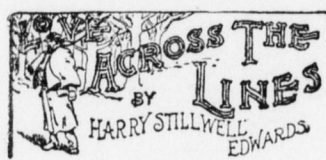


AS YOU AND I WILL BE.

Though men may heap the dollars up in golden, gleaming piles. Though they may bank beneath the light of hickie fortune's smiles. Yet, when death beckons unto them, And murmurs: "Come with me," They're just as dead that day, my boy, As you and I will be.



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CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

"May I ask why this extraordinary interest in a private soldier?" The president was smiling, his sad, kind face questioning her closer than his lips alone. She described the scene of her friend's heroism, the quick interest of her hearer revealing the kindly heart within him.

"Grand!" he said, briefly. "I should be glad to see him—but no"—and he turned slightly towards the mass of papers—"the crowd waits."

"The man that this soldier saved," she said, simply, "was a kinsman of mine—one to whom I am greatly indebted."

"And is that all?" "That is all," she answered. But under the playful, mocking gaze of the president she felt her face grow crimson. He smiled and bowed gravely from his chair when he noticed the tell-tale blush.

"That is all!" he said. One line upon a sheet of official paper and the touch of a handbell, and Frances found herself under the guidance of a messenger on her way to the war department.

"You here!" he exclaimed. "Why not?" She gave him but a glance, a sarcastic smile playing about her lips.

"It is no place for women; you should be at home." "It is no place for men; you should not be at home, Capt. Holbin." An angry reply arose to his lips, but he checked it.

"You know why I am not," he said; "I have been unfairly treated; but say the word, and I will go even as a private soldier—if you will promise."

"It is immaterial to me whether you go or stay," she said, and passed in. Holbin waited a moment and followed her, keeping out of her sight.

"What was it the young woman wanted?" he asked of a clerk acquaintance, with careless indifference, when she was gone.

"An order for the parole of a prisoner and a pass through the lines." As Raymond walked away in deep thought, a messenger pointed him out to a hotel porter, and one latter handed him a sealed envelope. Within this was a card bearing the name "Louise."

CHAPTER XII.

When Virginia seceded and her young men rushed to the front, among the first to seek a commission was Raymond Holbin. This was in the days when most people believed that the military feature of secession would prove little more than a grand spectacular demonstration. Graduates of West Point were at once in great demand, and backed by the Brookline influence Holbin was appointed a captain of infantry among the state troops, no search of his record being at the time possible; but when the state transferred her troops to the confederate government, and Holbin sought a colonelcy, advancing in support of his application the fact that he had been an officer in the regular army, the matchless memory of the southern president recalled his history. Jefferson Davis had been secretary of war at the time the Holbin court-martial was held, and the record coming before him for review, he had promptly approved the sentence of the court. A long struggle to secure a modification of the sentence had followed—and in this struggle many politicians had been arrayed by Holbin's mother, but in vain. The sentence stood; and these people never forgot the issues involved; the Holbins hated Jefferson Davis. The name "Holbin" had clung to the memory of the hero of Buena Vista; he declined to appoint Raymond Holbin or to commission him in any way to command honorable men. The decision was in harmony with his devotion to his principles, a devotion that was destined to make him in the end the most unfortunate of American statesmen.

This new public reflection upon Holbin filled him with an ungovernable rage. Had safe opportunity offered, he would not have hesitated to send a bullet through the heart of the man who was responsible for it. Indeed, he armed himself, and for many months was convinced that he might

at any moment be dedicated to the discharge of a patriotic duty. The president of the confederacy walked daily in the presence of death, for fanaticism and desperate men surrounded him. His safety lay in the fact that he walked in the sunlight, where the results of an attack promised never less than life for life. And Raymond Holbin was not the man to barter his away; he bided his time. A far more dangerous enemy was his mother, who numbered official acquaintances in Washington by the scores, and who knew when and where to plant the deadliest blow. This woman, secure in her social position, displaying by her own efforts and the efforts of her stepdaughter in hospital work devotion to the southern cause, was in secret fast balancing accounts with Jefferson Davis.

