SAVED BY A BOY MESSENGER.

How a Loyal Woman Warned General Kelley of Danger.

A Romantic Incident of the Gettysburg Campaign—General Grant's Subsequent Act in Behalf of the Boy.

The late General B. F. Kelley, "Old Ben Kelley," as he was affectionately known by his men, was one of the silent heroes of the war. Major Davis, the army officer who has charge of the publication of the rebellion records, told me that Kelley made less history for the amount of fighting he did than any general officer in the service.

Prudent, secretive, vigilant, General Kelley committed little to paper. No tell-tale order ever betrayed his plans to the enemy. His instructions always went by word of mouth through trusted Adjutants, and no correspondents or other supernumeraries were allowed in his camps. His reports scarcely showed which side licked when he had been victorious. They were characteristic of the man, terse, laconic, modest. In the forthcoming volume of war records, covering some of Kelley's operations along the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, Major Davis will have to depend largely upon the reports of the Confederate commanders for his history. The reports of Stonewall Jackson, Loring and McCausland relate interesting experiences with Kelley's 10,000 mountaineers along the Upper Potomac and in the Shenandoah.

From the beginning to the close of the war Kelley operated in the mountains and performed service of prodigious value in keeping open the Baltimore and Ohio Road, the great supply artery for the armies of the East, and he was the man, also, who kept Stonewall Jackson out of Pittsburg. Early in the war Jackson conceived the idea of invading Western Pennsylvania, to ravage the rich farming country of the Monongahela Valley, to burn Pittsburg, and to destroy the great United States arsenal there. It became his hobby, and every movement of his up to the beginning of 1862 looked to that end. The repulse and rout of Loring, commanding his advance, at Romney, W. V., October 27, 1861, by Kelley, was a bad back-set for the invasion scheme, and Jackson was summarily ordered to retreat to Winchester and pass the winter. It was this humiliation that caused the trouble between Jackson and the Confederate Secretary of War, which came so near losing Jackson to the Confederacy. Jefferson Davis, General Lee and Governor Letcher patched up a peace and mollified Jackson only after the greatest difficulty.

It is generally understood from the war histories that the first field action of the rebellion was at Big Bethel Church, Va., June 10, 1861, between detachments of the commands of General B. F. Butler and Colonel (afterward General) A. P. Hill; but this is an error, due mainly to the secretiveness and modesty of General Kelley, for just one week before Big Bethel, on a beautiful Sunday morning, Kelley, at the head of a small brigade of Virginia, Ohio and Indiana troops, attacked and routed a Confederate force of 1,500 under Colonel Porterfield, at Phillippi, West Va. It was here that Kelley was shot through the lungs by a Confederate Quartermaster named Simms, the first Union soldier to fall on the field with Confederate lead in him. And thus fell, desperately wounded, the first volunteer officer to receive a commission from President Lincoln, and the organizer of the first Union regiment mustered in south of the line.

About two months ago General Kelley was moved from Cumberland to his beautiful country place, Swan Meadows, near Oakland. The old war veteran knew that his end was near, and he wanted to die at the Meadows, the place he loved best. And here it was that he passed away in the peace of home, attended by an affectionate wife, surrounded by kinsmen and neighbors. His environment was ideal for the parting scene.

A short time before his death I had a long talk with him. He was then on what he called his last march, and he spoke calmly of the final halt. He was 84, and he felt that his time had been drawn out longer than could have been expected, shot and slashed to pieces as he had been. In this conversation he told me a story of the war, which, he said, he had related to but one other person, and that was President Grant. It was to keep faith with a Virginia lady who was the principal agent in the dramatic episode that he had been silent. But the lady is dead, and now the old General is gone. I, therefore, feel at liberty to repeat the story.

Just after General Kelley received orders from Halleck to concentrate his 12,000 men on the north side of the Potomac withing striking distance, to the westward, of Lee's retreat, it was hoped that Meade might be able to follow up the repulse by an attack, and Kelley had orders to advance with his veterans and attack Lee's flank when he heard the first gun of Meade's action with the retreating Confederates. For three days his force lay on its arms along the crest of South Mountain, anxiously awaiting the signal. It was known that Meade and Lee had been in close quarters four or five days, and the thunders of battle were expected any moment. Kelley's veterans were wrought up to the fighting pitch, and were litterally spoiling to get at the "Johnnies." This was especially so of Mulligan's famous Irish brigade.

