

REST AND WORK.

Where is rest? In what isles of the summer-glad seas? In what gardens of balm? 'Neath what sleep-drooping trees? By what still-flowing waters, what illy-fringed streams? In what meadows of silence, what valleys of dreams? 'Neath what thunderless skies, by what hill-sides of sleep? On what moon-lighted mountain, or star-lighted deep? Yes, where on the earth's or the ocean's wide breast Is the home of release and the harbor of rest? Why, here in the corn field—and take up your hoe! Right here in this mill—make its wheels onward go! Right here with your engine—up steam and away! Right here with your sewing machine every day— Where there's work, there is rest, and it's nowhere beside. Though you travel all lands and you sail every tide. Where is rest? Go to work, and your spirit renew. For no man can rest who has nothing to do.—Sam Walter Foss, in Christian Endeavor World.



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CHAPTER VX.—CONTINUED.

"God has arranged it for us," he said, a glad note in his voice. "I have found you without seeking; I have looked into your face without knowing—why—what is it?" The girl had drawn beyond the reach of the arms stretched out towards her and was sadly shaking her head. "What does it mean?" she said, in fear, her voice trembling. "Why are you here in that uniform?" "Upon a mission requiring the utmost secrecy, Frances; discovery would cost me my life! I shall explain—" "A spy! You a spy! Ah, I can believe all the other things now—they told me only the truth!" She began to wring her hands; but, suddenly drawing up her slender figure, she said: "Capt. Somers, leave these premises at once—and Richmond, or—yes, even I—will give you up to the law." He saw her mistake, but he was as proud. "You condemn me without a hearing." "Your uniform, your presence in this city condemn you!" "No Somers was ever a spy. I have risked my life to help a dying woman," he said, quietly. "I came here to see a man named Raymond Holbin." "Raymond! What of him?" "You know him, then?" "Yes! Yes! He is here—in this house!" "Take him my message, and we part for all time, Frances; tell him that Louise is dying—tell him to come here to me—" "Louise! Oh, sir—wait! Will you not tell me who is Louise?" "A lovely woman whose life has been a failure. It was she who fired the shot that night—not at me who once loved her, but at Holbin, as she thought, the man who had brought her nothing but sorrow." Amazed and dumb, Frances was regarding him with questioning eyes. "And the child?" she began, weakly. "Ah, there is the most pitiable part of it. Holbin has never married Louise. The girl covered her face an instant. "Forgive me," she said. "I wronged you—my friend." "You do not say my husband. So let it be."

"I cannot," she answered, in great distress, "when I think of my poor boys dying and dead all around me!—some day when it is all over, perhaps;—but not now, not now! But oh, sir," she exclaimed, looking in terror about her, "come inside, come in; the danger is frightful." Somers drew himself up and saluted. "Kindly deliver my message. I shall wait here." "You must not—your shall not! Quick, sir, into my room." "It is the room of a young girl," he said; "if I am discovered there the life that I lose is nothing compared to her loss!" A struggle was going on in her heart. Her face was white, and a wan smile dwelt upon it. "It is your wife's room," she said, "and you will be safe there." He took the hand, touched his lips to it, and suffered her to lead him in. Above their heads, a woman, hearing every word, leaned over a moment. The upward glare of the swinging lamp lit up her face, savage in its vindictive joy. As Richard Somers entered the room the woman overhead closed the blinds gently. The floor she traversed gave no warning to those below.

CHAPTER XVI.

