HANNAH:

THE ODD FELLOW'S ORPHAN

By MRS. A. D. HAWKINS.

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION BY T. G. BEHARRELL, P. G. R.

INDIANAPOLIS:
DOUGLASS & CARLON, PRINTERS.
1879.

DEDICATED TO THE

DAUGHTERS OF REBEKAH

I. O. O. F. OF U. S.

INTRODUCTION.

In the family of mankind there is great need of fraternity. The great tendency is to selfishness or want of care for others, and a benevolence order that aims to lay the ax at the root of this tree and cut it down is a Godsend to mankind. All the Christian churches are engaged in this work, but there is a manifest inefficiency often for want of union and system and directness of effort. The benevolent, fraternal organizations of the day are to be looked on as auxiliaries or helps, and they are important helps to the churches in the great work of raising humanity up and bringing about a moral tone that will honor God and bless his creatures. While man is dependent upon God, he is also dependent upon his fellow-man, and association among mankind to render help when it is needed is especially approved by the *Supreme Ruler of the Universe.*

The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man is a grand truth taught us in nature and in revelation, and though there are so many nations among mankind they are all one great race. Though there are so many families they are all one great family; and though there are so many tongues and languages there will probably be a mergement of all into one. If the Babel Tower,

built on the plains of Shinar, was the occasion of presumption and pride that was visited by a confusion of tongues that gave the ground-work for the varied languages, and helped to drive men apart and establish nationalities, may we not conclude that the fraternal organizations, with the churches, will bring them together again and establish a universal brotherhood. The order referred to, the principles of which are exemplified in the story of Hannah, which the reader having begun will be sure to finish, will have much to do in accomplishing this great and important end. The type of Odd Fellowship to which Hannah's father belonged is rapidly spreading, and in foreign countries Grand and Subordinate Lodges are being organized, and the form of card in use in the I. O. O. F., with the Anglo-Saxon composition, will go everywhere, and may have much to do in bringing humanity back to a universal language. If a universal language is ever accomplished it will probably be the Anglo-Saxon.

This order, according to the last official report, has 48 Grand Lodges and 6,898 Subordinate Lodges, with 39 Grand Encampments and 1,835 Subordinate Encampments. The last year there were 36,087 initiated into the order, making the total membership nearly one-half million in Subordinate Lodges and 84,787 Encampment members. The total relief was $1,705,266.71, while the total revenue of the order was $4,423,051.85.

The mother of our orphan was of a family in affluence, and married Frank Dare for pure love, and by doing so lost her inheritance interest, or rather she gave it up for the relation of wife to an honest mechanic, who was an Odd Fellow; but he died, leaving a beautiful girl-child an orphan. Like all others who die in

good standing in the order, he was buried by his brothers, and his widow returned to her desolate home, but afterwards changed her residence for a home among her deceased husband's relatives, and away from the brotherhood where he belonged at the time of his death, who would have continued to care for her and the orphan. These events were previous to the institution of the Degree of Rebekah.

The young widow formed the acquaintance of a man who offered her his hand in marriage, and she accepted, which marriage led to a broken heart and death. She was buried by strangers, and an introduction was given the orphan to a home, but the plan adopted for her was foiled, and she was thrown charitably into a home, and, by a development of facts, under the care of good and true brothers, who stopped not until she was educated and relieved of embarrassments and made happy for her future relations and life.

Among the friends that were raised up for Hannah was a chaplain in the Union army and a young officer, with John H. and the writer of this story.

Mr. Blackwell, an eminent lawyer, figures largely, and as a character can not fail to interest the reader in the part he acts.

The young officer's mother was led mysteriously to her acquaintance, and loved her for the interest her son had taken in her.

At an annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of I. O. O. F. in the city of Baltimore during the war, the Grand Sire, who was a southern gentleman, could not be there to fill his place and perform the functions of his office. The jurisdiction of Indiana was

honored with the second officer in that body, who, in accordance with the obligation of his office, took the place of the Grand Sire and filled it during the session, enjoying the honors of the office, viz.: M. H. of Crawfordsville, Indiana.

And now we commend this production of a gifted mind to the fraternity of Odd Fellows, hoping it will prove a pleasant and profitable recreation. EDITOR.

July 4, 1879.

HANNAH,

THE ODD FELLOW'S ORPHAN.

CHAPTER I.

"For what was I born? to fill the circling year
With daily toil for daily bread, with sordid pains and pleasures?
To walk this checkered world, alternate light and darkness,
The day dreams of deep thought, followed by the night dreams of fancy?
To be one in a full procession? to dig my kindred clay?
To decorate the gallery of art? to clear a few acres of forest?
For *more* than *these*, my soul, thy God hath lent thee life."

Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy.

A WHITE cottage on the brow of a bit of high land, which sloped away to a brook in front, and some low land lying between the cottage and the railroad, and the city beyond it. Orchard to the right of the house, vineyard and flowers to the left, and meadow land and maple grove in the rear. The original plan of the house had been swallowed up in additions and addendas innumerable in the

way of verandas, bed rooms and closets, until finally, without even a name of a style, it was a better thing, a comfortable home, and this was our home.

We were not rich then, John and I; on the contrary it was up-hill work at best in life, and sometimes a pretty hard pull to keep up respectability, to have enough and to suit us for food, and the clothes for all, and no debts to meet.

But during the winter of which I am thinking it was harder work than usual; wages were down low, fuel high and scarce on account of the extreme cold and great demand for coal and wood; provisions were scarce, and of course dear in two senses. Many of the shops and manufactories in our town, as well as at a distance, had been closed, and there was much real suffering among the very poor, for it does not take many days or weeks to exhaust the supplies of the laborer when all connection with its source has been cut off; and oftentimes it seems but a step from apparent plenty to actual want and starvation.

For months I had felt these truths, and scrimped and saved in small ways in order to be able to help some poor little hungry one of the many who were needy, and try as I might it was but a mite at best that I could give or do, and I felt it deeply.

It was one of the coldest nights in long years; the snow had begun to fall at about eleven o'clock A. M., and fell unceasingly until five in the evening, when it ceased, because too bitter cold for even snow; the air cut like a knife, and seemed full of barbed arrows; the breath froze upon the clothing near the mouth, upon men's whiskers and eye winkers; the feathered tribe stopped benumbed and dazed upon fence-posts, in doorways, on roofs of sheds, or floundered and fell frozen to death ere they could reach shelter. So suddenly did the ice king breathe his coldest blast upon the face of Nature that the good lady was struck dumb; it was perfectly appalling. We had never heard of polar waves then; it would have been a comfort to know what had struck us.

I had laid in a large supply of wood from my wood-house, which, thanks to John, was reached by a covered way from my kitchen, and I now sat by a roaring fire in a most cheerful room, waiting for John to come home by the now over-due mail train.

Bessie, Tom, Bert, Flossy and Ben were snug in bed or crib, while the baby lay cuddled up in its cradle by my side. There were a good many of them, but they were all there, fair count, too, none "strayed off, or lying around loose," as John had

a way of saying when he put them to bed on Sunday evenings. And oh, what a good thing for a mother to say and feel! None strayed off or lying around loose; safe for the time, at least; and in the years to come, how little does she know where these little ones may stray—how their heads may be pillowed! God pity the mother who says in bitterness of grief, "Where, oh where, is my boy to-night?" Lay the clothes softly around them; kiss them tenderly; help them to say "Now I lay me down to sleep" patiently; let them know that, in spite of any cross words or impatient slaps, mother loves and forgives them with the going down of the sun, lest there come a time when you would give worlds to recall these swiftly fleeting days and to see and know where your girls and boys are at night.

CHAPTER II.

"Thick lies the gloom; the snow-flakes fast are flying;
Drear ring the chimes, and slowly pass the hours;
Mournfully and sadly the evening winds are sighing
See'st thou that form that in the darkness cowers?

"Light of the world, that shinest down from heaven!
Sun of the soul, who life gives with each ray!
Grant the night-clouds of darkness may be riven—
Grief turn to joy, and sorrow flee away."

Love to man is often the shortest road to love to God.

I SAT thinking of all these things as I darned at my fifthly or sixthly of the socks and stockings from the basket at my side; thinking of the house full of busy little bodies to be clothed and fed; the minds to be developed; souls to be trained for time's and eternity's employment and joy. There was a solemn silence over the whole house, and I enjoyed—I luxuriated—in the rest, the peace and change from what had been to me an exceedingly trying day. No crying now, or pattering of little feet up and down the hall and stairway; no mimic battles between the "play' tend like brack bears

and drate big efelants." The chairs no longer did duty as trains of cars for dolls and children—the "drate big whiz engine" being the large easy chair I now rested in; even the calls for bread and butter, and "dood tatoes for mamma's 'ittle pet, pease, now," were silenced, and only the soft breathing of the peaceful sleepers could be heard, mingled with the solemn tick, tick, of the clock.

I wondered to myself how it would seem if all these restless little forms should suddenly be swept away by some scourging epidemic, and laid with many kisses and tears in the silent grave.

I threw down my work, and mother-like, went quickly from one to the other of them all, in bed, crib and cradle, to see and know that they were all there—all safe; and then, said I, to myself, such a thing would be an impossibility; they could not all be taken away.

I pressed my hands on my throbbing temples and hot cheeks, and thought, "Oh, this is folly; I am nervous; all this comes from my visit to the grim presence over the way; she always gives me the horrors."

Early in the day I had thought best to take advantage of the presence of old Rose, my washerwoman, and leaving the children with her, go to the grocer's for supplies. On my return home I

had stopped to see my neighbor across the way, the widow Hargrave, thinking from the appearance of the sky that most likely it would be days before I could get out again, and knowing how few and far between the visits from her neighbors were.

The widow Hargrave had come to our town some twenty years before, when she was neither a widow or childless. She and her husband were evidently persons of much wealth and refinement, and they, with their two little ones, a son and a daughter, were an acquisition to our then little but growing city. They bought a lot of ground on the outskirts of our city, and built them a magnificent home, fitting it with luxuries that were the admiration and envy of the surrounding country. For five years Mrs. Hargrave and the Judge, her husband, occupied their time in perfecting their home and forming friendships, or in excursions to different places. It was while on one of these summer trips to Canada that the Judge and his little son both lost their lives by the burning and sinking of a lake steamer, and five years later the little daughter fell a victim to consumption. After these bereavements the widow Hargrave became rapidly a changed woman. There had always seemed to be a hidden grief. Her face bore the stamp of secret

sorrow. Now she became a grim, silent woman, living alone, asking no sympathy, making no outward demonstration of grief, repelling all advances made by her friends. If she felt grief, her manner of showing it was most *unique*. All the rooms in her house, except the three she lived in, were closed, and left so for years; the grand piano, bought for the young daughter just blooming into womanhood, had been closed the day of her death, and had remained so for ten years. My neighbor was a Christian and a lady, but she was a woman of ice—a frozen woman. Into her house no sunshine ever came, and a visit to this castle grim always depressed me, and more so to-day than ever before. It always depresses and grieves me to be forced to look upon extreme sorrow or extreme suffering and poverty, and this woman, with all her money, all the gems of art, lovely furniture, rare paintings, elegant laces, and all that could be desired to make home beautiful, was destitute of that which gives life its warmth and glow—destitute, utterly so!

How many times had John and I talked this over, and I had always defended her on principle, for she was my sister in bonds of Christian fellowship, and yet how often had I been obliged to acknowledge to myself that others had suffered as

much or more than she, and yet had not wrapt themselves in a wreath of selfish gloom, making themselves a terror to the happy and gay.

I loved the bright young girl gone to an early grave, and for her sake I clung to the lonely, stern, prematurely old lady, who, though commanding respect from all, seemed to signally fail in winning and keeping love from any one. Many times had I feared lest she would be murdered, or die alone, and this day of which I speak I had stopped to urge upon her the need of some one to stay with her, to help in case of sudden sickness, or to give alarm in case of danger.

I found her wrapt in thought over a new work on the signs of the times, and predictions for the chosen of the Lord. She was surrounded by missionary reports, one of which she immediately grasped in order to read me an extract, and I sat as if upon the "ragged edge" while she told me of her plan for educating another Islander in addition to the one already at her expense in college; and with her long, bony finger pointing at me, told me of the wonderful work going on in some foreign field, where, after protracted effort, at least five or six yellow, or black souls, I forget which they were, had finally been roused from their state of

utter and irresponsible ignorance into a condition and degree of knowledge which would render them barely responsible before man and God.

Now, I did not mean to be disrespectful to the old lady or her views, but my blood rose to fever heat as I thought of the thousands of children in this "land of the free and home of the brave," in need of books, clothes and food—children who were already existing in a degree of light making them painfully responsible, and yet needing still a good deal more light.

I thought of the thousands thirsting for the kind encouragement of fellow man, the warm grasp of the hand, the smile, the hope for a stepping-stone to build upon, to elevate from.

I thought, and was full. I wondered if she had ever tried the power of a loaf of bread and a cup of coffee toward softening the heart to make it ready for the good seeds of truth to take root in. I pinched myself to be patient, and yet I was just about to break forth in a few remarks when a soft knock at the door cut short both her words and mine.

I stepped to the door, and upon opening it found a young girl standing there. Her age I judged to be about thirteen years, her clothes were thin and old, and clung to her in a pitiful way; the little

old quilted silk hood, which once had been beautiful, had a most comically old-fashioned look; her only wrap was an old-fashioned, faded, fine camel's hair or cashmere shawl, worn threadbare, somebody's relic of better days.

She looked up into my face with earnest, sorrowful grey eyes, from beneath a most beautiful, broad forehead.

At first glance she struck me as only a poor little lonely, pale waif, but as I looked, and looked again, saw how clean she was, how earnest, how peculiar, I felt a growing interest, and wondered who she was.

"Will you come in?" said I.

She answered only this: "I want a home.

I stepped one side that she might see Mrs. Hargrave, to whom she addressed the same words:

"I want a home."

As I glanced from one to the other, a thought struck me—startled me; one in her heavy silk, with rare old yellow lace at wrists and throat, the other a very beggar in dress; one prematurely old, thin and weazened, the other old beyond her years with care and poverty; and yet in both the same broad beautiful forehead, the same exquisitely chiseled nose, the same clear-cut, perfect lips, as perfect in outline as if cut in marble. But few

times in life have I seen such perfection of brow and lips. Talk about blue blood showing itself in hands and feet; look rather at brow and lips, and then listen to the voice. I looked and was struck, but later in the evening I thought it all over—how in this little stray waif lay possibilities of as great or better things than the older one had ever developed.

"What is your name?" said Mrs. Hargrave.

"Hannah."

"Where do you live?"

"I have no home."

"Strange way; don't sound very well for a young girl!"

I turned from Mrs. Hargrave, and looked at the pale, sad, pure face with its dazed look, and as she heard the last remark her eyes glowed—literally blazed—with intense feeling, but not a word did she reply.

"No. I do not want any one; I do not need you," said Mrs. Hargrave.

The child made a quaint little bow and was away like a dart. I closed the door, and, as I put on my bonnet to hasten after the poor little object, to do my little all towards softening the asperity of that hard "No," I said, "God pity the homeless poor in our own land, Mrs. Hargrave."

I don't know how I got out of the house. The one thought was to get away, and find that child, and comfort her.

I did not *need her*, but oh, I felt that she did *need me*. She had vanished — nowhere could she be seen; and all day long had I carried around with me the sense of a sin of omission. I had failed to do promptly what I ought to have done.

How often do we forget in our hasty judgments and decisions for ourselves and against others, that every man, woman and child is dependent, more or less, upon every other man, woman or child, if not in one way in some other way; if not temporarily perhaps spiritually; if not *now*, why, perhaps at some other time, we know not how soon, when or where.

If we do not apparently need some persons' presence or influence, *they may need ours;* and it is a fearful thing to shrink the responsibility; better far to meet it half way, better far to watch for God-given opportunities to shed sunshine on some dark path, to soften some hard heart, or wipe bitter tears from sorrowful eyes, than to evade them, and think, and work, and live for self and self alone. Self is poor company. When circumstances throw us into the society of man, woman or child so ignorant, coarse or low that they can

teach us nothing, why, thank God, we can occupy ourselves as Jesus did when on earth—*we can teach them;* and I will venture to say he did not always teach congenial spirits; witness, for instance, his long conversation with the woman of Samaria, at Jacob's well, "at which the disciples marveled much."

CHAPTER III.

"There are little ones glancing about in my path
In want of a friend or a guide;
There are dear little eyes looking up into mine,
Whose tears might be easily dried;
But Jesus might beckon those children away
In the midst of their grief and their glee;
Will any of these at the beautiful gate
Be waiting and watching for me?"

THE clock had struck seven, and I was beginning to think John's train was snowed up somewhere on the road, and I had decided to sit up until he did come, be it late or early, that he should see the welcome light in the window, when, just as I had finished a vigorous punching and replenishing of the fire, I heard a wailing cry, sounding like, "Oh, my! oh, my!" I sprang to my feet and hastened to the front hall door, where I stood with my ear to the door listening. Again the same cry. I was alone, and although it was before the days of tramps, I was a little afraid; but not long did I hesitate to seize a shawl and throw wide the doors, that the light might shine far down the yard, for

path there was not. I waded out in the deep drift to the gate, where I could plainly see the form of a woman or child crouching or fallen. After much difficulty, I succeeded in pushing open the gate, which was held by a mass of drift on the outside, and, stepping out, I found the poor little waif of the morning's adventure.

With a few encouraging words to her, I tried to grasp and carry her to the house, but found it impossible to do so, and had to literally drag her in, and lay her before the glowing fire.

Oh, the pitiful sight, the staring eyes, the almost stiffened limbs, from which I quickly took the outside coverings, in order to be the better able to rub and bathe with remedies which I had at hand. In one thing I had been unwise. I had brought her too suddenly into the heat, and the consequence was a long, dead faint, which almost paralyzed me with fear lest it should be really death. But finally, after a couple of hours' rubbing and bathing, well interspersed with tears and interjections from me as I worked, she was brought around to a fit condition for a cup of warm coffee and a light supper.

Much as I desired to know who and what she was, and where from, I refrained from all questions, except to know how she happened to come to me. "I saw the light from your window; it

shines away over to where I was, and just when I had given up entirely, I remembered that I had seen you come to this house, and then I thought I'd try again, for mebbe you'd want me."

I did not know then how near the child was to that greatest of all tragedies, suicide; for not till she had been with us so long that she seemed one of us did she tell me how she had laid herself down to die, and go "where there was room for her, and one, at least, who would want her;" that but for the deep drift which had delayed that mail train in its homeward course her little form would have been mangled and torn beyond recognition and her presence blotted from the earth.

At last, wrapt in clean clothes, I put her in the bed with my two little girls—not without a little shudder as I thought of the possibilities which might be hidden beneath that tangled mat of yellow hair; but then, too, I knew soap and water could cleanse. However, I had no need to fear, as time proved. Poverty is not always sin, shame or dirt, and often in the years to come I had reason to look back with a grateful heart that I had done just as I was prompted to do.

The bread cast upon the waters was brought back a hundred-fold, and even if it had not been in any other way, the peace which fell upon my troubled

conscience after the morning's experience would have been ample pay.

Away in the small hours of the night John came home, and as he had to be up and away again at six o'clock, I said not one word of the occurrence till in the morning. While I was busy getting the breakfast, I heard, through the open doors between rooms, first, an exclamation from John: "Where on earth did that little tangle-tow thing come from?" Then from Ben to Bert: "Hallo, Bert, there's another one come to us; she ain't twins, but she's most growed up, I guess." You see Ben was old enough to remember the advent of the twins and of the last little one, who came to us in the night-time, and he seemed to take this view of it as a matter of course. John and I had our hearty laugh over Ben's drollery, and then at the table I told him all about the yesterday's experience and its supplement of the night-time's adventure, and asked him what I should do. "Do," said John, "why, how can we do any way but keep her for the present? Hospitality is a duty enjoined upon us by God, the Father of all men."

"But, John, how do we know who and what she is?"

"Very true, but what does that matter so far as our duty is concerned? 'Whatsoever ye would

that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them,' is one of the mottoes of our brotherhood. To be sure we are not rich, but in our little home we always have found room for just one more, and I trust it may even be so in the future. The lesson inculcated by our creed is, that 'he who succors the distressed, who gives food and rest to the hungry and weary, who comforts the broken-hearted and raises the fallen, shall enjoy a pleasure far more desirable than wealth, or power, or fame can give.'"

He is not a *professor*, my John is not, but if he isn't a Christian, he is wonderfully full of those Christian graces, faith, hope and charity; and though sometimes his faith is terribly shaken, and occasionally hope seems to flicker and grow dim, yet his charity never fails or falters.

As soon as my little ones were dressed and fed so that I could go and investigate, I found the poor wanderer in a raging fever—evidently pneumonia or lung fever. Three long weeks her life hung by a thread, and for three long weeks did I listen to Job's comfortings from kind friends and neighbors. "Pretty fool, you, Mrs. H., to take this upon yourself," or "Why don't you send her to the poor house?" or "Well, for my part, I have duties enough without such; what with my chil-

dren's tucks and ruffles, and all the claims of society, and my feeble health, I can hardly bear up anyhow; for my part, I can't find time for such work; sorry I can't help you; good-bye; going to the opera to-night? No? Ah, well, bye-bye."

But as the days slipped by, either my burdens grew lighter, or my strength and ability increased, for I met the emergency, and since then I am confirmed in my belief that for every known duty strength and ability are given us. To be sure, at times I grew fairly hysterical as I'd think of the mountain of sewing that was accumulating for spring, but when the time came it melted away; it always does.

Three long months passed before the thin little hands were able to grasp and do, or help to do, the household duties. The sunshine of kind words and smiles, with generous food, were beginning to have their effect upon the pinched little form. She was rounding out; even the hair, which had been cut off during her sickness, was now showing its beauty; it was a mass of waves, ripples and kinks —no need of crimpers for her.

She had been thrown upon our hands helpless, mutely appealing to our charity, our pity; and the object which we began to pity, we grew into loving. She and the children were inseperable com-

panions. No one could untangle a string for the kites like Hannah, or make up a train of cars for Flossy, or Bess, or Tom, or dress a doll and rock a cradle at the same time, or pop the corn, or tell a story like her.

It was Hannah who could manage Bert the best of all when he had one of his tantrums, and when Ben had a broken arm and it was "in jail" for weeks, only Hannah combed his hair, washed his face, fed, read to him and made life endurable, and of course he was her sworn friend forever. Yes, we all loved Hannah, and yet all this time she had never told her name. Who she was we did not know or care; what she was we thought we knew, and time was fast proving, and when one day I was enlarging upon the theme to John, and telling him I did not see how the children could do without her, he said in reply:

"Let us learn a lesson by this: never to close the door against a stranger in want or distress. 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.' It is a good thing to imitate the great Master of the universe, not only in the charity which gives alms, but in that charity which suffereth long and is kind, and which thinketh no evil, but hopeth all things good of all people, and acteth accordingly."

The night when the poor little wanderer came to my door I had found upon her neck a leather string, hidden beneath her dress, to which were attached some trinkets which I did not look at, and had hastily put in the clock, my "catch-all" for little things, to be put out of the children's way. I did not think of them again, and not until three months later did they come to light, when one day John was searching for some other hidden articles he found them.

"What are these?" said he.

"Those? Oh, yes, why, those were on little Hannah's neck when she came, and I had forgotten them."

"Where is she? Hannah, where did you get these?" John's eyes were black with intense excitement.

She came quietly forward and took them into her hands as she answered him: "These are my father's; they were on his watch-chain when he died, and always, till my mother had to sell watch and chain to get money when she was sick."

"Do you know what they mean?"

"Yes, my mother told me they were the emblems of his brotherhood and his trade, and she told me to remember that he wore the royal blue, and that I should find my father's friends everywhere."

