

SYNOPSIS.

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## CHAPTER XXXV .-- Continued.

"Damn it, Moorehouse," he roared, fairly beside himself, "the charge was too heavy; it overshot."

"Are you much hurt?" panted Caton. "Merely pricked the skin."

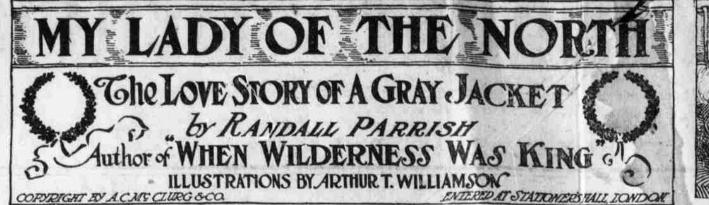
Then Brennan's angry voice rang out once more.

"I demand another shot," he insisted loudly. "I demand it, I tell you, Moorehouse. This settles nothing, and I will not be balked just because you don't know enough to load a gun.'

Caton wheeled upon him, his blue eyes blazing dangerously.

"You demand a second shot?" he cried indignantly. "Are you not aware, sir, that Captain Wayne fired in the air? It would be murder."

"Fired in the air!" he laughed, as if it was a most excellent joke. "Of course he did, but it was because my The code has been recognized for cenball disconcerted his aim. I fired a turies as the last resort of gentlesecond the first, but his derringer was men."



my presence.

"Very slightly, madam." "His opponent escaped uninjured?" Caton bowed, glanced uneasily toward me, and then blurted forth impulsively: "Captain Wayne fired in the air, madam."

"A most delightful situation, surely," she said clearly and sarcastically. "One would almost suppose we had wholly reverted to barbarism, and that our boasted civilization was but mockery. Think of it," and the proud disdain in her face held us silent, "not six hours ago that house yonder was the scene of a desperate battle. Within its blood-stained rooms men fought and died, cheering in their agony like heroes of romance. I saw there two men battling shoulder to shoulder against a host of infuriated ruffians, seeking to protect helpless women. They wore different uniforms, they followed different flags, by the fortune of war they were enemies, yet they could fight and die in defense of the weak. I thanked God upon my knees that I had been privileged to know such men and could call them friends. No nobler, truer, manifer deed at arms was ever done! Yet, mark you, no sooner is that duty over-scarcely are their dead comrades burled-when they forget every natural instinct of of gratitude, of true manliness, and spring at each other's throat like two maddened beasts. I care not what the case may be-the act is shameful, and an insult to every woman of this household. Even as I came upon the field voices were clamoring for another shot, in spite of the fact that one man stood already wounded. War may be excusable, but this is not war.

Gentlemen, you have fired your last shot on this field, unless you choose to make me your target." She stood there as a queen might, and commanded an obedience no man

among us durst refuse. Brennan's flushed face paled, and his lips trembled as he sought to make excuse.

"Edith," he protested, "you do not know, you do not understand. There are wrongs which can be righted in no other way."

"I do not care to know," she answered coldly, "nor do I ever expect to learn that murder can right a wrong."

"Murder! You use strong terms.

"The code! Has it, indeed? What

gentlemen? Those of the south ex-

clusively of late. That might possi-

bly pardon your opponent, but not you.

for you know very well that in the

north no man of any standing would

ever venture to resort to it. Moreover,

even the code presupposes that men

shall stand equal at its bar-I am in-

He hesitated, feeling doubtless the

uselessness of further protest, yet she

permitted him small opportunity for

ly but firmly, "I should be pleased to

These words, gently as they

were spoken, still constituted a com-

"As it seems impossible to con-

tinue," he admitted bitterly, "I sup-

and fronted me, his eyes glowing.

