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The Substitute

By WILL N. HARBEN, Author of "Abner Daniel," "The Land of the Changing Sun," "The North Walk Mystery," Etc.

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CHAPTER VII.

ONE night about the middle of the month George Buckley was awakened by a gentle rapping on the window of his room. He rose and stood listening. The sound was repeated.

"Who's there?" he called out.

"It's me, George," answered Hillyer's voice. "I want to see you a minute. You needn't dress. I—I've got a key to the front door, but I was afeard you mought jump up an' shoot before you found out who it was."

Buckley's delay in answering showed his surprise at the unusual visit. Hillyer heard him strike a match and saw him in the light it furnished as George applied it to the wick of his lamp.

"All right, Mr. Hillyer," he said, "come in."

In a moment the merchant opened the great, rattling door in front and came slowly back to his clerk's apartment.

"Git back in bed," said he. "I've got my overcoat on an' my teeth are chatterin'. I feel like I wasn't nothin' but skin an' bones."

"Why, it's not cold, Mr. Hillyer." Buckley was now dressed, all but his coat, and he hastily drew it on and sat down on the bed. Hillyer remained standing in the middle of the room, staring wide eyed and pale faced at his clerk. Then he bethought himself of a chair and drew one to him and sank into it.

"You went to call on Miss Lydia tonight, didn't you, George?"

"Yes, sir. I was there till about 10 o'clock."

"Makin' any progress, George? I mean"—

"I'm not trying to make any progress, Mr. Hillyer," said the young man quickly. "We are simply friends—that's all."

It was as if the merchant had not heard the reply to his question. He stared blankly at Buckley for a moment, and then, with a groan, he buried his face in his hands and rocked back and forth like a man in pain. Suddenly he said:

"George, I'm in a awful—awful fix!"

Buckley found himself unable to formulate a reply. He could only answer the astonishing statement with an almost alarmed stare.

"George, I'm sufferin'—sufferin'. It's that old thing. I thought after my talk with you down here awhile ago that I would feel better, but it's back ag'in like a million devils had hold o' every nerve in my brain an' body. Fer the last week it has been growin' wuss an' wuss, an' now ef some'n' hain't done I'll jest die. But I must tell you. You know I said I hadn't spoke about it fer thirty year to a single soul, an' talkin' to you here that night seemed to do me some good, an' so tonight when I couldn't sleep I thought I'd come to you."

"I'm glad you came, Mr. Hillyer."

"You remember, George, I said that Hank Williams, the man whose testimony had cleared me, was livin' in Texas?"

"Yes, I remember you said that, Mr. Hillyer."

"Well, jest a week ago last Thursday he come back to this county to see his old friends an' kin. When I heard he'd come I was settin' at my desk. Kenner an' Hanks was a-talkin', an' one of 'em mentioned it. All my strength went out o' me, fer they said he'd got religion an' was leadin' a upright life. Do you know what I'm feared of now, George? I'm afeard he's come back to—to ax me to—to let 'im confess the truth. They say men will git that a-way as they nigh the grave, an' he's gittin' old. Some'n's wrong, I know, fer he acts quar in not comin' to see me. I'm as nigh crazy as a man ever was. Do you know what I done last night? It was as dark as pitch, an' I knowed nobody wouldn't see me. You know the old livery stable whar the shootin' occurred is still standin'. I had never been past it since then. I jest couldn't. But last night, in the pitch dark an' drizzlin' rain, I got out'n bed an' went thar an' knelt down right whar he fell, an' begged an' begged God to let me die then an' thar an' face whatever was a-comin' to me, even ef it was eternal. I want my punishment—the rail thing—to begin, an' go on an' on ef it's God's will. I don't care how long. I cayn't stand this uncertainty. Hank Williams intends to come to me, but he's puttin' it off to the last minute. But I want him to spout it all out an' be done with it. Ef he don't, I will. Then tonight I went up to the graveyard an' picked out Lynn Hambright's grave an' laid down on it amongst the weeds an' briers an' prayed to his bones to rise up an' do some'n'. Anything's better than this awful silence of God an' man."