She laid them back in John's hand, and quietly leaving the room, soon returned with a little old roll, or bundle, which she brought with her when she came to us, and undoing the bundle, took from it a package of letters and other papers—two or three of these papers proving to be United States licenses for an engineer—which she handed to John, who, having read them, said:

"My God, to think what our children may come to! Why, wife, this must be looked into; these little golden chains are the emblems of our brotherhood, the three links which represent the union which binds us together, with the initials at the back of each link—F for friendship, L for love, and T for truth. The members of our order are bound together by those grand principles which you see here represented by these three-linked chains; and here is the open hand with the heart in the palm, which admonishes us not only to bestow the needed good to the sick and distressed, but to bestow it readily, freely, promptly and cheerfully; it tells the whole story. I know by these tokens just what my dead brother was, just how he stood, what his degree, and he appeals to me in a way I dare not, if I wished, to ignore." As John wiped the tears from his eyes and laid his hand kindly on her head he said: "You poor

little waif, you have found your father's friends, truly." Turning to me, he said: "There is some mystery, some wrong somewhere, or why was this child's mother allowed to die in want? Hannah, was your mother married again?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, that tells the whole story, I guess. Where is your step-father?"

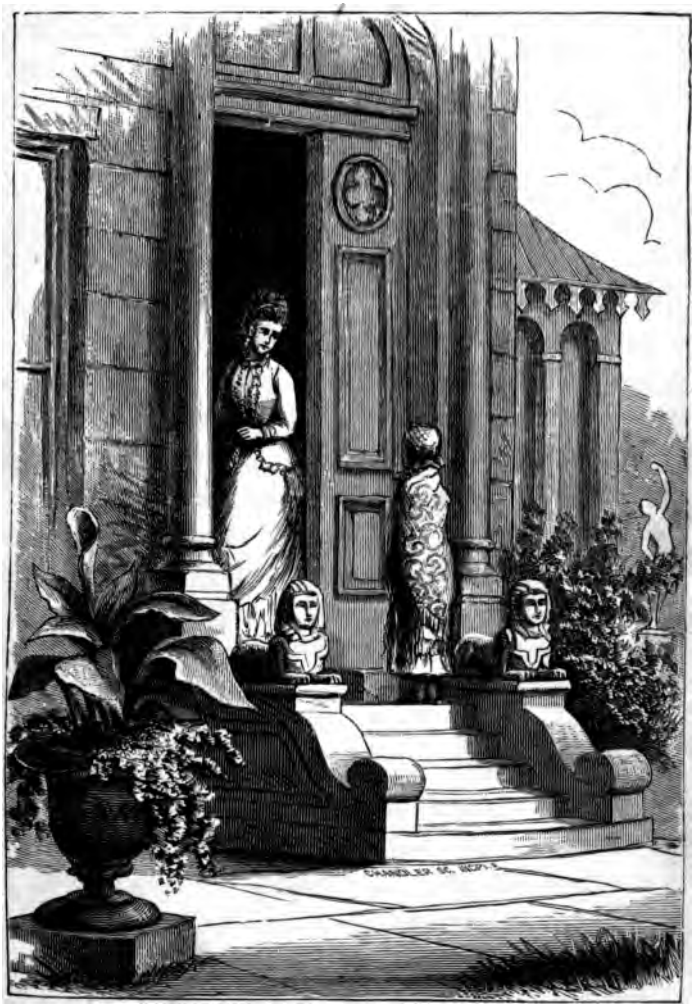
"The blood surged up over face and brow as she answered.

"In the penitentiary. It was that which broke my mother's heart, I think."

"Why did you not tell us this sooner, poor child?"

"He was my mother's husband, and the father of my little dead brother, and I could not bear to."

This was told with bursts of tears which shook her frame convulsively. As soon as she was quieted a little she told us more at length how he was kind to them always, only when drinking; that sometimes they had plenty and sometimes nothing scarcely; how that which her own father had left, which but little, had melted away; that her mother never knew how he made his money till he was arrested for forgery, tried and sentenced to prison; then all came out—he was a professional gambler, a gentlemanly scoundrel, who had won the little



"I want a home."

childlike, lonely widow, whose only experience of men had been of the good and the true. Evidently she was no judge of human nature, and had fallen into bad hands.

"That explains it," said John; "the tie was broken; she lost her direct claim on the brotherhood by her marriage, but not for her child."

We learned also how the tender-hearted little wife and mother had been buried at public expense and filled a so-called pauper's grave.

"Hannah, do you remember your father?"

"No, sir, not very well; but I think I remember his funeral. I remember going on a train, and the engine was trimmed in black, and the car doors had crape hung to them; they said it was his train. I remember the grave, and seeing men stand around with regalia on, and he had one of those blue ones on in his coffin, and the men threw cedar in the grave, and I know the band played a tune that I can never hear without crying."

John sat lost in thought for a long time, holding those little mystic emblems in his hand, and I saw the silent tear-drops fall softly on the little toy engine that proclaimed its owner his fellow engineer, and upon heart, hand and golden links, that told he was an Odd Fellow.

When I married John I was bitterly opposed to all secret societies, but year by year I had learned to admire, respect and love the grand old Order more and more; for "by their fruits ye shall know them;" and, judging of the tree by its fruits, there was nothing wanting. Oftentimes had the blush of shame been brought to my cheek when I was forced to stand face to face with the fact that the Christian churches were leaving great fields of Christian charity untouched; thousands of little details by which they might build up a solid wall of *souls*, not bricks, to strengthen the kingdom were left forgotten or unnoticed, while the great brotherhood was doing quietly the *Good Shepherd's* work.

When the out-going mail train left our depot it carried with it an appeal to the engineers all along the route, and as much further as they chose to spread the word, calling for help to the dead engineer's lonely child, and most generously did the noble-hearted fellows respond.

Less than one month from that day found little Hannah with her hand literally full of money, which she both laughed and cried over as she counted, saying: "Now, I'll be educated; now, they shall not be ashamed of me." And within the same month a meeting of Unity Lodge, No. —,

I. O. O. F., city of ——, was called for special business, and a guardian was appointed, and funds placed in his hands for the benefit of the child of the brother Odd Fellow.

So quietly was all this done that it made no ripple on society's smooth surface. The great beauty of these grand old orders lies in their systematic, concerted action; in their united, silent labors; no fuss or blow; no wrangling over who shall do this and who that; no boasting over what I *have* done, or what I *will* do, but when a known duty, however great or simple it may be, presents itself, it is done with a united effort as if by one man. If our churches would but apply the lesson they can learn from the method of this benevolent order, which has stood unchanged, unmoved, firm as a rock, a solid front, the question of church *union* would be a settled fact; if each church within itself, and all together, would work on a broader base of charity, would it not seem quite as well as to be forever laboring over petty dissensions; if there was to be less spent for princely buildings to display in, and have, instead, a larger cash fund for actual charities to suffering, *unconverted* poor, as well as the poor of the church, would it not, perhaps, enlarge the borders and build up the interest. We can not take these massive piles of brick, mortar and mortgages

with us into the other world to lay at the great Master's feet as a special offering from the Methodist Episcopal, or United Presbyterian, or any other church, but the thousand little deeds of kindness, little charities to the poor, whom the Savior bequeathed us as a special favor to us to keep us alive, we have always with us; and these deeds of loving kindness to them will go before us, stand recorded waiting to meet us and welcome us in. What is the Good Shepherd's work, pray tell, but winning souls from darkness into light.

One thing that touched John and me, exceedingly, was the way in which Hannah always spoke of the fund of money as "my father's money," as if it had been sent by a special messenger from the other shore.

CHAPTER IV.

"They grew in beauty side by side—
They filled one home with glee—
Their graves are severed far and wide
By mount, and stream, and sea.

"The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow,
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those sleepers now?"

LEAVING little Hannah for the present, let us turn backward some twenty odd years, and review some incidents which may prove of interest. There lived at that time, in the interior of Louisiana, far from railroad facilities, a family named Holton, consisting of a father, two daughters and his maiden sister, who had filled the place of the mother to the best of her ability since Colonel Holton had lost his wife. Other daughters and sons had been born to this household, but one after the other had been laid to rest beneath the clematis and jassamine, until six little mounds, and finally the mother's grave, marked the last resting-place of more than half the family. A son, the

oldest of the family, while being educated at the military school, fell a victim to cholera, and was laid to rest in that far distant spot.

No happier, pleasanter home than the colonel's could be found in all the land, until the death of son and mother; the last, most sad affliction, caused a settled gloom to fall upon the household. This house, that had been noted for its hospitality, its mirth and gayeties, became painfully quiet and almost deserted.

No plantation in all the country, it was said, was under better cultivation or presented a fairer appearance; no slaves seemed to be happier, no master better loved; and well might this be so, for nowhere could be found negro quarters in better repair. Snug, cozy, cleanly little homes were theirs, and well supplied with all that makes life comfortable. The master's home, the negro cabins kept white as snow, with the various and large storehouses, were so numerous as to present the appearance of quite an extensive village.

After the death of his wife and son, Colonel Holton had seemed to drown grief by unremitting care of his estate, and watchfulness for the interests of his people. Being a scholar and reader, and keeping himself well posted in the news of the day, and having always taken a pride in being

somewhat in advance of his neighbors, there came a time when the colonel found it greatly to his advantage to obtain certain improvements in machinery to be run by steam power, and accordingly went north to procure such machinery and a stationary engine. Upon his return he was accompanied by a young machinist who had been recommended by the manufacturers, and to whom they had entrusted the responsibility of transporting, setting up, and putting in running order a stationary engine, with other apparatus the colonel had secured from their shops.

Frank Dare, the young machinist, was a fair specimen of the cool skill, the clear brain, the strong muscle and nerve of the so-called Yankee; a widow's son—the son of a mechanic of limited means. He had educated himself by his own exertions, and now, at the age of twenty-seven, was more than a fair scholar; a hard student and splendid machinist, he felt himself any man's equal; wise to plan and project and strong to execute; full of health and vim, good looking, a son to be proud of, a man to respect, admire and love. Such was the man whom the colonel introduced into his household.

Juliet Holton, the oldest daughter, had been educated at the north, and almost immediately upon

her return home had been married to the son of a neighboring planter, to whom she had been engaged since childhood; her home was on the adjoining plantation.

Nannie Holton, the younger of the two, the fair, sweet, gentle pet of the family, seventeen years of age, was yet single and fancy free. She had never been sent away to school on account of her frail health; fears were entertained for her safety if exposed to the cutting winds and damps of the north; and so she had been taught at home by governesses, and of late by her maiden aunt. The one desire of Nannie's heart had been to go north, to see its lakes and rivers, to climb a mountain side, to bathe at the sea-side, sleigh-ride and have a veritable snow-balling, and to glide on the ice as Juliet had done years before. To her, those northern states were full of wonders, and distance lent enchantment to the mind, only glimpses of which she had seen in pictured story. And the very fact that "Nannie could not go north, she being too delicate," made it all the more enchanting—it was the forbidden fruit. She looked away to it as a very Beulah land, and all the enchanting glories of southern "orange grove and bower" and magnolia blossoms were worthless dross in comparison to snow-flakes and icicles; but then it is always so, that

for which we long and reach after most is the far off, the unattainable. We spend half our days in following a mirage; we spend half our strength in grasping at shadows; we spend years and strength in attaining that which can neither quench thirst nor allay hunger of body or soul, and then we shed bitter tears over life's so-called failures.

To Frank Dare this southern life was the realization of beautiful dreams. Everything here was so different to the firm, crisp, self-reliant style of life at the North; it was so slow, luxurious, dream-like; there was a strange, weird beauty in the drapery which hung from the trees; birds and flowers were different, and a constant theme for study and admiration; there was a golden glory over all which stirred the romance in his soul.

Among the peculiar institutions of the south were the out-door meetings for religious services held by the colored people, the people from two or three adjoining plantations congregating together to listen to some natural orator from among their own race, and generally winding up the affair by promiscuous prayers and much original song-singing—strange, wild chanting, like nothing else on earth. These meetings were regular praise-meetings of the strongest and loudest type, and our northern friend was deeply touched by the sights

and sounds—their quaint, simple language, as they recounted God's mercy to their poor souls, or sung of "Over There on the Shining Shore," or "Swing Low," or "Roll on," with great tears rolling down their black faces. It was a strange sight to see from three to five hundred slaves massed together praising God for his mercy; and when asked his opinion of it all, he, without the least hesitation, pronounced it the best joke of the season, and yet as his manly voice broke forth in a rich tenor, joining with them in their praise-meeting, unbidden tears had fallen from his eyes.

I have said that Colonel Holton was a scholarly gentleman, and between these two there was a bond of union—a tie. They were utterly unlike in their religion, their politics, but they never tired of their chatty reviews of history, ancient or modern; never grew weary of the Illiad or Odyssey; never lost interest in Dante or Milton; and it was a daily source of joy to pretty Nannie to sit and listen to their animated talk, recitations or readings; it was a joy to see her father thaw out, warm up and glow with enthusiasm over these loved topics. Nannie Holton was proud of her father's culture, and as she watched and found the young Yankee his equal in intelligence, she grew into a

sort of pride for the man who could interest her father.

Each knowing the dangerous theme between north and south, avoided it with the true, innate refinement they mutually possessed. The bond of union, the tie between one cultivated mind and another, asserted itself, and the southern planter and the Yankee mechanic passed pleasant hours together.

And then there were times when Nannie, the daughter of the house, came in for her share of the chatting, and was pleasantly entertained by her father's guest. To her this was a new manner of man—earnest, strong, self-reliant; it seemed to her his knowledge was inexhaustible. It was the old, old story, so oft repeated—moonlight and flowers, poetry and sweet-voiced songs to the tinkling of the guitar, ending in the old, old way, in—

> "A love that should ne'er grow cold
> Till the stars grow pale and the moon wax old,
> And the leaves of the Judgment book unfold."

Yet never a word had been spoken by either; still, by a smile, a blush, a downward look and soft upward glance, it stood revealed to each that the other one was the "only one on earth to *me, for me.*" They lived in the fool's paradise for many days, taking no thought of the morrow, till finally

that morrow was upon them, or until the days had slipped by and it was nearly the parting day; the work was well nigh completed; then all the sense of honor in the soul of our young friend was wakened up to a keen sense of duty. He knew he loved, he hoped he was loved in return, and now was the time to speak of that love, and of the future.

He and his hospitable entertainer were sitting upon the veranda enjoying their evening cigar, when some chance word from the colonel in regard to his return to his Buckeye home opened up the way.

"Colonel, I love your daughter. Can I hope at some future day to win her?"

"You love my daughter, sir!" said the colonel, springing to his feet. "And have you dared to tell her so?"

"I have not, sir."

"And what, pray tell, have you to offer in return for the hand of my daughter, to which you dare aspire?"

"My love, my honor, these honest, skillful hands of mine, sir!"

They both stood now with fire in the eye; they were well matched in their haughty pride.

"And who *are* you, you nameless Yankee hire-

ling, that you should dream of offering your love to a Holton, of Louisiana? Why, sir, do you know that there is no better name in all this land than Holton, of Louisiana?"

"My name, sir, is Dare, and those who know me best say that I am Dare by nature as well as by name. Why, sir, if a king's daughter loved me, I think I should dare to take her."

"Never, never *my daughter*, sir! Why, sir, she, a *Holton*, would scorn an abolitionist, her father's hireling. Finish your work, sir, take your pay and leave.

Neither of them saw the pale, fair face of Nannie Holton as she stole away from her seat by the window which opened upon the verandah near them.

Those days are bygones. Then southern bravery and chivalry had not crossed swords with a *nameless something* from the north, which carried the day triumphantly. Southern tears and death sweats had not been wiped away from thousands of cheeks and brows by Yankee hands, who proved themselves as tender and true to the dying, the dead, and the desolate as if they belonged to the chivalry. Both parties had never learned a few of life's great lessons which man's necessity and God's opportonity have since taught them—lessons which have strengthened the bonds of the brotherhood.

In the morning Frank Dare received a few lines from Nannie Holton, which were handed him by the faithful old black nurse, saying:

"I heard you talk with my father; the only reparation I can offer for his cruel insult is to say that the proud old name of Holton will be honored by an alliance with that of Dare. If you will accept Nannie Holton's hand you can have it; you already have her love."

It was a wild, romantic notion, but fortunately the man was worthy the trust she placed in him. A few more written words exchanged and the plan was all made. *Her* southern chivalry would not let him steal her away from her father—she went to him after he had gone from them, and by a return mail she sent a copy of her marriage license to her father.

From that day on, forever, Nannie Holton's was a forbidden name—she was as one dead to them—her childhood toys and books were packed and stored away, together with her guitar, her music, clothes, and all that could remind them of her. The old colonel became morose, exacting, unbearably haughty and overbearing to his friends, and finally upon the death of his sister, he leased his plantation, arranged his business for a long absence, and sailed for Europe.

CHAPTER V.

"But pleasures are like poppies spread.
You seize the flower, the bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-falls in the river—
A moment white, then melts forever
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point the place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm—
No man can fetter time or tide."

THE change to Nannie Dare from her childhood's home of luxury and idleness to the home her husband provided for her in the north was overwhelmingly great and nothing but her great love and perfect respect for the man, backed up by a vast amount of pride and will, ever could have reconciled her to her circumstances or fitted her into such a groove. She had been surrounded by servants all her life, to come and go for her, to fetch and carry at her beck and call; she had not been allowed to even dress herself without assistance, and of the mysteries of the kitchen she knew absolutely nothing. She had been taught to be purely ornamental, and even that with as little

exertion as possible. To begin a life of faithful service as a mechanic's wife—to sweep, dust, make beds and cook, as other mechanics' wives did, was a most unromantic round of duties; and yet she set about learning life's duties, as they presented themselves, very cheerfully and hopefully. But, with her small stock of energy and strength, and no experience, it was a weary work at best.

The home of a young mechanic of small income is so utterly unlike the establishment of the man of wealth, with all its conveniences, its fullness of plenty, that it would be disheartening to the woman of experience to try to do. Oh, the blistered hands, the weary feet, the secret tears shed over failures in bread, failures in pies, failures in roasts and stews. But thanks to many kind neighbors and friends who aided and assisted the girl wife, and all honor to the true-hearted man who ate burnt bread or "long pie crust," and overdone or underdone meat, with a never-ending stock of patience, and the encouraging words, "Why, Nannie, this is splendid; you're learning fast;" or, "I've seen much poorer cooking in fine boarding houses;" or, "Don't be discouraged; you see it's a big job to learn to cook."

To a hungry man, after a day's hard work, it is no trifle to be obliged to eat bad food, with the

added sense of ruined material, wasted means; and if he does bear patiently and keep guard over temper and tongue he is a wise man—a gentleman.

For Nannie Holton, raised as she had been, there was excuse for this ignorance; but in how many thousands of cases, among the daughters of laboring men and mechanics, do we find willful ignorance.

It is a swindle for any man's daughter, in these days, to marry either a rich or poor man without being capable of performing, if necessary, any or all of a housekeeper's duties. Thousands of homes are rendered wretched by the pernicious fashion of living the first few years in a boarding-house, or by saddling upon the young husband a host of hired help, with all the ruinous contingencies. Looking at the matter from this standpoint, is it any wonder that scores of young men stand off, afraid of the matrimonial noose? A good deal could be said on this subject which will be left to the moralizing abilities of the reader instead.

She had one of the coziest little cottages that could be rented to begin her housekeeping in, and as rapidly as it could be done it was filled up with new, tasty furniture and ornamental things of various kinds. If Colonel Holton had only known

this man to whom his daughter had given her hand, he could not, he would not, have chosen a better or a nobler one. Southern chivalry could not furnish a higher type of character.

Every wish of hers, every need, was tenderly anticipated, promptly met and supplied; all of hardship or care that he could shield her from he did. The teachings of the Order to which he belonged were such as to insure to her the tender, watchful care of a father, a brother and a lover, all in one.

Virtue was the rule by which his life was governed; he was hospitable, generous, loving and faithful. In whom, pray tell, could she find better traits? Money could not supply the deficiency if he were without them, and in comparison to them gold is but dross.

The hand and heart of any girl could not be placed in safer keeping than to be entrusted to one who has "Faith in God, Hope in immortality, and Charity to all mankind."

But there did come lonely hours when thoughts of the home far away, yearnings to see the dear faces and hear the loved voices, filled the soul with grief, the eyes with tears. Then, with ever watchful care, he planned the pleasure trip to the blue hills of Virginia, laughingly saying to her, "She pineth for a sight of ye darkeys;" or he would bring

home tickets for a play, concert or ball, or a present of the last new book, or a sheet of music, or a dainty bouquet of costly southern flowers from the hot-house. Thus the money went, lavishly, and thus no home was saved for the "rainy day" sure to come.

But few homes were happier or sunnier; they lived *while* they lived; and if Frank Dare did sigh in secret, if he chanced to think of what his hard-earned dollars ought to be doing for their future, he never told by word or look—true to his creed, he was tender and gentle to the weak and tender one left at his mercy. Sickness, births and deaths visited their home again and again with all the attending expenses and care; but in all this time of eight or ten years no news to Nannie from home save a few lines once from her sister telling of the death of their aunt.

Frequently had they changed their place of residence, and she still flattered herself that the letters she had persisted in writing had been answered, and the answers lost, till finally her own cares and occupations filled her time and thoughts.

We are told that unto all men a time is appointed to die. In this world we are surrounded by the indications of decay and death; the strong arm of the bravest must fall powerless before the ravages

of disease. Truly it is said, "We are subject to sickness, to misfortune and to death."

Long, sleepless nights of pain and weary days of anguish brought the strong man down low in the valley of the shadow of death; but in this dark hour of trial, forsaken by those of her own blood, and away from the home of her childhood, Nannie Dare found the meaning of the term "brotherhood." In her earlier married life she had been troubled—almost jealous of Frank's faithful attendance at his lodge, but little by little had she seen the manner of work done by these "lodgemen," and, judging of the tree by its fruits, she had become more reconciled to it. But now, to her, weary and worn with watching, these faithful brothers came with strong hands and warm hearts to protect and supply, to aid and assist, for the sake of him to whom they had pledged a love—

"Fading not when life has perished,
Living still beyond the tomb."

And what a blessed relief to the grief-stricken woman just on the verge of widowhood. The sands in the hour-glass were dropping, slowly dropping; the last moments of a good life, well spent, were slipping away; soon their brief, happy married life would be a thing of the past. Death was

glazing the eye, had sealed the lips, was chilling the generous, brave heart; Faith would soon be lost to sight, Hope end in full fruition, and the strong arm, the ready hand, the willing feet be laid beneath the clods of the valley; soon would the name and the form pass from among men and from off the face of the earth; truly, "*In the brief probation allotted to us here on earth the good or ill we accomplish is all of us that shall live among men.*"

"Work for the night is coming,
Work through the summer noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work for the night is coming—
When man works no more."

Tenderly, solemnly, was he borne to the distant burial place and laid to rest by the hands of his brethren. Faithfully did they perform every duty enjoined upon them towards the widow and the orphan.

* * * * * * * *

Frank Dare was taken to his native place and buried beside his parents and his three little infant boys. His widow and one little child returned to their desolate home in the city of ——. Immediately she felt the necessity of economy and industry for the future, and in laying her plans she most

unwisely acted without advice from the brotherhood. She hastily sold all things she thought she could do without, and moved to the quiet little manufacturing town in which her husband had spent his early life, and in which he lay buried. In doing this she went away from the very friends upon whom she had the strongest claims for assistance, protection and advice. Her duty was to have remained close by the lodge, which was her husband's home place, and upon which she had the most direct claim.

It would be useless to go into details of her struggles from this time to eke out her few hundred dollars by fine embroidery and a variety of little fancy work; with all she could do and bear, she only succeeded in keeping the grim wolf from the door for the succeeding two years.

The husband in his lonely grave was not forgotten, and yet there came times when this childlike little woman shed bitter tears and felt most keenly the need of a bread winner, a provider, a man to stand between her and the world's hardships.

