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## LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR.

-BY MARY J. HOLMES,

Author of "Lena Rivers," "Edna Browning,"

"Tempest and Sunshine," Etc., Etc. | COX | COX

#### CHAPTER I.

The long disputed point as to whether the South was in earnest or not was settled, and through the Northern States the tidings flew that Sumter had fallen and the war had commence ed. With the first gun that boomed across the waters of Charleston bay, it was ushered in, and they who had cried, "Peace! peace!" found at last "there was no peace." Then, and not till then, did the nation rise from its lethargic slumber and shake off the delusion with which it had so long been bound. Political differences were for-gotten. Republicans and Democrats struck the friendly hand, pulse beat to pulse; heart throbbed to heart, and the watch-word everywhere was, "The Un-ion forever." Throughout the length and breadth of the land were true, loyal hearts, and as at Rhoderic Dhu's command the Highlanders sprang up from every clump of heather on the wild moors of Scotland, so when the war-cry came up from Sumter our own Highlanders arose, a mighty host, responsive to the call; some from New England's templed hills, with hands inured to toil, and hearts as strong and true as flint; some from the Empire, some the Keystone State, and others from the prairies of the distant West. It mattered not what place had given them birth; it mattered little whether the Green Mountains of Vermont, the

granite hills of New Hampshire, or the shadowy forests of Wisconsin had sheltered their childhood's home; united in one cause they rallied round the Stars and Stripes, and went forth to meet, not a foreign foe, but alas, to raise a brother's arm against another brother's arm in that most dreadful of all anarchies, a national civil war. In the usually quiet village of Rock land the utmost interest was felt, and though there, as elsewhere, were many whose hearts beat as warmly for their Southern friends as when the sun shone on a nation at peace, all felt the necessity of action, and when at last the evening came in which the first war meeting of that place was to be held. a dense and promiscuous crowd wend-ed its way to the old brick church, whose hallowed walks echoed to the sound of fife and drum, strange music for the house of God, but more acceptable, in that dark hour, than songs of praise sung by vain and thoughtless lips. In the centre of the church, the men were mostly congregated, while the seats nearest the door were occupied by women,—the wives and mothers and sisters who had come with aching hearts to see their brothers, tures to what seemed their sure death-

warrant Conspicuous among these was Widow Simms, whose old-fashioned leghorn, with its faded green veil, was visible at all public gatherings, its broad frill of lace shading a pair of sharp gray eyes, and a rather peculiar face. It was very white now, and the thin lips were firmly compressed as the widow tried to look resolute and unconcerned when two of her sons went forward, their faces glowing with youthful enthusiasm, as they heard the President repeat their nemes, "John Simms,—Eli Simms." The widow in-voluntarily said it after him, her mother's heart whispering within her, "Isaac won't go. He's too young. I can't give Isaac up," and her eye wan-

dered to where her youngest boy was sitting, twirling his old cloth cap, and occasionally exchanging a word with the young man next to him. William Baker, who, together with his brother, arose to follow John and Eli Simms.

Scarcely, however, had they risen to same seat with Widow Simms, uttered a cry more like the moaning howl of some wild beast, than like a human sound.

"No, Harry, no, Bill-no, no," and the bony arms were flung wildly toward the two young men, who, with a dogged, indignant glance at her, fell back among the crowd where they could not be seen, muttering something not very complimentary to "the old wo-man," as the called her-

But the old woman did not hear it, and if she had, it would have made no difference. It mattered not to her that they had ever been the veriest pests in the whole village, the planners of every grade of mischief, the robbers of barns and plunderers of orchards, -they were her boys, and she didn't want them shot, so she continued to mean and cry, muttering incoherently about the rich treading down the poor, and wondering why Judge Warner didn't send his own white-fingered sons, if he thought going to war was so nice.

"I wouldn't make such a fuss, let what would happen to me," said the Widow Simms, casting a half contemptible giance upon the weeping woman, There was a terrible struggle going on in Annie Graham's breast-duty to her country and love for her husband.

Very tenderly George Graham's strong arm encircled the girlish form.