With his hands tightly pressed over his face the merchant sat, breathing heavily. George Buckley stood over him, his handsome face heavy with pity.

"Is there anything—anything on earth that I can do, Mr. Hillyer?" he questioned. "I would do anything to relieve you. I'd cut off my right arm to do you a service."

"Yes, you can do some'n'," said the merchant, looking up and staring steadily. "You know how I feel. I want you to take my hoss an' ride out to Williams' the fust thing in the mornin'. You could git thar by 10 or 11 o'clock, but"—Hillyer paused and uttered a soft groan—"but I'd have all that time—to wait, like a man goin' to be hung. George, ef—ef you started tonight, you'd git thar about the time he was risin', an' you could, by ridin' peart, git back here by 10 in the mornin'."

"Why, yes, I can go easily," said Buckley. "But what must I say to him, Mr. Hillyer?"

The old man stared for a moment, and then he replied:

"Tell 'im I'm a million times sorrier than I was when—the deed was done, an' that I want 'im not to delay any longer ef—ef he is goin' to take any step. Tell 'im I want it over. That will be enough, George. Now git out the hoss."

"And you?"

"I'll stay here the balance o' the night an' open up, as usual, an' make Jake put the office in order."

"Don't you think your wife will be troubled if she should miss you, Mr. Hillyer?"

"She won't miss me; she's got used to my night prowlin'. I'd keep her awake ef I was at home. I'm goin' to pace this floor back an' forth an' try to git tired. Go ahead, George. Don't waste any more time. You'll know what to say. I don't want you to plead fer me. I've plead with a higher power 'n be is till I'm through. All I want is a verdict—the verdict I dodged so long ago."

The next day about 10 o'clock, as George was returning home and was within a mile of town, he saw his employer emerge from a clump of persimmon trees on the edge of the road and walk toward him. He was almost a nervous wreck; his eyes were bloodshot and his gray hair disheveled.

"I couldn't wait fer you to git to town," he said, looking up and down the road furtively, as if afraid some one might be coming, "and so I walked out. I come away from the warehouse jest after breakfast, an' I've been walkin' through them woods ever sence. Once I fell in a deep ditch. I thought it was God's mercy an' that it was all goin' to be over, but I didn't git a scratch. You notice I keep talkin' to you. It's beca'se I'm afeard to look at you or let you speak."

"You haven't a thing to fear, Mr. Hillyer." Buckley dismounted and stood by his employer, his arm through the bridle.

"You didn't see Williams?"

"Yes, I saw him and had a long talk with him. He said you were the best man he had ever known in his life and that he'd rather die than harm you in any way. He would have come to see you, he said, but he thought you might not want to be reminded of the past. He actually cried when I told him of your sufferings. He said it was your influence that had made him try to lead a better life. He said his protection of you in that case was the one thing in all his life that he was proud of. He declared he would do it over again. He's got into some new religion. I don't know what it is, but it is not exactly orthodox. He says it would have been wrong to punish a man for a thing he regretted as much as you did that act, and that he was glad he yielded to the impulse to help you."

"Oh, George, you don't mean"—

A great sob rose in Hillyer's breast and burst; his red eyes were full of tears.

"He says he is proud of what he did to save you from further trouble," George went on tenderly. "He says if you had gone to prison for life it would have wrecked your career, but that his testimony spared you to go on bettering the world. He's heard a lot about you. He says he runs across somebody every day that you've helped in one way and another, and when I came right out and told him—yes, I told him how near I was to the brink not long ago and how you saved me—when he heard that he actually sobbed and said, 'Bully old man; bully, bully old man!'"

The merchant caught the mane of the horse in his quivering fingers and leaned forward till his face touched the neck of the animal.