CHAPTER VI.

My son, be this thy simple plan:
Love God, and love thy fellow-man;
Forget not in temptation's hour
That sin lends sorrow double power;
Count life a stage upon thy way,
And follow conscience, come what may;
Alike with earth and heaven sincere,
Fear God and know no other fear.

Southey.

Who knows most grieves most for wasted time.

Dante.

Among Nannie Dare's friends and acquaintances there were the usual number of fault-finding matrons and spiteful widows, who were virtuously indignant at all pretty widows or blooming maidens, of whom men spoke respectfully or admiringly; there were the usual number of spinsters, with vinegar-like austerity of manner and look; or the simpering, giggling kind, with the eternal grin and little-girlish ways, so sweet, you know, to the very ones they intended to stab in the back and destroy with a word. Yes, they were all there, just as they are around us, if we will but look and think.

And she felt it, she knew it—knew she was watched and begrudged the kind attentions of the universal brotherhood, who, wherever she might meet them, were bound to be kind to a brother's widow. Of course there were the good and the true women mixed in with the others, but she had to take them as they came.

This being previous to 1851–2, the Rebekah degree had not even been brought before the Grand Lodge by its author, Brother Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana, and thus it was that if her husband had desired, he could not have had any degree conferred upon her. Thus it was that she stood outside the lodge doors, debarred of many privileges, with no signs at her command, dumb in the presence of the brotherhood, except as she chose to say, "I am your brother's widow," and with no direct claim on a sisterhood, which did not even exist.

These things are changed now. Much of ignorance, bigotry and jealous opposition is swept away; women are bound by ties they dare not break; they are elevated by a broader charity, given work to do in the Good Shepherd's vineyard.

The adoption of that degree in 1852 was the beginning of the emancipation from intolerance, and

prejudice, and narrow views among thousands upon thousands of women in our land—the beginning of better things than had been.

I have spoken of frequent visits or trips made by Frank and Nannie Dare, sometimes to Virginia and sometimes off towards the lakes.

On one occasion, when in very much depressed spirits, Frank Dare sent Nannie over the road to a pleasant little town in the northeast part of the state to spend three weeks with some old friends of his, a family of considerable wealth and great refinement. While she was there, the only son, with his young bride, came home on a visit, and a round of drives, picnics and social gatherings made the time pass quite pleasantly to her. It was a visit she had always looked back to with pleasure, and those were acquaintances she thought of with kindness always, although they had never met since. Great was her surprise, one day, to meet upon the streets of the quiet little village in which she now lived that only son, Putnam Breuster. She knew of his family's high standing, of the purity and goodness of his amiable lady mother, his lovely sisters, and of the refined, gentle wife, now no more. Can we wonder that she grasped his hand in joy at the meeting? It was like a stray ray of sunshine out of her past. Im-

pulsive, thoughtless Nannie Dare gave no thought of what he might be now. He looked the gentleman, he seemed the gentleman, and he was one who had known her in better days—"used to know my Frank"—and so most cordially she said, "Come home with me." She had no power to lift the veil that hid the past, and see and read a dark page of his history. She could not know of his wife's squandered fortune and broken heart, and only little by little did he drop hints of the changes which time had made for him as well as for her; and as he told it, the story was plausible; it excited her pity; the world had surely used him cruelly, and she was sorry for him.

When a woman is going to do a foolish thing, in the matrimonial line particularly, the kind neighbors and friends stand off and keep "things I know if I just chose to tell" all to themselves, for "it's none of my business, you know."

To be sure, Nannie Dare remembered that Frank had once said he was a "ne'er-do-well, a good-for-naught, spite of his fine education," but then there were no more men like Frank, anyhow, she thought, and so, when after a dozen or more visits, Put. Breuster, the fast, society man, Judge Breuster's son, asked her to leave her plain little rooms and be his wife, she said "yes," for oh, she

was "so lonely—and then he knew Frank." And he hurried up the ceremony within a week, for his business was very pressing, and, reader, he was fully aware that Nannie Dare was a Holton, of Louisiana. Might not that have had its weight?

The cozy little parlor was made as bright as could be, four or five kind friends invited to drop in, and of course they went, for they "wished her no harm."

They say that dumb brutes and children are peculiarly gifted with intuition, or fore-knowledge of coming evil. However that may be, there was a little fair-haired child, with sad, gray eyes, who had looked on in strange silence through all these proceedings until the mother stood ready to step forward and place her hand in that of this new man; then she sprang forward, clasping and clinging to that mother, with "Oh, my mamma, my darling, my beautiful mamma, don't, don't!" The great tears rolled down her cheeks, and heart-rending sobs shook the little frame.

Our souls come into this world pure and free from blot or impression as the hair-spring of a watch, and if we could but live above grossness, and selfishness, and sin, might not our souls in their prime and at their maturity be as susceptible and impressionable, as quick to feel good and

warn of evil, as the child's soul, or the dumb instinct of brutes? Little by little we become used to grossness and sin; familiar with it, until our souls fail to become alarmed and notify us of its presence.

The neighbors all knew that the widow Dare had thrown herself away. They felt all the time that she was going to do it, and now that it was done, they all wondered that some one "did not tell her of it, and stop the proceedings."

And it did not take many months for Nannie herself to suspicion that she had done an unwise thing.

They moved from city to city, sometimes with plenty of cash, sometimes with none. And now began the long hours of watching and waiting for his home-coming—of listening to see if the steps were steady and light, or heavy and slow or uncertain, as an index of the condition of mind and body.

They went from bad to worse. Jewels of great value, which, in the eyes of Frank Dare, were sacred things, because keepsakes from her old home, she now gave up, one at a time, to satisfy the insatiate appetite the husband had for gambling, and often to furnish the comforts of life.

Sometimes Putnam Breuster did make an effort

to reform—occasionally did get employment at book-keeping, but not for long, and what wonder! He found it so much easier to shuffle cards than to write for hours and hours to earn his daily bread. A gentleman's son, he had scorned to learn a trade. To be sure, he had dabbled in the study of law, until after marrying a wealthy girl he gave up the law and went into speculations in stocks and bonds. After speedily squandering both his own and his wife's wealth he very naturally took to the amusing accomplishment which had been taught him from childhood, as a means of livelihood now. He was an expert—his parents and friends had taught him his lessons well, and years of practice in the social club had perfected it.

How passing strange it is that we will spend months and years in teaching things to our children and friends that, if not pernicious in influence in some individual cases, are yet utterly useless in their bearing on time's usefulness and eternity's happiness. Sometimes the same mother who would not permit her child to be taught to print its lessons in school, because it would have to unlearn that in order to learn to write, will deliberately teach her little innocent-souled child to take a hand at cards, surely knowing that he must unlearn that in order the more perfectly to learn and

practice some of God's great moral lessons. Why will we waste time and risk ruin?

Putnam Breuster met at last the temptation which was greater than it was in his power to resist, and having led a life of selfish enjoyments and amusements, having never been trained to do, or not to do anything, from principle, he went under and was swept away with the current.

After a fashion, he loved the sick wife and feeble baby boy lying at her side, and food, wine and medicine, which were needed, cost money, which he had not. Only a scratch of the pen, only a good name forged, and he would be lifted out of want for the time, and it could "be made all right," thought he, before it was too late.

Reader, bear with me patiently; I would gladly make things different, but step by step I am going over the facts with you.

In this year of which I speak war had been declared; the southern states were in rebellion; our president had called for seventy-five thousand men. The emissaries of the south were busily and secretly engaged in recruiting from along the borders for the confederate army. And just across the river Put. Breuster knew there was a regiment being formed among the F. F. V.'s for guerrilla service, and his plan was to skip, in a few days,

and join a certain company, hoping in this way to escape the hand of justice if all else failed. Then, too, he had an eye to that Louisiana estate and its hundreds of slaves. Yes, he'd fight for the confederacy and win laurels, and ingratiate himself into favor with Colonel Holton, don't you see?

His plans were laid; he had broached the subject to his wife, who, too weak to think or reason, said little, and only felt that there was nothing honorable in the plan—nothing to commend.

* * * * *

They sat at their evening meal in the humble rooms of a tenement house, in the third story—the little sad-eyed step-daughter and Putnam Breuster.

Our gentle friend Nannie lay on her death-bed in the room beyond. The delicacies he had bought her with stolen money had been barely tasted. Even to his deadened senses the ravages made by care and sickness were startlingly apparent. It was a silent, gloomy meal, and only half finished, when there was a knock at the door, followed up by a prompt step into the room, and before he could rise from his chair a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, and the words, "You are my prisoner—come!" fell upon their ears like a thunder-clap. There was a pitiable effort at remonstrance, a little parley of words, but they were of

no avail. The strong arm of the law was upon him, and his pale face and desperate eye told his guilt. This was the beginning of the end for Putnam Breuster, gentleman's son, society man, idler.

Verily, "as ye sow, so shall ye reap."

He had spent years of life in amusing himself and avoiding life's earnest work—in gathering husks; and what food for eternity! What one lesson had he learned to employ himself in during an eternity to come?

Judge Breuster and his wife were in their graves.

If the souls of the departed return to review their influence, what worse punishment to loving hearts than to see such a harvest from the seeds sown in their life-time.

Justice made quick work of it in that case. A few weeks passed and the prison doors swung heavily shut behind another gentleman's son.

Over that which I must tell you now my pen pauses; words written are so feeble to express anguish. A cry of long, pent-up agony, as she received the parting kiss and good-bye from her puny babe's father, was followed by the bursting of a blood-vessel, and a long, death-like swoon from which she awoke only to linger just on the verge of the grave for a few weeks, silent, hopeless, crushed. Only once did she make an effort to

speak to her little girl of her future, and that was after the little feeble babe had breathed out its frail life and was carried away to a pauper's grave.

Calling her to the bedside, she said: "Now, we are alone, you and I, my little girl, my darling, all that is left of that other life before these dark days. Mamma humbly begs you to forgive her for bringing this lot upon you; she did not mean to do it, she did not know."

Oh, there were bitter tears shed by those two there in that last communion as she told her of what her own father had been, as she charged her never to forget them both, told her of the proud old name she bore, and that some time, when she should be gone, they might forgive the dead mother and care for her child. Taking the little sacred emblems from her own neck she tied them about that of her child, and said to her:

"Find your father's friends; get some one to help you to get to the city of ——, show these, and ask for help for his sake."

Then getting a scrap of paper, much torn, which she had carried in an old pocket-book, she said:

"Keep this, for I think it is your aunt's name and address. Find her if possible and ask her to take Nannie's child, and to love it for Nannie's

sake. Your name is your grandmother's—Hannah Holton, and if she does not like the name of Dare, let her drop it, darling; it will not hurt you."

This was all said in a gasp, and with great effort. Once all told, she turned feebly away, holding the little hand in hers, and thus they were found hours afterward. What time the spirit left the body none ever knew. The last name upon her lips, the little girl said, was "Frank Dare, my father's name."

"So fades a summer's cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the close of day,
So dies a wave along the shore."

CHAPTER VII.

"We see not, know not; all our way
Is night—with Thee alone is day;
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm our prayers we lift,
Thy will be done."

THE woman who found the lonely girl and the dead mother was a neighbor living in the rooms across the hall on the same floor of this tenement house in which Putnam Breuster and his family had been living for the last few months.

Fortunately for the orphan child, she was a sensible as well as kind woman—a woman of tact, though poor and illiterate; being past middle life, and having had much experience in sickness and sorrow, from adversity and death, and possessing considerable natural refinement of feeling, she had been able to sympathize with, and do much for, those two in their deep afflictions.

Now she tenderly awakened Hannah, and after the first burst of agonized grief at finding her mother dead, she turned her attention from the

mother to little labors of love necessary to be performed for that mother's sake.

In a bright, motherly manner, she set her to work to help in tidying up all things around, before strangers should be called in, saying, as they worked together, "We will do this or that, because she would have liked it so." She kept the little maiden busy thus, and finally had her select garments for burial, and from among the few articles left of other days, from an old trunk, she brought the rich, bright blue silk, with its costly laces, in which her mother stood a bride, when first she bore the name of Dare. This was one of a very few suits of clothing Nannie had brought with her from her childhood's home, and it was best loved because she wore it when first she saw Frank Dare. Made high at the neck, and with long, flowing sleeves, it was not unsuited for this occasion; on the breast was a knot of rare old lace, pinned in with what had been a lovely little cluster of bridal roses—now, alas, but faded leaves; they were just where his fingers had placed them years before, and thus they went down with her to the silence and gloom of the grave. When dressed, the kind-hearted neighbor called Hannah into the room to confer with her about the arrangement of her mother's hair, finally letting her comb and

place the lovely, shining waves of golden hair as she knew looked best. All this was done "for ma," as if she were still a living presence—the much-loved mother, and not a corpse.

Of course tears and sobs would come; the kind neighbor could not rob the scene of its grief, but she did divest it of much of the grim terror and hard terms which generally attend a death-bed scene.

For the last few weeks, since the arrest and imprisonment of Putnam Breuster, the fate of this lady and her child had impressed these plain, kind-hearted neighbors exceedingly. There had been many interchanges of civilities, kindly expressions of sympathy and deeds of kindness, which had gradually knit their souls together in ties which would not easily break, and thus it was that the neighbor across the hall took upon herself to perform these last sad offices for the dead, feeling that it would be more acceptable from her than from entire strangers.

I have mentioned the fact that war had been declared against the south, and that men had been called to quell the rebellion, "the Union to restore."

Our cities and towns were full of the noise and

activity, the clang and clatter, naturally resulting from such a state of affairs.

Near the town in which Hannah resided were several camps. Infantry and cavalrymen, heavy trains of wagons with camp supplies, were passing and repassing daily and hourly; morning and evening fifteen hundred horses being led to and from the river for water, and the bugle's shrill call, gave life a vivid glow, never to be forgotten.

The husband and two sons of the kind neighbor of whom I have been speaking were volunteers in a regiment of cavalry camped near town, and for many weeks their coming and going, with occasionally a friend or two, had made a pleasant excitement, or a something to be noticed by the quiet little maiden, and to talk over with her feeble mother.

And to those soldier boys this sad-eyed girl and the gentle, lady mother had a fascination; they were so evidently people with a history utterly unlike their surroundings, and the occasional glimpses of that very mystery added to the interest, as age adds to the value of rare pictures. And now, when the final sad scene had come, they were all full of generous, boyish emotions, and wanted to do something—anything to help her in her trouble. That burst of sympathy wherever we find it, which

makes us want to do something for a sufferer, is the impulse of the soul to obey the Maker's command, "Bear ye one another's burdens."

The chaplain of the regiment to which these boys belonged had often stopped in to see fathers or sons, and, by chance, hearing of the sickness and grief across the hall, had very naturally and consistently, for a Christian, stepped in to read, talk and pray with the dying woman.

As a matter of course, now the boys thought at once of their chaplain when they heard of the death, and at once planned with their mother to ask him to conduct the funeral services, when off duty and at liberty to come.

It was a strange funeral, this, for the daughter of a proud old race. In the far sunny south lay six square miles of plantation, peopled by hundreds of black slaves—in all of which she had once felt the pride of ownership, and now she had to accept the two by six feet of ground for a resting place at the hands of public charity. But what matter to her? "In my Father's house are many mansions," and to that her title was good—her claim undisputed.

They gathered together—two women, an army chaplain, two private soldiers and their young lieutenant who, being touched with pity at the story

he had heard, came to sympathize with this one lonely little mourner, Hannah.

Public charity furnishes no costly hearse or mourning coaches for its recipients, and when the short remarks were over for the dead, an exhortation to the living, a solemn prayer said, it became apparent that the child must either walk or ride in the wagon with the coffin. There was a hurried whispered conference in the hall, and after a little delay Lieutenant R. kindly led her down the stairs and placed her in a carriage he had ordered, and as kindly insisted upon the neighbors and the chaplain going along, and finally was seated himself in front with the driver, "making things look a cussed sight decenter," said Jim to Tom, as they turned away to go up stairs.

"I tell you, Jim, I always did say the lieutenant was a brick; he's got a heart in him, he has."

Their language may have been rather rough and profane, but it was sincere, and in saying it there was a good deal of nose-blowing and wiping of eyes which was not caused by dust.

You see, these boys, like thousands in the land just then, had begun to have glimpses of the horrors of war—of sudden and lonely deaths, away from home and friends, and as they sojourned there in camp, or off duty, roamed around town,

not knowing what hour would bring the call to the front, and possibly to death, their feelings were touched, their hearts were softened.

In after years Hannah Dare looked back to these scenes, those rough boys with their tears and evident sympathy, the open grave surrounded by that strange group, while listening to a prayer by the chaplain, and then the sweet sung words, "I would not live always," by Lieutenant R., who sang, she thought, as angels might sing; and oh, how it comforted her to have all this attention—this respect.

No wonder she felt gratitude that amounted to adoration almost; and no wonder that in after days, when the chaplain and lieutenant were prisoners at Andersonville, no prayers to high heaven for their deliverance were more in earnest than Hannah's, and if, when she prayed for both, the lieutenant's name was first and last, what wonder? For he was so young to die, and he sang at her mother's grave; while the clods of the valley were falling heavily upon the coffin lid, the sweet, clear strains of music rose and fell to the triumphant words:

"Since Jesus has lain there I dread not its gloom—
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph, descending the skies."

And as she listened with rapt attention to tune

and words, her sobs and tears were stopped; she saw not, heard not aught else until the last shovelfuls were patted down, and she was kindly, gently led away by the singer, as he would have led his only little sister.

On the following day the fatherly chaplain called to see what should become of this child. He was one of those who, when they have enough, remember the hungry and think upon poverty and need.

Here was a case of sorrow and distress. Mother and child had fallen into bad hands, and were wounded unto death. Seeing and knowing this, he did not, like the priest or the Levite, pass by on the other side; but, like the good Samaritan, he had compassion on them, and with oil and wine, healed, comforted and made glad. And all this did he with alacrity and promptness.

Upon asking her where she was going and what she was going to do, she said:

"I am going to my father's friends, in the city of ——."

But upon being asked their names, she told him she did not know, only that she should find them by these, showing the emblems her mother had given her, at which he was much affected.

"Child," said he, "it is now the eleventh hour,

and I can not do much for you; but what I can do shall be done."

He left, but returned in a couple of hours, bearing in his hand an envelope, and money sufficient for her expenses to the city, and a card from the boy lieutenant, Frederick R., to his mother.

On one side was her name, the number of her house, and the name of the street and city; on the other side were these words:

"I send you a little stray; do for her all you can for my sake. I can not explain matters now—will when I write or come home.

"Your son,

"F. R."

Oh! if he could have seen the power these words had for evil to Hannah Dare, he would sooner have sent her among wild beasts of the forest.

You see, in that city to which she was going, as well as in all others, were the women—matrons, widows and spinsters—with the evil eyes and evil tongues, to watch and slay those who dared to be pretty or winning, or in any way to give offense to them.

With the most fervent "God bless you and keep you under the shadow of his wing, dear child," the chaplain left her; and in three hours more the —— regiment of Ohio volunteer cavalry was on its way to the front, to guard and protect certain points—

if need be to fight, or to go into winter quarters until their time should come; but, at all events, they rode rapidly forth to meet sickness, hunger, hardships, imprisonment and death. And they left behind them grief and tears and anxiety to their loved ones. As they proudly passed out and away, no heart beat with higher hopes than that of the boy lieutenant, with "victory or death" for his motto; and among all who were left behind, not one was more utterly bereft, alone—alone in all the world—than was little Hannah.

This was when the trees were shedding their crowns of golden leaves, in the midst of the glow and glorious beauty of October. And not until December's dark days and icy breath were upon us, did little Hannah get away from the sick bed of the kind neighbor who had done so much for her, and to whom her first duty was due.

In her quiet way she had cheered and comforted when there was need, but in obedience to her mother's command, she must go forth to find other friends. She may have lost time, but

> "The look of sympathy, the gentle word,
> Spoken so low that only angels heard,
> The secret art of pure self-sacrifice,
> Unseen by men, but marked by angel eyes—
> These are not lost."

CHAPTER IX.

"Oh! be thou zealous in thy youth,
Fill every day with noble toil;
Fight for the victories of truth,
And deck thee with her deathless spoils;
For those whose lives are in retreat,
Their valor and ambition flown,
In vain the 'larum drum is beat,
In vain the battle trumpet blown!"

Poetry of the Orient.

"Time's onward footsteps have no backward turning."

WHILE you and I, reader, have been occupied in reviewing and reminiscences, time, with relentless finger, has touched and changed animate and inanimate bodies here, there and everywhere—silently, little by little, but surely and forever—as time only can change all things. Nothing stands too high or lies too low to escape his icy breath, his withering glance, his destroying touch.

Two years and nearly a half more have passed since that cold day on which we first met little Hannah, and we of the cottage on the hillside are all here; time has touched us lightly, and yet there

are changes. Ben, Bert and Tom are great strapping fellows—good boys and good scholars. Flossie and Bessie have laid aside bibs, and are both in school; only one little fellow plays at trains of cars or makes soap bubbles in the nursery at home. John is growing portly, and I am getting gray, but we are all happy.

But if the change is noticeable in us, how much more so in Hannah, or "Tangle-Tow," as Ben at first called her. The pale, careworn look has passed away, and instead of the pinched form, the old expression, with eyes too big for her face, we now see a tall, graceful girl of "half past sixteen," says Ben, with hair the color of dead gold, cheeks like rare, ripe peaches, and those wondrously beautiful grey eyes. Yes, time, with culture and prosperity, has changed Hannah most of all.

When a guardian was appointed for her, the choice was given her to go away to be educated at an institution which was patronized largely for the education of the orphan children of Odd Fellows, or to remain at home and enter the public schools of the city. She chose the latter, saying:

"I will learn all they can teach me here first, and then I'll see what I'll do."

And from her first session until the present time

she has always led the grade, and twice been honored by special promotion.

You see this girl, child of the "hireling Yankee mechanic" and the southern belle of refinement and culture, was of good blood and clear brains. Her habits of industry, neatness, promptness, cheerful obedience and general lady-like deportment won the highest praise uniformly from the teachers. Her reports were all good, and it had become a patent fact that Hannah Dare, the stranger, would graduate with special honors from the high school of the city of ——. When they drew it mildly it was "Hannah Dare, the stranger," but there were occasions when it came out rough-shod, "Han Dare, the foundling, the charity scholar, John H.'s hired girl." And this was not spoken by heathen children of South Sea Islanders, but, shame to say, by children of good parents and good citizens, who forgot to bridle their children's tongues or muzzle their mouths.

Good business men, excellent mothers, often wonder at the loss of friends here and influence there, and surmise this cause or that, never thinking of the careless words dropped before children, the unkind criticism or bit of scandal about other people's affairs, retailed out to each other with thoughtless recklessness, which the children, with

equal recklessness and less judgment, spread forth for public entertainment—"so witty, you know." Ah, the "little foxes spoil the corn."

You see, reader, the prosperity resulting from her own industry raised up envy, and that begot malice, which vented itself in evil speaking, and then, as usual, they grew to hate the one they wronged.

There were scores of children in those city schools, as in all schools, who would gladly have bought an education, if it were only in the market, and whose parents would gladly have purchased capacity for knowledge, if that kind of capacity were an article of traffic; but as success depended upon labor, and not upon papa's position or bank account, they stood back and gnashed their teeth and wagged their tongues, and voted it vulgar, any way, to be a drudge, either in books or work; and if they couldn't do anything else, why, they could make her feel that she was ignored and looked down upon by "our set," and they did it, reader, to the best of their ability. The good, true-hearted, faithful girl, with her loving heart, her keen appreciation of pleasant society, was cut off from everything that they could possibly prevent her enjoying. When a lot of school girls set about a thing of this kind they generally accomplish it about as

"She told me to remember that my father wore the Blue."

successfully as their sisters with older heads and wider experience, which, perhaps, is all that is sufficient to say.

