, all on a sudden, grim features relaxed, deep-set eyes twinkled and glanced quickly about in search of kindred sympathetic spirits, and more than half the bearded faces broadened into a grin of merriment, and as many heads were suddenly uplifted, for just as the gray-haired chief ended an impressive period with the words: "It will be no laughing matter if I can lay hold of them," there burst upon the surprised ears of the group a peal of the merriest laughter imaginable—the rippling, joyous, musical laughter of happy girlhood mingling with the hearty, wholesome, if somewhat boyish, outburst of jollity of healthful youth.

"Merciful powers!" exclaimed the chief. "I had forgotten all about those people. They must have been here 20 minutes."

"Sixty-five, sir, by the watch," said a saturnine-looking soldier, tall and stalwart, and wearing the shield of the adjutant general's department on the collar of his sack coat.

"They ought to go, then," was the placid suggestion of a third officer, a man with keen eyes, thin, almost ascetic face, but there twitched a quaint humor about the lines of his lips. "That visit's past the retiring age."

And then another peal of merriment from the adjoining tent put a stop to conversation.

"They don't lack for entertainers," hazarded a staff officer as soon as he could make himself heard. "The solemn-looking Gothamite who came with them must have slipped out."

"It seems he knows Col. Armstrong," said the chief, thoughtfully. "I sent for him an hour ago, and he may be piloting Mr. Prime around camp, looking up the runaway."

"Another case?" asked a brigade commander, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Another case," answered the general, with a sigh. "It isn't always home troubles that drive them to it. This boy had everything a doting father could give him. What on earth could make him bolt and enlist for the war?"

No one answered for a moment. Then the officer with the humorous twinkle about the eyes and the twitch at the lip corners bent forward, placed his elbows on his knees, his fingers tip to tip, gazed dreamily at the floor, and sentimentally said: "Girl."

Whereupon his next neighbor, a stocky, thickset man in the uniform of a brigadier, never moving eye, head or hand, managed to bring a sizable foot in heavy riding boot almost savagely upon the slim gaiter of the humorist, who suddenly started and flushed to the temples, glanced quickly at the chief, and then as quickly back to the floor, his blue eyes clouded in genuine distress.

The general's gray face had seemed to grow grayer in the gloom. Again there came, like a rippling echo, the chorus of merry laughter from the adjoining tent, only it seemed a trifle subdued, possibly as though one or two of the merry-makers had joined less heartily. With sudden movement the general rose. "Well, I've kept you long enough," he said. "Let the three regi-

ments be got in readiness at once, but relax no effort in—that other matter. Find the guilty parties if a possible thing."

And then the group dissolved. One or two of the number looked back, half hesitating, at the entrance of the tent, but the chief had turned again to the littered table before him, and, seating himself, rested his gray head in the hand nearest his visitors. It was as though he wished to conceal his face. One of the last to go—the thin-faced soldier with the twinkling blue eyes, hung irresolutely behind the chief a moment as though he had it in his mind to speak, then turned and fairly tip-toed out, leaving the camp commander to the society of a single staff officer, and to the gathering darkness.

"Kindly say to Mr. Prime, or his friends, that I will join them in a moment," said the former, presently, without so much as uplifting head or eye, and the aid-de-camp left as noiselessly as his predecessor, the humorist. But when he was gone and "The Chief" sat alone, the sound of merry chat and laughter still drifted in with the mist at the half-opened entrance. Shadowy forms flitted to and fro between the official tent and the lights beginning to twinkle at brigade headquarters across the wide roadway. An orderly scratched at the tent flap, but got no answer. The lone occupant sat well back in the gloomy interior and could barely be distinguished. The waiting soldier hesitated a moment, then entered and stamped once upon the wooden floor, then turned and noiselessly stepped out, for, anticipating his question, the general spoke: "No light just yet, orderly. I'll call you—in a moment. Just close the tent."

At his hand, he needed no light to find it, lay a little packet that had been passed in to him with the mail while the council was still in session. It was stoutly wrapped, tightly corded, and profusely sealed, but with the sharp point of an eraser the general slit the fastenings, tore off the wrapper, and felt rather than saw that a bundle of letters, rolled in tissue paper and tied with ribbon, ribbon long since faded and wrinkled, lay within. This he carefully placed in a large-sized military letter envelope, moistened and pressed tight the gummed flap, stowed it in the inner pocket of the overcoat that hung at the rear tent pole, reduced the wrapper and its superscription to minute fragments, and dropped them into the waste-basket, all as carefully and methodically as though life knew neither hurry nor worry; then bowed his lined face in both hands a moment in utter silence and in unmistakable sadness. Presently his lips moved: "Can you look down and see that I have kept my word, Agnes?" he murmured. "God help me to find him and save him—yet."