The woman who leaned from the upper window of the wing of the Brooklin residence that June night in 1862 was the ever-cautious mother scanning the outward route chosen for her son, who at that moment was in his room concluding his arrangements for a perilous enterprise. The time had arrived when Raymond Holbin was to risk his future upon one bold stroke. If he failed, he was no worse off than at the moment, unless, indeed, he should be captured. With the Brooklin fortune dissipated by war, Richmond presented but few attractions for him. If he succeeded in all that his busy mind had planned, life held for him Frances, revenge and wealth. The cause for hesitancy lay in the possibility of detention and discovery; for although the papers which he so highly valued were, as he supposed, unintelligible to any mind other than his own, he was a confederate officer, and desertion meant death. He

had secured three weeks' leave to go south upon urgent business, but this did not alter his liability. What passed through the mind of this man as he sat in his room that night may be imagined. It may be assumed that he thought of Louise, who with bogus dispatches in her saddle pockets and false-ly informed had gone to her death upon that distant road. Holbin had actually ridden nearly to the point with her; had ridden until warned. He had waited when she left him until the fatal volley was fired, and then, terrified, fled home and took refuge in his room. His mother, cool and unflinching, had sought him there, a mute question upon her pale face, and he had roughly, fiercely ordered her away. For, let justice be done him, he had this time in his weakness executed the dictates of a stronger will than his own. He had not intended to be fair with Louise; he had intended to desert her again, and leave her to find her way out of Richmond as best she might, and he did not then intend to return; but the murder was not a part of his plan. He was unmoved and unfit for the enterprise which now meant so much for him. Arrayed in the worn uniform of a federal prisoner, his papers and pass safe within his breast-pocket, his horse concealed in the garden, Raymond had been on the point of venturing forth when a sergeant reached the house with an official communication requiring an answer. The soldier stood at the front door, and with prompt decision the woman who left the rear window hurried to that point. "Quick!" she said; "run around to the side gate and come to the wing-room. A Yankee spy is there. Kill him if he attempts to escape. A thousand dollars if you kill or capture him." The soldier ran, cocking his gun as he entered the side gate. The mother went at once to her son's room. She met William, who was bringing an answer to the soldier's letter.

"Yes'm, he's in es room," he said. The light in her son's room shone through the transom. There was no time to explain to Raymond. Knowing his violent and excitable nature, and remembering his disguise, which he might forget if there was an alarm below, she noiselessly turned the key in his door and glided on to her room. But Raymond had left his room immediately after handing William the note, and was already approaching Frances' room below. As he passed the hall entrance, the door leading from the apartment into the garden opened and husband and wife entered. With a cry of amazement he rushed into the room, drawing his sword as he entered.

"Who are you, sir?—why are you in this room?" he asked, angrily. Somers drew his sword instantly and confronted him. Holbin had paused and was staring wildly. "Richard Somers!" "Yes!" Somers gently put aside the slender form which instantly interposed between him and the man he had sought. His eyes scanned the familiar uniform of his old enemy in doubt. "Speak out, sir!" "Spare your voice, Raymond Holbin. I came with a message for you. Louise is dying in my camp; I was unable to resist her prayer. She implores you to go to her to right her wrongs, for her child's sake. Go, if you are a man, and can; let this marriage take place; do something for the miserable woman whom you have so deceived."

"She was not killed, then!" "She is dying!" said Somers, shocked and sickened at the matter-of-fact question. "Did you suppose that she was dead?" "Yes. She insisted upon trying to run the gantlet." A light dawned upon Somers. A cry of horror escaped him, and all the old enmity for the man came rushing over him again. "You encouraged her! You knew she was going to her death! You sent her under a false promise—her statement! Frances, Frances, out of this room! God has sent me to avenge Louise. Madman, murderer, we settle many debts to-day." Blind, almost, with his rage, Somers rushed upon his enemy. Their swords clashed as, facing each other, the two men circled about the room. Then Holbin's sword went down. With incredible quickness he avoided the thrust which was almost a part of the disarming blow, rushed to the casement window, leaped into it, and burst open the blinds. His hand thrust in his bosom quickly reached backward; a pistol flashed. At this instant the sergeant rushed into the room, saw the blue uniform escaping through the window, and the extended pistol. He leveled his gun and fired. The man in the window reeled back and plunged headlong into the room. "It couldn't be helped, captain," said the soldier, lowering his weapon. "Once outside he would have given us a long chase. Did he hit you?" Well might he ask the question. Capt. Somers was deathly pale as he looked upon the body of his foe.



BLIND, ALMOST, WITH RAGE, SOMERS RUSHED UPON HIS ENEMY.

