John McConnell

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A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR.

-BY MARY J. HOLMES.

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

"Tempest and Sunshine," Etc., Etc.

"I could not prize the love i nad w No. Arthur: I have told you once that you are only my brother, just as Nettle was my sisted. Believe me. Arthur, I cannot give you what you ask." She spoke gently, kindly, now, for she pitied the young man whose sincerity could not return. He was not her equal either physically or mentally, and the man who won Maude de Vere must be one to whom she could look up to as a superior. Such a one she would make very happy, but she would lead Arthur a wretched, miserable life, and she knew it, and would save him from herself, even though there were many kindly tender feelings in ther

heart for the young lieutenant. She saw that he was angry with her, and as further convergation was useless. she left him and repaired to her room, the windows of which overlooked Het-

And there until daylight the noble girl sat watching lest her unwelcome visitors of the previous night, failing to find their victim, should return and insist upon another search. As Maude de Vere said, she had held a loaded pistol at the head of both Federal and Con-federate, when her uncle was sick, and the house was beset one week by one of the belligerent parties and the following week by the other. She was afraid of nothing, and Tom Carleton, so long as

she stood his sentinel, had little to fear from his pursuers. But she could not ward off the fever which for many days had been lurking in his veins, and which was increasing so fast that when the morning came he was too sick to rise, and lay mouning with the pain in his eyes and complaining of the heat, which, in that dark corner of the close cabin, and on that sultry summer morning, was intolerable.

"Mighty poorly, with face as red as them flowers in your ha'r, and the veins in his forehead as big as my leg," was the word which Hetty brought up to Maude de Vere the next morning, and half an hour later Maude, in her pale buff cambric wrapper, with her black hair shining like satin, went down to Hetty's cabin and stood beside Tom

He was sleeping for a few moments, and the drops of perspiration were standing on his forehead and about his lips. He was not worn and emaciated, like the most of the prisoners and re-fugees whom Maude had seen. His complexion, though bronzed from exposure, had not that peculiar grayish appearance common to so many of the eturned prisoners, while his forehead was very white, and his rich brown hair, damp with the perspiration, clung about it in the soft, round curls so na-

There was nothing in his persons appearance to awaken sympathy on the core of ill-treatment, and yet Maude felt herself strangely drawn toward him, guessing with a woman's quick perception that he was somewhat above many whom it had been her privilege to befriend. And Maude, being human, did not like him less for that. On the contrary, she the more readily brushed away the flies which were alighting upon his face, and, with her own handkerchief, wiped the moisture from his brow, and then felt his rapid

"He ought not to stay in this place," she said, and she was revolving the propriety of boldly asking Squire Tun-bridge if he might be removed to the house, when Tom awoke and turned wonderingly toward her.

He knew it was Maude de Vere, and

tion, making him wonder where he had seen somebody very like her,
"You are sick," she said to him kindly, as he attempted to rise on his elbow, and fell back again upon the squalid bed. "I am afraid you are very sick, but you are safe here,-that is,yes,-I know you are safe. None but

something in her face rivited his atten-

fiends would betray a sick man."

She spoke rapidly, and Tom saw the bright color deepen in her cheek, and her eyes flash with excitement. She was very beautiful, and Tom felt the influence of her beauty, and tried to draw the ragged quilt over him so as to hide the coarse, gray shirt Hetty had given him, and which was as unlike the immaculate linen Tom Carleton was accustomed to wear as it was possible to

"You are Miss de Vere, I am sure," he said, "and you are very kind. I shall not tax your hospitality long. I hope to go on to night. Don't stay here, Miss de Vere, you must be uncomfortable. It's hotter here than in Massa-

chosetts." "You are from New England, then?" Maude asked, and Tom replied: "From Boston.-yes,-your people hate us most of all, I believe," and

Tom tried to smile, while Maude an-"It makes no difference to me whether you are from Maine or Oregon. You are sick, and have come to us for succor. I'll do what I can to help you." With the last words she was gone, her tall, lithe figure bending gracefully under the low doorway, and the rustle of her fresh, clean garments leaving a

