

The Man Who Saved Brown

Daniel Holman was planting peas in his garden. A fine large village garden it was; its soil a dark sandy loam that gave promise of fruitfulness.

"Daniel! Daniel Holman! Come right here!" "Yes, mother."

"Why, you see, mother," he said meekly, "you wasn't quite ready and I've been so late getting in those peas and the shower last night made the ground just nice and moist."

"Here I am, spick and span and handsome as the day you married me, mother!"

"You've never made anything of yourself, and you never will, Daniel Holman. The idea of your joking and planting garden seeds when your old friend and comrade, Eben Miller, lies dying! A hero like him, too!"

As they passed along the village street, lined with tall trees just coming into leaf, the sunshine, filtering through the half-clad branches, made a dancing firework on road and sidewalk.

Ever since the day when young Eben Miller had come staggering into camp at Fort Donelson bearing in his arms the insensible form of his Colonel, shot through the thigh, he had been the hero of his native northern town.

"Strange how luck favors one and slights another!" said Mrs. Holman, as she saw the struggling villagers focusing into a veritable procession near the Miller house.

"I know," he said, and for a moment age and the years with all their disappointments, fell away as they looked into each other's eyes.

rheumatism a chance at it; and you re-enlisted and fought the whole four years and came out the same high private you went in and nobody's cared. You wouldn't so much as ask a pension; and here you've grubbed and toiled all your life, and I've slaved, and our children—

"Don't, Maria!" protested Daniel. "I'll say my say," insisted the woman. "Tisn't often I speak. Our children have never had a rightful chance. They're nobodies," she went on drearily, "with just the same miserable outlook. And you know as well as I, Daniel, we'll never be able to meet the next interest on the mortgage, and our home—"

There was no need to speak further. The threatened loss of their comfortable little home, where they had dwelt during all the years of their union and where their children had been born and reared, was the heaviest shadow that overhung their lives.

They had come up with some of their neighbors and were included in the slow procession. A carriage dashed up the street and a portly gentleman threw the lines to the man in livery beside him and descended to the pavement, walking with a slight limp. Meanwhile glances were exchanged. It was fitting that the village magnate should honor with his presence the deathbed of the man who had saved his life.

At the gate Daniel Holman, who had been singularly reluctant to join his wife in the proposed visit, held back. "I think I won't go in, Maria. You tell Eben I'll come in after a while, when the people are gone. You know it ain't as if I hadn't been going to see him pretty much every day since he was taken sick."

"Where's Daniel Holman? Hasn't Dan Holman come yet?" "Here's Mr. Holman, father," said his eldest daughter, a matronly woman of middle age.

Col. Brown, sitting at the head of the bed, moved aside to let Holman approach. His recognition of the new-comer was not a cordial one. Like the rest of his fellowtownsmen, he held Daniel Holman in light esteem, regarding him as a man of little force of character, harmless and well-meaning but somewhat of a failure in life.

But Eben Miller caught at Holman's hand with the first sign of animation he had shown that day and conversed with him in whispers. Those who looked on were surprised to see the eagerness in the sick man's face, and more surprised still to see Daniel Holman shake his head and frown, in sullen denial or refusal of his request.

"I've just got to, Daniel!" persisted Miller raising his voice. "I've lived with it. I can't die with it." Holman turned abruptly away. The circle about the bed opened to let him pass, then closed again. His wife, witnessing the incident, wished she might sink through the floor.

Obstinate and self-willed as she knew Daniel to be, how could he have the heart to refuse anything to a dying man, and with so many people looking on?

eyes, unseeing, turned toward the street. Again the tonic was offered the dying man, but he refused it. His voice was failing; however, he held steadily on.

"Lately we've had it hot and heavy. He's argued it didn't matter now for him, and it'd be a bad example for the children, destroying their faith and upsetting the fine example I've been to them. But I believe it'll teach them a lesson worth more—to know the truth. Besides, it matters to me. I've been a thief the better part of my life. I've stolen another man's reputation and I'm not going to die with it on me. Colonel, Decoration Day comes next week. Promise me—you'll have him in your carriage—Daniel Holman—the man who saved your life!"

