to wear this uniform. By the way,

ook in his face, but answered simply:

"Naturally I have had small inti-

macy with him after what occurred

We sat down upon a bank, and for

down his fatigue cap until its glazed

on, each word drawing me closer to

visor almost completely hid his eyes.

"And the Major?"

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens in a Confederate tent at a critical stage of the Civil War. Gen. Lee imparts to Capt. Wayne an important measage to Longstreet. Accompanied by Sergt. Craig, an old army scout. Wayne starts on his mission. They get within the lines of the enemy and in the darkness wayne is taken for a Federal officer and a young lady on horseback is given in his charge. She is a northern girl and attempts to escape. One of the horses succumbs and Craig goes through with the dispatches, while Wayne and My Lady of the North are left alone. They seek shelter in a hut and entering it in the dark a huge mastiff attacks Wayne. The girl shoots the brute just in time. The owner of the hut, Jed Bungay, and his wife appear and soon a party of horsemen approach. They are led by a man claiming to be Red Lowrie, but who proves to be Maj. Brennan, a Federal officer whom the Union girl recognizes. He orders the arrest of Wayne as a spy and he is brought before Sheridan, who threatens him with death unless he reveals the secret message. Wayne believes Edith Brennan to be the wife of Maj. Brennan, He is rescued by Jed Bungay, who starts to reach Gen. Lee, while Wayne in disguise penetrates to the ball-room, beneath which he had been imprisoned. He is introduced to a Miss Minor and barely escapes being unmasked. Edith Brennan recognizing Wayne, says she will save him. Securing a pass through the lines, they are confronted by Brennan, who is knocked senseless. Then, bidding Edith addeu, Wayne makes a dash for liberty. He encounters Bungay; they reach the Lee camp and are sent with reinforcements to join Early. In the battle of Shenandoah the regiment is overwhelmed, and Wayne, while in the hospital, is visited by Edith Brennan wayne and Bungay are sent on a secuting detail, and arriving at the Minor place. Wayne mets Miss Minor and Mrs Bungay are sent on a secuting detail, and arriving at the Minor place. Wayne set detachment is besieged by guerrillas. Brennan and his men arrive and add in repelling the invaders until a rescuing pa to become my wife while I continue of you since the surrender." from here." at Mountain View, but he is still retained upon General Sheridan's staff. At Mrs. Brennan's request we breakfasted together yesterday morning, but I believe he is at the other end of the lines today." the time I forgot disaster while listening to his story of love and his plans for the future. His one thought of Celia and the Northern home so soon now to be made ready for her coming. The sun sank lower into the western sky, causing Caton to draw

expresses the hope that they may meet fier the war. CHAPTER XXXVII.-Continued.

"Hey, there, you gray-back!" he shouted, "hold on a bit!"

As I came to a pause and glanced back, wondering if there could be anything wrong with my parole, he swung his cap and pointed.

"That officer coming yonder wants to speak with you."

Across the open field at my right. hidden until then by a slight rise of ground, a mounted cavalryman was riding rapidly toward me. For the moment his lowered head prevented recognition, but as he cleared the ditch and came up smiling, I saw it was Caton.

"By Jove, Wayne, but this is lucky!" he exclaimed, springing to the ground beside me. "I've actually been praying for a week past that I might see you. Holmes, of your serv ice, told me you had pulled through, but everything is in such confusion that to hunt for you would have been the proverbial quest after a needle in a haystack. You have been

"Yes, I'm completely out of it at last," I answered, feeling to the full the deep sympathy expressed by his face. "It was a bitter pill, but one which had to be taken."

"I know it, old fellow," and his hand-grasp on mine tightened warm-"If you have been beaten there is no disgrace in it, for no other nation in this world could ever have accomplished it. But this was a case of Greek meeting Greek, and we had the money, the resources, and the men. But, Wayne, I tell you, I do not believe there is today a spark of bitterness in the heart of a fighting Federal soldier "

"I know, Caton," I said-and the words came hard-"your fighting men respect us, even as we do them. It has been a sheer game of which could stand the most punishment, and the weaker had to go down. I know all that, but, nevertheless, it is a terrible ending to so much of hope, suffering, and sacrifice."

"Yes," he admitted soberly, "you have given your all. But those who survive have a wonderful work before them. They must lay anew the foundations; they are to be the rebuilders of states. You were going

I smiled bitterly at this designation of my journey's end.