"A sick Yankee down in Hetty's cabin,—a Beston one at that, with his Wendell Phillips notions, and you want house, the house of a Southern gentle-man who, if he hates one of the dogs worse than another, hates the Massa-chusetts kind whose women have nothing to do but to write Abolition books about our niggers. No, indeed; he shall not come an inch, and by the Harry I'll

pleasant sound in Tom Carleton's ears.

his camp fever and his Boston airs. Needn't talk. See if I don't do it, and I'll have Hetty strung up and whipped for harboring the villain. Treason under my very nose, and a Yankee, too! Go away,-go away, I tell you. I won't hear you. I hate 'em all for the cus-

sedness there is in 'em." This was Squire Tunbridge's reply to Maude de Vere, who had told him of Tom Carleton, and asked permission to have him moved up to the house. Nothing daunted, Maude went close up to him, and her beautiful eyes looked straight into his as she said:

"Think if it was Arthur sick among his enemies They were kind to him. he says, and remember Nettie, too, Had she lived she would have married a Northern man. You liked Robert, and Nettie loved him. For her sake let this man be brought to the house. He will die there, where it is so close," "Serve him right, for coming down

here to fight us; wish they were all dead. How are you going to get the rascal up that confounded hill? Can he walk?"

Maude had gained her point, and with Mrs. Tunbridge, who had a soft, kind heart, she hastened to make ready a large, airy chamber, somewhat remote from the rooms occupied by the family and their frequent guests. It was not the best room in the house, but he would be safer there than elsewhere, and Maude made it as inviting as possible, by pulling the bed out from the corner to the centre of the room, covering the plain stand with a clean white towel, and the table with a gaily col-ored shawl of her own. Then, with Hetty and one of Hetty's sons, she started for the cabin, followed by the Squire himself. Since the war began he had not seen a Yankee, and curtosity as much as anything took him to Tom Carleton, whom he assailed with a string of epithets, telling him "to see what he'd got by making war on people so much better than himself. enough for you," he continued, as, assisted by Hetty and Claib, Tom tried to walk up the winding path, with Maude in front and the Squire in the rear. "Yes, good enough for you, if you die like a dog, and I dare say you will. Fevers go hard with you Bunker Hill chaps. Claib, you villain, you are let-ting him fall. Don't you see he hasn't strength to walk? Carry him. you ras-

against Tom's back by way of assisting him up the hill-He was human if he was not quite nsistent, and his face was very red, and he was very much out of breath when the house was reached at last, and Tom was comfortably disposed in

cal!" And thus changing the nature of his tirade the Squire thrust his cane

"For thunder's sake, Hetty, take that gray, niggery thing off from him," the Squire said, pointing to the coarse shirt Tom had thought so nice, when he exchanged it for his dirty uniform. "If you women are going to do a thing, do decent. Arthur's shirts won't fit him, I reckon, for Arthur ain't bigger than a pint of cider, but; mine will. Fetch him one, and for gracious sake souse him first in the bath-tub. He needs it bad, for them prison pens ain't none the neatest according to the tell."

In spite of his aversion to the Bos ton Yankees, the Judge had taken the ordering of this one into his own hands. and it was to him that Tom owed the refreshing bath which did him so much good, and abated the force of the fever which nevertheless ran high for many days, during which time Maude nursed him as carefully as if he had been her brothers Arthur was absent when the moving occurred, but when he found that it was done, and the Yankee was actually on inmate of his father's house, he concluded to make the best of it, merely remarking that "they would be in a pretty messs if the story got out of their harboring a prisoner.' The Judge knew that, and in fancy he saw his house burned down, and



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upon him terribly, antil a new idea occurred to him. Maude, as everyone knew, had been talking of going back to Tennessee, and what more nat-ural than for Paul Haverill to send an escort for her in the person of some cousin or other who was foolish enough to fall sick immediately after his arrival. This was a smart thought and as that very day at least a dozen people called at the Cedars, as the Judge called his place, so the dozen were told of "John Campa" sick abed up stairs, "kind of Cousin to Mande, and sent to see her home, by her Uncle

"Right smart chap." the Judge said. feeling amazed at the facility with which he invented falsehoods when once he began. "Been a guerrilla there in the mountains, and done some tall fighting'. I recken."