Friends of Raymond Holbin, for he still had a few, with the aid of his mother, secured him a bomb-proof position with a rank of captain; and there he stuck, with all the time for plotting that might be demanded.

What seemed to Holbin an opportunity for a sweeping revenge came very unexpectedly. Up to then he had been but an instrument in the hands of his mother and that large circle of invisibles known to him who sapped the strength of the confederacy. Their many interests preceded him. The opportunity came through Louise. He did not dare to disregard her card and responded instantly to her implied command, armed with his old secret and a virtuous indignation. He had almost forgotten her. A year before, when she had sufficiently recovered from her illness to permit it, he had sent her north, deceived by "sacred" pledges, to a new hiding-place. The immediate opening of hostilities had seemed to fix the separation. It had never occurred to him that she would make an effort to cross the lines.

The new meeting between Louise and Holbin was marked by a great display of passion on his part; she was calm and collected, a suggestion of recklessness, however, in her eyes and every movement; her face relentless and white with despair of an abandoned life. For the first time Holbin failed to move her to anger or to tears.

"I came," said she, when his rage had spent itself and in answer to his despairing offer of money if she would depart, "not because I need your assistance—that is, your money, for I do not; I am now well supplied." She could not have touched him in a more delicate spot. A swift jealousy, a curious indignation, filled him.

"Whose money?" he asked, breathlessly. "He is very rich, and gives with a liberal hand when the woman is smart, is able, is fearless, and willing to risk her life at his bidding." It was not the speech, but the cautious glance which involuntarily she gave to her surroundings that awoke a suspicion in his breast.

"Louise, you are a—"

"Hush! I am a mother robbed of her child; that is explanation enough; for such a woman is capable of anything, even murder, as you know, Raymond, where is my daughter?" He looked at her uneasily, and the white feather appeared in spite of his efforts to conceal it.

"She is well, and well cared for." "I asked you where, and you have not answered me!"

"There is much to be agreed upon between us before I tell you that," he said, after a pause, during which he narrowly watched her. He took a seat close beside her and continued in his old confidential, half-appealing way: "Louise, I am ruined, a disgraced man, and ripe for anything that will take me out of this city."

He paused, but she did not answer or seem to hear him, and he added: "My downfall began when I was untrue to myself—to you. I have never had a moment's good luck since; everything has gone wrong with me." Still she did not answer him, but her bosom heaved once or twice, and a strange look came into the white face she turned towards him. "I have now no chance on earth except a chance to play for even and quit the country. Louise, if I succeed will you go back with me into the old sweet life? I will be true to you; I will right all of your wrongs—and I will be a father indeed to your child. Let us go, Louise, out of this wild, heartless country back across the ocean to the little English home, back to our flowers, back to the old life." He took her hand, and this time she did not withdraw it.

"My child," she said, almost inaudibly, her face lowered and her bosom rising and falling rapidly.

"That will be all right—all right. I swear to you she is well and has not forgotten you. She never fails to ask for you, and at night to say her little prayer." A cry burst from the wretched woman.

"My baby! My baby!" She sank her face in her hands, then sprang to her feet. "You deceived me," she said, frantically, beginning to walk the floor, "I cannot—I cannot believe you."

"I have no cause to deceive you, Louise—none." He spoke very tenderly; "and I would not if I could—now. This uniform, these shoulder-straps, mean nothing in my case but disgrace. I am a stay-at-home. The dollars of my class at West Point are brigadier generals in the field; I am a uniformed clerk."

"The woman?" Louise could not conclude her question.

"She will not assent," he said, savagely; and then quickly, lest a natural inference should array her against him again, "I have purposely made myself so obnoxious to her that she would rather be a pauper than share a fortune with me. She has yet time to decide, for she is not yet; but I know her decision in advance."

"And then?"