Gerhard Heintzman

J. WALKER

end of which he was twirling around his wrist. To Annie it seemed an enormous sum, and a little overawed with her close proximity to one who could sport so expensive an article of dress, she involuntarily tried to move away. and avoid, if possible, being noticed by the brillian belle. She might have spared herself the trouble, for Rose was too much absorbed with the group of admirers gathering around her to heed the shrinking figure at her side, and, after a time, as Widow Simms recovered her composure, she resumed legay badinage, bringing in Will with every other breath and showing how completely her heart was bound up in her husband, notwithstanding the evident satisfaction with which she received the flattering compliments of the gentlemen who, since her arrival at Rockland, had made it a point to ad-mire and flirt with the little Boston

which, for she was far too sleepy when

Will read the news to comprehend

clearly what it was all about, and she

had skipped every word which Bro

ther Tom had written about it in his

last letter, the one in which he enclos-

ed five hundred dollars for the silver

tea-set she saw in Rochester, and want ed so badly. Rose was an accomplished musician, tolerably proficient in

both French and German, and had skim

mered nearly all the higher branches

but, like many fashionably educated

young ladies, her knowledge of geogra-

phy comprised a confused medley of

cities, towns and villages, scattered

not pretend to tell; and were it not

that Brother Tom had spent three win

ters in Charleston, leaving at last his

fair-haired wife sleeping there beneath the Southern sky, she would scarcely

have known whether the waters of the

Atlantic or of Baffin's Bay, washed the

Rose was not a fool in the ordinary

acceptation of the term. She knew at

her own sex who were at first most

possessed the art of making everybedy like her, even if she hadn't common

On this occasion she chatted on in

tating the entire community.

what the papers said.

knew him personally.'

corners of his mouth.

"Will wouldn't go to the war, course," she said, "supposing th

ple were that way at all. At least,

Brother Tom was not, and he knew; he

lived in Charleston, and described ther as very nice folks. Indeed, she knew

they were herself, for she always me

Mr. Anderson provoked them. Tom

"You have another brother besides Tom-won't he join the army?" asked

Mr. Wentworth, a smile curling the

Rose sighed involuntarily, for on the

subject of that other brother she was a

little sore, and the mention of him al-ways gave her pain. He was not like

Brother Tom, the eldest, the pride of

the Carleton family. He was Jimmie, handsome, rollicking, mischievous Jim-

mie, to those who loved him best, while

to the Boston people, who knew him

best, he was that "young scapegrace,

Jim Carleton, destined for the gallows.

or some other ignominious end," a pre

diction which seemed likely to be veri-

fied at the time when he nearly broke

a comrade's head for calling him a

liar, and so was expelled from college,

covered with disgrace. Something of

this was known to Mr. Wentworth,

and he asked the question he did just to see what Rose would say. But if

he thought she would attempt to con-

ceal anything pertaining to herself, or any one else, for that matter, he was

anything like duplicity, and she frankly

"We don't know where Jimmie is

They turned him out of college, and

then he ran away. It's more than a year since we heard from him. He was in Southern Virginia, then. Mo-

ther thinks he's dead, or he would surely write to some of us," and a tear

glittered in Rose's eyes, as she thought

of recreant Jimmie, sleeping elsewhere

than in the family vault at beautiful

Mt. Auburn. Rose could not, however,

be unhappy long over what was a mere

speculation, and after a few moments

she resumed the subject of her hus-

band's volunteering.
"She knew he wouldn't, even if h

did vote for Lincoln. She was not one

bit concerned, for no man who loved his wife as he ought, would want to go and leave her," and the little lady stroked her luxusiant curls coquettish-

ly, spreading out still wider her silken robe, which now completely covered the plain shilling calico of poor Annie,

whose heart for a moment beat al-most to bursting as she asked herself

ed his wife as he ought, would want to go and leave her. In a moment,

however, she repelled the assertion as

false, for George had given too many proofs of his devotion for her to doubt

him now, even though he had express

ed a desire to join the army. Then she

wished she was at home, where she could not hear what Rose Mather said,

and she was about proposing to George

that they should leave, when Mr. Ma-ther himself appeared, and she conclud

ing man, very fond of his little wife, on whose shoulder he laid his hand car

essingly, as he asked "what she thought

answered:

