

and with his fingers on her wrist, leaned over and kissed her, too.

'How do you feel?' he asked.

'Strong enough to box your ears for takin' liberties!' she retorted; but she didn't slap very hard—oh, no! for she liked it. But what was the matter with them, they acted so strange? Maybe they'd come to get her ready to move. But the doctor was speaking.

'Mrs. Sinclair, I've done my best to get you out of bed in a professional way, but I've failed,' he said sternly, though his eyes were twinkling. 'Now, I propose to jar you out.'

'Go on!' Robbie said eagerly, when he paused.

'You know those specimens of yours I took away the other day?' he asked.

She nodded wonderingly.

'Well, they were coal—anthracite coal!'

'I—don't understand!' she faltered.

'It's on the farm, mother—or under it!' Robbie explained excitedly. 'Tons of it! I've just been down there with an expert, and if what he says is true, you are a very rich woman.'

'Me—a rich—woman?' she repeated. 'Me?'

'Yes, you,' Robbie affirmed.

'Then I'll not be a bur—that is, I guess I won't be sick any more,' she added decidedly; then added, 'Land! how I wish Silas was here to enjoy it!'

The elder Mrs. Sinclair had just returned from an afternoon's shopping when her daughter-in-law called her into the drawing-room.

'Brother Calderwood wishes to see you about that orphanage entertainment, dear,' she explained, as she drew an easy chair near her guest. 'Just let Cecile take your wraps and— Ah, Mrs. Van Schuyler!' she broke off to exclaim, advancing to meet her friend, 'I am so glad you came! We were just about to speak of the concert. Will you sit here? And you, mother dear—' Again she indicated the easy chair; but the elder Mrs. Sinclair, laying aside her costly furs, seated herself squarely on a little gilt chair and, inclining her head, allowed the obsequious Cecile to remove a beautiful 'old woman's bunnit,' trimmed with forget-me-nots, from her soft, white hair.

'Are you entirely recovered, my dear Mrs. Sinclair?' asked Rev. Nathaniel Calderwood sonorously.

'Uh huh!' she returned brightly. 'Never felt more pert in my life!'

Mrs. Van Schuyler placed her lorgnette to her eye and regarded her intently. 'And you have no recurrence of those alarming fainting spells?' she asked with interest.

'None!' returned the older woman, with a little bird-like toss of her head. 'Been too busy shoppin' and runnin' round seein' things to have 'em, I guess. Now let's talk about the concert, for I'm goin' ridin' with the big doctor boy at four.'

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

Day was dawning in the beautiful Summer Valley. From behind the distant peaks the sun was climbing, step by step, the ladder of the day. A bustling little wren, with a scarcely audible chirp, flew away from the fir-tree, her nightly dwelling. From a negro cabin arose a plaintive plantation song, from the tuneful throat of a young mulatto. In the rolling meadow the lowing of cattle could be heard; smoke could be seen arising from the numerous chimneys. All this showed that day was advancing.

Day was waking, too, in the big colonial house. A touching scene was being enacted in its dining-room. The two sons were leaving for the war: one for the North, the other for the South.

War, the great Civil War, had been declared. At last the moment for the departure had arrived. Fred, snatching a hasty kiss from his sister, a long, silent embrace from his mother, a handclasp from his father, was off for the South, with all the blessings and best wishes that could be carried.

Then Will, a handsome boy of twenty-one, came slowly into the room. He attempted to kiss his sister,

but that proud child of the South turned her back upon him and exclaimed that she could never kiss a traitor, even though he was her own brother. The boy drew back. Over his face there came a deathly pallor, he staggered, swallowed the lump in his throat, and turned toward his mother, who could not bear to see her son go to war and may be to death, without a tender embrace. She kissed him, again and again, then with a sigh she went from the room. He offered his hand to his father, who told him never to darken the door-step of his home again. With a sickening heart he swayed toward the door, passed out, and was off to the North, with no words of love or Godspeed.

His brother, sitting his horse like a statue, was waiting for him. Taking his horse from the black boy, he slowly mounted, turned for a last look at his boyhood home, and then swiftly galloped away, followed by his brother.

They drew rein before a house, similar to their own, and, dismounting, went slowly up the steps and pulled the knocker. Early as it was, they found the Wilson household already astir and were ushered into the reception-room by a black slave. Augusta Wilson, a handsome girl, with raven hair, a dark face and bewitching eyes, came into the room.

'Well, Augusta, we're off,' Fred said; 'we've come to say good-bye.'

'Good-bye, Fred, and may God watch over you and let you return unharmed.' She turned to Will and said: 'Will, I hate to see you dishonor your country like this. Won't you fight for the South even for me?'

'I can't, Augusta; my mind is made up. Perhaps it is my Northern schooling that makes me fight for the North, and try as I may I can't shake off the feeling that the South is going to be beaten. Good-bye, and try to think kindly of me, even though I, as you say, am going against my country.'

She took a small confederate flag from a waist pocket, kissed it, and gave it to Fred. 'As for you, Will, I have nothing to give you unless it is my blessing.'

'Thank you, Augusta,' was all Will could say. Then he quitted the room.

A few moments later he was joined by his brother and once more mounting their horses, they travelled on till they came to the North and South Turnpike. There they parted, Fred to join Lee's forces, and Will, General Hill's, whom he met when at West Point.

Two weeks afterwards, Will, travel-worn and foot-sore, reached Harper's Ferry, where General Hill's forces were encamped. The General was a stout and florid-countenanced person. A few days later the battle of Bunker Ridge was fought—Will's first battle. This resulted in a complete defeat of the Southern forces. From a prisoner, Will learned that Fred was a lieutenant in General Lee's army, having won fame and his promotion in the battle of Cripple Creep.

After a few more important battles, the armies retired, as it were, into winter quarters, and nothing of vital interest took place during the ensuing winter. It is needless to go over the results of the next two years, although several very important battles were fought.

In the early part of the fourth year, the great battle of Shiloh took place. There, brother was fighting against brother, although both were ignorant of the fact. A day of dreadful carnage, and the Confederates were beaten, retreating with great loss. In this battle Fred received the wound which afterwards caused his death.

Day was dawning as Will in agony lay on the field. He could see the sun rising from behind the distant mountains and remembered well the sunrise of the day when he left home. In a few moments he would be dead, and then, he thought, forgotten. How well the memories of his boyhood days flashed through his mind. His boyish pranks, the old swimming hole where he had his first swim. Then the thought of his mother came upon him. Would she miss him? Would his father forgive him after he was dead? Would his sister think kindly of him? Then, worn out with worrying and tortured with pain, he lapsed into unconsciousness.