Yes, if you can so name a few weed-grown fields and a vacant negro cabin. I certainly shall have to lay the foundation anew most literally." "Will you not let me aid you?" he

questioned eagerly. "I possess some means, and surely our friendship is sufficiently established to warrant me in making the offer. You will not re-

"I must," I answered firmly. "Yet I do not value the offer the less. Sometime I may even remind you of it, but now I prefer to dig, as the others must. I shall be the stronger for it, and shall thus sooner forget the total wreck."

otal wreck."

For a few moments we walked on together in silence, each leading his

"Wayne," he asked at length, glancing furtively at me, as if to mark the effect of his words, "did you know that Mrs. Brennan was again with

"I was not even aware she had been

"Oh, yes; she returned North imma after your last parting, and diately after your last parting, and came back only last week. So many wives and relatives of the officers have come down of late, knowing the war to be practically at an end, that our camp has become like a huge plenic pavilion. It is quite the fashionable fad just now to visit the front. Mrs. Breunan accompanied the wife of one of the division commanders from her sinte—Connecticut, you know."

ness never before equaled. 1 feel that now, in this supreme hour of sacrifice, the men and women of the South are to exhibit before the world a courage greater than that of the battlefield. It is to be the marvel of the nation, and the thought and pride of it should make you strong."

"It may indeed be so; I can but be lieve it, as the prophecy comes from your lips. I might even find courage to do my part in this redemption were you ever at hand to inspire."

She laughed gently. "I am not a Virginian, Captain Wayne, but a most loyal daughter of the North; yet if so inspire you by my mere vords, surely it is not so far to my home but you might journey there to listen to my further words of wisdom." "I have not forgotten the permis-

Mrs. Brennan was asking Celia only sion already granted me, and it is a yesterday if she had heard anything temptation not easily cast aside. You return North soon?" "No, at the headquarters of the "Within a week."

I hardly knew what prompted me Sixth Corps, only a few miles north to voice my next question-Fate, perhaps, weary of being so long mocked -for I felt small interest in her prob-Caton glanced at me, a peculiar

able answer. "Do you expect your husband's reease from duty by that time?"

She gave a quick start of surprise drawing in her breath as though suddenly choked. Then the rich color overspread her face. "My husband?" she ejaculated in voice barely audible, "my husband? Surely you cannot mean Major Brennan?"

"But I certainly do," I said, wondering what might be wrong. "Whom else could I mean?" "And you thought that." she asked

incredulously, "Why, how could you?" "How should I have thought otherwise?" I exclaimed, my eyes eagerly searching her downcast face. "Why, Caton told me it was so the night I was before Sherldan; he confirmed it With buoyant enthusiasm be talked again in conversation less than an hour ago. Colgate, my Lieutenant oim in bonds of friendship. But the who met you in a Baltimore bospital. time of parting came, and after we referred to him the same way. If I had promised to correspond with each have been deceived through all these other, I had stood and watched while months, surely everything and every he rode rapidly back down the road body conspired to that end-you bore we had traversed together. At the the same name; you told me plainly summit of the hill he turned and you were married; you wore a wedwaved his cap, then disappeared, ding-ring; you resided while at camp leaving me alone, with Edith's face in his quarters; you called each oth

above the ashes of war into a great- of Edwin Adams, a manufacturer, or Stonington, Connecticut. My father was also for several terms a member of Congress from that State. As the death of my mother occurred when I was but five years old, all my father's love was lavished upon me. and I grew up surrounded by every advantage which abundant means and high social position could supply. During all those earlier years my playmate and most intimate companion was Charles Brennan, a younger brother of the Major, and the son of Judge David Brennan of the State Supreme Court. As we grew older his friendship for me ripened into love, a feeling which I found it impossible to return. I like him greatly, valued him most highly, continued his constant companion yet experienced no desire for closer relationship. My position was rendered the more difficult as it had long been the dream of the heads of both houses that our two families, with their contingent estates, should be thus united, and constant urging tried my decision severely. Nor would Charles Brennan give up hope. When he was twenty and I barely seventeen a most serious accident occurred-a runaway-in which Charles heroically preserved my life, but himself received injuries, from which death in short time was inevitable. In those last lingering days of suffering, but one hope, one ambition, seemed to possess his mind-the desire to make me his wife, and leave me the fortune which was his through the will of his mother. I cannot explain to you, Captain Wayne, the struggle I passed through, seeking to do what was right and best; but finally, moved by my sympathy, eager to soothe his final hours of suffering, and urged by my father, I consented to gratify his wish. and we were united in marriage while he was on his deathbed. Two days later he passed away."