"Then life with you, Louise, our child's happiness provided for. I do not count upon that fortune; the slaves will be free and all values upset; land will not be worth much in this state." Louise came close to him and laid her hand upon his shoulder. "If I could only trust you," she said, sadly, "all might yet be well, for I have a way—"

"What do you mean?" She hesitated and, leaning over, whispered a sentence in his ear. He lifted his face quickly.

"How much?" "Our own price." "Our own price!" "And revenge, Raymond, revenge for you."

"Revenge?—yes—well said. No price could be complete without that. And what a revenge! The assassin stabs his foe and is infamous; the man who slays his country's foe is a hero. Louise, you have made me happy, and you little know how chance has favored you. I am connected with the war department—I have friends around me; and, better, I have my facts in hand."

"You were planning then, too." "I did not know what might arise, and I was determined to be ready; I was tired of doing the work while others reaped the benefit. But now comes the greatest difficulty—and that reminds me. How did you get here through the lines?"

"You remember the little farm in which I had only a life interest, the only thing we could not sell? I was warned that it would soon be within the southern lines and was sent there to wait. Jackson's army passed over it, and I came on to Richmond and delivered my messages." Holbin was astounded.

"Who do you know here?" She shook her head. "Not a human being beside yourself. I placed my papers in a certain receptacle to which I had been directed. If there is an answer I shall find it in the same place at an appointed time." Holbin walked the floor in great excitement.

"I know both the place and the time," he said; "I took your messages; but there never would have been any answer except for this meeting. I alone can supply the information which is desired, and I shall not let it go through the usual channel. It is the chance of my life. I have facts that no other human being could have accumulated, facts of vital importance. My God, Louise! A million dollars is a small price."

"Give them to me," she said; "I will deliver them upon one condition." "One condition? Name it." "The price shall be paid to me." Holbin stood in deep thought.

"No," he said, as if dismissing some mental argument, "it is too dangerous a mission for any woman. Capture would mean for you certain death."

"My child!" she said, simply; and then: "I shall find a way to get through."

"Then make the trip safely, and I swear to you I will surrender the child and come to you, too."

"Oh, Raymond, promises, promises! It would be inhuman to deceive me now."

"You will control the future if you deliver my information and collect the price." She knew him well enough to understand that this logic with him was conclusive.

"Then I go," she said, "but how?" "I shall prepare a way," said Holbin. But when he was gone Louise, free from the influence of his personality, began to feel all her suspicion and distrust returning. She reviewed calmly but bitterly his life with her; it had been a succession of deceptions and utterly selfish. She asked herself over and over what recourse would she have if he should slip away and leave her in Richmond, and gradually, as she considered his manner, she became convinced that he intended nothing more or less so far as she was concerned. The spirit which had sustained her during the past year returned, and she felt herself full of fight. Experience had given her better control of her nerves; her life, when away from Holbin, carried a more masculine note; most women who go to school in Washington acquire it. She had come to Richmond with the full intention of seeing Mrs. Brookline, forcing a settlement of her claims upon Raymond, and securing her child. Of success as to the latter she felt assured; the other was doubtful. In the hour after her last interview with Raymond it came to her as an inspiration that she now had a weapon in her hand that would beat down any guard, pierce any armor; for he had admitted his connection with the enemy and had a gigantic enterprise afoot. She had but to insist upon a settlement in advance and to threaten; but the pressure upon Raymond should come from his mother. She therefore determined to carry out her original intention, call on that lady, and have a plain talk. Her surprise was complete when at the moment that decision was reached the card of Mrs. Brookline was brought to her room—complete, because not only was the visit of this lady a most astonishing thing, but upon that card was a sign for which she was instructed to look in every instance—two periods following the name. The meaning of the two periods was that the visitor had a message to be sent by word of mouth only and that she might be trusted.