"No," he said, utterly at a loss to understand the situation. Frances, in the moment of the tragedy, reeled against the wall, sick and faint, but the

instinct of a woman whose loved one is in danger instantly rallied her to her senses. She was the first to realize the full significance of the soldier's action. "You have saved our lives," she said, weakly; "any reward you may claim is yours. The man was evidently a spy." Her hospital experience and familiarity with tragedies had served her well. But the strain was fearful, and she covered her eyes again.

Brief as was the respite for Somers, it was sufficient. Passing his arm around her, he urged her out of the room.

"Three minutes—keep everybody out for three minutes, and I am safe," he whispered. "White as a ghost, but brave, she took her stand at the foot of the stair and waited.

Somers returned and bent above the figure of his enemy, his mind at work. The reference by Louise to the dispatches, the blue uniform, the horse tied in the yard, the hour, and the character of the man aroused a multitude of suspicions. From the pocket he drew a sealed packet and a folded paper, the latter a pass through the lines. There was no time for an examination of the package; the soldier, leaning upon his gun, was waiting. Promotion for Somers was in sight; but he had entered the room with an avowal that he could not disregard.

"Sergeant," he said, "take this to the war department; it will bring you promotion, I think. The honor is yours." "But, captain, it was you who really did the work. Were you after him?" "Yes," said Somers, slowly. "I was looking for the man and had reason to suppose that he was on these premises. I came in to find him. He evidently entered this room in—desperation! Go at once, sergeant, and send an ambulance. What family lives here?" He asked the question in support of his character as a stranger.

"Capt. Holbin's, sir! He is upstairs." Full of the importance of his secret, the soldier hurried away. Somers passed through the hall and out through the other door into the garden, lifting his hand towards Frances. Steps were approaching the stairway; she passed quickly to the outside and found him waiting. "They will find him in the uniform of his country's enemy," he said, "and the papers from his pockets will prove him a spy. I am unknown. The soldier will say that a confederate officer pursued the guilty man until he took refuge here, and disappeared." The girl stood mute and silent before him. "Farewell, Frances," he said. "Farewell, sir." He looked at her a moment in doubt, and in silence left her. When he glanced back over his shoulder he saw her white form still motionless under the tree. A horse near him whickered inquiringly; he untied him and rode out. As he approached the gate a shriek reached him from the wing-room, and turning he spurred back again. Frances was re-entering the room.

"Wait!" he cried in agony—"Wait!" He threw himself from his horse and was instantly at her side. "Frances, Frances, is it thus we part? Think what it means! Will you not give me one word?" She turned slowly and wearily upon the step.

"There is nothing to say but 'farewell.' If I were a mother, and my son came to me as an enemy of Virginia, I should say the same to him." "You do not love me, then," he said, bitterly; "love forgets, forgives everything!" She lifted her face, white with an unspeakable suffering.

"Father in Heaven, Thou knowest my heart! Thou knowest how I have atoned to my own people for him; how for him I have ministered to my enemies—Thou knowest, Thou knowest! And now," she said, sobbingly, "my heart breaks—I am weak! Will you not go? A mother is in this room with her dead!"

"To-morrow begins a bloody struggle; and I would wish to carry with me into eternity, if I perish, one kiss from the woman I love—my wife! Will you refuse me that?" She covered her face with her hands; then suddenly she threw her arms about him, her lips to his. He held her a moment, white and silent. Pushing him from her, she turned to enter the house, but sank upon her knees, leaning her head against the door. Bending over, he laid his lips in one long kiss upon her curls, and in silence left her.

CHAPTER XVII.