This was the Judge's story, which his auditors believed, wondering, some of them, why the visitor should occupy that back chamber in preference to the handsome rooms in front. Still they had no suspicion of the truth, "John Camp" was accepted as a recitty, and kind enquiries were made after his welfare, as, day after day, the fever ran its course, and Mande de Vere bent over him, bathing his forehead, smooth-ing his pillows and brushing his hair, her white flugers insinuating queer fancies into his brain, as, half unconscious, he felt their touch upon his face and saw the soft eyes above him-

At first Arthur had kept aloof from Tom, but as the latter grew better, he yielded to Maude's entreaties and went to see him. feeling intuitively that he was in the presence of a gentleman a well as of a superior. He could not dislike him, for there was something about Tom Carleton which disarmed him of all projudice, and many a quiet, friendly talk the two had together the all-absorbing topic of the day.

"He is a splendid fellow, if he is a Yankee," was Arthur's mental verdict, "and fine-looking, too,—finer a hundred times than I," and then there crept into his heart a fear lest Maude should think as he did. and, ere he was aware of it, he found himself anxiously jenlous of one who was at his mercy, and whom, if he chose, he might have removed so easily

CHAPTER XXX.

Tom Carleton was able to start on his journey westward. Twice he had left his room and joined the family below. making himself so agreeable, and adapting himself so nicely to all the Judge's crotchets that the old man confessed to a genuine liking for the Yankee rascal, and expressed himself as unwilling to part with him. He had inquired into his family history, and, to his infinite delight, found that the elder Carleton, Tom's father, was the very lawyer whose speech years ago had been in-strumental in sending back to bondage the Judge's runaway negro, Hetty's husband, whose grave was out by the gurden wall, and whose wife and sons had rendered so different a service to the lawyer's son:

Tom's face was scarlet when he thought of the difference, and remem-bered how his father had worked to prove that the master was entitled to his property wherever it was found. The Judge suspected the nature of his thoughts, and, with a forced laugh, said, good-humoredly:

your father was, I see, Well, young man, times change and change with them. Old man Carleton did me a good turn, for Seth was worth two thousand dollars. I never abused him nor gave him a blow when I got him back. I only asked him how he liked freedom as far as he had gone, and he didn't answer. He seemed broke down like, and in less than a year he died. He was the best hand I ever had, mor'n half white. I cried when he died. I'll be hanged if I didn't. I told him to live and I'd set him free, and when I saw how his eyes lighted up I made out his papers on the spot, and brought 'em to him, and he died with 'em in his hand, held so tight we could scarcely sget 'em out, and I had 'em buried with him in his coffin.

"Thank you, mars'r. God bless you for letting me die free, but it's come too late. I would worked for you, mars'r, all the same if you'd done this before I wanted to be a man, and not a thing,

a brute. You have been kind to me, mars'r; thank you, thank you for lib-

"These are Seth's very words. I've got 'em by heart, and I said them so much that I began to wonder if free dom wasn't better than slavery. But, bless you, my miggers was about all I had. I couldn't give 'em up, though I used to go out to Seth's grave and think how he bugged the papers to the last and wonder if the clause all men are born free and equal didn't mean the blacks. But the pesky war broke out, and drove all this from my head I hate the Yankees—I hate Lincoln. I hate the whole Union army, though I'll be blamed if I can hate you. Got a wife

To be Continued.

PERSONALS.

(needey had a record of walking forty, niles in one day. Dr. John Hall was 6 feet 2 inches tall and powerfully framed. He was a great walker and never used tobacco or stim-

John Wilson, "Christopher North," loved boxing, rowing, running, riding, swimming. He was an Apollo of 8 feet 2.

Agassiz was a broad-chested stal-wart, sunny-natured man, a good fen-cer and swordsman.

Charles Sumner was 6 feet 2 inches high, broad-shouldered, and a tireless walker, in his day the best boxer in Harvard. Wendeil Phillips was the most skilfull fencer.

Justice Gray of the Supreme Court was 6 feet 4 inches tall, broad, deep, clear-skinned and healthy—a magnificent man.

George Washington, the finest speci-George washington, the linest speci-men of physical perfection of them all, was 6 feet 2 inches tall and athletic, as agile as Kraenzlein, as strong as San-dow, with a record of twenty-three feet-an a running broad jump.

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