"But understand, sir, this is merely

I bowed gravely, not daring to trust

my voice in speech, lest I should yield

to the temptation of my ownstemper.

back across his broad blue shoulder.

and I thought there was a new qual-

ity in her voice, the sting had some

way gone out of it, "I shall esteem

it a kindness if you will call upon

shall be compelled to leave at once,

as my troop is already under or-

"With pleasure," I hastened to re-

"Captain Wayne," she said, glancing

a cessation, not an ending."

me before you depart."

no escape was possible, and I entered the house for what I well knew was gravely troubled; I knew not what to expect, how far I might venture to hope. Why had she desired to see me again? Surely the public reason she offered could not be the real one. Had she only been free, a maid whose hand remained her own to surrender as she pleased, I should never have hesitated, never good-bye?" have doubted her purpose; but now

that could not be. As I knocked almost timidly at the closed library door a gentle voice said, "Come," and I entered, my heart throbbing like a frightened girl's. She stood waiting me nearly in the center of that spacious apartment. dressed in the same light raiment she had worn without, and her greeting was calm and friendly, yet tinged by a proud dignity, I cannot describe. I believed for an instant that we were alone, and my blood raced through my veins in sudden expectancy; then my eyes fell upon Mrs. Minor comfortably seated in an armchair before the fire, and I realized that she was present to restrain me from forgetfulness. But in very truth my lady hardly needed such protectionher speech, her manner, her proud constraint told me at once most plainly that no existing tie between us had caused our meeting.

"Captain Wayne," she said softly, her high color alone giving evidence of any memory of the past, "I scarcely thought that we should meet again, yet was not willing to part with you under any misunderstanding. I have learned from Lieutenant Caton the full particulars of your action in connection with Major Brennan. I wish you to realize that I appreciate your

that she had even so much as noticed | say a final farewell and depart. Not | I do even now, yet | am under great | pled mud of the yard, surrounded by the slightest excuse remained for fur- obligations which I hope some day to ther delay. I dreaded the ordeal, but be able to requite, at least in part." paid," I exclaimed, easerly, forgetting was to be the last time. My mind for the moment the presence of her silent chaperon. "You have given me that which is more than life-

"Do not, Captain Wayne," she interrupted, her cheeks aflame. "I would rather forget. Please do not; I did not send to you for that, only to tell you I knew and understood. We must part now. Will you say

"If you bid me, yes, I will say good-bye," I answered, my own selfcontrol brought back instantly by her words and manner, "but I retain that which I do not mean to forget-your gracious words of invitation to the North.'

She stood with parted lips, as though she struggled to force back that which should not be uttered. Then she whispered swiftly:

"It is not my wish that you should.'

Was there ever such another paradox of a woman? I knew not how to read her aright, for I scarce ever found her twice the same. Which represented the truth of her character-her cool dignity, her impetuous pride, or that gentle tenderness which befitted her so well? Which was the armor, which the heart of this fair lady of the North?

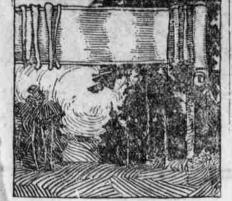
As we rode down the path to the eastward, a snowy handkerchief fluttered for an instant at the library window. I raised my hat in silent greeting, and we were gone.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

The Furling of the Flags.

The close of the long and bitter struggle had come; to those who had cast their fortunes with the efforts to escape a hostile meeting South it seemed almost as the end of





a group of Federal officers. Within was my commander, the old gray "A thousand times they are already hero of Virginia, together with the great silent soldier of the North.

Few about me spoke as we waited in restless agony. No one addressed me, and I think there must have been a look in my face which held them dumb

I know not how long I waited. standing beside my horse, with head half bowed upon his neck, seeing the figures about me as in a dream. At last the door was flung open, and those within came forth. He was in advance of them all. In that pale, stern, kindly face, and within the depths of those sorrowful gray eyes, I read instantly the truth-the Army of Northern Virginia was no more. Yet with what calm dignity did this defeated chieftain pass down that blue lane, his head erect, his eyes undimmed-as dauntless in that awful hour of surrender as when he rode before his cheering legions of fighting men. Only as he came to where I stood, and caught the look of suffering upon my face, did he once falter. and then I noted no more than the slight twitching of his lips beneath the short gray beard.

"Captain Wayne," he said, with all his old-time courtesy, "I shall have to trouble you to ride to General Hills' division and request him to cease firing at once.'

I turned reluctantly away from him, knowing full well in my heart I was bearing my last order, and rode at a hard trot down the road between long lines of waiting Federal infantry. I scarcely so much as saw them, for my head was bent low over the saddle pommel, and my eyes were blurred with tears. . . . . . .