Richard Somers did not need his pass that morning, nor have to explain why he, if a paroled prisoner, was wearing the uniform of a confederate officer. That uniform was his salvation in his wild ride upon the crowded road, for aides and couriers were rushing to and fro and no one questioned him. Day was breaking as he neared the front, and the tumult of a great battle surrounded him. He passed cavalry, moving infantry and artillery, and was soon swallowed up in the confusion. He had no knowledge of the topography of the country; there was no chance to use a pass in that mass of confused men—he could only move forward with the host. An officer, reining up violently by his side, gave him an order to carry to a struggling line that, half enveloped in its own smoke, reeled back in front of a wooded slope on which some guns were being handled desperately, and on that slight eminence as he approached in a mad gallop he saw at intervals the familiar stars and stripes. He passed the confederate line, at that moment badly broken, its officers riding as madly as he up and down it in an endeavor to rally it, and seeing here his only chance of escape, took it. Burying his heels in the flanks of the terrified animal he bestrode, he headed straight for the battery. He swung back in the saddle as though endeavoring to stop a runaway horse. A little thickset screened him for one instant, and emerging beyond that

he lifted his handkerchief in the air, waved it and with the speed of the wind swept on into the lines of blue. Strong hands seized the bridle; and then a cheer went up from the battery. Col. Somers was with his own again.

Somewhere in the records of the government is told how one battery, the focus of artillery and infantry, held back for hours the tide of battle that day; somewhere are preserved the names of those who fell, and of the few who, at last, with despairing strength dragged back the guns that had not been dismounted, and saved them from capture; but no official record preserves the picture of a wrecked and half-demolished cottage by the roadside, the body of a frail child dead in the arms of a dead woman visible through the shattered timbers. The picture lives to-day only in the memory of a soldier, who, standing before it a moment under the bursting shells of that June morning, covered his eyes and murmured a prayer.

To this same place in the after years came one day in June a man and woman who tenderly laid flowers upon a grave beneath the one cedar which had escaped the battle's wrath. A slender shaft of marble stood above the grave, and upon it was carved the name of the dead woman who slept beneath. By the grave a rose-vine was growing. Its upward branches clung to the tree and let fall long streamers of white blossoms, peace banners, in the breeze.

"I planted it here when I gave the place to the boy who brought you through the lines to me that night, Dick. It is a Lamarque, too. I wanted her to share the white rose with me—to sleep peacefully under it always. For somehow, Dick, I have always felt that once you loved her, and that you loved me at first because she had taught you how to love." She lifted her blue-gray eyes and rested them upon the many face of her companion; a tender light was gleaming in their misty depths. "And I am glad, my husband, that her brief life was blessed even for a little while with the worship of a brave gentleman's heart." He drew her towards him, and her face grew radiant against his breast.

"God bless them both, mother and child!" he said, gently; "and God bless you, Frances, my wife!"

THE END.

A PROFLIGATE KING.

Milan of Serbia Was a Bad Man, a Bad Father and an Abominable Husband.

Few even of the wisest precepts bear universal application, and that de mortuis would be some of the defunct from any sort of recognition. The best we can say of King Milan of Serbia is that the rascal possessed a persuasive tongue, says the London Saturday Review. One day when a mob was howling for his blood outside the Konak at Belgrade, he came out upon the balcony amid a pandemonium of groans, but before the lapse of many minutes all were listening to his language with rapt attention, and soon his peroration was the signal for wild applause. He was a bad king, a bad man, a bad father, and an abominable husband, and we can only plead for him that an evil nature and a shameful education were accentuated by the blackest misfortune. To the innermost recesses of his soul—if indeed such a being could claim a soul—he was a gambler, and he staked his throne, his reputation, and the regard of his friends as lightly as the hard-earned dinars extorted from a long-suffering peasantry. The demon of ill-fortune pursued him everywhere, as it has the habit of pursuing unskillful players. Yet never surely did any man receive greater indulgence or deserve it less. Defeated by the Turks, he was rewarded by his people with kingship and by Europe with a province; exhibiting gross cowardice at Svinitsa, he retained the devotion and confidence of his army; outraging his saintly queen with physical cruelties and open insults, he found her ever ready to forgive; bought off again and again by an impoverished exchequer, he could always count upon the charity of the subjects he had betrayed.

Smart Lunatic.