On the morning of July 14th General Kelley sent a scouting troop from the Ringgold Cavalry, which returned three hours later with information that during the night Lee had crossed the Potomac. Kelley immediately marched, without orders, to Williamsport, where the crossing was made, hoping to catch a belated brigade or two, but he only got a few stragglers and some abandoned property. An order reached him here from General Halleck to proceed to Cherry Run, seven miles above, cross the river, and harass the enemy's right flank. This order came near losing the whole of Kelley's force to Lee, for Ewell's corps, after crossing, had gone ten or twelve miles up before striking back into the country, and Kelley's crossing at Cherry Run placed him not on the enemy's right wing, but between two of the retreating columns.

Kelley marched up Back Creek seven miles, in the night of July 15-16th, and went into camp in a gap of North Mountain, with headquarters in the pretty little village of Hedgesville. Lee's troops were struck with terror when they found out that the Yankees were in force at Hedgesville. They thought that it was Meade's army in hot pursuit which had thus caught them saddle-bagged across North Mountain. But there was joy in the rebel camp when the report came that it was only Kelley's little army, instead of Meade's host of 100,000, and a plan was immediately made to capture it. A council of war was held on the night of the 16th at the residence of Charles James Faulkner, Minister to France under Buchanan, which was temporarily General Lee's headquarters. The Faulkner homestead is known as Boydville, and is near Martinsburg.

It was arranged that General Jubal Early should take a large force and move swiftly through Baker's Gap, about eighteen miles above Hedgesville, and thence down Back Creek to within reach of Kelley's rear, to be ready to attack at daylight on the 18th, while General Ewell was to engage Kelley simultaneously in front. The plan was well laid, and Kelley told me it would have been pretty certain to result in his destruction had he not been saved by an almost miraculous circumstance.

The council of war was attended by a negro man servant, belonging to Dr. E. Boyd Pendleton, who had been loaned to the Faulkner household on account of his talent as a compounder of mint juleps, to wait on the distinguished officers. While serving juleps, cigars and other concomitants of Southern hospitality, the darkey kept his ears open, and he picked up enough to know what was going on. When the council was over he went home and told his mistress, Mrs. Dr. Pendleton, what he had heard. This lady was strongly loyal, and at great personal sacrifice she had held out alone and fearlessly against all her people in maintaining her Union sentiments. On hearing of the plot to crush Kelley she resolved to apprise him of his peril, and she sent her faithful black man with the message, but Ewell's pickets would not let him pass, and he came back to his mistress. Then, with a woman's ready tact, Mrs. Pendleton decided to send her son, Nathaniel, ten years old, to warn General Kelley.

She gave the lad a small basket and told him to say to the guards that he was going out to pick blackberries. The pickets patted him on the head and let him through, telling him to look out for snakes and Yankees, and not to forget to come home. It was but half a mile to the Federal line, and there little Nat told the officer in charge that he wanted to see General Kelley, but no amount of quizzing could draw from him what his errand was. Finally the officer took the boy on his horse and carried him to headquarters. The General was alone. When the picket officer retired, the bright little follow told Kelley that he was going to be killed. The General was naturally surprised at this abrupt and startling information, and he asked the lad how he knew it. The boy replied archly that he knew it because his mamma had said so. Then, with returning self-possession, he remembered more of his message, and he told the General sententiously that all the Yankees were going to be killed, too!

The General's surprise gave way to amusement. He thought he had found a funny case in the youngster. He took the prattling child on his knee and coddled him after the manner of a fond parent. Presently he asked sportively when these awful things were going to happen. The little fellow quickly answered that the Yankees were to be killed the next morning at daybreak.

The lad's story was now taking shape, and the General, being a man of shrewdness and quick perception, had begun to divine its possible meaning. The thought flashed across his mind, he told me, Can there be a plot to destroy me that the child and his mother know about? Can this be a warning? Thoroughly aroused and a little alarmed, he now proceeded to draw more information from the boy about the direful event. With a kindly and playful manner he set the youth at ease, and then came the whole story, chattered out innocently and brightly and without restraint.