By what means the visitor knew of her Louise was not informed; but she had been given a name and directed to register under it, and she readily guessed. She at once said, after the formal greetings were over:

"I perceive, madam, that your mourning has reached the second period." The visitor moved her chair close and made a statement, carefully worded, of considerable length, and this Louise was required to repeat over and over until its main points were fixed in mind. It related to a cabinet meeting of the day before. Mrs.

Brookline then offered a few comments upon the weather and the unfortunate war and would have arisen, but Louise detained her. She said, bending over her:

"You have a son in the war department who is in great danger, and his indiscretion has endangered you and our whole system—"

"Lower!—speak lower, for God's sake!" "He has grossly deceived and wronged a woman named Louise, and has been rash enough to let her into his and your secrets."

"Mrs. Brookline was almost unable to articulate; the other handed her a glass of water.

"Where is she—this Louise?" she asked then. "Madam, she stands before you." Louise had then and there a part of her revenge; the elder woman, in spite of all her experience, gave way to a sudden panic. But only a few moments she was absolutely helpless. Habit and the calm face before her restored her presence of mind.

[To Be Continued.]

IN LOVE, BUT WAS THRIFTY.

The Careful Young Man Objected to Paying the Second Time for the Banna.

The late Prof. Shuttleworth, of London, was particularly fond of telling how, when he once acted as locum tenens in Devonshire, he had to proclaim the banns of marriage of a young yokel and a village maid. A fortnight later the young swain called at the professor's lodgings, relates the London Telegraph.

"You put up the banns for me," he said. "Yes, I remember," replied Mr. Shuttleworth.

"Well," inquired the yokel, "has it got to go on?" "What do you mean?" asked the professor. "Are you tired of the girls?" "No," was the unexpected answer, "but I like her sister better."

"Oh, if the original girl doesn't mind, you can marry her sister." "But should I have to be 'called' again?"

"Certainly, that's necessary," answered Mr. Shuttleworth. "But should I have to pay again?" "Yes, it would cost you three and sixpence."

"Oh, would it?" rejoined the yokel, after reflection. "Then I'll let it remain as it is," and he did.

Too Smart an Uncle.

To measure all things by the little yardstick of our own experience is a most unsympathetic and sometimes unkind method. Forward tells of a small boy who pronounced judgment upon this peculiarity of his elders.

"I caught him all myself, mother, I did!" he cried. "A big fellow, so long!"

The eager little hands measured an uncertain length, that might have belonged to anything from a minnow to a good-sized trout, and then the boy trotted away to recount his exploit to a neighbor. He came back very quietly.

"What did Uncle Gray say?" the mother asked. "Oh, he said he'd caught lots bigger'n that. I guess everything was bigger when he was a boy, but I wish he didn't always 'member it. When I show him my long lessons he says he used to have longer ones, and when I do lots of work he tells me how he did more when he was like me. I wish," said Davy, reflectively, "he'd left a few big things for me to have all to myself, 'cause, you see, I didn't live when he was a boy!"

The Straight Ticket.

The professor's eyes twinkled above his evening paper. "My dear," he said to his wife, "I fear that habit is stronger than principle with you suffragists."

"What do you mean?" demanded Mrs. Professor. "Why, here is an item from a western paper which asserts that after a recent local election in Colorado, where, as you know, equal suffrage rights prevail, the tellers found a dozen or more cookery recipes in a ballot box."

"They were voted by mistake, I'm sure!" returned Mrs. Professor, stoutly. "They ought to count just the same. Tuesday is an awfully busy day, anyway. And I am just as sure as I care to be that when men first began to go to the polls they made mistakes in the ticket, too!"

The professor's eyes twinkled behind his paper, but he replied, with the perfect gravity of one who has been thrice refined in domestic fires: "Without doubt, my dear.—Youth's Companion."

Aiding and Abetting.

A cheap-jack Leeds butcher brought his cart to a standstill in Lady Lane. An old woman looked with longing eyes at the pile of bones and gristle which the butcher loftily referred to as "joints" and "steaks," but was evidently very poor indeed, for she hesitated to pay threepence for a scaleful of "selected bits."