Picnics and class parties, fishing parties, club dances, nutting excursions, sleigh-rides, sailing on the river—each and all these things were gotten up in season, but always in such a way as to preclude the possibility of any good-hearted boy asking our Hannah. The boys of the class, bless their brave, good hearts, often rebelled and called it "a dog-ond shame, by thunder, that such a splendid girl is always left out." The boys nearly always do condemn such proceedings, and, mind my word, if by chance you find a milk-sop of a boy who will toady to any "set" and ignore real worth, and stoop to do petty spite work to please that "set," drop him like a hot coal. As boy or man, he would be a poor friend—would desert you in your utmost need—give you away at his earliest opportunity.

I did not see what was going on for a while, but gradually a realizing sense of matters struck me. You see, young folks can not live entirely on logic, or Latin, or Euclid, nor do they live to their entire satisfaction on beef, bread, or pies and cakes, although they would not live without them for a kingdom; and all these things, so keenly felt, so

silently borne by her, were beginning to show their effects upon her face, in her eyes, in her languid walk. Too many times, alas! I had more than a suspicion of tears and many wakeful hours at night.

Several times Ben had reported to me parts of conversations overheard by him among the girls, and by putting this and that together, I thought I could guess out the cloud which enveloped the poor girl, and, with John's help, I rather thought we would crush this conspiracy against her.

We knew our girl so well that we never thought it necessary to take pains to have others know and appreciate her worth; we had never thrust her forward, and in her modesty and diffidence she would never thrust herself forward, scarcely making herself appreciated; and now John and I blamed ourselves, thinking we might have neglected to do for this child of our dead brother as we would have done by our own. We had a long, earnest talk, and agreed to set about undoing any wrong in ourselves towards her.

One of my first moves was to draw a little more heavily upon "the fund" and dress our little charge more tastily—not but she was, and had always been, the pink of perfection in neatness, but you know there are so many little embellishments to set a

young lassie off, most of which she had never possessed, never asked for.

"Yes," said John, "buy her more gew-gaws and dingle-dangles, like other girls; bless the child, she deserves them more than most girls."

I did it, and oh, what a torrent of criticism it stirred up! It was like a spark of fire thrown carelessly upon the tiny train of powder leading to a hidden quantity, which, upon exploding, covered the region around, and revealed to the public things which would otherwise have remained secret.

It was one Friday afternoon, a monthly review day for her school, and some members of the visiting board were always present, besides parents or friends—in fact a sort of fete day, and a proper occasion to be a little more dressy than usual.

The children had all returned from school, and still I had neither seen nor heard Hannah. Stepping to the door, I said to Ben, "Where is Hannah?"

"She is here, ma; she came home ahead of us; I saw her come in the front door."

I very quickly went to her room, where I found her in a passion of tears, with her face buried in the pillow at the side of her bed to deaden the fearful sobs which shook her frame like an ague.

"Why, Hannah, child, what is it? Who has hurt you?" I could get no reply for quite awhile, for she was unable to speak intelligibly; all I could hear were disconnected words and parts of sentences about being "hunted down," and "stabbed," and "disgrace," and "if I could only die." But the hardest tornado must exhaust its force in time, and finally the storm of sobs and tears subsided, and she explained the immediate cause of all this.

She had borne sly looks, grimaces and mocking gestures of astonishment at her new and pretty things, in the school-house, which, of course, had to be very sly in order to pass unobserved by the teacher, and with burning cheeks and heart full she hurried down the hall and away, taking a new route toward home to avoid passing along with "the set;" but not stopping to think, she blindly, wildly rushed on, any way to get home, and after turning twice came plump face to face with a group who stood talking, evidently of her. One, the boldest of the party, seized her by the dress, and said: "Oh, how fine—where do you get your clothes? Come, now, don't you feel a little ashamed to flash out so gay, considering all things?" "Fine feathers make fine birds," said another. "Have a friend down south who confis-

cates for you, I guess." "Must have had a streak of luck." "Shame, girls," said another, "what would teacher say?" "Why, she'd say, 'young ladies, I trust you will follow the *excellent* example set you by Miss Dare'—ahem!" And then they shouted as poor Hannah tore her dress loose from the grasping hand and rushed on towards home.

As she told me of this with gasping sobs, it was a pitiful sight.

"Oh, my dear auntie," said she, "what is it that I am doing, or have done, to cause this continual picking at me about how I live, where I get my clothes, who keeps me? I can not understand why my father would leave me to this inheritance of woe and apparent disgrace, for so they try to make me feel. Do other girls, orphan children of Odd Fellows, have this to bear? Am I alone, or are there others who accept such charity?"

I was stunned, overwhelmed at the phase which the trouble now assumed. I found, upon talking with her, that this thing had been growing and growing, until she had become morbid over it—had even thought of running away from it all to escape taunts, and to depend upon manual labor to get her living, instead of fitting herself to teach, as she had planned and hoped to do.

"Why, dear child," said I, "this is all folly, all

a fancy. You are only one of thousands who are the proud recipients of the aid and assistance and guardianship of the brotherhood. There is a fund of many thousands of dollars for the education of orphans alone; in this city there are scores of women and men who accept aid in time of sickness or after the death of the husband, or benefits in many ways. You are not an object of charity in the usual sense; you are using the means provided for you years ago by your father's voluntary wish and will, knowing that in case of need you would receive it as surely as at his hands if living."

No, there is a mystery behind all this, which John and I will solve yet; there is a wheel within a wheel, and it shall be our aim and study to investigate it, and with the help of clear-headed men I know of.

And while we worked together preparing the supper, I told her of people whom she knew to be respected and loved, who had been or were now recipients of aid.

When the evening train came thundering in from the east, and John came over to the house, a new and much greater surprise awaited us.

CHAPTER X.

"Brave boys are they all,
Gone at their country's call,
And yet, and yet, we must not forget
That many brave boys must fall."

Old Song.

THE bulletin board had been covered with late news from the front. There had been a short and bloody conflict between the rebel and Union forces, in which the Union army had met with heavy losses in men, army supplies and artillery. The telegrams of the morning were confirmed by the evening train from the east.

The ——th Ohio cavalry had done noble service and won new laurels, but at great sacrifice. Many brave boys had fallen dead upon the field; many maimed, disfigured, wrecked, ruined for life, and several prisoners. Among the latter were the good chaplain and Fred R., one of our own city boys, who being away at college when the call for seventy-five thousand men was made, had promptly responded, and was thus enrolled and mustered into a regiment that was made up of men who

lived at quite a distance from his own home. He was, as I have said, one of our boys, known and universally loved and respected by all classes; consequently it was a shock to all to hear of his disaster. The defeat was made the more a personal sorrow and matter of regret.

You see the horrors of a southern prison were being understood and feared, and many a mother had been driven to feel that death was a boon compared to the slow tortures of starvation of soul and body in the gloomy, filthy dens provided for the hated Union prisoners.

Yes, the news flew like wildfire: "Fred R. is a prisoner." The bright-faced, warm-hearted boy of our city schools, only so few years ago the promising young student of ——— college, so lately, of whom we all felt proud because he was one of us. Why, every one felt sorry of it.

It was this news that John was hearing canvassed over, after having safely housed his engine, when he was saluted by a slap on the shoulder and the question:

"How will that girl of his like this, I wonder?"

"What girl?"

"Why, the girl at your house; that 'stray' that he sent out here."

A friend who stood near, knowing John H. bet-

ter than did he who had asked the question, and seeing the "danger light" in John's eyes, spoke instantly:

"Wait, John, don't strike; investigate. There's something that I've heard whispered that I'd like to hear explained, too, and our young friend here is just the fellow to give the explanation, as he seems to know so much."

"Why, I don't know anything at all—or only this: that he sent her here with a recommendation to the mercy and protection of his mother, with a promise to do for her as well as he could, and do her justice as soon as he could, if spared; his mother refused to take her in, and she was out on the streets, a tramp, until your wife took pity on her. Mr. H., I am only giving you the items as I have received them; a little here, a little there, and I had supposed it true, but a profound secret, to be kept so in pity for, and out of respect to, his mother. This is the under-current of whispered talk, but you know how whispered talk will spread. I have scarcely given the matter a second thought till this occurrence brought it fresh to my mind."

"Can you give me any authority for these remarks, if demanded?" asked John.

"I do not know that I can, but if I have

wronged any one by thought or word, rest assured I will aid you quickly and I will do all I can in repairing the wrong. I know nothing of the girl, and as for Fred R.—well, he is a good fellow, but you know how the best of them are being ruined by the war."

After a few more words between them, in which John assured them there was some cruel mistake, he could but think, they separated for the time.

No sooner had he stepped into the door than did I see something was wrong, for anger and sorrow and bewilderment were all printed upon his face. When John is in either one of these moods I instinctively know I had better let him alone. He chews the ends of his mustache to his heart's content, and when he has chewed his way out of the dilemma, or whatever it is, he'll tell it as well as a woman. It's the way with most men; if you let them alone they'll tell, but if you seem to be anxious, and ask questions, and let on you think there is a mystery, or anything, they would see you exceedingly happy to know before they would gratify that desire; but you just seem profoundly ignorant, and they will condescend to astonish and enlighten you, never fear.

We had taken our tea, and half an hour later, as

we were about to settle ourselves for the evening, John turned towards us and said:

"Hannah, you have never told me much of your history—never gone into the details of your past life; would you care to tell me all about yourself up to the time you came to us?"

The honest eyes looked up toward his with a little surprise, but no fear, no shame in them, as she made answer:

"Certainly not, and I suppose I ought to have told you more. I would have done so, only I felt you could take no interest in the particulars of a very meagre, sorrowful life—a life full of disappointments and poverty, and not very pleasant to review; still, I owe it to you, my best friends, and perhaps you may be able to help me to decipher the mystery which has been troubling me so long."

"What mystery?" said John.

I then told him of the occurrences which had so grieved her and angered me.

It was still not late in the evening, and looking at his watch, he said:

"Put the children to bed while I walk," and lighting his cigar, strolled off.

When John returned, Hannah's guardian was with him. Lawyer Blackwell was one of the finest lawyers in the city, one of the officers of the

Grand Lodge, a gentleman, a scholar, and yet never too much occupied with business, or pleasure, or studies, to spare a little time for the benefit of the brother or sister in affliction; and yet, in the true spirit of the creed, he did all with such unassuming modesty of manner as to impress one with the feeling that he was the favored one, instead of the donor. He was one of the kind of men who perform the offices of Friendship, Love and Truth, and do not merely talk about them. His benevolence was not a name, but a principle, causing him to watch with anxious eye any threatened evil to the members of the brotherhood or their helpless little ones, to throw up the protecting hand to avert evil, or to willingly step aside from his ordinary business course to warn of coming danger; the kind of man to whom the reputatation of a friend would be a sacred thing to defend or protect; to whom charity did not mean the giving of alms alone. The third person with them was, as I knew, one of the best detectives of the city, and I knew beyond doubt that John must have told Hannah's guardian enough of what had transpired to have caused the prompt action, and that it was a serious matter, and not a woman's fancy. After the salutations of the evening had been exchanged, John said:

"Now, Hannah, your guardian and this other friend and brother and myself wish to hear all you can tell us of your past history, from your earliest recollections."

It would be tiresome to you were I to review the details of the story of her life, which was told in a disconnected manner, with repeated interruptions by questions from her listeners. One point I noticed, they were earnest to know if they had, at any time in their ramblings, lived in the old college town where Fred R. was pursuing his studies at the time the war broke out, and upon finding they had done so, the next important point was when, which, fortunately, she remembered exactly, giving the year and month, not so much from actual memory as from the fact of some occurrence of public interest which took place during that sojourn, and all of which transpired when she was ten years old, and two years before Fred R. entered college.

She gave the details of the past few months, and the trying scenes of those days; the mother's death and burial, the kindness of those rough soldiers and the good chaplain, and how the stranger who came in at the last hour so kindly and tenderly comforted her lonely heart—all of which, reader, I have already told you. But when she spoke of the card sent to her in the care of the chaplain, all

three men spoke at once: "Where is that card?" "What did you do with it?" and "Let's see it," in a chorus.

"I haven't it, sir; that young lady took it from me."

"What young lady?" said her guardian.

"The young lady who met me at the door of the house next to the one I was directed to call at in order to find Mrs. Ronaldson, Fred's mother. She took it from me and told me she would take care of it."

The burning blushes and a burst of tears told too plainly that there was more still to tell.

Lawyer Blackwell was called one of the best criminal lawyers in the state, and I could well imagine how he would worm the inmost secrets from a witness by the way he had kindly and adroitly, with no apparent curiosity or effort, drawn forth the story up to this point, until it stood forth as if pictured on canvass; and now he said kindly and firmly:

"Tell us about this, Hannah; this is just what we must know."

"She took the card from me, and after having read it and looked at me from head to foot, said: 'Are you not ashamed to come to his old mother? he's a nice young man to send you here; where is

he?' I told her the regiment had left and gone away from the camp. 'Ah,' said she, 'camp is broken up, and he sends you here; fine young man; he's the model boy; well, if I was you, I think I would try to get work to do and earn an honest living.'"

"And she kept the card?" said John.

"I reached my hand for it, for I could not speak, but she only laughed aloud and said: 'I'll take care of this,' and slammed the door in my face."

The three men looked at each other, and as they rose, Lawyer Blackwell said:

"That's all we want; the whole story hinges right on that card; and now, John, we'll adjourn to the other room and give or take a few instructions from our sagacious brother here."

They were closeted for nearly an hour, but as to the nature of the instructions or remarks I cared not, inasmuch as I felt sure of this, that those men who never failed to cheer and strengthen the sorrow-stricken, to care for the sick and dying, to protect the innocent and shield the reputation of a brother from malignant aspersions, would not fail to do this for the helpless orphan of a brother. I felt comforted to think that they would not scorn this work as beneath their dignity.

I have never told you what a wonderful gift

Hannah had of mimicry, and though she never used the power unkindly, it had often been a source of amusement in our family, and now that we were again alone she went over the details of that interview at my request, for I was not yet certain who this young lady was who met her at the door. No sooner, however, had she began the dialogue between them, than I knew just which one it was that had answered the door-bell and met her with an affected lisp and the eternal simper. This old girl, with her style, and furbelows, and frills, and false teeth, and false hair, and falser tongue, belonged to one of the best families of the place; no matter for the name, you may name her. She had been "out" ever since I was young, and she was still "out." She had flirted with every single or married man within her range for years and years, and she still pranced around and simpered and looked up into their eyes, laid her hands so confidingly on their arms or manly breasts, or leaned her elbow on their knees and chattered and giggled, with that upward glance she knew was so becoming to her—so sweet, you know! She had promenaded by moonlight and by starlight, talking soft nothings; taken buggy-rides, sleigh-rides, boat-rides; stood at the gate, or sat on the steps; sometimes with one, sometimes with another,

single or not, no matter. In fact, we all thought of late she preferred some other woman's husband. You see, married men are so substantial. Now don't misunderstand me; this old girl was very respectable. Oh, yes, she belonged to one of the best families, and she had her good traits; the best hand to wait on her friends in sickness, even unto death, if it was a married woman dying and leaving a disconsolate husband, "*so lonely—ah, me!*" She was the best hand at getting up picnics; just splendid on a festival, or in soliciting for a woman's aid society. Why, she could bring more dollars out of men's pockets than any other man, woman or child in town; it was her forte. She'd button-hole them, and lay her hand on them so winningly, and then they'd look up and then they'd look down, and she'd talk and flirt her ribbons, and they'd wilt, and she'd pocket the money. Yes, we all sent her out when we wanted an especially big haul for any purpose.

You see, my friend, she had tried all these sweet ways on Fred R., and his honest soul revolted in disgust. He had no time to waste; life was too serious, too earnest, in his estimation. She had failed, and having failed, she hated the man whose honest eyes and earnest soul had caused the de-

feat; and thus she was his enemy. She had vowed before her looking-glass, as she put on the chignon and bloom of youth, that she'd have her revenge, and she was having it now. Yes, she'd fix his high and mighty lordship with the immaculate character; and as for the girl's, she never gave that a thought. She seldom did think much on such a matter. If an obstacle was between her and the desired end, she removed it. If fair means were not available, why, use foul ones, was her motto. If she had a motive, what was one victim, more or less, any way? And she, according to her creed, thought Providence had sent this means of retaliation right into her hands, I dare say. Say her prayers? Of course she did; no matter what church she said them in, or when or how she was baptized, for this we do know, it was not religion, the pure and undefiled. The kingdom of heaven is not of such. God forbid! No, it was the lack of religion that ailed her.

Now, she never flirted with my John—don't think it; and if she did with other people's Johns, it's their business; I'm only giving you facts. Perhaps she couldn't help it; it may have been a nameless mania, something like kleptomania; let us hope so; let us hope she is not responsible, and then pray that sometime there will be a society

formed for the suppression of this kind of social evil, this kind of cruelty, this kind of evil influence and evil example for young persons, as much needed, surely, as a suppression of cruelty to animals.

When those three men came out from their conference Lawyer Blackwell informed Hannah and me that we were to be ready at ten o'clock the next day to call with him at the residence of Miss ——.

Hannah expressed her regret that she should be the cause of such a tax upon his time. His answer was:

> "He who steals our purse, steals trash;
> 'Twas ours—'tis his—and has been slave to thousands.
> But he who filches from us our good name,
> Robs us of that which enriches him not,
> Yet makes us poor indeed."

Your good name, your reputation, is held in sacred trust, to protect and defend."

CHAPTER XI.

THE FRIEND IN PROOF.

"Name not as friends the men who by you stand
In pleasant times, when peace and *welfare* please you;
But him indeed call friend who grasps your hand
In that dark day when want and danger seize you."

"He who forbears to take revenge, I know
Achieves the noblest conquest of his foe."

Oriental Poetry.

It was a lovely June morning, that next morning, on which we were to make our call on Mrs. ———'s, and as we walked leisurely along, square after square, past handsome residences, past cosy cottages with neatly decorated door yards made fresh and green by a heavy, drenching shower the night before, we enjoyed the sights and sounds; flowers filled the air with perfumes, and songs of birds greeted our ears. Our lovely little city was in her holiday attire, looking her very best.

As we walked, the lawyer was talking to Hannah; various objects which we passed attracted their attention, and by their association called up thoughts and memories of other scenes in his

travels in Europe, and he was telling her of such scenes and places; was giving her a perfect word picture. This courtly gentleman was exerting himself, nor thought it beneath his dignity, to entertain this plain, unpretending listener, as if she were a high-born dame, and she, in return, was giving him the highest meed of praise—respectful attention.

Hannah had, perhaps, never exchanged a dozen words with her guardian; until now it had not been necessary in any way. He had not been called upon to do or advise aught in her behalf until now; to be sure money passed through his hands, but then it was only necessary to have the scratch of a pen.

He had made all necessary inquiries at the time she was placed in his charge; he had given all needed advice, made whatever suggestions were needed, and then delegated his power to John and me, and there the matter had rested.

But we felt that we knew where a strong anchor lay, something to depend upon in case the wind blew and the waves beat our frail bark, and we be tossed to and fro. You see, in the world it often happens that we have need of some one to lean on, some one to turn to for advice, a steadying, helping hand; the brotherhood, with its weaker and

its stronger members, steady and balance and counterpoise each other, and from each they look up to and lean upon and rest in the Great Fatherhood.

J. C. Blackwell was the kind of man who did whatever he did well, thoughtfully, conscientiously, as he went along life's journey. He was regardful of the feelings of others, careful to say neither too much nor too little; *generous* of his good words, but not egotistical of his opinion; seeming to live, as we all should live, not for self alone, but very much for other people and their good, their happiness; and in the doing of this, would we not all be happier?

Should Hannah and her guardian never converse together again, she would always look back to this time with a pleasure and a *pride* in the man who was a guardian to her.

There are people whose whole lives are spent in such reckless, thoughtless outbursts of conversation and remarks, which may mean much or may mean little, or may mean just nothing at all, as is too often the case, that it keeps them pretty busy a large part of the time in undoing their work, in taking back or remodeling their expressions. Not so with him; his were words fitly spoken, "like apples of gold in pictures of silver," whether in

the court-room or at his own tea-table; in private social circles or on the street; to his partner in law or his bootblack; the humblest client or his most purse-proud constituent, it was all the same, carefully chosen words fitly spoken. Oh, how *invaluable* the example of such a man to a community! Would that *we* had more of them.

As we walked I took side glances at his strong, rugged face, the high, Roman nose, the deep-set eyes, the shaggy eyebrows, the smoothly-shaven face, large, firm mouth and massive chin—all showing character—not a pretty face, nor even a handsome one, but a good, grand, earnest face.

On our way we met the pastor of our "two-horned" church, who sailed down upon us like a little steam tug, puffing and blowing as if under high pressure and with the safety-valve weighted down. "Howd'ye, howd'ye, Mr. Blackwell; just the man I want to see, sir; busy as usual, I 'spose? I want your name, sir. You see, we are trying to raise funds to buy a large pipe-organ. The M. E. church, sir, are ahead of us; that won't do, sir; we must be progressive, sir—up with the times; and really, sir, we must have as fine an organ as there is in the market."

"Why," said Mr. Blackwell, "I thought you had quite a good organ."

"All very well in its way, but not suited to our fine building, sir. When we make an offering to the Lord, let it be of the best, the very best. Give me your name, sir; lead off with twenty or fifty dollars, now, and set the mark for others. You see (confidentially), some people's names carry a weight and influence with them which doubles the value of the money they give; why, your name will be worth ten per cent. to us."

"I can not give you my name, sir."

"Why, sir, I'd like to know why? you are accountable for the influence you exert on society."

"For that very reason I can not give you my name and set the line for other people to toe. I am not the judge of other men's abilities; each man must be his own judge in such a matter. You detract from the merit of a gift when you force it. God loves the cheerful giver. I, for one, would not insult him by an offering purchased with money wrung from unwilling donors. I may be able to give you fifty dollars and not rob myself, but in doing it I might rob some one else, some other worthy object, and God would hold me accountable for that. I can not give you my name and the *amount* I give. I will give you my name in approval of the cause, with no money, or ten

dollars and no name. You can not have my name to traffic on, however."

"Very well, sir, but come out to hear me preach; I do not see you at church; come out and hear a series of lectures I shall begin next Sabbath on the 'Sermon on the Mount.' In your business course you must not forget to prepare for death, you'll have to die, sir; you'll have to leave your politics, your titles, your secret societies, your honors, and come down to the common lot of all; you ought to be going to church and fitting for death, sir."

"I thank you for your kind invitation; hope to hear your lectures, and hope I may hear something new to *fit me for life*, and I'll let God take care of the death, my brother. Good morning."

As we passed on I thought many thoughts of this good, true man who went quietly about living out the Sermon on the Mount, instead of preaching it out, who never seemed to give death a thought, but whose whole time and strength and means seemed to be spent in living to do the greatest good to the greatest number; and what better preparations for death than pure, earnest, honest practical living? Why, his life seemed to be an emulation of the loving kindness, the tender mercy of the Great Father; call these by what name you will, religion or something else, call him

a church member or a member of a brotherhood, the principles will do to live by, they'll do to die by. The Bible states specifically, that *without* certain characteristics no man can be saved, and not that we pass for good church members, but that we follow the teachings of the *Master;* test it by Matthew 25th, by which he will judge us, "I was a stranger and ye took me in, naked and ye clothed me, sick and ye ministered unto me," etc., etc.; and reader, when I remember that at least one of this same flock over whom the pastor presided had been appealed to by a lonely little waif, on that bitter cold day, and been turned away to go to some one else, I dropped my head and thought of another verse, "By their fruits ye shall know them." I wonder if instead of a pipe organ of greater power a fund for the poor would not make itself more acceptable to the courts of high heaven.