Once again the laughter, the gay young voices, rang from the other tent. All over camp, far and near, from the limits of the park to the very slope of the height at the north, the evening bugles were calling by thousands the thronging soldiery to mess or roll call. Slowly the general rose, drew on his overcoat, and in another moment, under the sloping visor of his forage cap, with eyes that twinkled behind their glasses, with a genial smile softening every feature, his fine soldierly face peered in on the scene of light, of merriment and laughter under the canvas roof of the only home he knew in the world—the soldier home of one whose life had been spent following the flag through bivouac, camp or garrison, through many a march, battle and campaign all over the broad lands of the United States until now, at the hour when most men turned for the placid joys of the fireside, the love of devoted and faithful wife, the homage and affection of children, the prattle and playful sports of children's children—homeless, wifeless, childless, he stood at the border of the boundless sea, soldier duty pointing the way to far distant, unknown and undesired regions, content to follow that flag to the end of the world if need be, and owning no higher hope or ambition than to follow and uphold it to the end of his life.

There was nothing in such a face as his to put a check to fun and merriment, yet, all on a sudden, the laughter died away. Three young gallants in soldier garb sprang to their feet and faced him with appeal and explanation in their speaking eyes, although only one of their number found his tongue in time to put the matter into words. There were only two girls when the general left that tent to meet his officers at four o'clock and now there were four, and the four were having five o'clock tea.

At least anyone would have said they were four blithe girls, innocent of graver responsibilities than social calls and dinner or dance engagements, for never looked four young women so free from the cares of this world than those who were picturesquely grouped about the general's camp table and under the brilliant reflector of the general's lamp; but the plain gold circlet on the slender finger of the merriest and noisiest and smallest of the four, and the fact that she had nothing to say to the senior of the four attendant officers except in the brief, indifferent tones of assured proprietorship, and very much to say to the other three, told a different story. The general's manner lost none of its kindness, even though a close observer would have seen that his face lost a little of its light as he recognized in the evident leader of the revels and mistress of the situation the wife of his senior aid-de-camp. An hour before he thought her a thousand miles away—and so did her husband.

"Bless your dear old heart!" exclaimed the little lady, springing to her feet, facing him with indomitable smiles and thrusting forward two slender, white, bejeweled hands. "No—don't say you disapprove! Don't scold! Don't do anything but sit right down here and have a cup of your own delicious tea—(Frank, some boiling water)—that no one makes for you as I do—you've owned it many a time. And then we're all going in to the Palace

or dinner and then to the theater, and I'll tell you all about it between the acts. Oh, you poor dear! I ought to have come before—you've been working yourself to death!"

And by this time, resolutely pulling, she had towed the general to a chair, and into this, his favorite leather-armed, canvas-backed, hickory-framed companion of many a year, she deftly dropped him and then, giving him no chance for a word, gayly pirouetting, she seized one after another upon each member of the party present—an accomplished little mistress of ceremonies, encased in a tailor made traveling suit that rendered her proof against a dozen minor ills, so beautifully was it cut and fitted to her pretty figure—and, with inexhaustible flow of merry words, presented her or him to the veteran in the chair:

"This, my honored general, first and foremost, is Miss Mildred Prime, daughter of a thousand ears is she, yet one vastly to be desired, though I say it who should not, for she hails from New York, which is enough to make me hate her, whereas we've just sworn an eternal friendship. You've only casually met her and her folks before, but I can tell you all about them. You should have put Frank at the head of your intelligence bureau, general. He'd never find out anything, but I would. We came on the same train together all the way from Ogden."

(A tall, dark-eyed, dark-haired, oval-faced girl, coloring slightly in evident embarrassment over these odd army ways, courtesied smilingly to the general and seemed to be pleading dumbly for clemency if there had been transgression.)

