

NEARER TO GOD AND TO THEE.

Go make thee a mark far above me,
Near the top of the temple of fame;
Say that thou'lt endeavor to love me,
With me I have written my name.
Think of the hearts that have fainted
While striving for what I would be,
For I shall be better for striving,
And nearer to God and to thee.

No burden could e'er be too heavy,
No task ever seem too great,
No journey too long or too lonely,
No hour too early or late.
For my matchless love would be thriving
On the hope of the bliss to be,
And I should be better for striving,
And nearer to God and to thee.

All the long way from noontime till midnight,
And back from the midnight to noon;
By the bright light of love I'd be toiling,
And hoping the end would be soon.
And when time of hope had bereft me,
Tossed wildly on life's troubled seas,
I should know the struggle had left me
Still nearer to God and to thee.

—C. W. W. in N. Y. Sun.



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XI.—CONTINUED.

"I was their guest; I had no money. What could I do? It was then after eleven, I should judge. M. Philippe, or whatever his name was, gave orders to the driver. We pulled up, and then, to my surprise, I found we were at Doyle's. That ended it. I told them they must excuse me. They protested, but of course I couldn't go there. So they took a couple of bottles apiece and went in the gate and I settled myself for a nap and got it. I don't know how long I slept, but I was aroused by the devil's own tumult. A shot had been fired. Men and women both were screaming and swearing. Some one suddenly burst into the cab beside me, really pushed from behind, and then away we went through the mud and rain; and the lightning was flashing now, and presently I could recognize Lascelles, raging. 'Infame!' 'Coquin!' 'Assassin!' were the mildest terms he was volleying at somebody, and then, recognizing me, he burst into mauldin tears, swore he was his only friend. He had been insulted, abused, denied reparation. Was he hurt? I inquired, and instinctively felt for my knife. It was still there where I'd hid it in the inside pocket of my overcoat. No hurt; not a blow. Did I suppose that he, a Frenchman, would pardon that or leave the spot until satisfaction had been exacted? Then I begged him to be calm and listen to me for a moment. I told him my plight—that I had given my word to be at the barracks that evening; that I had no money left, but I could go no further. Instantly he forgot his woes and became absorbed in my affairs. 'Parole d'honneur!' he would see that mine was never unsullied. He himself would escort me to the maison de Capitaine Cram. He would rejoice to say to that brave ennemi, Behold! here is thy lieutenant, of honor the most unsullied, of courage the most admirable, of heart the most magnanimous. The Lord only knows what he wouldn't have done had we not pulled up at his gate. There I helped him out on the banquette. He was steadied by his row, whatever it had been. He would not let me expose myself—even under Pierce's umbrella. He would not permit me to suffer 'from time so of the dog.' You will drive monsieur to his home and return here for me at once," he ordered cabby, grasped both my hands with fervent good night and the explanation that he had much haste, implored pardon for leaving me—on the morrow he would call and explain everything—they darted into the gate. We never could have parted on more friendly terms. I stood for a moment to see that he safely reached his door, for a light was dimly burning in the hall, then turned to jump into the cab, but it wasn't there. Nothing was there. I jumped from the banquette into a berth aboard some steamer out at sea. They tell me the first thing I asked for was Pierce's umbrella and Larkin's hat."

And this was the story that Waring maintained from first to last. "Pills" ventured a query as to whether the amount of Krug and Clicquot consumed might not have overthrown his mental equipoise. No, Sam declared, he drank very little. "The only Bacchanalian thing I did was to join in a jovial chorus from a new French opera which Lascelles' friend piped up and I had in the north:

"Out, buvons, buvons envoe!"
S'il est un vin qu'on adore
De Paris à Macao,
C'est le Clicquot, c'est le Clicquot."