But at last we arrived at Miss. ———'s house, and our friend, the lawyer, having sent in his card, we were speedily welcomed into the parlor to await the appearance of the lady herself.

And while I waited I wondered how this man would proceed. I knew how a woman would talk; I could, in imagination, see and hear just the whole proceeding from first to last, if women were

the contestants, but now, how would it be? I had heard it said often that Lawyer Blackwell could hold a crowd enchanted, enraptured, almost breathless, for two long hours, with one of his grand efforts, and I wondered if he would use words or will power for his weapon now.

"They do say" for long years, that once this man was a stable boy, an errand boy, a shoeblack, a newspaper carrier, an office boy for some lawyer, then raised to clerk, and being tried and not found wanting, was made a student of law, and finally the friend and partner in the concern.

What matter where the beginning, or when, if it brought about a noble end? He stood now on an *enviable* eminence, and there were plenty to envy him, to be sure; and as they could not fling darts at what he was at present, they gloried in telling what he had been. The labor of hands, or brain, or heart, had been faithfully performed. Right bravely had he earned the prefix of "honorable" to his name; right nobly did he wear it. His example to boys was good—one that parents could unreservedly say, *follow*. Can we always say it of men in high places?

We had not so very long to wait. Miss ——— presented herself in unexceptionable style for the times; then it was waterfall and crinoline, instead

of pin-backs and frizzes, or "banged hair;" but whatever it might be, this type of old girl would be in it with her whole soul. She was all smiles and pretty little tosses of the head to Mr. Blackwell, for she was "so delighted to see you, and it was really mean of you not to have called long ago, when you first came home from Washington City, you naughty man."

He smiled and bowed his gray hairs and said: "Happy to see Miss ——— looking so young; and by the way, you do not see Mrs. H———, whom you know, and Miss Dare, whom you doubtless have forgotten, but whom I intend you shall become acquainted with, and be a great friend to."

We received a gushing demonstration of oh's, and ah's, and indeeds, and "of course, for your sake," and "so delighted to see you," etc. And still standing, with hat in hand, he said: "I called to remind you, Miss ———, that my ward, Miss Dare, left in your possession a card, which was of importance to her then, and is of still more importance to her now."

"Card, sir? I fail to remember any card. Miss Dare? I beg pardon, but I have no calling acquaintance with Miss Dare."

"Do not misunderstand me, Miss ———, I have

no reference to *calling acquaintance*, but a matter of business. Two years and a half ago this young lady, then a mere child, called at your door for information; you took the card from her hand and *failed to remember to return it.* You have had it in your possession ever since, and have it at the present time, as you were known to show it to a friend only a few hours ago. I am obliged to ask for this card, as remarks have been made detrimental to the character of my ward by unkind or ignorant persons. Wrong impressions have gone forth, and no matter what their source, you will exert yourself promptly to eradicate such impressions, I have no doubt.

It was a laughable farce to see the contortions her face underwent as she tried to appear to recall the girl and the card. But he held her with his unflinching eye, and she, taking in the situation, knew it was no use to battle, and quietly walked out of the room.

Reader, I have seen a boy take a pet monkey by the ear and lead it back with a stolen book to be replaced just where he had taken it from, and this bundle of affectation, of fuss and feathers, and gewgaws and grimaces struck me as bearing a striking family resemblance to poor "Pug" when in disgrace.

She returned with the card, which she handed toward the lawyer, who failed to take it, saying instead: "The card belongs to Mrs. Ronaldson, having been addressed to her by her son Fred, and being so long after date she will probably desire some explanation from you in regard to why she did not receive it sooner. For, you see," said he, with a queer little smile, "I am sorry to put you to so much trouble, which might have been spared if you had not forgotten to hand Mrs. Ronaldson the card sooner."

"What am I expected to do?" said she.

"To go with us, most assuredly, Miss H——."

It was humiliating, even to her shallow nature; and, probably, to almost any other man she would have rebelled, she would have resisted; tears and a hot, hasty tirade of words would have been flung at him, and flat denials and insipid excuses. But before this man, who stood like the Sphinx, she was dumb.

These are the kind of men for leaders, whether as politicians, lawyers, doctors, or preachers, and teachers. They should command respect, command obedience, not by words, but by a dignity of manner, which gives to others a sense of reserved power and of knowledge not seen on the surface. Too much gas in the world—entirely too much.

Yes, she took in the situation, and walked out of the room again for her wraps.

He had accused her of nothing—he was merely leading her by the ear, as the boy did "Pug," over the ground towards her work. If there were only a standing committee for such labor how good it would be, but oh, how many burning ears 'twould cause.

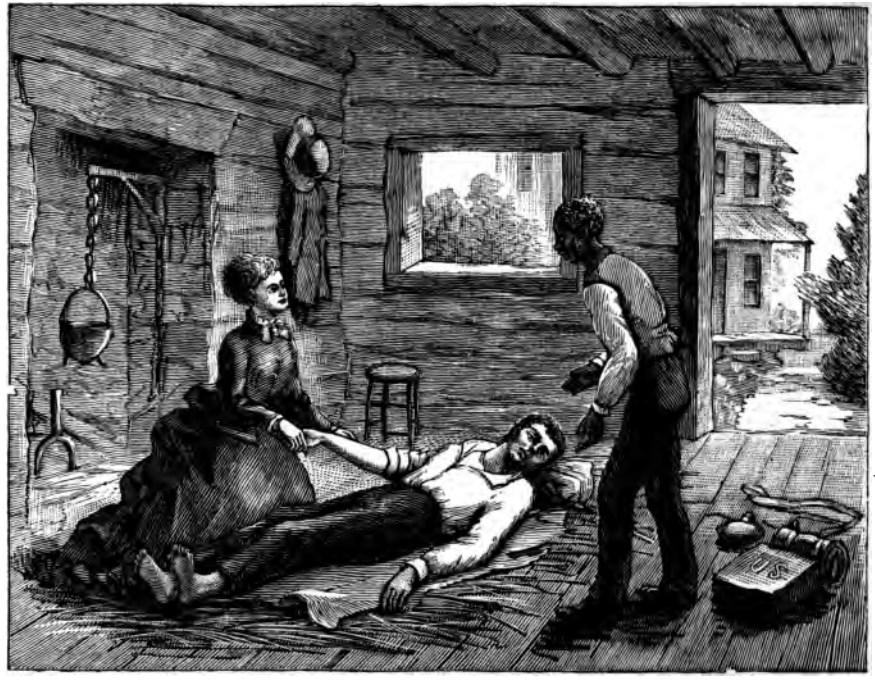
I had wondered what course he would pursue. I saw his plan now. We women would have spent hours in recapitulating what "she said that he told his wife's uncle, and made her promise not to tell what she had heard." But with all such ways he had nothing in common; he did not stoop to retail gossip, or to investigate scandal, or to go into details and individualize the slanderers.

In a few minutes she announced herself ready, and we walked out and across to the other house, and inquired for Mrs. Ronaldson, and were taken to her room, where we found ourselves in the presence of a sweet-faced, white-haired, Quaker-like lady and her invalid husband. After a hearty hand-shaking between Mr. Blackwell, myself and the old couple, he turned and said: "I introduce to you my ward, Miss Dare, whom I wish you to know and love, for her own real merits, and for your son's sake; it seems he sent her to you first

with a card of introduction when she came to the city an orphan, and poor, in search of her father's friends. Miss H—— has the card, and can explain to you," and he stepped away to look at pictures while she said her little speech. She fixed it up the best she could, and I pitied her with the kind of pity which is akin to contempt.

"And now," said the lawyer, "I wish to explain to you how malignant whispers have gone forth in regard to this young lady, who was then little more than a child—whispers which have grown and spread until they have assumed a shape and magnitude which demand my attention. Your son, an entire stranger to my ward, met her first, and the only time, at her mother's funeral; was touched with pity for her lonely situation, and hearing, through the chaplain, of her intention to come to this city to her father's friends, sent her this card by the hand of the chaplain. You have the card. I have given you the facts, and I expect Miss ——— promptly from this hour to refute all charges, hunt up and eradicate all wrong impressions, whatever their source or authority.

The young lieutenant's mother, whose heart was sore for her lost boy, rose and put her arms gently around our girl and said: "Dear child, all that Fred's mother can do for you shall be done; he



"Take him into the house, Tom; he is your master's brother!"

knew 'twas right, or he never would have asked it. I may never see him again—may never even hear of him again; and if so, dear girl, I accept the charge as a sacred trust, and coming to me at this time it is doubly so."

Lawyer Blackwell, after a few words of sympathy for the parents who were so grieved over this loss, which was almost worse than the certain death of their boy could have been, withdrew in company of Miss ———, and what other words they had together I do not know; but this I do know, from that hour she was pretty busy "fixing things up;" *reconstruction* was the order for quite a while. Of course it was done in her way, a way peculiar to such people; it was some unknown party who had "wilfully misconstrued her words and nearly ruined poor, sweet Miss Dare, the Hon. J. C. Blackwell's ward, you know."

Hannah and I sat awhile with Fred's mother, and she questioned very naturally about the only time she had ever seen him, how he looked, what he said; and when she was told what he sang at the grave the tears rolled down their cheeks as both father and mother said, "Bless his kind heart; how just like him it was!"

When we left it was with the promise exacted

by the mother, and given by Hannah, that she would come often and stop long, for, said she, "you have two years and a half to make up of lost time, and I am so lonely."

It was a plain case of love at first sight betwixt the old lady and the maiden; and, reader, people who knew them best said that Fred R——— was just like his mother, and I wouldn't be surprised if it proved true. Time will tell.

CHAPTER XII.

Down in the deep recess of each soul,
There lies some image of some good
Which waits to be received and understood.

To human thought it doth not yet appear
What man is *now*, or shall hereafter be;
This truth alone remains forever clear,
He'll know himself when he his Lord shall see.

E. S. Porter.

As I have said, reconstruction was the order for days and weeks. Miss ——— had been made to understand what she was to do, or cause to be done; the invincible brotherhood was there to the right of her, to the left of her, in front and all around her, to see that it was done, and well done.

"Miss Dare, the Hon. J. C. Blackwell's ward," became very popular suddenly among "our set;" she was quoted, she was toadied, she was surfeited with polite attention; it never had been generally known before how smart she was, how witty, and that she really was "quite a lady-like young person."

To the tried and true friends, the father's

friends, who knew and loved her for his sake, as well as for her own, she was just what she had been from the first day, a good, earnest, honest, kind-hearted girl.

The months which always slip so swiftly by to the young, happy and gay, and are only too short for all life's joys and employments, dragged, oh, how dreary and slow, to the heavy-hearted parents of Fred R———!

But the kind-hearted girl to whom the old couple had become so much attached, was ever faithful in her attentions to them as they were in their love and gratitude to her. Few days passed without some interchange of civilities.

No one could read and talk over the news with such entire satisfaction to the poor old paralyzed father as could Hannah; nor perform the scores of business errands, or little deeds of mercy, or take the token of respect and love to the sick and afflicted, with the compliments of the universally respected old lady, with half such good executive ability, she said, as Hannah, and gradually ever so much of this was delegated to her.

We enjoyed to see her heart and time so well filled. John laughingly told her she was growing old with her increased family cares, between the two homes and two families! We were glad to

think that she who had been left so utterly alone was forming new ties—having and enjoying more homes and friends than fall to the lot of many.

Three years had nearly gone by since that bitter cold day when she and I first met; all things were well with her and with us; it was just three years since she had seen her mother laid in her grave.

It was during these busy days, filled with hard study and school duties, with the performance of duties about our own home, and tender care and attentions over at the other house, that I began to notice the old care-worn expression come back to her face; the preoccupied air, the nervously-expectant manner, as if always waiting for some sudden surprise; a look of dread upon her face and in her eyes. I wondered, and Bert, her champion and defender as in the old times, spoke of it to me. I asked her about it, but with a smile she said:

"Why, aunt, I am only growing old," or, "I really don't know what is the matter." And so I dismissed the subject for the time.

It was a most lovely day in October. The landscape was showing almost all the colors of the rainbow; the sky was blue as an Italian sky, shaded off to cream color and lemon and orange; away among the distant river hills was royal pur-

ple; smoke-colored mists, partly hid, and rising and rolling away, revealed the green of the woods, the brown leaves, the golden yellow and fire red. Yes, it was a glorious day—a day to make one fall in love anew with the dear old mother earth. Dame Nature was spreading her colors over sky, water and earth with a lavish hand and with a master's skill.

I sat by an open window at ten o'clock, with work-basket by my side, work in hand, looking idly out upon the fair picture. I was alone in the house; the children and Hannah had been gone to school over an hour. John was now, and had been for some time past, running the midnight express. Our lives in the cottage on the bluff were passing serenely, dreamily by, and I fell to wondering how long this would be; if others had so many changes and sorrows and we were to always glide so smoothly down life's river. I knew it could not be, of course, but when and how the change should come? How little did I know how soon and near—how very near to me would pass danger and possible death.

And as I sat and dreamed the time away I heard the gate click as it was opened and shut. Upon looking out I saw a prim-looking, apparently elderly lady, elegantly dressed in a Quaker gray

traveling suit of some rich material; her bonnet was a close-fitting, old lady's satin, the same color as the dress, and drawn over her face was a silver-gray veil, with kid gloves to match all. It was a unique and elegant suit, but unless you could see this as I saw it, I fear you can not appreciate its beauty.

I rose and advanced through the hall to meet the lady, who bowed in a low manner, and, in an apparently constrained voice, said: "Good morning, madam. I see you do not recognize an old friend." I gave her my hand and begged pardon, but asked her to come in and rest. As soon as we were inside the room she threw up her veil and laughed merrily, saying:

"Aunt, did you not know me? Am I not well disguised?"

"Perfectly, Hannah. But what does this mean? Why are you out of school, and whose costume is it?"

"It is Mrs. Ronaldson's suit. So you think I'll do for the tableaux, do you?"

"Yes, splendid," and we both laughed heartily as we saw her prim-looking figure in the large mirror opposite.

"Teacher gave me leave to come out for the

day, and aunt, may I not visit a school-mate and stay all night?"

"Why, yes, of course, Hannah."

"And so the disguise is perfect, is it? You would not know me, would you?"

"Never till I'd see your face."

She tripped away lightly to her chamber and back, and out towards the gate, and stopping when half-way down the walk I noticed her counting over money, but did not give it a thought; then she turned and came back and into the room and kissed me on each cheek, saying "Good-by." I answered, "Behave yourself, Miss Prim," and she walked away again with the same prim air as she came.

Reader, I did not think of this through the day, but as night came on I was lonely, and some way it all seemed strange. I missed her; I wondered if she was safe, and when I thought, if it was not for the appearance of doubting her word I would have sent to know if she was safe in her friend's house; and then, when I remembered that she never said where she was going, I knew I could not send if I would.

Finally when I laid my head upon my pillow with my children all safe in their beds, but missing this one who was not mine, I knew I had no cause

to blame myself, or doubt her; it was only because she had never been gone all night before, and then that masquerade dress upset me, and so I slept.

Reader, this was one side of the story, and all I knew up to that time. The revelations of the coming day brought forth these facts:

For two weeks she had carried about with her the gnawing secret that the step-father, Putnam Breuster, was out of the penitentiary and in the city; she had met him, knew it was him, yet he apparently avoided her, had not spoken to her, and seeing what company he kept she had not felt it to be her duty to go to him or to speak to him. This it was that caused the grieved and careworn look, for, said she, "I used to call him pa; he was my little brother's father, and I was sorry for him, and ashamed of him, and sorry that I am ashamed." On that morning, when on her way to school, she had met him again face to face, and in the crowd, he hit her books with his elbow, scattering them on the ground. Quickly picking them up, he handed them back with a letter lying on the top of the pile of books. With his finger on the letter, he said:

"Hannah, read this and act promptly." Lifting his hat with much of the old-time grace which had won her poor mother, he passed on.

All this had only occupied a few seconds of time, and had been done in such a manner as to attract no attention from the passing throng.

She passed quickly on, and was soon seated at her desk in the school and reading the communication, which was this:

HANNAH:—I dropped down into this city two weeks ago unintentionally, as far as you are concerned. I have seen you going to and from school; have found out where you live, and what noble friends you have, and am glad for your sake. I have not spoken to you or made myself known to you, for such as I am now, can do no good for such as you.

I am a wreck, a ruined, desperate man; every man's hand against me, and mine against every man, almost, and yet I have a little of the sense of honor I once possessed. Put. Breuster is not all bad, and I can not stand by and see the man who has been to you what I should have been, who has stood in the place of the dead father, shot down in his tracks like a dog.

I have fallen in with a bad set of men, and I can not shake them off; they are all prison birds, or candidates for prison, and they cling to me like leeches, but I can do this: I can warn you, that you can give him warning of the coming danger.

To-night the express train is to bring $85,000 to this city. An attempt will be made to board that train when it stops at West Fork station, and to rob it. John H. will be shot, beyond a doubt, for he is not the man to stand and have his hands tied. Now, Hannah, I have told you, but I don't know what to advise you to do to prevent his running that train over the road. I would have told you sooner, but the plans were not perfected until last night. I would go over the road and warn him myself, but I am watched continually; they already suspect me of being soft-hearted.

Whatever you do, be discreet, for every move will be observed at both ends of the road; but you must prevent John H. from coming over the road to-night.

Hannah, if I get out of this I will go far away and begin life anew. Remember me as you first knew me, when, a little, shy

child, you sat on my knee, and used to say, "Now, papa, please buy nice new things for little Sunshine," and if it is any palliation for the crime I committed, remember I did it in desperation to get comforts for the dying wife and child. Hannah, think of me kindly as you can, for the dead mother's sake, and for little Dick's.

Good-by. P. B.

Having read it, Hannah was in a whirl of thought and emotions. The first impulse was to send a dispatch to John to send some other engineer out in his place and remain over, but the objection to this was he would demand a reason, which she dare not give, and he would at once say: "Oh, pshaw! those women have had a bad dream, that's all;" then it might not be easy to secure a substitute who could give satisfaction to others, and to him, for John H. would no more lend his engine than a lady would her false hair or false teeth. And then, if she hinted at danger, why, it would only secure his presence instead of preventing it.

She had been urged to be discreet above all things, so it would not do to dispatch to the police, and she would not tell me, for I was too nervous. But Put. Breuster had said he would go over the road if he could. Why, that was the very thought; she would go over the road; though she had never been there herself, she knew just where to find John, particularly at the last hour before train time, for she had heard him tell Bert just

what to do to find him always. Yes, she would go.

Asking to be excused for the day, she walked over to Mrs. Ronaldson's, and as she walked, filled in the details of her plan.

Some twenty minutes after leaving our house she was on the train rolling away towards the east.

Upon her arrival in the city, she stepped into a street car, and in five minutes was at the entrance of the R. R. House, and met by a gentlemanly office boy, who, at her request, took her immediately to the dining-room for a lunch, "and just as I expected," said she afterwards, "there sat King John." My John's middle name is "King," and Hannah, I suppose, because "John" is too familiar, calls him King John at home.

John says a little gray Quaker came in and sat down at the table and called for an enormous bill of fare in a familiar voice, and having disposed of the waiter for the next twenty minutes she raised up her veil and said:

"Well, here I am; I have told no one; I thought it was the best thing I could do," handing him the letter, which, having read, he replied: "You did very well—most as well as a man would have done," with a quiet smile, "and now stay right here till you eat, then get on the street cars

and go back to the depot, where I will see you before the train leaves, which will be in forty minutes.

When the train rolled out towards the west it carried on board twenty picked police officers, in citizens' clothes, who had quietly dropped into the cars, one at a time; harmless-looking men, but fully armed and equipped for the occasion.

West Fork station lies midway between the two cities, and was a well-chosen spot for their villainous work. For miles on each side is a wide stretch of swampy land, with here and there a scrub oak or water beech; only away in the distance is seen the smoke from farm houses barely visible from the railroad.

The station itself comprises nothing but a broad, long platform upon which the expectant passengers can lay baggage and stand while waiting the coming train, and the huge water-tank. It was a good thing for me that when the train rolled up to West Fork I lay all unconscious on my pillow.

Instead of stopping directly opposite the water-tank, as usual, the engineer ran past under full head of steam for a few hundred yards and slowly backed up until the cars were opposite the platform, but the engine lay not quite in position.

Eleven men sprang forward at a preconcerted

signal, to be met by twenty men in citizens' clothes, who dropped quietly down from all along the train. There was a short hand-to-hand skirmish, a few shots were fired, and the work was done. One man of the eleven lay dead, and one mortally wounded. A few scratches and a broken arm among the police, and nine men handcuffed and lying under the strong arm of the law, tells the result. It was all over so quickly that the drowsy passengers hardly knew that aught was wrong till under way again.

When lying finally at our own depot, John stepped down from his engine, and finding Hannah, placed her in charge of the man with the broken arm, telling them he would bring the doctor over. And soon after I was awakened by the night bell, which rings right at the head of my bed, and running hastily to the door to let John in, as I supposed, I heard Hannah's voice, saying:

"Let me in, aunt, I am brought home by a police officer; my masquerade is over."

There was no more sleep that night for me. The details of the affair were told me partly by Hannah, partly by the officer, and later by John, who, calling me to one side, said:

"The dead man is Hannah's step-father, killed by one of his partners, who, at once upon see-

g the game, cried out, 'Betrayed, curse you!' and shot him through the heart."

"What shall we do, John?"

"There is but one right way," said John. "Do as we would be done by. When the inquest is over, have his body brought here, and give him a quiet, decent burial; the last act of his life was a partial atonement for the rest; it was a step towards the right. To be sure he is nothing to us; he may not be much to Hannah, but he loved those who were dear to her, and if he was an entire stranger to me, I owe him this much."

Well, John is nearly always right, and I had no more to say. On the morrow the mortal remains of the "gentleman's son" lay in our house, decently clothed and straightened for the grave.

It was finished, life's troubled dream was over, past—the night had come in which "man works no more." Was not somebody besides him responsible for the idle, useless habits of his life? The Christian mother, the honorable, upright father, the lady sisters and their associates, and their brothers and sisters in the churches had not lived the Christian principles which they had preached, or Putnam Breuster, gentleman's son, with his easy, pleasant disposition, his frank, boyish nature, easily impressed, would have been

started out on a different path with a different ending.

Late in the day, J. C. Blackwell, standing by the coffined form, looking at the almost white hair of this man only in his prime, said to me: "His father, Judge Breuster, heard me plead my first case—it was my maiden effort—and to his kind, encouraging words of praise and suggestions, I owe a great deal of my after success in life. God pity his poor boy. I tell you Mrs. H., there is wrong, great wrong in the influences brought to bear upon youth by church members in their social worldly life and example, or such things would not be."

At Lawyer B.'s request and expense, Judge Breuster's only son was taken back and buried beside the honored parents.

"The men who waste their opportunities in youth,
And lay not up in store good habits, love and truth,
In their old age, when joys, and hopes no longer last,
Shall lie like broken boughs still sighing for the past."
One of Buddha's Sermons.

Some two or three weeks later John came home one day with a box and a letter from the Railroad and Express Co., and upon opening the box we found a perfect gem of a watch and chain, with a charm bearing on its face delicately traced words of thanks to H. H. D. The letter contained a

thousand mile ticket over the road, and words of commendation to the young lady who so skillfully managed the defeat.

"Why, what does it all mean?" said Hannah.

"Mean, why you saved $85,000 to the Express Co., and ever so much trouble to the Railroad."

"Oh, I was not saving the money—I never thought of that—I went to save King John! What shall I do with a thousand mile ticket?"

"I'll board it out, Hannah," said Bert.

CHAPTER XIII.

"In the prison cell I sit, thinking, mother dear, of you,
And the bright and happy home so far away;
And the tears they fill my eyes spite of all that I can do,
Though I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.
Tramp, tramp, tramp the boys are marching,
Cheer up, comrades, they will come,
Then beneath the starry sky we will breathe the air again,
Of the free land in our own beloved home."