"Ere, have 'em at tuppence," growled the butcher. "It's too much," said the woman. "Ave 'em at a penny."

Still the woman hesitated. There was a look of pity, mixed with disgust, on his face as he murmured pathetically: "Still too much? 'Ere, 'ang it, I'll turn my back while you sneak 'em!"—London Answers.

Hard on Papa.

Fond Mother—Beautiful silk dresses, Johnny, come from a poor, insignificant worm. Johnny—Yes, I know, mamma Papa is the worm, ain't he?—Moonshine.



UNIQUE PHILANTHROPY.

Mrs. Smith, Wife of California's "Borax King," Expects to Adopt a Hundred Girls.

The responsibility of rearing 100 daughters and starting them all properly in life is one that would cause most mothers to shudder. Yet that is what Mrs. F. M. Smith, of Oakland, Cal., is going to take upon herself. She is going to adopt 100 poor girls and rear them as tenderly as the fondest mother would her best loved child.

Mrs. Smith is the wife of the man who is known throughout the country as the "borax king." He controls the entire borax trade of America and is rated in California as a multi-millionaire. It is the money made from borax that will permit Mrs. Smith to care for 100 girls, some of them hardly more than toddling babies, from now up to the time when they are young women and go away to firesides of their own or to the life work which they shall select. But if any of them should not marry or would not show any inclination to take up a profession, why, then they will do just as any daughter of an ordinary family would do—simply stay at home and live her own life in her own way.

Mrs. Smith is not going to adopt her hundred girls for any certain period of years, to be sent away at the end of that time, regardless of whether they want to go or are prepared to go or not.

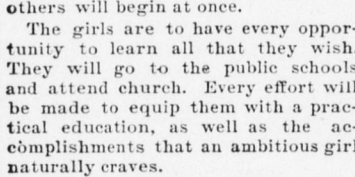
The home which Mrs. Smith will provide for these homeless girls is to be a home in fact, and the girls are to be taught to regard it as such.

Mrs. Smith's hundred daughters will live in ten houses, ten girls to each house, on a 35-acre tract of land, near Arbor villa, Mrs. Smith's home in Oakland. The first of the ten houses is already being built, and work on the others will begin at once.

The girls are to have every opportunity to learn all that they wish. They will go to the public schools and attend church. Every effort will be made to equip them with a practical education, as well as the accomplishments that an ambitious girl naturally craves.

Each girl will be permitted to follow her own particular bent. Those who wish to attend the university after completing the work of the graded schools can do so, and those who wish to become milliners, dress-makers, or follow any other trade or profession will be given every facility for doing so.

But think of becoming foster-mother to more than eight dozen girls. Think of the cares of teaching eight



SOME OF MRS. SMITH'S WARDS.

dozen daughters to sew and to cook and to be nice, sweet little girls and keep their little noses clean. Think of the ice cream they will eat, and the shoes and the dresses they will wear.

Think of two dozen daughters with the toothache and a dozen more with colds in the head. Think of the time when they are sweet sixteen and become acquainted with the boys from the university. Think of the moonlight nights and the ten porches of ten cottages on which are sitting eight dozen daughters with twelve dozen calow-headed young men, who part their hair in the middle and thrum guitars and sing the "Spanish Cavalier."

This is where the borax king will find that he is a foster-father, and if it devolves on him to send all those calow youths home at ten o'clock he will find life extremely strenuous.

But Mrs. Smith, says the Chicago Tribune, has no thought of the many cares and worries that her foster-daughters may cause her. She believes that she is putting her money to the best use possible and there are few who will quarrel with her on this point.

The Hair in Hot Weather.

Oil the head at night three times weekly. On the following day wash with soap and water, rinse and expose to the sun's heat for as many hours as possible. Let the sun fall on the scalp. It is not necessary to expose the entire scalp at one time. One part may be shielded while another is having its sun bath. Few people are aware that by a skillful use of the comb severe straightness can be remedied. It is difficult to convey in words a correct idea of the necessary motion of the hand. It resembles that employed in whisking an egg into a frothy state. The comb is moved rapidly and very lightly, with the result that the hair assumes a fluffy condition. But this is merely temporary.