Asked if he had formed any conjecture as to the identity of the stranger, Sam said no. The name sounded like "Philippe," but he couldn't be sure. But when told that there were rumors to the effect that Lascelles' younger brother had been seen with him twice or thrice of late, and that he had been in exile because, if anything, of a hopeless passion for madame his sister-in-law, and that his name was Philippe, Waring looked dazed. Then a sudden light, as of never fresher memory, flashed up in his eyes. He seemed about to speak, but as suddenly controlled himself and turned his face to the wall. From that time on he was determinedly dumb about the stranger. What roused him to lively interest and conjecture, however, was Cram's query as to whether he had not recognized in the cabman called in by the stranger the very one whom he had "knocked endwise" and who had tried to shoot him that morning. "No," said Waring, "the man did not speak at all, that I noticed, and I did not once see his face, he was so bundled up against the storm." But if it was the same party, suggested he, it seemed hardly necessary to look any further in explanation of his own disappearance. Cabby had simply squared matters by knocking him senseless, helping himself to his watch and ring and turning out his pockets, then hammering him until frightened off, and then, to cover his

tracks, setting him afloat in Anatole's boat.

"Perhaps cabby took a hand in the murder, too," suggested Sam, with eager interest. "You say he had disappeared—gone with his plunder. Now, who else could have taken my knife?"

Then Reynolds had something to tell him; that the "lady" who wrote the anonymous letters, the belle amie whom Lascelles proposed to visit, the occupant of the upper floor of "the dove-cot," was none other than the blighted floweret who had appealed to him for aid and sympathy, for fifty dollars at first and later for more, the first year of his army service in the south, "for the sake of the old home." Then Waring grew even more excited and interested. "Pills" put a stop to further developments for a few days. He feared a relapse. But, in spite of "Pills," the developments, like other maladies, throve. The little detective came down again. He was oddly inquisitive about that chanson a boire from "Fleur du Thé." Would Mr. Waring hum it for him? And Sam, now sitting up in his parlor, turned to his piano, and with long, slender, fragile-looking fingers rattled a lively prelude and then faintly quavered the rollicking words.

"Odd," said Mr. Pepper, as they had grown to call him, "I heard that sung by a fellow up in Chartres street two nights hand-running before this thing happened—a merry cuss, too, with a rather loose hand on his shekels. Lots of people may know it, though, mayn't they?"

"No, indeed, not down here," said Sam. "It only came out in New York within the last four months, and hasn't been south or west at all, that I know of. What did he look like?"

"Well, what did the fellow that was with you look like?"

But here Sam's description grew vague. So Pepper went up to have a beer by himself at the cafe chantant. It was touching to see how in every

towering on his right, the little party came upon a group of strangers—three gentlemen, one of whom stepped courageously forward, raising his hat in a black-gloved hand. He was of medium height, slender, erect and soldierly in bearing; his face was dark and oval, his eyes large, deep and full of light. He spoke mainly in English, but with marked accent, and the voice was soft and melodious.

"I fear I have intruded. Have I the honor to address Lieutenant Waring? I am Philippe Lascelles."

For a moment Waring was too amazed to speak. At last, with brightening face and holding forth his hand, he said:

"I am most glad to meet you—to know that it was not you who drove down with us that night."

"Alas, no! I left Armand but that very morning, returning to Havana, thence going to Santiago. It was not until five days ago the news reached me. It is of that stranger I come to ask."

It was an odd council gathered there in Waring's room in the old barracks that April morning while Ferry was drilling the battery to his heart's content and the infantry companies were wearily going over the manual or bayonet exercise. Old Brax had been sent for, and came. M. Lascelles' friends, both, like himself, soldiers of the south, were presented, and for their information Waring's story was again told, with only most delicate allusion to certain incidents which might be considered as reflecting on the character and dignity of the elder brother. And then Philippe told his. True, there had been certain transactions between Armand and himself. He had fully trusted his brother, a man of affairs, with the management of the little inheritance which he, a soldier, had no idea how to handle, and Armand's business had suffered greatly by the war.

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