"God's good, George; God's good!" he sobbed.

Buckley put his arm on the old man's shoulder caressingly.

"Now get on the horse and ride home," he said. "I want to stretch my legs. They are stiff."

"No!" Hillyer looked up, his face radiant. "You ride. I want to go back in the woods an' pray an' shout. I don't want to go home now. I want to thank my Maker. I may not come to dinner. I'll fast. May God bless you, my boy!"

George mounted the horse, and as he rode away he saw the old man plunge into the woods at the roadside, his hands clasped before him, his lips in motion.

Buckley did not see his employer again until about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Then he came in slowly and sank into his chair at his desk and took up the letters George had left there for him. There was a general droop of despondency on him, and he handled the letters with listless inattention.

"Wheat's still a-climbin'," he said, a little note of gratification in his voice as he allowed a thin market report to flutter from his hand to a wastebasket. "I'm glad o' that, George, fer it backs yore judgment. I wonder what Kenner thinks now."

"Both he and Hanks are urging me to get you to sell," replied the young man.

"Well, you kin bet I won't till you tell me to on yore judgment."

"Well, I can't do that yet, Mr. Hillyer."

Then George saw the old man push back the letters on his desk, half of which he had not opened, and a low, stifled groan escaped his lips. Buckley got down from his high stool and went and leaned over him.

"Has anything happened since I left you, Mr. Hillyer—anything to—upset you?"

The merchant gave him a steady look. "No, I cayn't say anything has happened—anything, at least, like you mean—but my thoughts have happened, George. Fer about a hour after you left me out in the woods I was jest too happy fer anything, but after awhile I got to thinkin'. I got to wonderin' what I was so happy about, anyway, an' the thought come to me like a lick from a club in the dark that it was jest beca'se I 'lowed I was goin' to escape the consequences o' my deed without undoin' it. George, I cayn't never—never—never give back that boy's life, an' he had as much right to it as I have to the content I'm prayin' fer right now. Huh! What difference does it make to—to the dead how much good Hank Williams an' other folks believe I'm a-doin'? How do I know Lynn Hambright hadn't ruther be alive than fer me to be doin' anything?"

Buckley found himself unable to make any reply adequate to the situation. Different thoughts suggested themselves, but he discarded them one by one. Something made him think that the old man would like to be alone, and he took his hat and went out. As he did so Kenner came into the office with some samples of cotton in his hands and threw them into a huge pile that lay like a snowdrift in one corner of the room.

"I've jest dropped on to some'n' I don't exactly like," he said, standing behind the merchant.

Hillyer looked up indifferently.

"It's about George," said Kenner.

"You say it is?" Hillyer brightened visibly. "What about him?"

The cotton buyer sat on the corner of Hillyer's desk and swung one of his slim legs to and fro. "George Buckley stands all right in the society o' this town," he said, "but the boy's at a sort o' turnin' point, Mr. Hillyer. Joe Drake an' some more young men is organizin' a club. It's Major Cranston's idea, an' the major's contributed $25 to help 'em fit up the room. The list o' charter members was lyin' on the show case at Drake's drug store, an' I looked at it. George's name wasn't on it. I'm sure it was jest a' oversight, but I don't exactly like the idea o' havin' George left out o' any thing jest right now. Some busybodies mought make capital out of it. Do you see what I mean?"

Hillyer understood, and he nodded knowingly as he rose to his feet. The cloud had left his face.

"You stay here, Jim," he said. "I'm goin' uptown an' look at that list."

He found Joe Drake dusting the bottles on his shelves, and he turned to him respectfully.

"Anything I can do for you, Mr. Hillyer?" he asked.

The old man smiled genially. "I've got a crow to pick with you boys," he said, "fer not callin' on me fer a donation to that club you are a-gittin' up among you. I'm interested in boys—I used to be one—an' I want to see 'em have all the fun they kin git."