General Kelley now saw the importance of the boy's errand, and without a moment's delay he dispatched a squadron of cavalry under Captain Hart, a gallant and trusted officer, to scout the Black Creek country as far up as Baker's Gap. This was at 3 in the afternoon. Between 7 and 8 the cavalry came back at a storming gait with a report that Early's troops in great force had gone into camp at Tomahawk Spring, a short distance above, at 6 o'clock.

The warning was thus fully confirmed, and General Kelley concluded the best thing to do was to break camp and get away as soon as possible. He ordered his men to gather as many fence rails and dry limbs as they could and make a line of fires, which should satisfy the enemy that he was lying in bivouac, calmly unconscious of his impending fate. At 9 an order was given to withdraw down Back Creek to the Potomac, and the retreat was executed in perfect military order. The artillery moved first, the infantry next, and the cavalry guarded the rear. At midnight the little army was all at the river, and the first streak of dawn broke upon the last man to wade to the Maryland shore.

With the precision of an action in the drama a large force of Confederate cavalry came dashing down the creek, with a mighty thundering of hoofs and the wild blare of many bugles, just in time to find its game beyond reach and drawn up in a line of battle on the other shore, ready to receive early callers. But the cavalry had no mind to make such a call. With loud yells and a few stray shots it headed back up the creek on a slow trot.

Thus a smart Virginia woman foiled three great, if not the greatest Confederate leaders, in one of the best pieces of strategy the history of the war affords.

General Kelley did not forget his little savior. He had carefully noted his name, and as the years passed by, after peace was restored, he watched the youngster's growth until he became of suitable age for a cadetship. Then General Kelley went to President Grant and told him of his providential escape through the agency of the boy and his mother. It was the first time the story had passed his lips. Then he said:

"Now, Mr. President, I have never asked a favor from the Government, and I shall never ask another. I want you to help me pay this debt of gratitude and of loyalty. I want this lad appointed as a cadet at the Military Academy, and I want it done to-day, sir."

The President sat and smoked two minutes at least without speaking, though it seemed ten. Then he said:

"It shall be done to-day, General Kelley. It is very appropriate and I will take pleasure in doing it."

Within two hours the appointment was brought to the hotel by one of the executive clerks and placed in General Kelley's hands, to be delivered to Master Nathaniel Pendleton.

The young man went to the academy, but did not get in. Like most Southern youngsters of quality at his age, he was a good Greek and Latin scholar, but was deficient in the English elements. He is now the publisher of a prosperous newspaper at Berkeley Springs, a better station in life than to be an army lieutenant in time of peace.

General Kelley also told the story of his capture with Crook. In February, 1865, when the war was closing, and vigilance on the Upper Potomac was relaxed, an audacious little band of rebel guerrillas under Captain O'Neal made a night dash into Cumberland, dragged Generals Kelley and Crook out of bed, and carried them off, all in the twinkle of an eye. The plan was laid by one of the guerrillas, Jim Dailey by name, a harum-scarum fellow, who was a brother-in-law of Crook. General Crook had married Mary Dailey, a pretty Irish girl, out of a rebel family at Oakland, the daughter of a tavern-keeper, and her brother Jim thought it would be a very smart thing to make the capture. But the guerrillas took Kelley along, too. They were taken to Richmond by way of the Shenandoah Valley, as prisoners of war. On reaching Staunton, the distinguished prisoners were taken to Early's headquarters. The great rebel leader received them very hospitably. He regretted that the fortunes of war made it necessary for him to regard them as prisoners rather than as guests. Then he said to Kelley:

"I intended to have had the pleasure myself of capturing you and your supply train at Hedgesville, but you mysteriously gave me the slip, and you didn't leave a cracker behind. My army went without breakfast that morning, sir. I had estimated that it would be a fair morning's work before breakfast to take you, and we had depended on your supplies."

General Kelley replied grimly to this pleasantry that there might have been enough supplies to go around after he had finished his part of the morning's work.

When General Lee heard the story of the kidnaping of Generals Kelley and Crook, he ordered their release with safe conduct to the Federal lines. He sent his regrets to the two Generals, with the assurance that he did not believe in guerilla warfare, and that he did not sanction the act of Captain O'Neal. This was one of General Lee's magnanimous acts which should live in history as an element in the fame of a great soldier.