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The sun lay hot and golden over the dusty roads and fenceless fields. The air was vocal with blare of trumpets and roll of drums, while everywhere the eye rested upon blue lines and long columns of marching troops. I formed one of a little gray squad moving slowly southward-a mere fragment of the fighting men of the Confederacy, making their way homeward as best they might. As the roads forked I left them, for here our paths diverged, and it chanced I was the only one whose hope lay west ward.

Silently, thoughtfully I trudged on for an hour through the thick red dust. My horse, sorely wounded in our last skirmish, limped painfully behind me, his bridle-rein flung carelessly over my arm. Out yonder, where the sun pointed the way with streams of fire, I was to take up life anew, Life! What was there left to me in that word? A deserted, despoiled farm alone awaited my coming; hardly a remembered 1aco, scarcely a future hope. The glitter of a passing troop of cavalry drew my mind for an instant to Edith Brennan, but I crushed the thought. Even were she free, what had I now to place at her proud feet,-I, a penniless, defeated, homeless man? At a cross-roads a Federal picket halted me, and I aroused sufficiently to han i him the paper which entitled me to safe passage through the lines He handed me back the paper and motioned me to pass on. I had gone a hundred yards



HOUSEHOLD RUTS.

The housekeeping rut that is deep enough to engulf many an otherwise successful household, is monotony in menu making. The same old thing in the same old way is repeated until appetite is gone and one loses all interest in food. When the housekeeper is mother, cook, nurse and general manager, there is still greater need to meet conditions with a trained mind.

If the system has never been tried. one can hardly realize what a help to make things run smooth, well organized plans can be.

In a convenient place, on a door or wall, place a tabulated list of dishes, those which are liked by the family. for example. Under rice have a list of ten or a dozen ways that it may be served as a vegetable, a dessert and in combination with other foods. Prepare these dishes in turn, and it will not be necessary to inflict them oftener than once in five or six weeks, and by that time they will have forgotten the dish and it will seem like new. This plan can be followed successfully with all the foods, adding to the list, as one surely will when you have such a chart before you for inspiration.

Potatoes are a food that is on our table, often twice and many times three times a day. Learn and serve a new dish of potatoes each week, and you will still have a hundred and fifty new ways still to learn.

Meats are our most expensive foods, and they may be pieced out in many dishes making just as appetizing and nourishing dishes at much less expense.

The addition of dumplings, vegetables and cereals to stews, broths, and soups makes the meat flavor go further and lowers the cost.

Economy does not mean spending as little as possible, but getting the best returns for money spent.



That man is idle who does less than he can,

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

covering me.

Caton strode toward him, his face white with passion.

"Let him have it his way," I called after him, for now my own blood was up. "I shall not be guilty of such neglect again."

He did not heed me, perhaps he did not hear.

"Major Brennan," he said, facing formed that Captain Wayne fired in 'him, his voice trembling with feeling, the air." "I tell you Captain Wayne purposely shot in the air. He informed me before coming upon the field that he should do so. I positively refuse to consideration. "Major," she said quietpermit him to face your fire again." Brennan's face blazed; chagrin, an- have you escort me to the house."

ger, disappointment fairly infuriated him, and he seemed to lose all self-"This is some cowardly mand. Her eyes were upon his face, ontrol.

ch!" he roared, glaring about him and I doubt not he read within them "eaking some one upon whom that he would forfelt all her respect if ould vent his wrath. "Damn it, he failed to obey. Yet he yielded with eve my pistol was fixed to over- exceeding poor grace. in order to save that fellow. I pissed such a shot before." house broke in upon his rav- pose I may as well go." He turned stounded at these intemperas to stutter in his speech. d-dare to in-sinuate, Mahe began, "that I have his mouth wide open. the shed. Involuntarthat direction also, be saw. There, in as in a frame, ely in white, her

fair young face st the dark backrennan.

XXVI.

i-by. ard sign of osition and

ders."

"I shall detain you for only a moment, but after what you have Daintily passed through on our behalf I am unwilling you should depart without realizing our gratitude. You will find me in the library. Come, Frank, I am ready now."