"Well, we certainly will take all you want to give us, Mr. Hillyer," the young man laughed. "The fact is, we haven't called on a soul. Major Cranston"—

"Well, you can put me down fer a hundred," said Hillyer, as he took up the list of names on the show case and ran his eye over them.

"My Lord! You don't mean that, do you, squire?"

"Yes, I do. Why, you have left George's name off, as shore's preachin'!"

The druggist flushed as he took the sheet and glanced at it with a wavering eye. Then he managed to bring out: "The truth is, squire, some of the boys thought perhaps George might not care to join anything of this kind now. You see, he hasn't seemed to want to go out much since—since the old man was arrested, and"—

Hillyer put his hand on Drake's shoulder and smiled. "That's just why I want him in this at the start," he said. "Then he kin go whenever he wants to. You put his name down; I'll be responsible. Put me down fer the hundred, too, an', ef that ain't enough, you know whar I do business."

"All right, Mr. Hillyer," responded the young man, "and we are very much obliged to you."

"Huh," said the merchant to himself as he turned down the street with a lighter step, "a feller's got to keep his eye peeled these days. Ef this hadn't been fixed it mought 'a' hurt George's feelin's. Kenner's the right sort. He'll joke an' carry on, but a body kin count on 'im ever' time."

TO BE CONTINUED.

USES FOR LEMONS.—Two or three slices of lemon in a cup of strong tea will cure a nervous headache.

Lemon juice (outward application) will allay the irritation caused by the bites of insects.

A teaspoonful of lemon juice in a small cup of black coffee will relieve bilious headache.

A dash of lemon in plain water is an excellent tooth wash. It not only removes tartar, but sweetens the breath.

Lemon juice is better than any drug or complexion powder for giving permanent clearness and beauty to the skin.

The juice of a lemon taken in hot water on awakening in the morning is an excellent liver corrective and for stout women is better than any antifat medicine ever invented.—Philadelphia Record.

Miscellaneous Reading.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

Story of the General's Death By an Eye-Witness.

General Lee's army was located on the south side of the Rappahannock river, near Fredericksburg, Va., in the winter of 1863. General Hooker's army was on the opposite side, and in the early spring crossed the Rappahannock. On the morning of May 2, 1863, General Stonewall Jackson received orders from General Lee to attack Hooker's rear, and forthwith Jackson put his corps in rapid marching order. About 5 p. m. Jackson had reached the desired location in the rear of Hooker's army and at once gave orders to attack the enemy. The movement of the Confederates was so sudden and terrific that the Federal troops were routed in the utmost confusion. The Confederates continued to advance until about 9 p. m. Jackson had paralyzed the right wing of Hooker's army and his men were stampeded in much disorder upon the centre of Hooker's reserves. But the thick undergrowth rendered rapid pursuit almost impossible at night. At this hour the Confederate lines became somewhat entangled, in consequence of the darkness and thick undergrowth and it was necessary to halt the Confederate force in order to reform the regiments. To complete the victory, Jackson was about to swing his left, interpose his corps between Hooker's army and the Rappahannock river, and then cut off the retreat of the enemy.

At this critical moment, accompanied by Capt. R. E. Wilbourn, Capt. William Randolph, with a half dozen couriers and two men of the signal corps, Jackson rode forward to determine the exact location of the enemy. Hooker's army was within 200 yards and no pickets had been established between the opposing forces. Such was Jackson's ardor at this crisis of the battle that he continued his way without thought of personal danger. One of his staff officers, realizing the peril to which the general was exposed, ventured to remark:

"General, don't you think this is the wrong place for you?"

"The danger is all over," replied General Jackson, "the enemy is routed. Go back and tell A. P. Hill to press forward."

Then Jackson continued forward and had advanced about 100 yards beyond his line, when suddenly a volley was fired by his own men and apparently aimed at him and his staff.