BREAKFAST IN NAPLES.

Vendors of Hot Chestnuts, Boiled Corn and Coffee Ready the Housewife's Life Easy.

A paper by Mary Scott-Uda, with drawings from photographs by Henry Hutt, brings clearly before the reader of the Century certain phases of Italian life.

In the "short and simple annals of the poor" in Naples there is no getting up and lighting the fire to cook the family breakfast. The wayfarer arriving on an early train, or the reveler returning from some gay ball at dawn, sees the first movement of the immense wheel of human appetite, in the shape of a dismal-looking creature muffled in a ragged overcoat and shuffling sluggishly from door to door of the opening bassi, or ground floor shops and tenements. He carries a long-handled iron pan half filled with smoldering charcoal, whereupon simmers a quaint copper pot full of a mixture that purports to be coffee. This compound, which he duly administers to his clientele, is the sober Neapolitan "eye-opener." Well-sweetened and well warmed, it costs only one cent, and is the beverage of the early risers; of backmen returning from the night's chill station, of workmen making their last rounds, of workmen shaking off the lethargy of insufficient sleep, of women half poisoned by the night's rest in houses devoid of ventilation.



SELLER OF HOT FIELD CORN.

Very soon the air becomes vocal with the characteristic calls of the breakfast vendors. "Hot, hot, and big as apples!" shout the sellers of peeled chestnuts. These are boiled in huge cauldrons in a reddish broth of their own making, which is further seasoned with laurel leaves and caraway seed. A cent's worth of the steaming kernels, each of which is as big as a large English walnut, is a nourishing diet that warms the fingers and comforts the stomach of troops of children on their way to school, or rather to cooperative creches, or nurseries, where one poor woman, for a cent a day each, takes care of the babies of a score of others who must leave them behind to earn the day's living.

Meantime dignified cows pass by "with measured tread and slow," shaking their heavy bells and followed by their beguiled offspring, whose business it is to make them "give down" their milk at the opportune moment, and to let the milkman take it. Nothing can be funnier than this struggle between the legitimate owner, the calf, and the wily subtractor of the lacteal treasure. Although tied to his mother's horns by a rope long enough to reach and even lick her bag, but not to get any satisfaction out of it, his bovine wit is often sharp enough to give the slip to the noose and elude the vigilance of the keeper, occupied, perhaps, for the moment, in quarreling with some saucy maid servant over the quantity of milk to be paid for. The scene which ensues is worthy of the cinematograph. As a sequel, calf's tail is nearly pulled off, but he has spoiled the oppressor's game for one day, anyhow.

Striking Color Combination. This season sees one of the strangest color combinations and odd mingling of fabrics that Dame Fashion has ever given a suffering feminine world. Thus, red and pink are frequently employed together. Heather or heliotrope are considered to harmonize well with Nile, willow or lime green. The palest possible blue contrasts with peach blossoms, while two or even three different shades of gray or brown are often mingled in the same costume, not as regards the trimming, but the material of the dress itself. Another rather peculiar "melange" is very pale blue and bright scarlet or crimson.—Chicago American.

Veils Are Going Out.

Lace veils have no longer the vogue which a few seasons ago gave them. It is noticeable that the wearing of veils is not what it once was. This is due partly to the constant teaching of fashionable hygienic experts, who claim that the soft film drawn over the face tends to clog the pores, interfere with circulation and eventually dim the clearness of the complexion.

Four Matrimonial Failures. Marriage has proved a sad failure to George W. Anderson, who, after marrying 17 wives and deserting them all, now finds himself, at the age of 68, in West Virginia poorhouse. His last bride he won and married after a courtship of two days. She was a rather giddy maiden of 74.