General Kelley's body has just been laid by his own request, next to the still fresh grave of his comrade in arms, Crook, in the Soldiers' Cemetery at Arlington, once the home of the Lees and the Custises.—Edson Brace, in Philadelphia Times.

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IN RELIGION'S REALM.

Expressions from the Various Religious Newspapers.

The Religious Thought of the Day as Expressed in the Sectarian Press—Some Matters of Interest to Both Ministers and Laymen.

The *Independent* says: "One of the 'worst forms' of the higher criticism—that of Hermann Schultz—'leaves us everything in the Old Testament which we want for our Christian system.' This we copy from an article by Professor Frank Hugh Foster of Oberlin Theological Seminary in the August *Magazine of Christian Literature*. Is Oberlin about to follow Union?"

The *Western Christian Advocate* (Meth.) says: "No preacher has any right to invade his church with 'strange' doctrines and still claim the patronage and privileges of that church; and this is so in face of the fact that he may have the truth and the church be in error. Political economists say that an organized body has a right to itself. It has a right to conserve its organic life, to build and perpetuate its economy on the basis of its own doctrinal beliefs. When organized under the compact, the soundness of the compact is not at issue with the individuals of that compact. There are rightful and just means by which the errors of creeds may be eliminated and the truth substituted. No member of any leading Protestant church is deprived of an equal opportunity with all the others to make all wise and necessary fundamental changes in that body; but this opportunity must be used in the way by which all changes are safely made."

The *Catholic Champion* (P. E.) says of the admission of Dr. Phillips Brooks to the Episcopate: "We are very unwilling to indulge in the blowing of trumpets, but we believe that even our adversaries will admit the excellence and glory of our inheritance and the fair lot with which God has blessed us in making us a power of righteousness among the clearest and soberest minds of our nation. We did suppose, also, that a majority of our bishops saw that this eminent mission was committed to us by God because we had been glad to submit to and eager to maintain the authority of His Holy Word and of the faith once delivered to the saints. Surely we have heard as much from them in various utterances, individual and collective.

"Yet what have they now done? They have admitted the very man who stands for the world and worldliness, who is opposed to all fixity, who cannot abide the notion of an American church which shall stand upon a hill that Americans may look to it as a city of refuge, who would have doctrines and methods continually changing to meet the sentiments of the public from time to time, who, in short, looks to man as the voice of God, and not to the voice of God as the life of man—they have admitted this person, not as an individual, but as the acknowledged representative of the faith-destroying school, to their own sacred guardian office. They would not teach as he does; they would not even suffer him to come and preach to their flocks, but they will give him the power to ordain preachers, and even to consecrate bishops."

The *Living Church* (P. E.) says: "We repudiate the idea of 'panic.' We have no doubt that truth will prevail in this church, as well as in the holy church of all time throughout the world. We believe this, because we think it is manifest so far as man is able to judge, that God has a great work for the anglican communion, and that a great destiny is in store for her. This has been felt even by alien and by no means friendly observers like the French de Maistre early in this century. The wonderful indications of God's providence in the history of the American church gives us confidence that He has a great mission in store for us, and that in the future, as in the past, His protection will not fail. These considerations may well impart to churchmen courage, hope, and enthusiasm in their work for Christ, but it by no means follows that they have no work to do, nor struggle to pass through, or that they have the right to be indifferent or lukewarm when truth, which it is their mission to maintain, is assailed. We believe that the high destiny of this church may be hastened or retarded, according to the measure of courage and faithfulness which her children, and above all her chief stewards, may exhibit in guarding the priceless trust committed to their hands."

The *Sacred Heart Review* (R. C.) says: "The following passages are from the *Manual of Unsectarian Instruction*, in daily use in the elementary schools of Paris, now controlled by the Government:

"'Teacher—What is God?

"'Child—We cannot tell.

"'Teacher—Do you acknowledge a superior or controlling being?

"'Child—Why should we? Prove to us the necessity, and show him to us.

"'Teacher—It cannot be proved that such a being is indispensable.

"'Child—Then it is a waste of time to talk about the matter.'

"The entire Catechism is summed up in these words: 'The term God has no signification, it means nothing at all.' This is the outcome of the French experiment in non-sectarian, that is, strictly non-religious education. One must pity the children who are brought up under such a system, and the State whose future citizens they are to be. Yet many earnest and Christian-minded Protestants in this country are willing to make our system of public education purely non-religious, and prefer that their children shall take their chances in secular schools, from a blind terror of some vague and undefined danger from what they term 'Roman Catholic aggression.'"