Jackson received three wounds, two balls entering the left arm, severing an artery, and one the right arm. All his escort, excepting Capt. Wilbourn and Mr. Wynn of the signal corps, were killed or wounded. The firing ceased as suddenly as it had begun. Captain Wilbourn, standing near Jackson, said: "General, they must certainly be our men," to which he assented with a nod, but said nothing.

He looked toward his lines with apparent astonishment, as if unable to realize that he could have been fired at by his own troops. He was taken from his horse, and soon General A. P. Hill rode up and expressed his regret.

The enemy was not more than 100 yards distant and it was necessary to remove General Jackson, as the battle was likely to be renewed at any moment. He was carried to the rear with much difficulty through the undergrowth.

General Pander recognized General Jackson as he was being carried through the lines and said:

"Oh, general, I am sorry to see you wounded! My force is so much shattered that I fear I will have to fall back."

Although much exhausted by loss of blood, General Jackson raised his drooping head and exclaimed:

"You must hold your ground, sir! You must hold your ground, sir!"

This was Jackson's last order on the battlefield. He was then placed in an ambulance and taken to the field hospital at Wilderness Run. He lost a great quantity of blood and would have bled to death, but a tourniquet was forthwith applied.

He was asked if amputation was necessary, should it be done at once. He replied:

"Yes, certainly, Dr. McGuire; do for me whatever you think right."

The operation was performed under the influence of chloroform. The wounded soldier bore it well. He slept Sunday morning and was cheerful. He sent for Mrs. Jackson, and asked minutely about the battle, saying: "If I had not been wounded or had one hour more of daylight, I would have cut off the enemy from the road to the United States ford and we would have had them entirely surrounded. Then they would have been obliged to surrender or cut their way out; they had no other alternative. My troops sometimes fail to drive the enemy from a position, but the enemy always fails to drive my men from a position."

This was said with a smile.

Monday he was moved to Chancellor's House. He was cheerful. He spoke of the gallant bearing of General Rhodes and of the heroic charge of the old Stonewall brigade. He made inquiries concerning many officers and said:

"The men who live through this war will be proud to say, 'I was one of the Stonewall Brigade' to their children."

He insisted that the term "Stonewall" belonged to the brigade and not to him.

Tuesday his wounds were improving. He asked Dr. McGuire:

"Can you tell me from the appearance of the wounds how long I will be kept from the field?"

When told he was doing remarkably well he was much pleased.

Wednesday night, however, while his surgeon, who had not slept for several nights previously, was asleep, General Jackson complained of nausea and ordered his nurse to place a wet towel over his stomach. This was done and about daylight the surgeon was awakened by the nurse, who said that General Jackson was suffering with pain in the right side, due to incipient pneumonia.

Thursday, Mrs. Jackson arrived, greatly to the joy of the general, and she faithfully nursed him to the end. In the evening all pain had vanished, but he suffered much from prostration.

Friday morning the pain had not returned, but the prostration was increased. Saturday there was no change in his condition.

Sunday morning, when it was apparent that he was sinking rapidly, Mrs. Jackson was informed of his condition and she imparted the knowledge to the general. He said:

"Very good; very good. It is all right."

He had previously declared that he considered "these wounds a blessing." He sent messages to all the generals, and expressed a desire to be buried at Lexington, Va.

About 3.30 o'clock, May 10, 1863, Stonewall Jackson passed over the river of rest.

To General Jackson's note informing General Lee that he was wounded the latter replied:

"I cannot express my regret at the sad occurrence. Could I have directed events I should have chosen, for the good of my country, to have been disabled in your stead. I congratulate you on the victory, which was due to your skill and energy.

It was on receiving this letter that Jackson exclaimed:

"Better that ten Jacksons should fall than General Lee."

He had unbounded confidence in General Lee's eminent ability.