We remained motionless, watching em until they disappeared around corner of the shed. Brennan d with stern face, his step e with averted eyes, mph curling her, ped and

more than a dream now.

e and shadowy, again

ing figures and his-

require but to close

once more those

weary, h

"I Felt Convinced That if My Bullet Reached Major Brennan It Would Injure You."

and esteem you most highly for your the world. I had thought to write of forbearance on the field. It was in- those last sad days, to picture them deed a noble proof of true courage. in all their contrasting light and May I ask why did you fire in the shadow, but now I cannot. There ply, my surprise at the request alair?" are thoughts too deep for human ut-Had she not held me so away from terance, memories too sacred for the most robbing me of speech, "but I

her by her manner I should have then pen. I rejoice that I was a part of and there told her all the truth. As it; that to the lowering of the last it was I durst not. tattered battle-flag I remained con-"I felt convinced that if my bullet stant to the best traditions of my

reached Major Brennan it would in- house. I cannot sit here now, beneath jure you. I preferred not to do that." the protecting shadow of a flag for "I believed it was for my sake you which my son fought and died, and made the sacrifice." She paused; then write that I regret the ending, for asked in yet lower tones: "Was my years of place have taught us of the name mentioned during your conten- South lessans no less valuable than on-I mean publicly?" did the wat; yet do I rejoice today "It was not; Caton alone is aware that, having once donned the gray, I tion-I mean publicly?"

I refrained because of the reason I wore it until the last shotted gun olced its fim message to the North. have already given you." "Your wound is not se is ha

"Too insignificant to ention." She was silent, her pet, her bosom ri the emotion sh

he was calling after me. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## WHY HE USED THE BAD WORD

## Little Matt Explained That the Two Pigs He Was Driving Got His Goat.

Matt Perkins, engine driver on the New York Central, thought his little farm, out near Peekskill, wouldn't be complete without pigs. So he bought half a teaspoonful of salt, pepper to a couple and had them sent out, taste; stir constantly until it bolls; much to the dismay of 'Willie, his oldest boy, who tearfully protested that the family would be disgraced if of cooked rice and serve very hot. their acquaintances found they kept pigs.

But the father was obdurate, and assigned to Matt, Jr., his six-year-old and youngest hopeful, the task of caring for the pigs. This has proved a hard task, an Mas s been

hot

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having his tre weather. One day the n

far afield. Mai

drove them pa his mother ha was talking to tain terms, and he used a word not. Where he The mother

Don't fail to try the new marmalade which is cheap, pretty and very, very good. The proportions are one and a half pounds of carrots, two lemons and a pound and a half of sugar. Scrape the carrots and put them through the meat chopper, add enough water to moisten and put into a double boiler to cook. Wash the lemons, cut fine, excluding the seeds and the white portion; put them on to cook in a double boiler. When they are well cooked, combine the two and add the sugar. Boll until thick, watching carefully to avoid burning. Put in glasses or jars, as desired.

One may vary this recipe by using two oranges and one lemon, which will be similar to orange marmalade. When you can't think of anything for luncheon or supper, try sardines or more when I became aware that on toast. Put the sardines into a frying pan and heat through. Place on hot buttered toast. Serve with raw onion chopped fine. The onion may be put in lettuce leaves and arranged around the plate.

Qulok Egg Soup .- This is a wholesome and appetizing soup for children. and can be used for any meal. Stir a teaspoonful of beef extract into a quart of boiling milk, add a grated onion, an eighth of a teaspoon of celery seed or a little chopped celery, strain over the yolks of two wellbeaten eggs. Add four tablespoonfuls

Rice water will remove rust stains. Soak the spot in the water over night if the stains are obstinate, and they will disappear.

Spanish Toast .-- Cut up two green peppers, a slice of onion and two sprigs of paraley; cook in a tablespoonful of butter and add a cup of thick strained tomato. Simmer until th and pour over buttered toast. nes and chestnuts cooked tomake a delicious sweetmeat.

lie Maxwell

The Old and the New. e spirit of Captain Kidd." at the seance. seem to be weeping ium, henever I come over th ual