The *Congregationalist* says: "Our boys and girls are more hours each day, during school term, under the eye and influence of the teacher than under the parent's care. An hour in the morning, an hour or two in the evening, is about all the parent sees of the child during school days. We may be ever so faithful in our watch and training, and yet the home influence may be largely negatived unless supplemented and reinforced by the teacher. Next to the parent stands the teacher. The 'higher education' begins in the primary and grammar schools, not in the high school and college. No education can attain a hight safely unless it is deep and well laid. The work of the teacher in the preliminary departments is foundation work. If laid deep in eternal truth that God is Creator, Ruler, Redeemer and Guide, you may build high as ambition shall soar and it will stand, for it is founded on a rock. If other foundation is laid, the storms and temptations and trials of a life will surely test it. Will it stand or will it fall? It may possibly stand—are you willing to run the risk when you can be sure it will stand by building on 'the rock?'"

The *Churchman* says: "The success of the new submarine telephone system between London and Paris, by which, as was reported, 'every syllable' of the first message which passed to and fro over a distance of 297 miles was 'clearly transmitted,' calls the world's attention once more to the marvellous progress of scientific inventions. The primary purpose of invention is, of course, the convenience of mankind, but in many ways invention becomes equally the handmaid of religion, and thus it will doubtless be forever. Missionary enthusiasts now living may yet find some future executive in the Church Missions House 'calling up' a missionary Bishop in Africa, for instance, and saying in answer to the Bishop's greeting: 'I thought you would like to know that Mr. Blank has just stopped in at the Mission rooms to say that next week he will give $50,000 for a building for your new divinity-school and an additional $50,000 toward its endowment.' Stranger things are happening in these wonderful times than a telephonic message to the Dark Continent and so large a gift to such an object. We already have practically a telegraphic girdle around the earth; we may also yet be able to send a telephonic message by way of the circumference of the world. As we see how science can be and is used for the furtherance of the Kingdom of Heaven, we can the better realize the truth, that, while men may seek new inventions for man's convenience, Almighty God reveals to them the knowledge which they apply for His own glorification in the evangelization of all the nations of the earth."

A correspondent of the *Christian Advocate* (Meth.) asks: "Can a druggist be a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church?" The *Advocate* says: "What a question this is! Of course he can. We suppose you mean: Can a druggist who sells ardent spirits to be drunk by people as a beverage be a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church? Of course he cannot. But a druggist who does that is not a druggist merely; he is a grog-seller. He may be a druggist and sell liquor under medical prescription, as he sells other medicines, and be a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. A druggist who sells anything besides medicines on Sunday cannot be a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. A druggist who sells cigars, soda water, perfumery and other things on that day is inconsistent, in the same sense that he would be if he opened a dry-goods store. If we did not suppose that this was the idea in the mind of the questioner, we should consider the question evidence of a Pharisaic spirit."

On the proposed "Religious Exhibit" at the World's Fair the *Freeman's Journal* (R. C.) says: "The Catholic Church must, in her integrity, make her own exhibit. She will not be invited by the Presbyterian Committee. Of this there is no possible chance. In a religious exhibit she will stand pre-eminently at the head, and it will be extremely appropriate for her to ask for and take the place of showing the history of Christianity in its truth and fulness, as exemplified by its progress from its first foothold on the shores of the New World, and devoid of all bigotry, chicanery and fraud. What a beautiful series of pictures it could present!

"To accomplish this, there must be no rotten harness of denominationalism; no bucking mustangs of antagonistic beliefs; no setting back in the traces of balky religious jealousies; no pandering to a political pull, or a Judas' purse.

"The Catholic Church is the grandest church on the Western Hemisphere, and as such can make the grandest showing of its work in all the three Americas."