The Stonewall Brigade was composed of men from the Virginia valley. The 4th Virginia regiment was from the southern part of the valley—Greenbrier and adjoining counties—and was commanded by Colonel Preston. The 2d Virginia regiment was from the lower valley—Jefferson, Berkeley and Frederick counties. Colonel Allen was the commander. The 5th Virginia regiment was from Augusta county, excepting Captain Stover Funk's company from Winchester, Colonel Harper commanding. The 27th Virginia regiment, of Rockbridge and adjoining counties, was commanded by Colonel Echols. The 33d Virginia regiment, most of the members of which were from Shenandoah county, was commanded by Colonel A. C. Cummings. These were the original commanders of the regiments composing the Stonewall Brigade, but in the storms of battle they were soon numbered among the dead and their successors met a similar fate.

General Jackson was the incarnation of a Christian soldier. His sublime faith in God dominated all else. Duty was his guiding star and he personally attended to all the possible details of a great battle. Generally he was in front, leading his legions with his hand pointing to heaven; his lips moving as if supplicating guidance from the Supreme Ruler.

In my mind's eye I see him, astride "Old Sorrel," and now and then giving the terse command, his forefinger pointing toward heaven and his lips quivering:

"Push forward, men! Push forward!"

He was devoted to his men and always gave them generous praise for heroism. He was a strict disciplinarian and would not tolerate disobedience of orders by anyone.

General Jackson's campaign in the Shenandoah valley in the spring of 1862 was a series of brilliant victories, which has no equal in the war. Within a period of five weeks he defeated General Fremont at the battle of McDowell; General Banks, near Winchester; General Shields, at Port Republic, and General Fremont again, at Cross Keys.

In each battle General Jackson's opponent had double the force he commanded. The design of the Union generals was to concentrate their forces and crush Jackson by their overwhelming numbers, but Jackson's superior strategy of keeping them separated, retreating and advancing at will and attacking them in detail at places which he desired, proved that he was a great master of the art of war. His men were inspired by the motive of self-defense and self-preservation—the first laws of nature.

After Jackson had driven the Federal forces from the Shenandoah valley he joined General Lee at Richmond and fell upon the right wing of General McClellan's army. Victory after victory crowned the Confederate banners for two years. But the magnificent army that defeated McClellan in 1862 was gradually lessened by bullet and disease, and when the surrender came it was a mere skeleton in numbers. Attrition did the work.

After the battle of the first Manassas General Jackson advocated getting together all the available men of the south to invade the north. He argued that the north had unlimited resources, while those of the south were limited. He declared that in acting upon the defensive it was sometimes necessary to become the aggressor in order to be successful. He maintained that the north would wear down the south if the duration of the war devolved upon endurance of numbers.

Subsequent events proved Jackson's theory to be correct. The 2,800,000 soldiers enlisted in the north simply wore out the 550,000 southern soldiers. New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio alone enlisted for the cause of the Union 750,000 men, which is more than the combined south enlisted in defence of its cause.—I. C. Haas in Baltimore Sun.

☞ He scoffs at dentists who never had a toothache.

☞ The more temper a man has the oftener he loses it.

LONDON TO COLOGNE.

Dr. Neville Makes a Tour of the Continent.

SIGHTS THAT COMPEL INTEREST.

Crossing the Channel—The City of Ostend—Magnificent Brussels—On the Field of Waterloo—Belgium and the Belgians—Arrived at Cologne—The Falls of the Rhine.

Correspondence of the Yorkville Enquirer.

NEUHAUSEN, Switzerland, July 20.—Thursday, July 14, we leave London for the continent via Dover. The ride on the cars from London to Dover is about three hours long. This ride was without special interest; except that we had an addition to our southern contingent in the persons of Dr. Morris and his daughter, Miss Hattie, from Atlanta. At Dover we take a steamer for Ostend, which is in Belgium. We crossed the English channel in about three hours. This body of water has the reputation of being very rough and turbulent, and we were expecting a great deal of sickness; but we were greatly surprised to find a calm and placid body of water. Nobody was sick, and we enjoyed the passage across the channel very much.