Although this anecdote from Short Stories is so good as to suggest the hard writing which makes easy reading, we all know that for unexpected and splendid intervals of lucidity the unbalanced mind cannot be surpassed. Horace Mann, the famous educator, was sitting one evening in his study when an insane man rushed into the room and challenged him to fight. "My dear fellow," replied Mr. Mann, "it would give me great pleasure to accommodate you, but I can't do it, the odds are so unfair. I am a man by name and a man by nature, two against one! It would never do to fight." "Oh, come ahead!" the insane man answered. "I am a man and a man beside myself. Let us four have a fight."

Called to French.

The old negro working in the cotton field one hot day in July. Suddenly he stopped and looking toward the sky, he exclaimed: "O Lawd, de cotton am so grassy, de wuk am so hard, an' de sun am so hot, dat I b'lieve dis darkey am called to preach!"—Booker T. Washington, in Outlook.

The Usual Result.

Drummer—What was the effect of the big temperance agitation here last week? Landlord (of Pettyville tavern)—Aw, several persons who had never drank in their lives were persuaded to swear off.—Judge.

CARDINALS AT ROME.

Have Singular Privileges and Rules for Their Conduct.

Always Dress in Red and Etiquette Does Not Allow Them to Walk—The Sacred College and How It Is Constituted.

While in Rome etiquette does not allow a cardinal to walk. He must have a carriage and pair. When he goes out beyond the city walls an attendant follows him. Going to a public ceremony at the Vatican he is entitled to a gala train of three carriages, and if a prince to four.

In the pope's chapel the cardinals kneel at the benches on which they sit. They wear at ceremonial functions a cassock with a train of cloth in winter and of moire in summer. Jollars, shoes and stockings are red. The girdle is of red moire with gold tassels, the rochet of lace and the mozetta the same as the cassock. In Rome the rochet is covered with a red mantelletta; outside the city it is uncovered. The hat is red felt with gold tassels.

The cardinals di curia, or those residing in Rome, are entitled to a yearly income, or piatto cardinalizio of 32,000 lire—about \$6,400—which is paid out of the pope's pence. The cardinal dwelling ordinarily has these special apartments: At the entrance is an antechamber for the domestics. Above a credence are the arms of the cardinal under a canopy. On the wall are suspended his two kneeling cushions, one of red and the other of violet silk, and his two umbrellas of the same colors. These last are for covering him when he is making a solemn entry into a church or following the viaticum bareheaded. The second room is for the cardinal's secretary. The third is called the antechamber of the baretta, because the red baretta is placed there on a console before a crucifix. Then comes the throneroom.

When a cardinal asserts that the pope has said this or that, or has given such an order, he must be believed on his word without being obliged to



CARDINAL VANUTELLI. (The Most Popular Member of the "Sacred College.")

prove it. This is called the oruculum vivae vocis. Cardinals should be 30 years of age. Mgr. Martinelli will be one of the youngest members of the college. He is now 53. Cardinal Skebensky, archbishop of Prague, is the youngest, being only 38. Cardinal Yves y Turo comes next. He is 47. Then Mgr. Martinelli fits in, says the Baltimore Sun.

When the sacred college is complete there are 70 cardinals, namely six bishops, 50 priests and 14 deacons. Cardinals of a lower order have, with the consent of the pope, the right of option to pass to a higher order. The deacons can choose the vacant places of the cardinal priests if they have been deacons for ten years, and have been ordained to the priesthood. The senior cardinal priest present in Rome when one of the six bishoprics falls vacant has the option to succeed to it, with the exception of the sees of Ostia and of Porto, which are reserved for the dean and the subdean of the sacred college. The dean is the senior cardinal, dating from his promotion to one of the sees.

There are now 67 cardinals—40 Italians and 27 of other nationalities. It is said that Pope Leo XIII. desires always to have the membership near the plenum, or limit, and that he said just before making out the recent list of 12 new cardinals:

"Better that there should be as many as possible to choose from in the next conclave." Pope Pius IX., having had the longest reign, created the most cardinals, 179; Pope Leo XIII. has buried 136 cardinals since he began his pontificate.