Rose was too truthful for

down until his chin rested on her pale belle, laughing loudly at speeches which brown hair, and whispered softly to -from one less piquant and attractive would have been pronounced decidedly "Don't Annie, darling you know I will silly and meaningless. never go unless you think I ought, and Rose was not well posted with regard to the object of the meeting. She give your free consent." Had George Graham wished, he knew that Sumter or Charleston had been fired upon, she hardly could tell

could not have chosen a more powerful argument than the words, "Unless you think I anght." Annie repeated them to herself again and again, until consciousness of all else around her was forgotten in that one question of duty. She heard no longer the second speaker, whose burning eloquence was stirring up hitherto reluctant young men to place their names beside others already pledged to their country's cause. Leaning forward so that her forehead rested on the railing in front, she tried to pray, but flesh and strength were weak, and the prayer ended always with the unuttered cry, "I cannot let George go," while the fingers twined more and more closely round the broad, warm hand, which sought awhile to reassure her, and then was withdrawn from her grasp as George arose and politely offered his seat to a lady who had just arrived, and who, after glancing an instant at his coat, accepted his civility as a matter of course, but withheld the thanks she would have accorded to one whom she considered her equal.

Spreading out her skirt of rich blu

and when he saw now rast the team

came to the great dreamy eyes of blue, and thought how frail was the wife

of little more than a year, he bent

silk so that it nearly covered poor Annie, she threw her crimson scarf across the railing in front, hitting Widow ms. and so diverting the attention of Mrs. Baker, that the latter ceased her crying while the widow turned with an expression half curious, half indignant. Annie, too, attracted by the heavy fringe and softly blended colors of the scarf, a part of which had fallen opon her lap, as the widow shook it from her shoulder with a jerk, stole a glance at the new comer, in whom she recognized the bride, the beauty, the envied belle of Rockland, Rose Mather, from Boston,-and wife of the wealthy and aristocratic William Mather, who three months before had ended the strife between the Rockland ladies as to what fair hand should spend his gold, and drive his iron grays, by bringing to his elegant mansion a fair little creature with whose exquisite beauty even the most fastidious could not find fault. Childish in proportions, and perfect in form and feature, she would have been handsome without the aid of the dancing brown eyes, and chestnut curls which shaded her girl-Rose knew she was pretty -knew she was stylish .- knew she was fascinating,-knew she was just the rage, and as such could do and say what she pleased. Sweeping back he chestnut hair with her snowy hand, she gave one rapid glance at the sea

of heads around her, and then, in a half petulant tone, exclaimed to her companion:
"I don't believe Will is here. I can't

ee him anywhere."
"Didn't you know he had enlisted?" asked a young man, who had made his way through the crowd and joined her. For an instant the bright color faded from Rose Mathers cheek, but it quick-ly returned, as she read in Mr. Wentworth's eye, a contradiction of his

"Will enlisted!" she repeated. "Such people as Will don't go to war. It's a very different class, such, for instance, as that one going up to sign. Upon my word, it's the boy who saws our wood!" and she pointed at the youth offering himself up that just such people as Rose Mather, radiant in silks and diamonds and lace might rest in peace at home, knowing nothing of war and its attendant horrors save what came to Ler through the daily prints.

Widow Simms heard the remark, and

with a swelling heart turned toward the boy who sawed Rose Mather's wood, for she knew who it was, and did not need the loud whisper of Mrs. Baker to tell her that it was her boy, the youngest of the three, the one she lov-ed the best, the baby, who kept the milk of human kindness from turning quite sour within her breast by his many acts of filial love, and his gentle, caressing ways. How could she give him up, her darling, her idol, the one so like his father, dead ere he was born? Who would comfort her as he had done? Who would give her the good-night kiss, timidly, stealthily, lest the older ones should see and laugh at his girlish weakness? Who would bring his weekly earnings, and empty them slily into her lap? Who would find her place in the prayer-book on Sunday, and pound her clothes on Monday, long before it was light? Who would split the nice fine kindlings for the morning fire, or bring the cool, fresh water in the summer from the farther well, and who, when her head was aching sadly, would make the cup of tea she liked so much? Homely offices, many of them, it is true, but they made up the sum of that mother's happiness, and it is not strange that, for a moment the iron will gave way, and the poor widow wept over her cruel the poor widow wept over her cruel bereavement, not noisily, as Mrs, Baker had done, but silently, bitterly. Itsed did not know the relationship existing between tife widow and the boy who sawed her wood, but her better nature was touched always at the sight of distress, and for several minutes she did not speak, except to tell Mr. Wentworth how much Brother Tom had paid for the crimaen scarf, one

Children Cry tor CASTORIA

hink you had volunteered, but I knew The idea of your going off with such frights! Why, Will, you can't begin to guess what a queer-looking set they are. There was our milkman, and the boy who saws our wood, and canal drivers, and peddlers, and mechanics,