"This," hurried on the voluble little woman, seizing another feminine wrist, "is Miss Cherry Langton—Cherry Ripe we call her at home this summer, the dearest girl that ever lived except myself, and one you'll simply delight in as you do in me—when you get to know her. She is, as you have often been told and have probably forgotten, the only good-looking member of Frank's family—his first cousin. She was moping her heart out after all the nice young men in Denver went to the wars, and withering on the stem until I told her she should go, too, when she blossomed and blushed with joy as you see her now, sir. Cherry, make your manners." (Cherry, whose name well described her, was only waiting for a chance, laughing the while at the merry flow of her chaperon's words, and, at the first break, stepped quickly forward and placed her hand frankly in the



"And this is Miss Amy Lawrence."

outstretched palm of her host, then glanced eagerly over her shoulder as though she would say: "But you must see her," and her bright eyes sought and found the fourth feminine member of the group.)

"And this," said Mrs. Frank Garrison, bravely, yet with a trifle less confidence of manner, with indeed a faint symptom of hesitancy, "is Miss Amy Lawrence," and in extending her little hand to take that of the most retiring of the three girls, only the finger tips and thumb seemed to touch. Miss Lawrence came quickly forward, and waiting for no description, bowed with quiet grace and dignity to the chief and, smiling a bit gravely, said:

"Uncle left word that he would soon return, general, but he has been gone with Col. Armstrong nearly an hour. I hope we have not taken too great a liberty," and her glance turned to the substantial tea service on the rude camp table.

"Oh, I'm responsible for that—and for any and every iniquity here committed, solely because I know our general too well to believe he would allow famishing damsels to faint for lack of sustenance." It was Mrs. Garrison, of course, who spoke. "I simply set Frank and his fellows to work, with the result that tea and biscuit, light and warmth, mirth and merriment, faith, hope and charity sprang up like magic in this gloomy old tent, and here we are still. Now, say you're glad I came, general, for these stupid boys—Oh! I quite forgot! Let me present the slaves of the lamp—the spirit lamp, general. Frank, you know—too well, I dare say. Stand forth, vassal Number Two. This, general, is Capt. Schuyler, a mite of a man physically—a Gothamite, in fact—but a tower of wit and wisdom when permitted to speak." (A diminutive youngster, with a head twice too big for his body, and a world of fun in his sparkling eyes, bowed elaborately to his commanding general, but prudently held his peace.) "Capt. Schuyler, my dear general, meekly bears the crescent of the subsistence department on his beautifully high and unquestionably New-York-made collar. He hasn't an idea on the subject of supplies except that commissary cigars are bad, but his senator said he had to have something and that's what he got. He'd rather be second lieutenant of regular infantry any day, but that was too high for him. Here's a youth it fits to a 't—Mr. William Gray, of the—teenth foot, whom I knew years ago when we were kids in the same camp, and whose best claim to your notice is that you knew his

father. He says so, and hopes you'll forgive all his budding iniquities on the strength of it." The general nodded with a grin at the youngster, who stood at Miss Lawrence's left, and then held up his hand for silence, shutting off further presentations.

"I'll forgive anything but more chatter," said he, with a placid smile, "provided you give me some tea at once. Then I should be glad to know how you all happened to meet here."

"My doing entirely, general. (Frank, another cup—quick.) Cherry came with me to surprise my husband—an easy thing to do—I'm always doing it. We found him here, by your orders, striving to entertain these two charming damsels—the last thing on earth he is capable of doing, however valuable he may be with orders and correspondence. I heard Mr. Prime's story and at once suggested Col. Armstrong. I heard Miss Lawrence exclaim at sight of Billy here, and saw a case of old acquaintance and sent for him forthwith—so easy to say: 'The adjutant general's compliments—I found that, after all, they had never met, but Miss Lawrence had seen him at the head of some famous student company. I it was who presented him to her, and summoned Capt. Schuyler to meet once more his fellow citizens, the Primes. I it was who ordered lamps, fire and the tea things. I am the good fairy who wrought the transformation. Behold me with my wand!'"

She seized Miss Langton's slender umbrella and, waving it over her curly little head, pirouetted again in triumphant gait.

The general was thoughtfully sipping his tea and studying her as she chattered and danced. When she paused a moment for breath he again held up his hand.

"Col. Armstrong went with Mr. Prime, did he?"