We arrived at Ostend about 3 p. m., and after having our baggage examined, we took a carriage drive over a part of the beautiful little city. This is an attractive looking place. The king has his summer home here and it is quite a summer resort for the people. The place claims 20,000 inhabitants, but in the summer this number is about double, in consequence of the visitors. Our party has grown to the number of forty-seven. We are under the guidance of Mr. Frank C. Clark of New York. We find his conductors very competent and accommodating. He takes us to the best hotels and gives us first-class service in every way. It is wonderful how these large parties can be managed so efficiently and satisfactorily.

In Ostend, I saw two things which were new to me. Of course, I had read of them. The first sight was the drawing of carts by dogs. It was astonishing to see the heavy loads which these dogs could pull. I just thought if the many dogs in South Carolina could be harnessed up and put to some practical use that it would be better for the country. Sometimes one dog would be hitched to a cart, sometimes two dogs and again three. The people in Belgium are made on a smaller scale than those in England and Scotland. I don't think the people in England and Scotland would condescend to drive a dog to a cart. But I have been told that in some places on the continent you will see a woman and a dog hitched to a cart and a man (so called) driving them. The man! But I have not seen this anomaly.

The other picture of life in Ostend which attracted my attention was a man going through the streets with seven or eight goats. In speaking of the goats, one of our party said they were the man's milk wagons, and he was correct. The goat procession was followed by a number of children—mostly boys. Some of our party concluded we would join the procession as we were anxious to see the milkman deliver the goods. We all marched on for a square or two, and the man and goats stopped in front of a house. A vessel was brought out and before we could hardly take in the situation, one of the goats was milked and the goods were delivered. There is one advantage in this plan to the buyer at least, the milk man has a poor chance of watering his goods.

After spending about three hours in Ostend, we take a train for Brussels, arriving there at 11 p. m. We stopped at the Le Grand hotel on one of the principal streets of the city. Brussels is the capital of Belgium and has about 500,000 inhabitants including the suburbs. It is an old looking city in many places, but is very pretty in many parts. It has many beautiful stores with very attractive looking goods. It is noted for its carpet and lace manufactories. We visited one of the lace factories and saw the ladies making lace. We did not visit any of the carpet factories. They were too far out. We took in a good deal of the city in a coach drive of about three hours. The Palace of Justice is a magnificent building, covering 270,000 square feet of ground, more space than that covered by St. Peter's at Rome. This building is considered by some the most beautiful building in the world. But it is not as pretty as the Congressional Library Building in Washington. It is larger, but I have seen nothing that equals the Library building in Washington in beauty. This building in Brussels is said to have cost over ten million dollars. It certainly reflects credit on the little country of Belgium, which is not one third the size of South Carolina. It has, though, four times as many people as South Carolina, and is, I believe, the most thickly populated country in Europe.

While in Brussels, some of us visited Waterloo, which is about ten miles away. This is the place where Wellington defeated Napoleon who is considered by many the greatest military genius the world has ever produced. There is an impressive monument in the midst of the battlefield, consisting of a great mound of earth thrown up into the skies like one of the pyramids. On the apex of this mound the monument proper rests—a massive square of granite with a colossal lion standing on top looking in the direction of France. 225 granite steps take you to the top of this pyramid, from which one gets a magnificent view of the whole country around and can see how the contending armies met each other in this epoch-making battle. It is not surprising that England appreciates Wellington so highly. In traveling through England monuments and memorials of other kinds to this man are to be seen nearly everywhere. The English certainly are fond of rubbing Waterloo into the French. Wellington and Nelson are two of England's greatest heroes, the former on the land and the latter on the sea.