She pau ed, her voice faltering, her yes moist with unshed tears. Scarce knowing it, my hand sought bers, where it rested against the saddle.

"His brother," she paused slowly, now Major Brennen, but at that time prosperous banker in Hartford, a man nearly double the age of Charles, was named as administrator of the estate, to retain its man gement until I should attain the age of twenty-one. Less than a year later my father also died. The final settlement of his estate was likewise entrusted to Frank Brennan, and he was made my guardian. Quite naturally I became a resident of the Brennan household, upon the same standing as a daughter, being legally a ward of my husband's his thoughtful kindness to me, won my respect, and I gradually came to look upon him air ost as an elder brother, turning to him in every time of trouble for encouragement and help. It was the necessity of our business relation which first compelled me to come South and join Major Brennan in camp; as he was unable to obtain leave of absence, a was obliged to make the trip. Not until that time, Captain Wayne-indeed, not until after our experience at Mountain View-did I fully realize that Major Brennan looked upon me otherwise than as a guardian upon his ward. The awakening period pained me greatly, especially as I was obliged to disappoint him deeply; yet I seek to retain his friendship, for my memory of his long kindness must ever abide. I am sure you will understand, and not consider me unwomanly in thus making you a confidant."

"I can never be sufficiently grate has been a strange misunderstanding words have brought a new hope to ers; infinitely rich in comparison with what I dreamed myself an hour ago." I held out my hand, "There will come vitation to the North."

"You are on your way home?" "Yes; to take a fre- ...old upon life, trusting that sometime in the early future I may feel worthy to come to

"Worthy?" she echoed the word, a touch of scorn in her voice, her eves dark with feeling. "Worthy? Captain Wayne, I sometimes think you the most unselfish man I ever knew. to you once," she said, striving vainly Must the sacrifices, then, always be made by you? Can you not conceive it possible that I also might like to ing upon us of Mr. and Mrs. Bungay. yield up something? Is 't possible you deem me a woman to whom money is a god?"

"No." I said, my heart bounding to the scarce hidden meaning of her imderstand you. It is no wonder, when petuous words, "nor have the sacrifices always been mine; you were once my prisoner.'

She bent down, her very soul in her eyes, and rested one white hand one I owe you as well as myself. This upon my shoulder. For an instant we read each other's heart in slience. must not part under the shadow of a then shyly she said, "I am still your

THE END.



"Hey, There, You Gray-Back!" He Shouted.

you were his wife."

you thought that of me."

"I recall starting to explain all this

to appear at ease. "It was when we

were interrupted by the sudden com-

Yet I supposed you knew, that you

would have learned the facts from

others. The last time we were to-

gether I told you I did not wholly un-

"I am going to tell you my story,

Captain Wayne. It is not a pleasan

task under these circumstances, yet

may prove our last meeting, and we

mistake, however innocently it may

have originated. I am the only child

more clearly than ever a torture to er Frank and Edith. From first to my memory of defeat-her face, fair, last not one word has been spoken smiling, alluring, yet the face of anby any one to cause me to doubt that other man's wife.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

My Lady of the North.

I walked the next mile thoughtfully, pondering over those vague hopes and plans with which Caton's optimism had inspired me. Suddenly there sounded behind me the thud of hoofs, while I heard a merry peal of laughter, accompanied by gay ex-change of words. I drew aside, leading my horse into a small thicket beside the road to permit the cavalcade to pass. It was a group of perhaps a dozen-three or four Federal officers, the remainder ladies, whose bright dresses and smiling faces made a most winsome sight. They glanced curiously aside at me as they galloped past. But none paused, and I merely glanced at them with vague interest, my thoughts elsewhere. Suddenly a horse semed to draw back from out of the center of the fast disappearing

I had led my limping horse out into the road once more to resume my journey, paying scarcely the slightest attention to what was taking place, for my head was again throbbing to the hot pulse of the sun. The party of strangers rode slowly away into the enveloping dust cloud, and I had forgotten them, when a low, sweet voice spoke close beside me: "Cap-tain Wayne, I know you cannot have

tain Wayne, I know you cannot have forgotten me.