Old Song.

HISTORY records somewhat of the horrors of Libby Prison and Andersonville; but in order to appreciate either of them, or to even approximate a just estimate of their miseries to the soul and body of man, we should talk with those who have had actual experience—who have suffered from the ravenous hunger; the maddening thirst; from the burning sunshine or the bleak winds and penetrating damps for want of shelter. Let one and another, and yet another tell the tale of woe; hear of the longings for home, however humble, with its comparative luxury in contrast with the filth, the vermin, the lack of pure air, the incomparable wretchedness and dearth of all those good things

which the Great Father has so bountifully provided for his children to enjoy. No matter how many different ones should repeat the tale of woe to us, each one would doubtless present some different phase, according to the habits and tastes or different temperments of the sufferers.

The first detachment of Union prisoners sent to the military prison of the Confederate States, at Andersonville, was in February, 1864, and the number rapidly increased until at one time there were over 33,000 inside the inner inclosure.

Some time in the spring following the occupation of this prison site, the good chaplain and Fred R. were taken prisoners and were forwarded to Andersonville with others, where they remained a short time until removed to a second stockade provided for the imprisonment of officers.

They were there long enough to realize the horrors of a place in which men were packed like cattle in a pen, with but an average of from seventeen to twenty square feet of space to the man. Hemmed in by the dead-line, the palisades, the stockade, and around all the cordon of earthworks with mounted pieces of artillery, guarded along the entire route, and knowing well that from six to ten blood-hounds were held in readiness, inside a hut near by, ravenously greedy for

their bloody work—to be let loose upon any who chanced to escape.

But those escapes were few. Out of the entire number, 49,485, received within those walls, history tells us only 328 escaped.

Still, with death staring them in the face if the escape was attempted, desperation forced many to choose the attempt and take its contingent risk in preference to the awful present state of affairs and its uncertainties.

With the young, possessing iron-like constitutions and elasticity of spirits, these things could be borne with a Spartan valor, and by no one with better grace than Fred R.

Almost immediately upon his arrival there he found a classmate from the same college which he had attended, and who had enlisted in a regiment made up in a different part of the country, and near his own home. Serving under a different command, they had never heard of each other or met until now, as prisoners of war, far from Alma Mater, far from loved ones at home, and with, oh, such different surroundings to those of their home lives! It was a touching meeting as they clasped hands, and yet it was a source of comfort to each to meet. They talked over the college, and forgot, for the time, the acres of mire through which they

must wade in order to cleanse themselves and their clothing in that stream of worse than barn-yard wastings. They told joke after joke of their boyish pranks, their tricks played off on fellow students or on the faculty. They talked over the boys and their books, and the girls and their looks — anything, everything — to forget their hunger, and thirst, and dirt.

When finally the subjects were exhausted, even down to the present hours, then they sang songs— sang as they sang in the old days, sang hymns and anthems as they had sung them in the old college chapel. Sang the war songs, and negro melodies, and love songs, and oftentimes others joined in, for it whiled the weary hours away.

> "Ah, soldier to your honored rest,
> Your truth and valor bearing;
> The bravest are the tenderest,
> The loving are the daring."

Yes, the young could and *would* hope against hope, and bear up, but our good old chaplain sank into a sort of apathy; all these surroundings were killing him from without, and his lack of hope, his longing homesickness, were killing him from within. Finally there came the days when, lying prostrate upon the ground, exposed to chill from driving rain, followed by burning sunshine, ex-

hausted nature sank under and did not rally. The last few hours before he was removed to the shabby excuse for a hospital he spent in feeble words of exhortation to the young men around him, and messages to loved ones at home, and then, with a firm clasp of the hand and a "God bless and deliver you, boys," he was taken from their sight forever. This occurred in the days when the number of deaths ran away up in the fifties and sixties per day, and to scores of men death to a good man seemed a boon, a blessed favor, in comparison to such a life.

This was a blow to the boys—it struck close home, and they felt a settled gloom after it. During all this time Fred had, in many ways, sacrificed in order to aid the dear old chaplain.

Each morning traders from the Confederate side came inside the lines and bought up the greenbacks from among the prisoners, paying for them in Confederate scrip; then, later in the day, sutlers' stores were brought in and sold to those who had scrip to purchase with, and to those who had not this was *one* of the tortures of the place. Oh, the tantalizing sight of fruits, and vegetables, and meats, and good things generally, for which they longed—for which they were actually suffering—

which the need of was causing and aggravating many forms of disease among them.

Fred R.'s greenback money was all gone, and he, now, as well as others, must stand back and want in vain, except for an occasional kind remembrance from some more fortunate one whom he had remembered, though not for very long, for there came a day when among the visitors was one to whom he threw out the signal of distress, which was promptly answered by one of the brotherhood, and as he clasped the hand "with the heart in it," he was left that which would bring food and comfort for the time. He had met one who did not let prejudice govern his actions—who, having enough himself, did not forget the hungry, but could think upon poverty and need with tender pity.

Reader, though the nation was politically rent in twain, though war raged, and famine and death stalked through the land, the ties between the brotherhood still existed; their bond of union was unbroken.

During all that long and bloody conflict, the Grand Lodge of the I. O. of O. F. held its meetings at the stated times, and at every meeting, every lodge from every state in the Union and the Confederacy was represented. They lived, they

loved, they worked; though under difficulties, still they worked. The Good Samaritan was abroad, both north and south.

Several years prior to the rebellion, and growing out of a difference of opinion on those very principles which brought on that war of the rebellion, the churches of our nation became separated, and there were established the church north and the church south, which distinction remains to this day. Before the war those very principles which inaugurated the war had separated the ecclesiastical bodies of the north and south, and crimination and recrimination was the order of the day and time. This was carried to such an extent that a northern minister dare not be found south of Mason and Dixon's Line. The mild and peaceful teachings of the Son of God were lost sight of; they had forgotten "how good it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." They surely must have forgotten the song of the angels at the coming of the Son of Man, "Peace on earth and good will to men."

But through all that conflict of words and deeds, the glorious brotherhood stood one and undivided.

John Adams said, in the days of the revolution, "United we stand, divided we fall," and too well did the fraternity realize the fact that, though one

rod may be easily snapped in twain, a bundle of rods resists and baffles man's efforts.

Neither did they become a dead letter; they acted, they were unremitting in their toil. Those were the days for their God-given principles to be exerted unceasingly; those were the days to bring into practical use every emblem, motto and symbol of their order.

As a brotherhood, they allowed no discord to come within their sacred circle.

Just prior to the chaplain's sickness and death, a second stockade had been built near the railroad, measuring one hundred and ninety-five by one hundred and eight feet, which was used a while for a place of confinement for officers, and to this place Fred R. had been removed, and by this act he was separated from the private soldier, his class-mate, whose companionship had served to while many weary hours away. With all the depressing effects of his loss of the kind friend, brother and adviser—the good chaplain—and the separation from his mate and companion, added to the effects of prison life and prison fare, and the scourging sickness resulting from such life, and which was sweeping off scores per day in death, the poor fellow had lost heart; he was growing haggard, emaciated and desperate, and for weeks

had harbored the resolution to make an attempt to escape even if he died in the attempt. But just when a plan was well nigh perfected they were suddenly transferred from this stockade to Macon, sixty-nine miles north, where they remained until July, when, Sherman having reached the neighborhood of Atlanta, and a siege of that city being inevitable, fears began to be entertained by the Confederates of a raid upon Macon for the release of the officers confined there. In anticipation of this the most of them were removed in the latter part of June to other points. A few, however, were left in the hospital and stockade, and Fred was among them. In July our distinguished General Stoneman did make the anticipated raid, but without success.

When, in the month of September, the city of Atlanta fell, it became necessary to promptly divide up the prisoners at Andersonville and send them to places of greater safety. Accordingly, they were placed on the cars and shipped for Florence, passing through Macon, Augusta, Charleston, then north to Florence, the spot selected for the site of a new prison.

On passing through Macon, the officers there were placed upon these cars to be transferred to

Charleston, the spot selected for the imprisonment of officers after their removal from Macon.

When the long train bearing soldiers from Andersonville stopped at Macon, and these officers were crowded in the box cars like cattle, Fred R. looked anxiously around for the one among them all to whom his heart clung with tenderness, the loved classmate, and, not seeing him, he called his name aloud, and was promptly answered by a feeble voice away down in a corner, "Present, but not prepared," an old college joke on one of the boys who possessed more cheek than brains, and whose frequently recurring answer of "present, but not prepared," made him the butt for fun.

Yes, he found him—that poor skeleton that was left of him—and again they comforted each other, forming plans for an escape, if the occasion offered, which they hoped for, and if not, they felt that they knew this: that the hurried removal meant the near approach of the grand army of brave boys in blue. Their own knowledge of the outlined plan, as talked over at the camp-fires by officers and men before their imprisonment, showed plainly that the march from Atlanta to the sea was begun; it might be slow, but it would be sure. Yes, they would come, those boys in blue would come; so they comforted each other

and whispered their plans. This train arrived at Augusta late in the afternoon, and in the dusk of the evening, amidst the hurry and bustle over preparations for the long-deferred meal, or rather shabby apology for one, the guard became less vigilant; in fact, they were worn and weary, and in many instances were heart-sick over the state of affairs, and could but see that it was now a losing game all the time; but whatever the reason, they were off their guard to some extent, and in the dim twilight hour a goodly number of prisoners dropped quietly down and away. Among the number were Lieutenant Fred R. and his friend, who, after dodging along a few hundred yards, fell exhausted, saying, "Go on without me, Fred; it's no use, I'm too weak to run," and he, with many others, were recaptured by night-fall and returned to the box cars and locked in for the night. Imagine yourself spending a night in one of those tight cars, with men placed just as close together as they could sit upon the floor, with no manner of ways or means for getting a breath of pure air; breathing over, and over, and *over*, the speedily exhausted atmosphere, loaded with all the impurities which the exigencies of the occasion would cause. One who was there has told me that the sufferings of that one night stand out pre-eminent in com-

parison with all hardships of march, or camp, or battle-field, or even Andersonville itself; hundreds of them were on the verge of death by asphyxia, and some were dead in the morning.

Among the number who escaped entirely was Fred R., who made directly for the swamps, where, after going far enough to feel secure from search, he found a higher, dryer spot than ordinary, and he sank exhausted, and was soon wrapped in profound sleep, which lasted until the glow of sunshine upon his face roused him to a realization of his circumstances, in a vast swamp, in a strange land, surrounded by the enemy, hungry, nearly naked, and now burning with fever.

Through the day till nearly night again he plunged and wandered aimlessly around, alternately chilling and burning with fever, and then to find himself nearing the edge of these miles of worthless waste lands, to see in the distance a habitation—somebody's home, thank God!

After reaching firm, dry ground he fell prostrate and was found not long after by an aged negro, who, seeing the army-blue, hailed him with expressions of joy, and rushing off to tell "Miss Emily," soon came back with water and stimulants and a bit of food, and then, when the poor fellow was partially restored, but still unable to

stand more than a few seconds at a time, the old darkey seized, shouldered and "toted" him to his hut.

The first salute, after setting him down on an old split bottom chair with a board seat, was "Fore God, massa Yank, you'll hev to haul off dem dare blue close, coz old misstiss say we done can't hab none er dem on dis yer place; hab to burn em, massa, yer jis hab ter waar my ole close, ki! yi! yi! he! he! he! mought do a heap wuss den ter waar pore old Tom's Sabber day close." And suiting the action to the word, he stripped him and burned the objectionable army blue, and with many apologies for having it to do, soon had him clad in his own home-spun suit of butternut-brown.

With well-cleaned face and hands, and the promise of a thorough bath on the morrow, poor Fred sank exhausted upon the humble pallet furnished by the darkey.

The morrow found him in a burning fever and insensible to all surroundings.

In the process of stripping off the objectionable army clothes, old Tom had spied upon the emaciated arms some symbolic signs, which fact, as soon as our young friend had sunk into an exhausted lethargy, he rushed in to report, with big eyes, to

"Old Missus." "Fore God, Missus, Massa Yank hab dem same heir old-gilfins what Massa Kurnel hab, sartain, sure, on dat buzum pin of his'n; better come out and vesticulate dis cauze."

In a few minutes the kind southern lady kneeled beside the lonely pallet, and gently slipping the sleeve above the designated spot, found, sure enough, imprinted or tattoed upon the skin with India ink, the three emblamatic links, surmounted by the dove and olive branch, "messenger of peace and good will, of promise and hope." She rose promptly from her knees and said, "Take him into the house, Tom; he is your master's brother."

CHAPTER XIV.

"To heaven approached a Sufi saint,
From groping in the darkness late,
And tapping timidly and faint,
Besought admission at God's gate.

"Said God, 'Who seeks to enter here?'
'Tis I, dear friend,' the saint replied,
And trembled much with hope and fear.
'If it be *thou*, without abide.'

"He roamed alone through weary years,
By cruel men still scorned and mocked,
Until, from faith's pure fires and tears,
Again he rose and modest knocked.

"Asked God, 'Who now is at the door?'
'It's thyself, beloved Lord!'
Answered the saint, in doubt no more,
But clasped and rapt in his reward."

Oriental Poetry—Dschellpleddin Rumy.

HERMITAGE AGAIN.

It is again winter; not winter with the intense cold felt during the winter of three years ago, but of a mild type; soft snow falls, gentle breezes, days of sunshine and nights of sharp, white frosts, followed by bright mornings, with a crisp, clear,

invigorating air, good and bracing to man and beast.

A good winter to the sick; perfectly enjoyable and a blessed one to the poor, whose stock of fuel and clothing were poorly fitted for even the ordinary peculiarities of our fickle climate, let alone the extraordinary seasons of polar waves which sometimes strike us.

While our country has been making history so rapidly for over three years past, and changes have taken place in private circles with the rapidity of panoramic views, the hermitage has stood, as it has for years past, closed, silent and gloomy; its mistress has existed as she has for many years, priding herself in her bounty, and justice, and conscientiousness, when really she is a grand swindle to God, to fellow men and to self. The Great Master has placed in her hands an immense capital, with which she should serve and glorify him, by serving and benefiting her fellow-beings; but she folds her talents up and hides them away, to return to him when it suits her convenience to present all to God as a magnanimous gift to him, when she is through with it and needs it no more. Days come and go as they have, monotonously, until they can be numbered by thousands. She

still reads her missionary reports of the work in foreign fields; still intersperses her readings of those reports with "Baxter's Saints' Rest," or some Calvanistic sermons or dogmas; still punishes the flesh with fast days and long prayers to the good Father in Heaven, who is neither deaf nor afar off, and who delights not in melancholy looks, morbid fancies or tortured flesh of his children.

Well, it is not much wonder she was so grum and austere herself, since the God she worshiped from afar off, and of course looked to for an example, she believed was a God of wrath, dealing out punishment, and exulting over the downfall of the wicked; if she could only have brought herself to realize how near, how *very near* he was to her, could only have seen him in his works all around her, smiling upon her from the sunshine, singing to her with the bird, blessing her from the golden harvests, the gentle summer shower, the soft, white snow-fall, the grandly flowing river rolling toward the sea to meet with countless other tributary offerings which unite and blend in that one vast benefit to the inhabitants of the globe.

All things to which she could have turned her attention should have taught her the lesson of God's loving kindness, tender mercy and bountiful

generosity; yet, with her many annual readings of the entire Scriptures, she had failed to see and make practical application of these words: "Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was an hungered and ye gave me meat; thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me," etc.

And the King shall answer and say: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

And yet, reader, she thought she was living a holy and acceptable life—that she was living to the glory of God. Thus, while she was groping around in the dark after religion, hunting it up, worrying it down, it was all for self—self first, self last, self all the time—mixed with a vast amount of fear of God, and really very little love for him. Her religion was a sort of automatic machine, made up of a set of opinions, a system of dogmas and views, whereas it should have been a personal, practical, living reality, manifesting itself in all the relationships of every-day life.

One of her hobbies, for years, had been the

study of all her fancied or real physical ailments. She had, we might say, taken a microscopic view of herself; she had investigated and analzyed her liver, and *dosed* it; had analyzed her heart and its workings, and dosed for it; her brain and nervous systems had been for long months the subject under inspection, and again the spinal column was investigated.

It would have been a source of pleasure if she could have taken herself apart like a sewing machine or clock, and, after tinkering and experimenting, replaced the component parts; but as this could not be, she was obliged to be satisfied with dosing at random.

Reader, you have known just such people, living and acting as if the claims and feelings of puny self were paramount to all other claims.

It is an excellent thing to be methodical, at least to some extent, and this habit had, no doubt, for some reasons, been beneficial to the old lady's *physical* condition, if not mentally; but she had carried it so far as to make life a wearing monotony. She timed herself on everything; she slept on time, or tried to do so; she ate her meals on time to a second; said her prayers on time; and read her Bible and other works systematically; she went through the formality of bathing and

dressing and sitting in state as if for a score of visitors, all on time and at stated intervals. I have often wondered how much time she really wasted in her efforts to be precise.

On set days, for years past, the aged white-haired negro coachman had promptly driven out from the carriage-house and drawn up before the side entrance the magnificent span of matched gray horses, with solid silver-mounted harness, hitched to the family carriage with its fine trimmings, and she, if possible, had walked out and seated herself with stately dignity, and spent just one hour in an airing, alone! Yes, alone, in a carriage with room enough for four, besides a seat in front with the driver.

When feeling indisposed to drive, on account of the weather, or her health, the spirited horses were driven proudly away with an empty carriage, on systematic principles, for the benefit of the horses.

And yet, all up and down the streets of our city were scores of little ones who never in all their lives had enjoyed a ride in a fine carriage, unless, possibly, to some one's funeral; all through her own neighborhood were the mothers of sick, cross babies, or the aged invalids too feeble to walk out, and too poor to possess the facilities for riding, and who, perforce, must sit at home and only look

longingly out upon the distant hills, the shining river, the golden sunshine. To all these she could have given a great pleasure, and been none the poorer; from all these she could have brought forth fervent thanks, and "God bless you."

The poet says:

"Gifts are beads on memory's rosary."

If so, what little ones could touch a treasured token, and speaking her name, breathe a grateful prayer for blessings on the giver?

Whose little cold feet had she covered with warm shoes and stockings? Where was the little one to say, "She clothed me when naked and cold, or fed me when hungry?" And yet, in all our city, no one was better able to do these things than she.

Living alone in her dignity and wealth, alone with her dogmas and ailments, fostering the vain notion that she was, in punishing the flesh, living above the world, thus fitting herself for death, making herself ready for eternity, when really she was not even acting out the first principles of consistency, of good, generous, brave and useful living. She had been for years stamping upon herself a character which, when continued on into the eternal future, and judged of in *its* pure light, would be utterly out of place in heaven.

All her ways and habits, her words, her deeds, her thoughts and feelings, were selfish; she lived for self. The labor of years had been to learn how to save self.

Her years of study over creeds, theories and plans of salvation would weigh simply nothing in comparison to the widow's mite, or the oil and wine of the good Samaritan.

But the time was now drawing near when the Great Master would call for a strict account of the talents placed in her hands for safe keeping and use.

All the last year she had shown unmistakable signs of a general breaking up. A severe spell of sickness had left her much enfeebled in the early fall, and all through the winter, so far, I had seen plainly that there was no recuperative power.

I had finally persuaded her to employ a middle-aged couple, in addition to the old coachman, to live on the premises, and be ready to do a hundred and one things which she really had need of, and to watch over her for fear of a sudden attack of mortal illness.

My children had never loved to go to her house even on errands. Children love sunshine and smiles, and naturally shun gloom of every kind, and Hannah seemed to have a painful memory of

the place, which caused her to shrink from the very presence, at which I was not surprised, and so I never sent any of them. Thus it happened that I spent much time with her myself, having many and long chats, and frequently trying to draw her thoughts away from the old themes and into new and pleasanter channels, but with poor success. The grooves were too deep; her habits had become too fixed.

One day, not long before Christmas, I was spending a few hours with her, and with other chat told her of a Christmas tree arrangement for one of the mission Sunday-schools in the lower part of the city, and finding she seemed interested, I appealed to her for help to the cause. Said I, "This is your chance, Mrs. Hargrave, to make ever so many little ones glad; ten dollars would give a great many joyful surprises, besides you have no one to want for your money when you are gone, have you?"

"No, not that I know of; but I can not use this money—I have given it all to the Lord for the spread of the Gospel in heathen nations when I am done with it and gone."

"But would it not give you more pleasure to see it doing good now, while you can dictate the disposal of it? Why not divide up and give a little

here and a little there? Give some for an orphan's home, some toward schools and public libraries for the education of the very poor in our land; or place a sum at interest, and let that interest clothe, feed and educate a certain number?"

"Ah, yes, and encourage idleness; all who will can have enough in this land by exertion and economy. No, no, my friend, thousands are dying for the bread of life; thousands in foreign lands have no Bibles."

I saw it was no use to reason the matter with her; she had laid her plan when she should be through with all this money; she was going to do a generous, big thing, going to give it to the Lord when the time should come for her to lay down her life and have no more use for money; as she could not take it with her—why, then, the Lord could have it. To my eyes it seemed to be a matter of bargain and sale, "You save my soul, Lord, and I will give you my money, not now, day by day, but when I am through with it, when it can give me no more joy, no more comfort."

Reader, have we not such cases in all towns, in all places? Is it not a common occurrence, a too common mistake?

I kept my thoughts to myself, knowing that any

great excitement was not good or safe for her, and turned the conversation by saying:

"Tell me of your early life, Mrs. Hargrave—of your childhood's home." Once I would not have dared to ask this of her, but in her failing strength she had depended on me for many little kindnesses that there was no other hand to perform. Money may buy services, but many delicate attentions can come from no other source than friendship, and thus it was I felt I had the right to be a little more familiar that once.

Her eyes were fixed upon the distant sky a long time in thought, when, turning to me, she said:

"Yes, I will tell you of my early days, of the times when I was not alone in the world; for there was a time when I was surrounded by father, mother, sisters and brothers—once had husband and children, and life was as a long summer day."

Now that the ice was broken, the heart touched and softened by tender memories, she poured forth the tale of other days with eloquence, with enthusiasm. The woman upon whom I had been accustomed to look as an automaton, or a frozen woman, was all animation. It was a wondrous change.

I will not give you the details of the story of that southern home life, but as she talked a name which fell upon my ear struck home the sharp

conviction that I had it in my power to furnish the sequel of the tale.

Finding her overwrought with nervous excitement, I staid till late in the evening, refraining meantime from remarks or questions which were burning in me, and after getting her quieted down upon the pillow, and the housekeeper charged to notify me if any change occurred for worse, I returned home, full of anxious curiosity.

When the children were quiet for the night, and Hannah and I were seated at our work, I said:

"What was your mother's name before she married Frank Dare?"

"Holton. She was Nannie Holton, of Louisiana, and I am Hannah Holton Dare."

"I ought to remember it; I have been told it often enough, but it has never done me any good," said I.

"Why, aunt?"

"Hannah, had your mother a sister, and have you any idea where she lives?"

"Yes, ma'am; she had one sister, Juliet, and the day my mother died she gave me a paper, which, she said, told her name and where she lived, she thought. I have never looked at it since, for I fell into such good hands I thought it was not worth while to go hunting up relations.

"Get me that paper, quick, child, said I."

She arose from her chair, started, then turned, and coming toward me, said:

"Aunt, don't turn me away, will you?"

The question, after it was asked, struck us both as so comical that we burst into a hearty laugh.

Leaving me for a few minutes, she returned with the little wallet which she first brought to my gate on that bitter night, laughing at it as she held it towards me, saying:

"Miss Dare as she appears when starting to travel out her thousand-mile ticket."

I was too serious to laugh, as usual, at her comical way, and she soon caught my spirit, and proceeding at once to search among the few little keepsakes, she soon handed me a piece of paper worn in creases so as to be falling to pieces, which proved, on examination, to be a notice in regard to some young Chinese who had been educated at the expense of Mrs. Juliet B. Hargrave, widow of the late Judge Hargrave, of the city of ——.