Rose did not finish the sentence, for something in her husband's expression stopped her. He had caught the quick uplifting of Annie Graham's head,had noted the indignant flashing of her blue eye, the kindling spot on her cheek, and glancing at George, he saw at once how Rose's thoughtless words must have wounded her. He had seen the disgusted expression of Widow Simms, as she flounced out into the aisle, and knowing that the "boy who sawed his wood" was her son, he felt sorry that his wife should have been so indiscreet. Still, he could not be angry at the sparkling little creature chatting so like a parrot, but he felt impelled to

"You should not judge people by their dress or occupation. The boy who saws our wood has a heart larger than many

who make far more pretensions. Rose tried to pout at what she knew to have intended as a reprimand, but in the excitement of the jam as they pass ed out of the church, she forgot it entirely, only once uttering an impatient ejaculation as some one inadvertently stepped upon her sweeping skirt, and so held her for a moment, producing the sensation which nearly every w man experiences when she feels a sudden backward pull, as if skirt and waist were parting company.

With the hasty exclamation, "Who is stepping on me, I'd like to know?" she turned just in time to hear Annie Graham's politely spoken words of apo-

"I beg your pardon, madam; they push me so behind that I could not help it."

promiscuously over the face of the earth, but which was where she could "It isn't the least bit of matter," returned Rose, disarmed at once of all resentment by Annie's lady-like manner and the expression of the face, on which traces of tears were still linger

"Who is that, Will?" she whispered as they emerged into the moonlight, and George Graham's tall form was shore of the Palmetto State. And still plainly discernible, together with that much or more than half the petted of his wife. Will told her who it was, and Rose

belles of modern society, and could say smart foolish things with so pretty an "He has volunteered, I 'most know air of childishness, that even those of Foor, isn't he?"

"Not very rich, most certainly," was prejudiced against her, confessed that Mr. Mather's reply. she was certainly very captivating, and "Then I guess he's going to the war." was Rose's mental comment, as if pov erty were the sole accomplishment ne

cessary for a soldier to possess, a con

clusion to which older and wiser head her usual style, provoking from George than hers seemed at one time to have Graham more than one good-humored smile at remarks which evinced so Annie Graham heard both question much ignorance of the matter then agi and answer, and with emotions not particularly pleasant she whispered to

course," she said, "supposing there were one, which was greatly doubted Northern men, particularly those of Rockland, were so hateful toward the South. She didn't believe Boston peoherself: "Rose Mather shall see that one man at least will not go, even if he is a me-chanic and poor!" and clinging closer to George's arm, she walked on in silence, thinking bitter thoughts of the little lady, who, delighted with having Will on one side of her, and Mr. Wentthem at Newport, and liked them so much. She didn't credit one word of shadow her in its gloomy leave her heart as desolate as that of the Widow Simms, or the wailing me ther of Harry and Bill.

#### CHAPTER II.

Rose Mather's home was a beautiful place, containing everything which love could devise, or money purchase, and Rose was very happy there, dancing like a sunbeam through the handsom rooms of which she was the mistress and singing as gaily as her pet canary in its gilded cage by the door. No shadow of sorrow or care had ever crossed her pathway, and the lighteen summers if her short life had come an gone like so many pleasant memories, bringing with them one successive round of joys, leaving no blight behind, and bearing with them, alas, no thanks for the good bestowed, for Rose was far too thoughtless to think that the Providence which shielded her so tenderly, might have dealt more harsh-ly with her. But the shadow was creeping on apace, and Rose was conscious that the war-meeting had awakened within her a new and uncomfortable train of thought. Like many others, she had a habit of believing that no thing very bad could happen to her, and so, let what might occur, she was sure her husband would be spared. Still, in spite of her gaiety, an undefined some-thing haunted her all the way from the church, and even when alone with her husband in her tasteful sitting-room, with the bright gas-light falling cheerily around her, and adding a fresh lustre to the elegant furniture, she could not shake it off, nor guess what it was that ailed her. At last, however, it came to her, suggested by the sight of her husband's evening paper, and lay-ing her curly had upon his knee, she gave vent to her restlessness in the ex-

"I wish there wouldn't be any war. What is it all for? 'Tell me, please,"
To be Continued.

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# worth, his partner, on the other, tripped gally on, laughing as if on the country's horizon there were no dark, threatening cloud, which might yet over-

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