She was leaning down from the saddle, and as I glanced eagerly up into her dear eyes they were swimming with tears.

"Forgotten! Never for one moment," I exclaimed; "yet I failed to parcelve your presence until you spoke."

"You appeared deeply buried in thought as we rode by, but I could not leave you without a word when I knew you must feel so had. oh, but you, Captain Wayne, you have youth and love to inspire you—for your mother yet lives. Truly it makes my heart throb to think of the upbuilding which awaits you men of the South. It is through such as you—saidlers it is such as you as you—saidlers it is through such as you as you as you such as you as you as you such as you as you such as you as you such as you as you as you such as you as

To Judge Men Correctly We Should Think of Each as He is Sir Edward Coke. Let this house be Rather Than as the World

made of boards or bricks or grante walls, it is presumed to be equally as invulnerable before the law. If we shall think of every man as he is rather than as the social or industhat the czar of all the Russias does trial implement the world sees fit to make of him, we shall judge men more correctly.—Christian Science Monitor. not sit in royal state with a crown of his head all the time. No, he goes

"home" betimes, just as do the men who work in shoe factories, or clerks in the stores, or who plow in the fields, and when the "chores" are done Senator Borah was talking about a agruntled political opponent. "His attitude," said the eloquent soutor, "reminds me of a young indy "Discussing this young lady and a

hicago millionaire, a girl remarked:
"'She says he's not a very good catch, after all."

"Another girl, tonsing her head, then made the comment:

"'She says that, does she? Then he must have dropped her.'"

His Right to Title.

INTERNATIONAL

LESSON FOR MAY 5.

POVERTY AND RICHES. LESSON TEXT—Lk. 6:20-26 and 16:19-21. GOLDEN TEXT—"A man's life consis-th not in the abundance of the things to possesseth."—Luke 12:15

Last week we were studying the fundamental principles of this new kingdom Jesus came to establish. Today our study presents another of his seeming paradoxes, viz., the blessedness or the happiness of poverty, hunger and persecution. Spoken primarily to the twelve, Jesus intended these words for all the people-present and prospective. Jesus is distinctly the poor man's friend. He knew the meaning of hunger and thrist, of weeping and mourning, and so contrasts the joy that shall be to these "happy ones" with the "woe" that shall come to those who from out of their joy and their abundance fall to respond to the needs of mankind.

What It is and Why. The last half of the lesson is intended to illustrate the teachings of the fi.st. Let us look at the illustration. "A certain rich man.' He was not of sufficient importance even to mention his name. How few rich men ever

succeed in really perpetuating their names. Not one succeeds in any measure at all except as in some manner he emulates the life and teachings of Jesus. How few monuments really perpetuate names. Character alone is what lives. This rich man, however, did not lose out simply because he was a rich man. Verse 25 tells us why he was in anguish. His life had been that of a selfish seeker and he had had his reward. Now conditions have changed. Once clothed in purple and faring sumptuously, now he is the beggar. Ignoring the cry of need at his gate now he is compelled to make

his cry afar off. "A certain beggar named Lazarus." It is better to be a beggar vainly seeking a few crumbs and to rest in brother. Major Brennan's age, and Abraham's bosom than to live in luxurlous ease, ignoring the cry of the needy and to live in hell bereafter. Lazarus did not gain glory hereafter because he was a beggar, but rather because of his character. Angels announced the coming of the Son of Man, angels welcomed the returning of this son of manking. Which of the twain, Dives or Lazarus, really enjoyed life? Eternity is a long time, it begins where imagination ends. The name Lazarus really means "God-helps" and

God always does help the poor. Lazarus had some friends for we read that the dogs showed their sympathy. It is always true that those poor as poverty are most ready to respond to the cry of need, and out of their penury will give the most abundantly to relieve distress.