"Well," said I, "it certainly must be; the old lady is surely your own aunt, your mother's sister."

We looked at each other in silence. Her eyes filled with tears as she took in the meaning of my words.

"She turned me from her door—she, *my aunt*, my dead mother's sister?"

"But, child, she did not know who you were," said I.

"What shall I do," said she. "What *can* I do?"

"Go to her in the morning, tell her who you are, and trust to time and your kindness to her to develop the feeling of kinship and tenderness to you."

Afterwards, how I did vainly regret that we did not go at once, that night; but oh, how little do we know the future or what it may bring forth.

While seated at the early breakfast, and we were talking it over with John, his advice to her was the same as mine, "Go at once and state facts, and it will all come right."

Hannah's reply was:

"I do not feel attached to her, and I fear she will, upon the least manifestation of interest, be suspicious that I want her money, when I would not exchange my friends and home here, even an object of charity, as *others might* call me, for all she possesses."

"You are, as I have told you many times, *no object of charity*, but are simply receiving assistance or support from the order which stands to you in

place of father; just look upon it as a banking concern, as money put at interest by your parents, from which you are now drawing your support. The richest man in all our brotherhood is just as much an object of charity as you, and just as little so. You, and *all*, draw benefits; and if at any time any man is able and willing to invest that benefit, all well; the time may come, he knows not how soon, when he or his may need it for use. We have no objects of charity among ourselves, in one sense; we are a great family, bound to each other as parents and children; the charity work, when done, is all outside our own order. You are independent of your aunt, in your own right, by inheritance from your father; you possess home, and comforts, and friends; try to consider yourself an heiress, and look upon *her* as the real object of charity—poor, desolate and forlorn—and go to her to comfort, cheer and restore.

While we talked, the man from over at the hermitage came, begging me to hasten over, for something unusual was ailing the mistress.

Having made all arrangements for the day I left, intending to stay as long as seemed necessary. Upon my arrival I found her lying speechless. All her right side was paralyzed, and the power of speech gone; it was a pitiful sight. God had laid

his finger upon the right hand, which for long years should have been the faithful almoner, dispensing the great wealth which he had given her, as the most efficient means of bringing glory to his name and cause. God had touched the tongue and it was silenced, probably forever; never again could it have the opportunity or ability to say words of friendly greeting, good cheer and advice to the oppressed, the down-trodden or the wicked.

I could see at once, by the restless glitter of her eyes, that she was fully conscious of the awful visitation which had come to her.

I sent for the best medical skill in the city, and also for Hannah.

When the examination and consultations by physicians were over, and I, as apparently the only interested person present, had been informed of its results, I inquired what effect a sudden, great surprise might have upon her, and was told it could make but little difference.

CHAPTER XV.

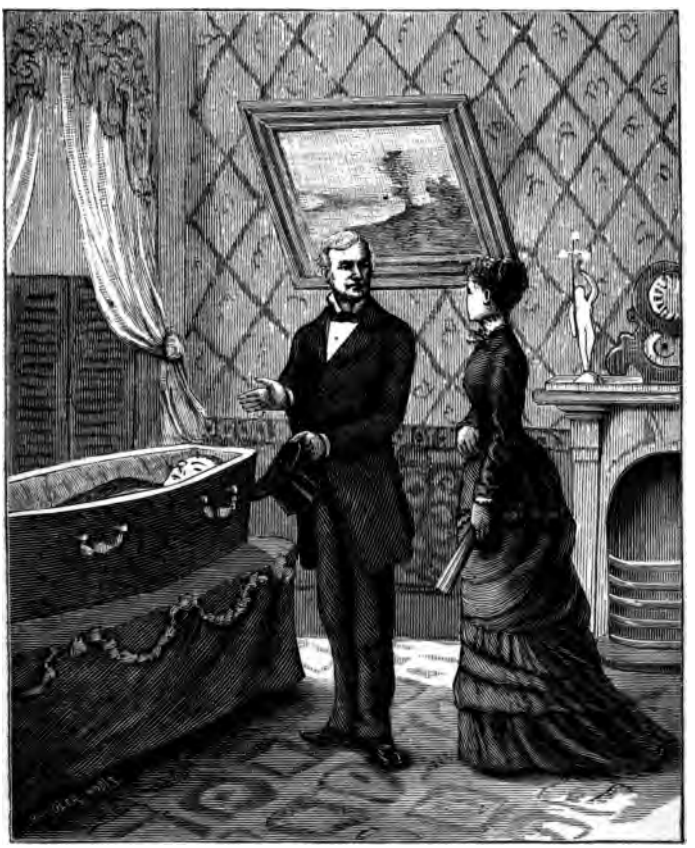
"Our camp fires shone bright on the mountain,
That frowned on the river below,
As we stood by our guns in the morning,
And eagerly watched for the foe;
When a rider came out from the darkness
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted, 'Boys, up and be ready,
For Sherman will march to the sea!'

"We paused not to weep for the fallen,
Who slept by each river and tree,
Yet we twined them a wreath of the laurel,
As Sherman marched down to the sea.
Then sang we a song of our chieftain,
That echoed o'er river and lea,
And the stars of our banner shone brighter
When Sherman marched down to the sea!"

Old song—Sung by prisoners at Columbia.

We left Fred R., the soldier boy, in good hands, and in good hands we find him several weeks later. The raging fever which prostrated him so suddenly, has had its run—twenty-one days, leaving him prostrate and feeble as an infant.

For many days he was utterly unconscious, tossing, moaning and talking incessantly, and only but



"His father, Judge Breuster, was my friend and brother—heard me plead my first case. God pity his poor son."

for the best medical care and the kindest nursing, he would never have recovered. The system so completely run down by long months of semi-starvation and constant exposure, combined with the loss of hope to buoy up soul and body, had well nigh sunk under.

But there came a day when the feeble eyes slowly opened and wandered from one thing to another within the range of vision, glanced from this unfamiliar object to that, wearily, and then down to his hands, his bed-gown, the clothing on the bed; then putting one hand feebly to his head, felt his own hair and his thin face wonderingly, and then, exhausted, fell asleep for an hour or so to awaken again and renew the investigation, this time more extensively.

Upon glancing around, he put forth an effort to move and speak, which immediately brought old Tom to his feet with the exclamation:

"'Pears like you mos' dun got sleep 'nuff, now, Massa Kurnel!"

"Where am I?" said Fred.

"Jes' whar you was dis many a day."

"How long? Whose house am I in, and where?"

"Now see hayer, none of dat dar, you jes drink and go to sleep; ole misses say you amn't to talk

to ole Tom. All you hev to do is jes' to sleep. Misses an' ole Tom'll 'tend to all de 'sponsible part ob your condiment."

And so he drank, and slept, and wakened, and wondered feebly where he was again, and still too feeble to investigate, again subsided and gave up all effort save that of greedily drinking in nourishment to body and rest to brain.

To be sure he had vague remembrances of a face and form neither black nor ungainly, which passed to and fro in and out of his room; dreams or visions of soft hands bathing his burning head or placing his pillow, and low-voiced directions for his comfort, given by a womanly, motherly person, and now in his short spells of wakefulness, it was about all he was able to do to think it over and try to settle the question whether it was a fact or a dream.

But hour by hour he gained, and after every sleeping spell, being faithfully ministered to by old Tom, he took long strides towards convalescence.

Finally the morning came, when, after a good sponging off, and while eating the delicate, nourishing breakfast of the best the land could afford, he felt that it was time he knew who he was indebted to for all these comforts. He remembered Tom and the negro hut to which he had been

taken, but this was no cabin; these luxuries, this cleanliness, even elegance, did not belong to Tom's cabin; then where was he?"

"Tom," said he, "Is your master at home?"

"No, sah; Massa Kurnel been done gone dese many a month."

"Is your mistress at home?"

"Ole misse? Yer right, sah; she am always at home, likeways young massa, he's mostly at home, but not jes' now."

"You may ask your mistress to be so kind as to let me speak to her for a few minutes."

And when the breakfast was removed, old Tom, wrapping him up in a gentleman's dressing gown, placed him in a large chair, and, going out, soon returned with the "Ole Mistiss," who, coming in with a smile, said, as she took his hand:

"Well, you are looking better than when I first saw you."

"Yes, thanks to you, I think, madam," and the blush burned on his face as he thought of the rags and filth and vermin which covered and infested him then.

"I can not express my gratitude to you; words fail to tell my feelings, it was so entirely unexpected to me; all has been done for my comfort, I can see, as if I were a friend of the family; so

hospitably have I been treated that my conscience hurts me, lest I am in some way, though unintentionally, deceiving you. Madam, are you aware that I am a Yankee soldier?"

"I am aware of that, sir, and judge that you have escaped from among the prisoners at Andersonville, as I learn by news from Augusta that several did escape from the cars while lying over night at that city. But do not be alarmed, you are safe here; my colored people all suppose you to be their master's own brother, who lives in the north. I purposely allow them to think this, for your greater safety in case we are visited by any of the Confederate army."

"Madam, your servant, old Tom, speaks of his master as colonel; may I take the liberty to ask if he is in our army?"

"He is not in the Federal army, but in the Confederate. You see," said she, smiling, "we are rebels, and not ashamed to own it."

Poor Fred's heart sank within him; he knew he was in the heart of the enemy's country, helpless in their hands; and from talk and general news which he had overheard, was aware that Wheeler's cavalry were in Augusta, and that General Bragg was concentrating a large force there, thinking Augusta to be an objective point with Sherman.

There might be treachery here, and though his was but one life, and he could die as well now as ever, yet it was not death he feared half as much as imprisonment again and inactivity.

Turning to him with a smile on her kind, intelligent face, she said: "I see that you do not more than half trust me. You do not understand how I, a rebel, can do a kindness to my enemy, do you? Well, let me tell you. I have two strong reasons. When old Tom called me to come to you in his hut that first night, when you lay as if dead on his pallet, he told me that on your arm were signs just like his master wears, and, upon looking, I found certain emblems which I thought made me free to call you my brother. Signs which have the same significance to me that this, and this, and that have to you, probably," touching the peculiar knot of pink and green ribbon which she wore at her throat, and presenting, for his inspection, a seal ring from her finger, and touching a spring in the back of her breastpin which disclosed still other emblems. "Yes," said she, as she grasped the hand he extended to her, and gave and received the token by which she knew him to be a brother in the Rebekah degree, "you mutely appealed to my sympathy, you came to me worse than naked and I clothed you, hungry and I have

fed you, sick and I ministered unto you; for we are members of the same great family. I could not turn you away more than I could my own child or my own brother. I should consider the mission of the brotherhood a very narrow one if we allowed political or any other prejudice to interfere with our duties to each other. I told you I had two reasons for kindness to you. I have given you one, now listen to the other: As I have said, I have a husband in the Confederate army, under General Hardee. I also had a son under the same command, who was taken prisoner, sent north, lay wounded and sick a long time, after losing his right arm, and was finally exchanged and returned home and is with me at the present time; he has frequently visited you while insensible, and always with kindest feelings; for in all his long months of suffering at the north he was tenderly nursed, civilly treated, and never failed to meet with ready response from the brotherhood there; these things are not forgotten by him, will never be forgotten by me. But my friend you need rest, and I will leave you now until to-morrow morning."

History tells us that all this part of the south had never been visited by our Union army up to the time of Sherman's march to the sea, and had been spared by their own soldiers, inasmuch as the

great body of that army had been away in other fields; consequently homes stood here, all through Georgia, and in parts of Louisiana, and the states of North and South Carolina, unmolested and in all their beauty; plantations were carried on even more industriously than at any other time in order to meet the demands for assistance to the cause; food of their own raising was plenty, though they were deprived of many imported luxuries.

Thus it was in this southern home, where Fred R. was so kindly cared for. He was surrounded with comforts, even dainties, which his exhausted condition demanded, and those comforts were dealt out in no stingy manner, let me assure you, for whatever the southerners undertake they do generously. Warm-hearted hospitality is synonymous with their name all over the world.

The next morning he received another call from his hostess, accompanied by her son, the ex-Confederate soldier, whom, after introducing, she left to entertain Fred for a short time. Their conversation naturally floated off into army matters in a general way.

Southern newspapers of the times were full of the "foolhardy undertaking" of Sherman to march through an enemy's country, with the attempt to live by forage. Of course there were

many contradictory and utterly false notices appearing in the newspapers of the times, under startling head-lines; calls for the Georgians to rise and protect their homes from the invaders, who were fleeing for their lives towards the sea-coast, to be picked up by their fleet; injunctions to show no mercy to the Yanks; that in their already starved, broken and enfeebled condition they could easily be swept away. Of course, Fred had his own thoughts, but after making large allowance for exaggeration, still entertained fears that it was in part true.

These two, an ex-rebel officer and a Union soldier, talked over old times, of their marches and counter-marches, and their imprisonments, and with all their difference of opinion they simply agreed to disagree in a friendly spirit, and time slipped smoothly along. You see, good mothers make wise sons, and this mother, this good wife of a wise and good Odd Fellow, was herself a Daughter of Rebekah; had frequently attended during the meetings of the Grand Lodge of the United States with her husband, in his capacity as an officer in high degree; she had cultivated her abilities, was thoroughly well informed, was not narrow-minded, but knew by observation that among those northern men and women were thousands of good

and true brothers and daughters of the order, and no doubt what was true of them might be true of others. She gave them their due respect for real merit, and taught her son to do as she had been taught by her husband. Ignorance, narrowness of views, egotism and selfishness melt before the teachings of the order as darkness before the blessed rays of the sun. And thus they chatted the hours away; talked of cities each had visited, of improvements in various directions, of commerce and manufactories north and south, and avoided all unsafe subjects by tacit agreement. Thus time passed with them.

Meanwhile, the boys at Atlanta had been busy; fresh and vigorous after a comparative rest of over a month, they now took up the line of march to the sea.

On the morning of the 16th of November, history tells us, they passed out from Atlanta, the "Gate City of the South," leaving it a smouldering ruin, its citizens scattered to the four corners, and itself to be known only as a military garrison or depot.

As they marched out upon the unknown before them, and glancing back could see the graves of fallen heroes, friends and brothers, it was a lucky hit when a brigade band struck up "John Brown's

body lies mouldering in the tomb," and the boys all along the line, as fast as they caught the strain, joined in the words, and the "Glory, glory hallelujah—the truth goes marching on," rang out as it never did before and never can again under such appropriate circumstances. It was an excellent vent to their feelings, for beyond a doubt the experience which one soldier has given me of his feelings on that occasion would express the feelings of a majority, and his words were: "I looked back and thought of all I left behind me, and I looked forward to what might be coming to me, and I was full." And when their fifteen miles per day were, by force of circumstances, lengthened out into eighteen or even twenty, and their weary feet began to halt, and their hungry stomachs yearned for the welcome forage in the shape of chickens, ducks, veal, milk, honey, or even the old familiar jug of sorghum, why, they could spur upon and cheer up with their "Glory hallelujah," or on "Way down south in Dixie." Oh, those boys were equal to a whole camp-meeting on the sing! And if there was more of the right kind of sing, as we march through life, and less of the wrong kind of praying, we would accomplish more.

The army moved onward, divided up and cut to

the right and the left to distract attention from the main body of infantry and wagon trains, and yet in easy distance of each other.

The main body moved on to Milledgeville and Millen, important points. General Kilpatrick's cavalry kept up a frequent and spirited skirmishing with Wheeler's cavalry, which persistently followed him under the mistaken notion that the main army was moving on towards Augusta, at which point General Bragg was reported to be.

One day much firing was heard away in the distance, and from the great volumes of smoke rising and rolling off from the direction of certain railroad towns on the branch road from Millen to Augusta, undoubtedly the work of destroying railroads and depots was being extensively carried on, and Fred felt nervously anxious; the ex-Confederate soldier had been off since early morning using his field-glass in making observations from different points. Our young lieutenant was feeling his position to be very irksome, knowing that Wheeler's cavalry was near, if not in Augusta, that General Bragg and Wade Hampton were concentrating forces at Augusta; these people were liable to be visited at any time by rebel soldiers, and he discovered, to the injury of his hospitable

friends, besides the being "gobbled up" again at great inconvenience to himself, to say the least.

Great was his delight, therefore, when, upon the return of his young friend towards evening, he was informed that a large force was marching to the southeast of them, and that a foraging party were in the neighborhood by whom they would be visited soon, undoubtedly.

"That being the case," said Fred, "I shall leave you and return to my proper place. Do not remonstrate; thanks to your kindness and generosity, I am in far better condition to go than when I first fell into your hands."

Walking slowly and feebly down the stairway towards the verandah they were met by Tom, who exclaimed: "Dey's dun come, Massa Kurnel, to de bery doah. Pears like dey's monstrous civil, dese Yankee soldiers, to ride roun' and pick up de stray soldiers uv de flock. Ki! yi! yi!"

"All right, Tom, hand out my baggage. Where is that uniform of mine?" At which old Tom exploded:

"Done gone up trew der fire, Massa Kurnel, like good ole Lisha. Ki! yi! yi!

Stepping out on the verandah they found the "Ole Misstis" talking to an orderly in regard to chickens, turkeys, ducks, etc., etc.

"Well, boys," said Fred, "Have you such a thing as an ambulance along? If you have I think I'll go back and help 'Uncle Billy' through to Savannah."

"Who in thunder are you?" said one.

"Hamlet's ghost," said another.

"No matter who I am," said Fred. "Who are you?"

"We belong to Kilpatrick's division of cavelry, a part of which is attached to the fourteenth army corps lying off south, between here and Waynesboro, on Brier creek."

"I was under Stoneman before I was taken a prisoner to Andersonville, and escaped when passing through Augusta, on our way to Columbia; have you any Ohio cavalry with that division?"

"You're right, sir, we have; the tenth, ninth, fifth and first squadron are under Kilpatrick."

"I belonged to company B, —— Ohio cavalry," said Fred, "And I must get back if I have to go as baggage."

"Great Lord!" said one of them, "This must be—*it is*, Lieutenant R——. We belong to company B, —— Ohio." They clustered around him with warm clasps of their hands and words of welcome.

Strong men do sometimes weep; do you wonder

if Fred R. sank down and sobbed like a school-boy? Think of his condition—transparent almost, with finger and toe-nails coming off, teeth all loose, and nearly bald-headed—only a shadow of a man; no wonder they did not recognize him; and as for them, they were so covered with dust that their Union blue might pass for rebel gray, and really had deceived on several occasions. It was a touching scene, for many of those boys had felt the same homesick feeling, only in a less degree; they could sympathize, and "a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." Reader, there are meetings on earth which are so unexpected, so full of joy, that there surely is a foretaste of heaven in them.

But soldiers' visits when out foraging are not very ceremonious, and they were obliged to hurry matters up. So, turning to his hostess and her son, he said: "Friends, I must leave you. Words would fail to express my feelings towards you for all you have done for me. *I shall not forget.* God bless you, and good-bye."

Such is life; we meet, exchange greetings and pass on like vessels on the boundless ocean, and sail away to unknown points, never to meet again in life, perchance.

"We see our paths diverge with pain,
And clasping hands beneath the sunset ray,
We breathe a saddened 'meet again.'"

As the lieutenant was assisted down to the ambulance, which they had along for "baggage," old Tom gave vent to his feelings and thoughts. "'Pears like dey's forehanded people, totin ov der hotels an' hospitables all roun' de wurl; don't see no 'scuse for totin massa kurnel off, leastways while he's so powerful weak."

"Good-bye, Tom," said the lieutenant, "I'll not forget you."

"Good-by, massa kurnel; nex' time you cum, don't forget to bring yer port mangle and stay a spell," and the old fellow broke down without his usual "ki, yi." You see, he had been faithfully attentive to this Yankee soldier on general principles, and especially because he belonged to Sherman, whose name and fame had out-traveled him.

As they rode rapidly away Fred noticed that the foragers had levied lightly on this family, and spoke thankfully of it.

"Only a few things we had to take for the sick," said one of the boys.

It was a clear, bracing evening, and the stars were beginning to shine out as they approached the camps, lit up by the glowing fires of sweet-

smelling pine knots, surrounded by boys standing, sitting or lying around, whistling, singing and whittling, while "grub" was being prepared.

Oh, it was good to be back with the boys again! They welcomed him to the best they had, each according to his manner and ability.

Having reported at headquarters, and being found unfit for duty, he was assigned to a position in one of the "traveling hospitables" that old Tom referred to, from this time and point until the end of the march, when "Sherman camped down by the sea."

On the morning of the 21st of December it was found that General Hardee and his entire command had evacuated the city, and the Union soldiers marched into the fine old place.

"Oh, proud was our army that morning,
That stood where the pine darkly towers,
When Sherman said, 'Boys, you are weary,
But to-day fair Savannah is ours.'"

CHAPTER XVI.

"Trust is truer than our fears,"
Runs the legend through the moss,
"Gain is not in added years,
Nor in death is loss."

Whittier.

We are told after mature consideration, that it would be advisable to defer any news of exciting nature until the patient should be brought somewhat under the influence of medical treatment, if possible, and that in all probability this stroke would be followed soon by another and fatal one.

With great difficulty we administered medicine from soon after nine o'clock A. M., until about three o'clock P. M., at which time the family physician made a third visit. After having confided to him the nature of the revelation we wished to make and its importance, he assured us it would be useless to wait as she would never be better, and that he would stay by and see the result.

After rousing the now almost unconscious patient, I called Hannah to the bedside and then

said: "Mrs. Hargrave, did you not tell me you had a sister named Nannie Holton?"

She nodded an affirmative.

"And that she married a young machinist from Ohio, named Frank Dare?"

Again the affirmative nod, while her eyes were fixed with a wild questioning look upon Hannah.

"This young lady's mother was a Nannie Holton, from Louisiana, and she married a young machinist from Ohio, named Frank Dare; the mother and father are dead; but she has a message for you, I think. Tell her now, Hannah."

"She told me to tell her sister, if I found her, to 'love Nannie's child for Nannie's sake.'"

Oh, it was pitiful to see the agonizing efforts to speak, in answer, words which only resulted in a gurgling, unintelligible sound, while great tears rolled down the pinched, pallid face.

I said to Hannah, "Give me the letter, her letter to your mother," which I unfolded and held up so she could see plainly, particularly her own signature, asking her if it was hers, to which she nodded repeatedly. We now saw her anxiously looking towards what seemed to be a portrait turned face to the wall, which had hung so for years, and which I had always supposed to be the portrait of her son or husband; seeing the anxious glances

from the girl to the picture-frame, talking with her eyes, fairly, we understood her to mean *turn it.* Quickly crossing the room, Hannah stepped upon a chair and reversed the frame, revealing the portrait of a sweet, fair-faced girl, so like Hannah as to cause exclamations of surprise from us; only in the color of the eyes did they differ.

In both pictured and living one were the same low, broad brow; the wavy, golden hair; the same sweet mouth, with a shade more of firmness of character in the living than the pictured face; but then those clear, dark, liquid gray eyes, oh, they were Frank Dare's beyond a doubt; why should it not be so? it was not the *first* nor the *last* union of the blue and the grey.

After the first exclamation, "It is my mother!" Hannah stood like one entranced, looking at the pictured face of the loved, lost, cruelly wronged mother, and as she gazed in silence the dying eyes moved back and forth, from one to the other, revealing thought and feelings her tongue would never, never tell.

I said to her, "Do you believe her to be your niece?" to which she nodded positively.

But, oh, as the questions rose up to my mind in quick succession, there were so few that she could answer by nods of the head, and so many that

would of necessity never be asked or answered; besides, the physician now warned us that rest was imperative; accordingly, with darkened room and in silence, we seated ourselves, one by the fireside, and the other by the bedside, to wait.