The *Congregationalist* says: "Any movement in the direction of strengthening the Protestant forces among the French Canadian population of New England deserves consideration and propulsion from all who feel that our liberties are threatened by this large and increasing influx of foreigners from over the Canadian border. The call for a meeting at Lakeview, South Framingham, September 7th, of French Protestants of whatever denomination, should find a general and hearty response. It is no new thing for French citizens to meet in convention, and past years have witnessed great gatherings in different cities which State and municipal officials have often indorsed by their presence, but from these convocations the Protestant French are excluded, for the reason plainly given that they are considered apostates and renegades, while Free Masons are allowed to participate, for their sin is only that of invincible ignorance. So the Protestant element was forced to stand by itself. Last year a French Protestant Union was formed, with the Rev. Joshua Coit of Boston as honorary President and Bishop Mallalieu as Vice-President. The proposed convention, if properly managed, ought to solidify and cheer the persons who are standing out so bravely for the evangelical faith and exposing themselves to persecution in so many instances."

A Poverty-stricken Millionaire!

This seems a paradox, but it is explained by one of New York's richest men. "I don't count my wealth in dollars," he said. "What are all my possessions to me, since I am a victim of consumption? My doctor tells me that I have but a few months to live, for the disease is incurable. I am poorer than that beggar yonder." "But," interrupted the friend to whom he spoke, "consumption *can* be cured. If taken in time, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will eradicate every vestige of the disease from your system." "I'll try it," said the millionaire, and he did; and to-day there is not a healthier, happier man to be found anywhere. The "Discovery" strikes at the *seat* of the complaint. Consumption is a disease of the blood—is nothing more nor less than lung-scrofula—and it *must* and does yield to this wonderful remedy. "Golden Medical Discovery" is not only an acknowledged remedy for that terribly fatal malady, when taken in time and given a fair trial, but also for all forms of Scrofulous, Skin and Scalp Diseases, as White Swellings, Feversores, Hip-joint Disease, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Boils, Carbuncles, Erysipelas and kindred ailments.

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"THE SHADOWS."

Written for the RECORD-UNION by Gale Braith

I.

The Court of Assizes is crowded with spectators listening, in breathless interest, to the speech which is flowing from Fleury-Armand's lips, a speech which, from that day forth, shall make his name famous throughout the length and breadth of Europe; a brilliant, powerful speech, fraught with such strength and eloquence it could scarcely be surpassed.

Amidst this throng there is a goodly sprinkling of the *beau monde*, to which class the accused evidently belongs, and, strange to say, in this vast Parisian crowd, there is not one single dry eye. Women are weeping freely—some piteously. Ah, and occasionally as the lawyer pours forth his torrent of eloquence, pleading so earnestly and passionately for his client's life, there arises a loud, hoarse noise, a man's sob stifled though as if ashamed to be heard.

The Judge's hand is passing quickly across his eyes. What is that you say—tears? *Mon Dieu!* Doubtless the light from yonder opposite window annoys him.

The speech is finished, and wearily Fleury-Armand sinks into a chair.

The jury arise, and the gray-haired Judge addresses them, dwelling minutely upon the details of the crime committed, and, in the name of justice, commands them to do their duty, concluding with—"*Dieu defend le droit.*"

Quietly the twelve men file out of the court-room, and the gaze of the curious spectators are fastened upon the prisoner, whose life, twenty minutes before the commencement of Fleury-Armand's speech, seemed scarcely the value of a one franc piece.

She is—yes, it is a woman, or girl rather, for this lovely dark-eyed creature, on trial for her life, is young, very young. Only once has she raised those wondrous eyes, and that was at the conclusion of Fleury-Armand's mighty speech. Then she lifted them with a look of dumb, unutterable gratitude to his handsome face, whilst her lips seemed to frame the words, "My friend." A nervous shiver now seems to shake her, and once or twice she raises a slender hand to press it against her full, white throat. The vision of the guillotine is before her, no doubt. Oh, horrible!

Ten minutes have scarcely elapsed when the jury solemnly and slowly return. The suppressed excitement is frightful. One woman has swooned, a second and third follow her example, and a fourth has fallen into violent hysterics. Truly, at this critical moment, the prisoner is by far the most composed.

As the Judge deliberately clears his throat, prior to asking the verdict arrived at, the suspense is maddening, and, at last, when the foremost juror replies: "We find the prisoner not guilty," the crowd raises *en masse* with deafening, joyous cheer. Women fall into each others' arms amid tears and kisses; men clasp and shake one another by the hand heartily. The cheer is echoed by the outside *canille*, and as the excited people surge towards the doors it requires the united efforts of the gendarmes to keep any kind of order whatever. Outside the rabble are crying, with lusty voices, "*Vivat* Armand!" "*Vive le* Marchand!" This fickle mob who, a brief half hour previous were, with fierce impatience, screaming, "Away with her to the guillotine;" and it is all owing to Fleury-Armand's speech. Wonderful!