When we got thoroughly into Belgium, we realized as never before that we were away from home, in a strange land. Here the people talk foreign languages, i. e. foreign to us. They speak here the French and Flemish languages. Occasionally one meets a person who can talk a little broken English. In England and Scotland we did not feel like we were very far from home; but when we reached the continent, we felt like we were in a new world. But under the direction of our conductor, we get along all right. Then we have such pleasant and congenial company along with us that we don't get lonely. I certainly would not like to take this trip by myself.

At 1.30 p. m., July 16, we leave Brussels for Cologne, a distance of 138 miles. In making this journey, of course we cross over into Germany When we reach Varsteher, the first station in Germany, all of our baggage is taken from the cars and examined by the government officials. It was an amusing sight to witness this performance. We have a very long train and apparently about 1,000 passengers on it. Every time we pass from one government to another, our baggage is examined. As we traveled on through Germany we could see better lands and a more prosperous country than in Belgium. The people in both countries were harvesting their grain, which seems to be a very heavy crop. The people over here know how to take care of their land and they use it all for some purpose, either to bring forth something to feed man on or to ornament the country. The country everywhere is beautiful. If our people in America, especially in the south, could come over here no doubt they would have an opportunity to learn some very important lessons. Sand in the south is too cheap and consequently we don't take care of it as we should.

We reached Cologne about 8 o'clock, and stopped at the Continental hotel, opposite the great Catholic Cathedral. We spent Sunday at this place. I went to three churches—first the Cathedral when high mass was being celebrated. About one hundred priests were in attendance and were taking part in the service in one way or another. Of course, I did not understand any of the service, nor do I see how the people could understand what was being said by the priests, for the latter were too far away from the people to be heard. This Cathedral is one of the finest in Europe, 444 feet long, and 201 feet wide. The height of the tower is 512 feet, said to be the highest in the world. From the Cathedral I went to St. Ursula church, which seems to be noted more for its collections of bones than any thing else. They claim to have the bones of 21,000 virgin martyrs preserved in cases and on the walls which are lined with them, making to me a very gruesome sight indeed. All of these bones are in a comparatively small room connected with the church. The guide who is connected with the church showed us one of the pots which contained the water that was turned into wine at the marriage of Cana in Galilee. He also showed us two thorns which he claimed were in the crown worn by the Savior at the crucifixion. He also exhibited some bones which he said were Stephen's the first martyr's. The man seemed really to believe that these things were so. He also showed us one lot of bones which he said had worked miracles.

From this place, I went around to the little Chapel of the Church of England, where I heard a very good sermon from the minister in charge. Text: "Behold I stand at the door and knock" etc. These words were spoken by Christ to the church at Laodicea, and I just thought how many churches today are just like this Laodicean church. Oh, that they would open as the Savior knocks for admittance; a deep and comprehensive and thorough reformation is very much needed in many quarters today. Cologne is on the river Rhine, and claims nearly 400,000 inhabitants, the great majority of whom are Roman Catholics.

We have had some very warm weather at last. The day from Brussels to Cologne was very warm and dry and so was Sunday. Things in the field, however, look very luxuriant.

In going through these countries, I am impressed with the fact that there are no homes in the country. The people live in small towns and cultivate their farms from these centres. This plan has some advantages in a social way, and also as to schools and churches.

I am tonight at the Falls on the Rhine, one of the most attractive places I have ever seen. My hotel faces the magnificent falls. But I must close as midnight will soon be here.

W. G. NEVILLE.

PUSH.—"It is not often," said a broker, "that James R. Keene answers strangers' letters. The other day, though, he broke his rule of silence.

"A country lad out in Indiana wrote to him. The lad wanted to come to New York and make his fortune and he asked Mr. Keene to tell him how to go about the matter.

"'As I stand in the broad avenue of life,' said the boy. 'I find so many closed doors before me that I don't know which of them to open. How can I distinguish the door that will lead me to success?'

"'There is only one door for you to take,' Mr. Keene answered. 'It is the one labeled Push.'"