"With every assurance that the prodigal should be produced forthwith and restored to the paternal bosom," declared Mrs. Garrison, melodramatically, and would have ranted on, never noting the flush of pain and embarrassment that almost instantly appeared in the faces of Miss Lawrence and her dark-eyed eastern cousin, nor seeing the warning in her husband's eyes; but at the moment the tent flap was thrown back and held open to admit a tall, gray-haired civilian whose silk hat was uplifted as he entered in courteous recognition of the group, despite the distress that was betrayed in the pallor of his face and the instant glance of his dark eyes toward the slender girl, who stepped eagerly forward. Mrs. Garrison, turning quickly, saw, and with swift, agile movement sprang to one side. The general slowly struggled up from his easy chair. Reaching her father's side Miss Prime laid her hand upon his arm, looking fondly and anxiously into his face. A soldierly, middle-aged officer, in dripping forage cap and rain coat, stepped quickly in and lowered the flap.

"Did you find him, father?" was Miss Prime's low-toned, faltering question. "We found—the soldier referred to; Col. Armstrong has been most kind; but it wasn't your brother at all, my child."

[To Be Continued.]

MEDIEVAL MORALITY.

Instance of the Efficacy of Bribery in Obtaining Royal Favor During the Dark Ages.

Joinville, historian and statesman of the thirteenth century, in an anecdote of Saint Louis, crusader, soldier, and best and greatest, perhaps, of French kings, not only reveals the perfect frankness of Louis' character, but shows at the same time that social morality is not a modern notion but a matter of evolution.

At one time while the king was staying at Hyeres to procure horses to go to France, the abbot of Cluny, afterward bishop of Olive, made him a present of two fine palfreys, one for himself and one for the queen, Margaret of Provence. When he had given him this present he said to the king:

"Sire, I will come to-morrow to speak to you about my own affairs."

On the following day the abbot came back; the king listened to him attentively, and at great length. When the abbot had gone, a close friend and adviser of the king went to him and said:

"I beg leave to ask whether you listened more kindly to the abbot of Cluny because he gave you the two palfreys yesterday?"

The king thought for a long time, and then said: "Yes, truly."

"Sire," said the king's friend, "do you know why I ask this?"

"Why?" said the king.

"Sire, it is because I would counsel you when you return to France, that you forbid all your sworn counselors to accept anything from those who have business with you, for you may be sure that if they get anything they will listen more willingly and attentively to those who give them presents, as you have done with the abbot of Cluny."

Then Louis called all his counselors and told them what his friend had said, and they were candid enough to admit that it was good advice.—Youth's Companion.

The Inspector's Mistake.

An English police inspector being informed that a hotel keeper was serving game out of season, visited the restaurant in plain clothes and ordered dinner: "Waiter, partridge for me." The inspector finished his dinner leisurely, and then said to the waiter: "Ask the proprietor to step this way a minute." "What for?" "I wish to notify him to appear in court to-morrow for selling partridge out of season. I am a police officer and have secured the necessary evidence against him." Waiter—"It wasn't partridge you had." Police Inspector (uneasily)—"What was it, then?" Waiter (cheerfully)—"Crow." The inspector swooned.—Argonaut.

SMALLPOX DISTRIBUTORS.

How the Germs Are Nurtured and the Disease Is Spread.

It would seem that people will never learn to be careful. The recent alarming spread of that dire epidemic, smallpox, throughout different sections of the country has been traced by physicians and sanitarians in many instances directly to the moldy and rotting layers of paper and paste which cover the walls of many houses. The practice of laying layer after layer of paper on a wall, using common flour paste, is especially calculated to create homes for disease germs. People could not do more to effect such a result if they tried. The rotting vegetable matter affords caves from which are ready to dart forth the infection at every opportunity. There is no excuse for this practice, as walls and ceilings can be coated with a pure, clean and sanitary material like Alabastine, for instance, at no greater expense. Alabastine is a rock-base cement, which incorporates itself with the wall or ceiling. It is easily applied, comes ready to mix with cold water, requires no washing or scraping before renewing or retinting, is beautiful, long-lasting and safe.

For walls that have been infected, nothing is equal to Alabastine as a disinfectant to render them pure and clean and the rooms once more habitable.

NOT UP IN THE CLASSICS.

A Congressman Who Was in the Dark as to Title and Colophon.

A certain member of the house of representatives, nameless here forever more, met a newspaper correspondent in the lobby the other day and mysteriously invited him to his committee room. The correspondent cast a chew of tobacco out of his mouth in anticipation, and followed the statesman to the seclusion of the place designated. "Say," said the member, looking about carefully to see that only the two of them were present, "I want to ask you a question in confidence."