Besides Cardinal Martinelli seven other cardinals have had to do with the church of North America. They are Cardinal Cheverus, the first bishop of Boston; Cardinal McCloskey, archbishop of New York; Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore; Cardinal Tascheran, of Quebec; Cardinal Perisco, bishop of Savannah; Cardinal Mazzella, the Jesuit theologian and professor at the college at Woodstock, Md., and Cardinal Satolli, former delegate to the United States. Of these cardinals Cheverus, Perisco and Mazzella had left this country before they were created cardinals.

Rebuke to Stingy Employers. Judge Danforth, of Maine, believes that a fair salary tends to keep a man honest. Lately, in speaking of a convicted bank cashier, he said: "I wish that the law permitted me to send with the accused every one of the bank directors who, through a long term of years, expected you to do your work, live respectably, bring up a large family and be honest—all on a salary of \$600 a year."

FUNSTON TO RESIGN.

Man Who Captured Aguinaldo Will Quit the Army for Profitable Commercial Work.

Army officers returning from the Philippines report that Gen. Fred Funston expects to tender his resignation as brigadier general in the regular establishment and engage in private business. He is quoted as having said as soon as all active military operations in the islands cease he will give up his place in the army and will represent a large commercial concern which has made him a handsome offer for his services. His resignation is expected to be forthcoming before October. The report that the Kansan would resign was



BRIG. GEN. FRED FUNSTON. (Will Leave the Army Soon to Engage in Commercial Work.)

thoroughly discussed by officers at the war department, and while no one seemed to have any direct information concerning his intentions the statement that he would leave the army was generally accepted as true. People in Washington who know Funston say that he is not by nature adapted to the routine of a military part in times of peace and that his spirit of daring and enterprise will lead him into other fields.

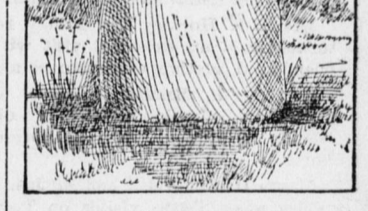
Officers who have returned within the past few days said he did not expect the promotion that resulted from his capture of Aguinaldo and that when he was shown the cablegram from the war department announcing his appointment as a brigadier general he expressed astonishment that his exploit should have led the president to accord him such recognition. At that time, it is said, he was making arrangements to get out of the army, his intention then being to accept a proposition of a large business concern to represent it in the Philippines. The promotion for the time being, of course, diverted his attention from such plans. The offer is said to have been renewed since, and as it would bring him a much larger salary than that of brigadier it is understood he has almost decided to accept it.

BRAVE CAVALRY HORSE.

Its Memory Has Just Been Perpetuated by the Erection of a Monument in Ohio.

Survivors of the Twelfth Ohio cavalry have unveiled a monument erected over the grave of "Frank," a veteran war horse connected with that regiment during the rebellion.

Frank was a thoroughbred Kentucky colt, five years old when he entered the service 36 years ago. Fleet of foot, strong of limb, and with the splendid endurance of the true thorough-



IN HONOR OF FRANK. (Monument Erected in Memory of Famous Ohio War Horse.)

bred, he soon earned for his rider, Abe Conger, of company A, the distinction of being frequently detailed for special service. Several extraordinary marches of over 80 miles a day are placed to his credit, but the event which most endeared him to the hearts of the troop was his being a participant in the capture of Jefferson Davis.

During the term of his service he acquired a wonderful veneration for his country's flag and many are the pathetic stories told in this connection. It is the special pride of Capt. Harter to relate that one day when a flag was being raised at a schoolhouse near the field in which Frank was grazing he jumped the fence as soon as he saw it and stood beneath its waving folds until it was removed at night.

The monument, which is on Capt. Harter's farm at Upper Sandusky, is a single bowlder, extremely hard and red and gray in color, with sharply cut facets which sparkle and glisten in the sunlight as it beams upon the spot which will long be venerated in honor of one of man's best friends and an influential factor in the making of history.

Uncle Sam's Penny Coinage. Last year the United States coined 96,546,243 cents, which sounds big, but it is less than a penny apiece.