II.

A beautiful moonlight night in Venice. Millions of tiny sparkling stars are mirrored upon the crumbling water. Gondolas pass and repass in quick succession. Through the pale distance a chorus of sonorous male voices are singing praises to their beloved fatherland. A fair, peaceful night with a cool breeze gently rippling the clear star-sprinkled water. Overhead there is naught to mar the glorious bright heavens—nothing but the banner afloat over St. Marks, around which a belated dove is flying in wide circles, at times turning dizzy sommersaults, then shooting far, far upwards, anon becoming tangled and enfolded in the gloomy banner.

"Of what are your thoughts?" The girl addressed starts, but does not withdraw her gaze from the restless bird until her companion repeats the question.

She sighs sadly. "Nita wishes to go."

"Nita, Nita; always Nita," the young man speaks impatiently and leans forward in the gondola.

"Pardon me. I am cross. I am a brute. I shall go also."

"No, no (hastily). We must go alone." He still leans forward yearningly, eagerly towards her. "Sing," he says suddenly. "Sing, I long to hear your voice."

At his request her lips part in low, sweet strains to raise higher, higher, soaring far, far upwards until they seem to reach the banner floating so gracefully over St. Marks', the dove meanwhile posing on motionless wings as if to listen. Strong and pure the rich tones ring out.

It is that beautiful old German song which she sings:

The long, long weary day
Has passed in tears away,
And now I'm weeping,
My lone watch keeping.

And as the echoes of the magnificent voice dying pass away they seem to linger upon the threshold of her mouth as if loth to leave the lovely lips.

"Bravo! bravo!" shout the boat full of German students now drawn near and resting on idle oars to listen.

"*Brava, singen si noch ein lied, Frauleina;*" and a loosely-tied bunch of crimson roses are thrown into the fair singer's lap, who receives them with a startled cry.

"I fear them," she whispers. "They remind me of blood—look!" and as she raises them in her hands some few petals, which have fallen and lie scattered upon her white gown, do strangely resemble drops of blood.

He quickly snatches the flowers from her hands and deliberately casts them into the shivering waters.

An angry shout comes from the students' boat as they watch their offering so lightly treated.

She is trembling violently.

"Take me home," she murmurs.

He turns the boat, and in silence they return. In silence he takes her hand and leads her up the stone steps which gleam so ghostly in the moonlight. He stands with that soft, little hand pressed tightly in his own.

"To-morrow," he whispers, "to-morrow night at this time I will return. You must give me an answer then."

He turns and descends the steps sighing. She enters the darkness of her chamber, upon her knees she sinks by her bedside. In pain, with tears of anguish, she prays to the Most High for strength to direct and guide her to fight against this mighty love.

The next morning Beta—Nita's old Italian nurse—notices the girl's white face. "*Cara mia*, you are pale this morning."

She smiles wearily. "A mere night's restlessness, that is all."

"Ah, 'tis well, then. I began to fear it might be a graver cause—a heart ache, perhaps; but then," hastily laying a brown, wrinkled hand upon the noble head: "Donzella must never forget. Love is not for her. She is brave and sensible enough to know she must live without such trifles as man's love."

The nurse expects to hear the usual smiling rejoinder. But the girl stands sad and pale beside her. Yes, for the first time in life she is in a wayward mood. Standing silent she looks across the blue waters of the Arno, where only last night she sailed with *him*. Ah, dear heaven, and to-night he is coming for his answer. The girl's heart grows cold, as she knows the only answer that can be given.

Upon the white marble steps, whence the noonday sun is brightly shining, a pair of peasant lovers catch her troubled eye. The girl, in her dark beauty, is coquettishly holding at arms' length a blood-red rose, for which her lover is vainly begging. At last, with a gay laugh, she throws it towards him. He catches and imprints a dozen kisses upon it. Happy lovers!

Just across in the garden sits a mother—a smiling, proud young mother with her chubby babies playing at her feet. Bitterly she sighs. Never must she know the love of wifehood or the holy joys of motherhood. And why?