There was a stir in the room—a movement toward the lonely man at the window, whose head had dropped on his folded arms. The Colonel rose from his chair and limped across the room, but the first to reach the lonely figure was a woman, who put her arm around his shoulders and pressed her wrinkled cheek, with tears, against his own.

On Memorial Day Daniel Holman rode in the Colonel's carriage. But at the head of the procession rode Eben Miller in a carriage with nodding plumes, and the kind hands of those who had forgiven and loved heaped his last resting place with flowers.—Flora Haines Loughhead in The Ave Maria.

"I opened the Blessed Book In the hush of a sylvan spot. And I read: 'Whoever followeth Me, In darkness walketh not.'"

Cried my soul: "When shadows flee, O Lover, more than friend! In the glow of the light I will follow Thee, Rejoicing to the end!"

But a wind the woodland fann'd, And the leaves of the forest shook, Turning, as if with a viewless hand, The leaves of that precious Book.

And lo! on another page I read again with a sigh: "If any man will come after Me, Let him, himself, deny."

"Let him, himself, deny"—it said, (And I trembled shudderingly)— "And take up his cross"—it sternly read, "And follow, follow Me!"

O truth of truths! On the moss, I knelt in the greenwood lone, And pondered the secret of the cross, In the living World made known.

Who wills to walk in the light That flows from a Source divine, Lord, in the path to Calvary's height, Must plant his steps in Thine.

For none that path can tread, Can walk that royal road, Save those that suffer, toil and sweat, And carry the cross of God!

The way is narrow and rough, Sharp stones the footpath strew, And after the bleeding, burden'd Christ, The suffering Christians go.

But a glow and a glory bright On those pilgrims ever beam; For the way of the cross is the way of light, Of light and love supreme! —Eleanor C. Donnelly.

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Cervantes in Rome Rome, May 19.—On Tuesday last, 16th inst., the commemoration of the 3rd centenary of Cervantes, or more strictly speaking, that of the publication of "Don Quixote," was held in Rome at the Roman College. It was under the auspices of the Dante Alighieri Society. An interest was attached to the proceedings on account of the presence of King Victor Emmanuel III., as well as of the Premier, Signor Fortis. The representative of the Argentine Republic, the Secretary of the Spanish Embassy, the Mexican Minister, and others interested in the language of Cervantes, besides a group of literary and official personages, gathered here to listen to the praises bestowed by special orators on the author of "Don Quixote." One of the speakers expressed the hope that his Latin brethren should not forget the glories and traditions of the common motherland, Italy. "In Spain the children study Italian in the commercial schools and in the two Universities of the Argentine Republic. These are the attestations of gratitude which we have for the Spanish people." Thus, while Cervantes was the nominal theme, the glorification of the Dante Alighieri was the actual subject of some of the speeches.

Something of the true inwardness of the erection of a statue to Victor Hugo in the Villa Borghese at Rome may be deduced from the speeches made by the "democrats" of Rome who gathered around his base on Sunday last, and, in spite of the chilling rain poured forth floods of Socialist and Radical oratory. One individual declared that the official commemoration, which, of course, included the King of Italy was an outrage rather than an act of homage to the memory of the poet. The statue of Victor Hugo, he continued, has been placed here also in front of the statue of another great man—his brother in the struggle, Joseph Garibaldi, eternal sentinel on the Janiculum Hill—and the two monuments may well be compared to two light-houses, made to dissipate the darkness which arises in their midst: St. Peter's! That is the great obstacle to the spread of anarchical doctrines, and the "democrats" know it and declare it, while official Italy, in its best clothes, delivers its feeble platitudes about literature, and hearty love of peoples, and brotherly love at the inauguration of this additional light-house.

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