"Oh," responded the correspondent in a tone of disappointment, "is that what you wanted?"

"Yes; and if you can give me the information I am after you will do me a great favor."

"All right," said the correspondent, recovering his wonted spirits, though the other kind were lacking, "what is it? Go ahead with your rat killing."

"Well," began the member in a manner reminding one of the preface to a book, "I had one of the boys look over a speech I am going to make, just to see what he thought of it, and make a suggestion or two to improve it, if necessary, and he's got something into it that I'm not up to."

"What is it?" asked the correspondent, as the member hesitated.

"Well, I'm fairly well up on the Bible, and when I come across the sentence 'and where from Dan to Beersheba,' I know what it means well enough, and also know about Dan and the other one. I had that in the speech, but he said it was a chestnut by this time, and it would sound more tony and abreast of the times and literary culture to change it from 'Title to Colophon,' and I told him 'all right,' but didn't let on. Now, you are a friend of mine, and I want to ask you about this. As I said, I'm up on the Bible, but don't know the classical business a little bit, and while I can kind of catch on to Title, I'd like to know who in thunder Colophon was. Do you know?"

The correspondent explained, and the member saw to it that his cast-out chew of tobacco was not wasted.—N. Y. Sun.

NOT THAT KIND OF A CAKE.

It Looked Suggestive of a Wedding But Was Intended for a Different Purpose.

An East end car was loaded down with shoppers, mostly women, for it was in the middle of the afternoon. Conversation was proceeding at a great rate. It was like a tea or a session of the sewing circle. But all at once a hush fell over the fair chaperons. A negro lad entered, bearing in his arms an immense cake, three or four decks high, and frosted over from pit to dome, as they say of a theater. There was a profusion of flowers by way of decoration, and delicate traceries of gauzy lace completed the embellishments. The cake was so large that the negro could scarcely carry it.

The cake told the whole story of the wedding, the bridesmaids, the orange flowers, the flower girls and the banquet afterward. Every feminine heart in that street car was a-flutter as its owner gazed speechlessly upon the evidence of a wedding to be.

Finally, when the car stopped to let on another passenger and everything was very still, one lady took courage to ask the negro where the wedding was going to be.

"What wedding?" asked the negro, his eyes pruding.

"The wedding that cake is for."

"Dis ain't no weddin' cake."

"No?"

"No'm. Dis yeres er cake walk cake."

There was a smile that reached from one end of the car to the other, and very soon conversation was resumed as before.—Memphis Scimitar.

He Dealt in His Dream.

"May you take this lesson home with you to-night, dear friends," concluded the preacher at the end of a very long and wearisome sermon. "And may its spiritual truths sink into your hearts and lives to the end that your souls may experience salvation. We will now bow our heads in prayer. Deacon White, will you lead?"

There was no response. "Deacon White," this time in a louder voice. "Deacon White, will you lead?" Still no response. It was evident that the good deacon was slumbering. The preacher made a third appeal and raised his voice to a pitch that succeeded in waking the drowsy man.

"Deacon White, will you please lead?" The deacon rubbed his eyes and opened them wonderingly. "Is it my lead? No—I just deat."—Detroit Free Press.

Pleasure of Necessities.

A lady living in the Eighteenth ward answered a knock at her door the other morning to find a poorly-dressed woman, greatly in need of help. Her heart extended sympathy in the kind lady's heart. When the poor woman left she carried a big bundle of clothes and a sack containing many of the necessities of life. The next morning there appeared at the same door a seven-year-old urchin of ruddy countenance, who somewhat shocked the lady of the house with this: "Say, that lady you guy the things to yesterday wants to know if you've got a pair of skates that me brother can wear."—Salt Lake Herald.

That Wasn't Much.

"You were in the late war?" he queried of the man who had been telling about the battle of Santiago. "Certainly," was the reply. "And you marched, and suffered and fought and was a hero?" "No, sir; nothing of the kind. I simply landed at Santiago; decimated the ranks of the enemy, forced him to surrender, and then brought about the end of the war." "Oh, that was all, eh? Beg your pardon for the interruption."—Washington Post.

\$500 Reward

The above Reward will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who placed iron and slabs on the track of the Emporium & Rich Valley R. R., near the east line of Franklin Housler's farm, on the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891. HENRY AUCHU, President.

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