The old nurse regards her gravely. "Has it come at last *carissima mia?* Has your heart at last found its mate?"

The girl bows her head; tears fill and overflow the lovely eyes until, with a passion of sobs, she lays her head against the old woman's bosom.

"Don't, dear, don't; she will hear you," gently patting the girl's shoulders. "I knew it must come sooner or later."

A fretful voice calls from an inner room, and bravely striving to hide her grief, she enters her feeble sister's darkened chamber.

Fleury-Armand is quickly ascending the white marble steps softly humming,

The long, long weary day
Has passed in tears away.

As he hastily crosses the few feet of moonlight he sees her. She is standing half leaning against a moss-covered fountain dreamily dipping her fair hands into the clear depths of its waters. Her wrap, a queer old-fashioned thing in color, fading from gold into amber, and from amber melting into a beautiful rose tint, has slipped from her shoulders until it hangs clinging loosely to her waist. The beautiful head, crowned with its wealth of midnight hair, is bent in pensive meditation.

For a moment he stops, regarding her beauty with eyes of yearning love. As he steps suddenly forward she starts—a smile, slow, sweet but infinitely sad, curves her lips.

"I was expecting you, though it is almost an hour before the time."

"Yes; but the moments were like lead, so heavy, so slow, I could not wait—I *could not* wait."

He catches the cool, moist hand from the fountain. His eyes are fastened upon her face drinking in its wondrous beauty. He clasps his arm around her slender waist, with the other he encircles her neck, drawing her close to him, meanwhile raining kisses upon her lips, her eyes, her brow, her hair, her chin and throat.

"Tell me, tell me, is it yes—it must be."

She struggles vainly to escape, and at last slips from his burning embrace. Gasping for breath she slowly recedes, he following step by step.

"Listen!" she pants. "Listen! You ask me to be your wife, and—" a painful flood of color flushes her face and neck—"the mother of your children." His eyes almost dance with joy. Bursting into a passion of tears she raises her hands and clasps them above her head.

"Oh, my love," she moans, "my true brave love, you saved my life. It is yours, yours. But God pity me. Your wife I cannot be."

She drops upon her knees at his feet, clasping and kissing his hands piteously.

He stoops and raises her in his arms, fiercely, madly, almost frantically, he presses her against his heart. "My wife or nothing. You, whom I love beyond all else, my wife or nothing."

"The past," she moans, "the past."

"The past is nothing. You are pure, pure as the doves which fly over St. Marks'. My wife you shall be. Mine, mine! I love you, I *love you*."

Again she struggles helpless in his arms, but he holds her tight. "You are mine," he whispers, "mine, mine."

From the gloomy home a scream rings out, startling the two at the moss-covered fountain.

Old Beta runs towards them.

"Your sister," she pants, "your sister is dead."

With a cry the girl darts from her lover's arms and rushes towards the house.

The old woman seizes his hand. "The truth can no longer harm her, and will lift the stain from the living. Nita was the guilty one (slowly); Nita, who is just this minute dead."

Pityingly he gazes at the old nurse's grief-convulsed face. Poor thing! She is losing her reason.

The old woman tries to smile, but the smile turns into a sob.

"No, senor, I'm not mad. Nita killed her husband. Ah, but he was a brute, a wretch; he treated her shameful; he struck her, and she stabbed him to the heart. The sister who has just left you is an angel, whose deed is recorded in heaven. Nita was a coward—a sad coward. And when she found he was dead she begged her sister to save her. But poor Nita was mad, quite mad at the time. The other promised to save her, for when their mother lay upon her dying bed she asked the oldest one to swear and promise to protect Nita if it required her life to do so. That oath has been kept, for the good God who watches over us all, sent you to save her. Come, we will go to them."

Slowly they enter the dead girl's chamber. Calm she lays, so calm and peaceful. Her sister is kneeling by the bedside with her head buried upon her outstretched arms. At his touch upon her shoulder she raises slowly to her feet, and bending forward she presses her mouth to the cold, dead lips. She turns to him whose arms are aching to receive her.

Old Beta makes the sign of the cross above the pale forehead of the dead girl.

"The saints rest her soul," she murmurs brokenly, and the other two echo, "Amen."

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