Leaves All Behind

"The rich man died also." Thus ended his life of ease and luxury for shrouds have no pockets. "How muchdid he leave? He left it all." All of ful that you have thus trusted me," I his loved ones, all of his hopes were said with an earnestness that caused left behind. There is something apher to lower her questioning e es. "It pallingly sad in the death of a rich man who trusts only to his wealth. between us, Mrs. Brennan, but your having no faith in God. Millions for a moment of time. The sarcasm of one disheartened Confederate soldier. Jesus' words is quite apparent, "and I must be content with hope, yet I am he was buried." Only a clod of earth, rich compared with thousands of oth no longer useful, of the earth, earthy, bury him, get him out of sight. But. did this end all? By no means, for when he reached the other side a day when I shall answer your in be did not lose consciousness nor reason. No soul sleeping there. He saw, he observed, he felt, he remembered, he reasoned. Back upon earth he had brothers who were following his same mode of life. Here he was suffering, crying for "mercy," for an alleviating touch of cold water, yet in that cry there was no note of repentance. He and his brethren had lived for the tongue and had pampered it. now it, the seat of taste, of bold words, etc., is crying for cooling relief. But would those behind repent even if one were to rise from the dead? No, except that they might escape a like torment. The desires of their hearts would be the same. Being out of state's prison is of itself no particular honor. The message of Jesus strikes deeper than outward forms and ceremonies. It is the heart motive where by we are to be judged. Dives sought to excuse or to justify himself (v. 30), but Abraham tells him plainly that both he and his brethren had had sufficient light. If they will not listen to Moses (the Pentateuch) and to the prophets neither will they repent even though one care from the dead.

The disciples were poor in both this world's goods and one of them, Matthew, adds that the happy ones are those who are poor in spirit also. They knew the meaning of hunger and of privation and were ready to learn of him. Jesus is not so much in this itlustration trying to give us a picture of the hereafter, of the future life as he is to show the results of our living in this present life. He shows us plainly that there are different states over there and that these states are the result of our conduct in the life we now live. Riches are a temptation, a temptation to gain by fraudulent means and to spend foolishly. Many a young man is cursed by great riches, all honor to those who overcome that all honor to those who overcome that handkesp. The temptation for men is to trust to the arm that secures the riches and not to the strong arm of riches and not to the strong arm of God. "Corporate wealth is the supreme peril of America;" so spoke a judge of the Supreme court of the United States. Why is this so? Because it tends to selfishness; it tends to the abandonment of faith in God; to the breaking down of any attempt to live the golden rule. The strength of America is not represented by the dollar mark but it is in that true altruism that is to be found only in the hearts of those who are pour in spirit. That great mass of our population who are not rich in this world's goods but who are rich in faith and love.



Jack London's Brilliant Story of Millions and a Maid Form in This Paper

DURNING DAYLIGHT is the best work yet produced by this masterful writer who has roughed it in many fields of adventure. Burning Daylight is a character fashioned out of the frozen North; how he comes out of the Klondike with wealth won from the obdurate earth, is vanquished and stripped of his millions in Wall Street, regains them, and returning to the West from whence he came, is conquered anew by love, then to renounce his riches, is told in the powerful style of this author who has achieved world-wide popularity.

WATCH FOR IT!

READ ITI

Another Common Gender Pronoun Offered

By A. E. Schuyler, Edison Perk, III.

Before the subject of common gender pronouns is dropped I would like to offer my suggestion.

Already several good ones have been proposed, but in each instance the new word might conflict, in sound if not in spelling, with other words already in use. I would suggest "heor," "hisor," "him-

or," in which case the other gender would be understood, as it would take the place of "he or she," "his or her," "him or her." And further, to make it more plain, the words might be hyphenated, such as "heor," "his-or," "him-or," and in this way

they could not possibly conflict with any other word.

Worry Is True Cause of Many Break Downs

By Frank Crane

One of the bugaboos of the intellectual life is overwork.

I have lived some time and observed quite a number of folks, and never in my life did I know of a case of breakdown that I believed to be due to overworking

One young man I remember who went to school with me. He was a brilliant student. When he went to pieces, a nervous wreck, everybody, and particularly his mother, attributed it naturally to overstudy. I knew better. He had sat up regularly till very late smoking innumerab

ies and had begun every day with a hig cup, twice the size of an ordiary cup, of strong coffee.

The fact is, the human mind is like the old oaken bucket that hung in the well: when it gets full it runs over. It will hold so much only, is capable of only so much power of attention and retention. When you so beyond that limit it simply quits. Further effort is useless.