As I waited and watched, I wondered if on the other shore the sister was not watching and waiting, anxiously, lovingly, forgivingly.

Over one thing I was much pleased, to see the kind-hearted girl sitting on the bedside watching every breath, tenderly moistening the parched lips, and occasionally softly kissing the almost dead hands; and as I noticed the tears and kisses, I thought, oh, how much this woman had robbed herself of by her narrow views of duty; her words on that bitter cold day, "I do not need you," came back to me in appalling contrast to the present state of affairs. How very much she really did need the youthful presence. No matter if she had been nothing to her more than any other poor young girl. She needed her, if she was good and pure, because of the sunshine, and life, and joy she could have brought to her house; needed her, if she had not been the purest and best, because of the mission work thus placed right in her own home instead of away off in a foreign field.

She had needed a somebody or something to

draw her thoughts away from self, out towards others and their needs, and in the love and labors for them she would have been drawn nearer to God and heaven than by long years of study or fasting and prayer.

I thought with pity and sorrow of those two sisters, estranged and kept separate for years just for lack of the spirit which prompts us to "do unto others as we would that they should do unto us."

The day passed slowly, solemnly away, hour by hour, and the night was begun. Our patient had aroused but a few times and then but for a few minutes, quickly sinking away again into the heavy sleep or coma which precedes death.

I had felt an anxiety beyond the power of words that she should rally and live, if but for a short time, yet long enough to know, to claim and to enjoy the presence of her sister's orphan girl. I wrung my hands in silent anxiety; I tried to pray, but words refused to come at my bidding. Why pray? If she had lived out her allotted time, what use to pray? Why not leave her? Trust her just where she was, in the hands of him who knew her altogether better than we?

"The dear God hears and pities all;
He knoweth all our wants;

And what we blindly ask of him—
His love withholds or grants.

"And so I sometimes think our prayers
Might well be merged in one;
And nest and perch and hearth and church
Repeat 'Thy will be done.'"

Yes, I did want to see the fine old homestead thrown open; every nook and corner filled with light and sunshine. I wanted to see a fair young face at home here, enjoying the comforts and luxuries with the mistress, fully believing that her presence would dispel gloom and desolation, not only from the house, but from the heart of its owner.

But my wants and wishes were of no avail. "Man proposes and God disposes," truly, for as night approached it became apparent that sight and consciousness were gone forever, and as the morning light broke we stood by the bedside looking solemnly "at the mortal remains of one of the the wealthiest and most influential citizens, the widow of the late Judge Hargrave," as the newspapers would say.

But oh, how different might her life have been, how different its ending!

One conversation with her occurred to my mind, in which she remarked:

"I could not think of appropriating any of the means I have dedicated to the Lord until I am

done with it, and I do not know any worthy object of charity; I do not like to encourage idleness, and selfishness, and sin."

And there passed before my mental vision a long list of charitable institutions, to which, at any time, a donation would have been a godsend. I thought of the Howard Mission, distributing its 140 loaves of bread daily, and need for more, to the hungry poor. Thought of the Five Points House of Industry, with its 1,200 free meals per day in only one month; its 290 children taken from dens of vice and placed under good, true women's care, to be trained up for decent citizens, if nothing more; its 50 to 75 women trying to reform.

Then there was the City Dispensary, with over 3,400 patients under treatment during the last month; and the Women's Temporary Home, with its average of 30 inmates; the Working Women's Protection Union; the Opthalmic Hospital, with its 2,323 patients during one year—all to be treated free of charge, but at somebody's expense, kept up by somebody's money; and what had hers done for any of these charitable objects?

The American Seamen's Friend Society, sending out its average of 2,500 volumes per six months, while in her elegant library were some 600 vol-

umes, never touched in years, waiting, you know, until she should be through with them, and "then, Lord, you may have them all."

There was the almshouse, No. 66 Third avenue, which assisted 6,000 persons in one month with gifts of coal and small sums of money. And then St. John's Guild, Varick street, had relieved 600 families, clothed 2,200 children and tended 160 infants.

All these institutions are charitable ones; their object, the moral good of the human family, the elevation of the race, and their results show what can be done by preconcerted, united effort. These are kept up by donations or endowments, and superintended by kind-hearted and judicious persons who find the objects of that charity work just as worthy as that one who went down to Jericho and fell among thieves, or as the great multitude which came to Jesus of the maimed, the dumb, the blind, and those possessed of devils, and upon whom he had compassion. They are just the objects that the Lord has left to us, to be with us always, and the poorer, the lower, the more wicked they are the more they are worthy our greatest efforts to lift up, to elevate, to reform and put on the right track, on the up-grade; and if all our utmost

labor fails with any one, or all of them, it does not fail in its ennobling effect upon the doer.

When the rich die a crowd easily gathers together from hither and yon, for this or that reason, and be sure, if for no other reason, why, for curiosity; and thus it was on this occasion, the house which had been closed for long years was thrown open to the public for its inspection.

The costly upholstery, rare paintings, choice statuary, elaborate frescoes, valuable library of six hundred volumes, the rich old oak paneling, grand stairway, velvet pile, Axminster and Wilton carpetings, were well worth seeing; the incomparable curtains and French plate-glass mirrors, all those things gathered from beyond the seas with no thought of expense, could now be seen, and, perhaps, never again, and so the public, the respectable public, crowded in.

Yes, it was a grand funeral, but a very dry one; the choir of the two-horned church sang choice selections of music; the pastor of the same church preached for sixty minutes, on the immortality of the soul, to an audience, no one of whom ever doubted its immortality, and who would have been far more benefited by an earnest, practical discourse on the immortality of the characters we stamp in upon ourselves and others day by day in

the thoughts, the deeds, the impulses we indulge in, and which the poor soul carries stereotyped into eternity. All the bitterness, the deceit, the selfishness, bigotry and egotism that by habit becomes a part of it, goes with it, and drags it down from what it might have been, from what the Good Father intended it should be.

The pall-bearers were selected from among the most wealthy and influential, and were unexceptionable in their appearance; their white silk gloves and weepers were the best money could purchase, and all things were conducted in an eminently decorous manner; no hurry, no bustle, confusion or excitement; all perfectly consistent with the social position of the departed.

And why not? Was she not the owner of one of the most expensive pews in the two-horned church? Did not her rent-roll surpass any other in the city? Had she not for years and years paid heavy taxes, and might she not possibly have, in her will, left an endowment for a certain public institution for which the city fathers had labored long and well?

Yes, it was a most decorous but a very lonely funeral; the only mourner was the sister's orphan child, who mourned from her heart that she had been shut out and away from all chance to love or

be loved; that she was a stranger, an alien in the house of her nearest relation.

While arrangements were being made previous to the procession to the cemetery, Mrs. Hargrave's lawyer had quietly given out invitations to a select party of city dignities and other respected citizens to return to the house immediately after the ceremonies at the grave for the purpose of hearing the last will and testament of the deceased.

Among the number was our friend, Hannah's guardian, who, immediately after the reading of the will, arose and announced that he should be obliged to contest it in behalf of his ward, Miss Dare, the lawful heir of the late Mrs. Hargrave.

I shall not go into details of the will; it would be tiresome to go over the schedule of real estate, stocks, bonds and mortgages, and the list of personal property, all of which was to be turned into cash, and the sum total—after the payment of lawyers' fees, physicians' bills, burial expenses and a few small legacies—to be placed at interest, and said interest applied to certain specified missionary work in foreign fields.

This was the sum and substance of it, after being robbed of its verbose legal terms. By a codicil of later date, however, the will was rendered null and

void in case heirs presented their claims within five years from the date of her death.

Outside of our own home circle, no one save Lawyer Blackwell and the family physician had an idea who Hannah really was, and this fell like a small bomb-shell in our midst. There was much buzzing among them, but it did not take more than fifteen minutes and a half for the magnates and capitalists to come to the conclusion that J. C. Blackwell was not the kind of a man to take up this cause without a good foundation, and inasmuch as the city did not get the million and a half of dollars, or any part of it, why, the next best thing would be to keep it right among her citizens instead of away in foreign lands, and now it might be well to patronize the possible heiress. They closed around, they drew near and begged to present themselves and their best wishes to Miss Dare and all that, *ahem!*

After a while we walked down and away, the company dispersed, and the house was left closed under lock and seal. I said to myself, as I walked away, "the farce is over," and I thought how different these things might have been, if this woman had lived out her theories, day by day; and I compared in my mind her life and death

with those of many of the brotherhood of the order.

I said to myself, where there is love there will be mutual assistance; there will be sympathy in affliction, congratulations in prosperity, relief to the destitute, advice in perplexity, and visits to the distressed. If she had *lived* her religion she would not have been alone and morbid during life, and almost unmourned in her death; she would have had a large concourse of the adopted poor to love her in life, to weep sincerely at her death, to bless her memory, to watch and wait to welcome her to the other shore.

I pondered long, I ponder still over church members' inconsistency in neglecting the very work which makes the foundation, corner-stones and pillars of a church strong, the work which is the very spirit of Christianity, while, much to their discredit, their long neglected proper work is taken up and being done faithfully and well by the Odd Fellows and other secret societies who carry out the practical spirit and the ends of the fellowship, letting the world see how we *love one another*. My John is not a church member, and I am, and I hang my head in silence as I contrasted their work and ours.

CHAPTER XVII.

"I see the midnight of thy hair,
And of thy lips the morning red,
And of thy smiles the day shine fair;
But dawn, day, night will soon have fled:
The fairest things we soonest miss;
The present time alone is sure.
Oh, youth, spring up! its joys secure." *Persian Song.*

On the day after Christmas, the day on which we followed the mortal remains of the late Mrs. J. B. Hargrave, to their final resting place, the country was ringing with the news of General Sherman's Christmas gift to the President of the United States—consisting of two hundred and fifty heavy siege guns, thirty-two thousand bales of cotton, large stores of rice, and other valuables, with the fair city of Savannah itself.

At a late hour the same day the personal news came flashing over the wires to Mr. and Mrs. Ronaldson, from their son in the hospital at Savannah, saying:

"Free and safe with our army; further news by letter.

"Fred L. Ronaldson,
"First Lieut. Co. B, Ohio Cav."

Of course friends all over the city who had sympathized with the parents in their loss, rejoiced now with them in their joy at his restoration.

As soon after as it was possible for the vast amount of accumulated mail matter to be brought through and delivered, there came a letter from the absent one, giving an outline of events past and the present state of affairs. But they could well afford now to wait in patience for details, knowing the consoling fact that he lived and was free.

Days and weeks slipped away until in the month of March our young friend was furloughed for thirty days, and came home very unexpectedly to his friends and family.

Soon after the news of their son's safety the parents had gone east to a water-cure establishment to test the efficacy of a certain treatment for paralysis, and they were still away at the time of their son's return.

It was on a clear, bracing March day, unusually mild and warm for the season; there had been much drying wind through February, and the drives in the city were excellent. Hannah and the children had been out several days in succession, and on this particular afternoon she had returned earlier than usual, and leaving the children with

me, said she would drive over to the depot to wait for "King John," as I was too busy to go.

It was always a pleasant surprise to him to have some one meet him in the rockaway when he came in, as then, on the day train.

As the engine rolled up to the depot she noticed John step down and speak to the conductor and point to the carriage, and he, in turn, hastened to meet and assist a very pale specimen in army blue out and down from the cars.

They came to the edge of the platform and the conductor said to her while assisting the stranger to a seat beside her, "Mr. H. says you can drive his friend over to the house, and that you need not wait; he will walk over."

She immediately drove off after they had exchanged formal bows.

No words were spoken during the drive, except praise of the weather by one, most heartily assented to by the other.

Hearing the carriage coming up the drive I stepped out upon a side portico, but, upon seeing a stranger, immediately turned back to call Bert to take charge of the horse.

Boys seldom are in the right place at the right time; not finding him I walked out to hitch the horse myself; this having been done, I stepped to

the side of the carriage, expecting to learn who the gentleman was.

Said Hannah, with flushed face, "I can not introduce our visitor, as I do not know his name."

"Well, I am indeed changed, if my old schoolmate does not remember Fred Ronaldson. I was not surprised when this young lady (your daughter, I suppose) did not recognize me, but I did expect you would see some resemblance to my old self."

"The young lady," said I, laughing as we shook hands, "is not my daughter, but a very dear friend —Miss Dare; hoping to see you become good friends; would you alight and come into the house, or will you take tea out here?"

While laughing heartily at the comical idea, they stepped down, and we walked slowly towards the house.

"Mrs. H.," said Fred, "your husband must bear all the blame for this intrusion; he found me at the depot in the city of ———, and telling me that my parents were away from home, said I should remain with you until their return. I will at least rest for a few hours until I decide whether to go on to where they are or not."

When John came home from over in the city,

they two had good times talking all the long evening, and upon each returning evening it was the same way; there were so many to ask after, so much for each to tell, besides the general topics of the day and times.

Through the day I was busy, as all good housekeepers have need to be, and was obliged to delegate to Hannah the duty of entertaining our young friend. Of course I was worried at times lest he would find the long hours of confinement in the house tiresome, for they were both unaccountably bashful, and I told John so after several days had passed, and he, with a sly twinkle in his eye, said:

"See here, now, don't be alarmed; they'll amuse themselves and interest each other."

"But, John," said I, "had we not better invite your cousins to spend a week or so and try to make it lively for Fred?"

"Two's company and three's none," said John.

So I dropped the subject, and tried to spend all the time I could with them myself. I laid all the new books around close at hand; I brought out the chess-board, did everything in my power, and then felt as if I was not responsible if he did not have a good time, and I told John so.

I have never mentioned what a wonderfully

sweet singer our Hannah was; it did not take Fred long to find out the fact, so I comforted myself with the thought that she could sing for him anyway, and that would pass away some of the time.

Nor did it take very long for Hannah to find that Fred was a magnificent reader, and I concluded the long hours would glide away in an endurable manner, at least, in reading and singing.

One day I asked Hannah if she thought he remembered her as the lonely little orphan girl. She turned quickly towards me, and bursting into tears, said:

"Aunt, do not remind him of that yet; let me enjoy his friendship a little while as I am."

"Trust me, dear child," said I; "never will I reveal aught to hurt or pain you."

I was grieved, for now I saw that to her had come, either the supreme happiness of life, or that which would prove a poisoned arrow to corrode and rankle to the heart's core; like a flash I read, revealed upon her face, her heart's secret love for him.

Of course, I told John as quick as I had an opportunity—I always do—and of course, as usual, he said: "Don't worry yourself, it will be all right. Did it ever occur to you, wife, that if he

was not enjoying himself and feeling rather happy here, for one cause or another, he would go on to the water-cure establishment—to the parental arms?"

Well, I am pretty obtuse, John says, and I begin to think it; but nevertheless, with all my dullness, I did see that it was getting to be the old romance of "Under the Linden."

One evening John was at home, and we all sat in our pleasant parlor listening to Hannah's music; she and Fred had been singing some of the still popular Foster songs and southern camp-meeting hymns. They were touchingly beautiful, and we felt it to be so, when John suddenly spoke up, saying: "Hannah, sing my favorite, 'I Would not Live Always.'" "And mine, too," said Fred.

Without a word she played over the grand old tune "Frederick" once, then they sang it together beautifully, beautifully! I mean what I say. John does not often sing, but this time he sang bass, and Fred the tenor. When it was finished tears were in our eyes, for different and various reasons.

I said to myself, "Now, John did that on purpose; he's going to slip out, now, and then call me, so as to leave them alone, to see what'll happen," which would have been a very good plan; but you see, "Man proposes and God disposes,"

though sometimes God has more to do with the proposing, as well as the disposing, than we think.

As Fred turned away from the piano he said: "There is a story associated with that hymn in my mind which I must tell you. It is about a little girl, the dearest, sweet, earnest-eyed young girl I ever saw. I have wondered a thousand times if I should ever see her again on earth. She was an Odd Fellow's orphan child, and the only time I ever saw her was at the burial of her mother; that hymn was sung beside the grave. I have thought of her face, her eyes, her whole manner and appearance, with tender pity, with anxiety, hoping she found her friends, but fearing she may have fallen into evil hands."

Reader, it was a short story at most which he could tell, yet it was the other side, another phase of the same story we already knew, and invaluable as perfect corroboration of Hannah's version, if we felt need of any.

"Yes," said he, "I've thought of her when on the march, in lonely hours of night-watch, in prison and in hospital, and with thoughts of her would recur to mind God's words of promise to the orphan, and my own comforting knowledge of the watchful care of our order over the orphan children of its members, causing me to hope she

had fallen into such faithful hands. I sent the child a card to take to my mother, and it has always seemed strange my mother never heard of her or the card."

"Do you suppose you'd know her?" said John.

"I can not say certain, but I think so."

"I think you are very much mistaken. You've spent the last ten days in her presence (or a considerable portion of each day), and I've never seen or heard any sign of recognition. This is the little girl, and she can tell you herself if she fell into good hands."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Love! What a volume in a word, an ocean in a tear,
A seventh heaven in a glance, a whirlwind in a sigh,
The lightning in a touch, a millenium in a moment,
What concentrated joy or woe in blest or blighted love!

"For it is that native poetry springing up indigenous to mind,
The heart's own country music thrilling all its chords,
The story without an end that angels throng to hear,
The word, the king of words, carved on Jehovah's heart!"

Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy.

THEY do say that our volunteer army produced some as brave and efficient officers and soldiers as our military academies have ever sent forth, and it is also said by those who knew Fred Ronaldson that he stood as high as any for bravery, promptness and faithfulness; that he was never known to flinch in the face of danger, or to shrink from any known duty while in the service; and it struck me now that the best thing for him to do was to walk up like a man and congratulate Hannah on her escape from dangers, seen and unseen—in short, to speak and say something. However, on the contrary, he sat and looked at her, then looked down,

while she did exactly as he did, as if they were playing the play called "Do as I do."

They both turned very red in the face, and both looked exceedingly *gawky*."

"Well," said John, "suppose we have some more music; and while you two sing I'll go and get something to eat."

Now, whenever John desires to call me out of the room this is the strategem used, for he knows very well I will not trust him at the cupboard, for if there is a thing he ought not to touch or meddle with, he's sure to do it—sure to leave spoons, forks or napkins out of place, or in something which they ought not to be in. But I followed John out, remembering what he had said, "two are company, and three are none," and he is nearly always in the right. We left them to themselves, their music, their romance; and that is all I can tell you about it now, reader.

The next day brought news of the old people's return, the first of the week following, but we told our young friend he should remain quietly where he was, that the proper persons would attend to the warming and airing their house. He very quietly remained, and with *no apparent reluctance.*

The evening before he left our house he asked for a private interview with John and me, and

upon that occasion requested the privilege of paying special attention to Miss Dare with matrimonial intentions in view.

We gave our hearty approval and consent, but at the same time referred him to Hannah's guardian as the proper person to interview.

We assured Fred that nothing could give us greater pleasure than to know they were each so happily disposed of.

During the balance of the thirty days' furlough, time passed pleasantly away for all parties.

In all the little delicate attentions, the friendship offerings, the maneuverings to bring the lovers together, no one was half so faithful as our "Bert;" he was never too tired or too busy to fetch or carry the inevitable love notes and messages, or to walk or drive for their accommodation; was, in short, perfectly delighted to see her, his favorite, faithful friend, so very light of heart, so very happy.

Owing to the situation of army affairs now, it was not deemed necessary for Fred to return to his regiment, but after having his furlough renewed for another thirty days, he remained at home until in the month of June, 1865, when, under general order No. 77, of Adjutant General's

office, Washington, D. C., he was discharged at Camp Chase, Ohio.

The last few months of our young friend's service may have seemed to pass in pleasant idleness; but if so, even he had earned a little ease and comfort by three long years of active service in camp and battle-field, amid shot and shell, by suffering from hunger and thirst, from heat and cold, on the long line of march, and by the final agony of imprisonment. No, *our* veteran soldier boy had *won* all the comforts and honors he could get now; all the money and the scars he carried were justly his, won by faithful discharge of duty, and in patient endurance of suffering. The record of company B was among the best, and the veterans of that company can tell you of their pride in their brave young lieutenant.

"By many a blue-waved river,
And where old ocean's surge
Wakes through the solemn ages,
An anthem and a dirge,

"Unmoved by the bugle's summons,
Or drum's deep reveille,
While angels guard above them,
Sleep the men of Company B."

In the early fall, having become engaged in business, our young friend having received the sanction of Lawyer Blackwell to his engagement for

marriage with our Hannah, now urged our consent and hers to an early marriage ceremony.

And when I thought it over, I said to myself, "Why not?"

If she was, as too many of the young girls of our day are, vain, thoughtless, inexperienced, idle and selfish, the prospect for happiness to herself or the man upon whom she would be inflicted must be exceedingly poor. On the contrary, her habits had been simple, her desires humble and grounded in good sense. She had been trained and educated to fill a useful position as a poor man's daughter; was a thoroughly practical housekeeper, and also had refinement and culture enough, upon laying those employments aside, to be a fit companion and wife to an educated man of wealth.

We had aimed to do as we would be done by, and in that effort and intention had educated and trained her as we would wish our little ones, fitted for honest wives and true mothers.

One day I said to Hannah, "My child, I fear you are too young to marry; it may not be best to marry now."

"Why not? If I wait twenty years I shall not respect him more highly or love him better than now."

And I echoed the question, "Why not?" truly!

Life is short enough at best, without wasting youth's golden hours.

Hannah's guardian and John gave their hearty consent to their marriage, but rather advised her to postpone the event until she should be past eighteen years old. After many and long consultations the day was finally set, and it was for a very early date. Fred's advice outweighed theirs.

I watched, and thought, and studied them both. They were both proud. Hannah Dare's pride made her want to be loved and married for self alone, and not for that money, should she ever get it; and Fred Ronaldson could not bear to wait until the possible fortune was at her command, and then play the role of fortune-grabber; and we three older heads nodded over it and said, "No matter; just as well now as ever."

And so, when just a little past seventeen years old, the Odd Fellow's orphan child became the honored, happy bride of one of the best young citizens of the city of ———.

The poor little waif, left alone, out in the world, so situated that she might have become, as thousands do, lost—worse than dead—might have been "one more unfortunate," only but for the safe protection, the tender care of the brotherhood, who stood father, mother, friend, all in one, to her.

The wedding, when it came off, was a quiet one, at our house, the invited guests being Fred's parents, Hannah's guardian, her favorite teachers and classmates, and a few of her father's old friends in the city. Just after the ceremony the kind-hearted mother placed in the bride's hand "a little token of respect and love to our beloved daughter," enclosed in an envelope with a little note, and which, upon examination, proved to be a deed for a city lot and house.

After the young couple had started away on their bridal trip Lawyer Blackwell announced to me his intention to furnish that house for them; said he, "I never had an occasion to furnish a house, but have always wanted to, and as I am too old and ugly to marry this will probably be my last opportunity to display my taste."

And for the next ten days the sedate old attorney seemed as happy as a boy with a new fishing-tackle; the powers of his mind seemed entirely absorbed in matching carpets, window-shades and upholstery; in finding out all the conveniences for a kitchen, and the general essentials to comfort and ease in housekeeping.

After selecting and buying all himself, he invited John and me over to inspect and pass judg-

ment on the selections, which really we could but pronounce perfect.

"Well," said he, wiping the perspiration from his glowing face, and laughing heartily, "I have enjoyed this work more than anything I have done for years; it gives me a boyish enthusiasm worth more to me than all the money value of the articles and labor. And now, as I am through with my part, I will let you and Mrs. H. arrange and bring order out of this confusion."

When they returned from their bridal trip their cosy little home was ready for them, ready for the select tea party, which she gave to the two families and the dear old guardian.

In all our city there was no more honest, honorable, respected wife and daughter; no prouder, happier woman, as she stepped cheerfully around her little home, as faithfully performing household duties as if there was no thought of over a million of dollars waiting the slow process of law to settle her right to claim it.

John tells as a nice little joke on her, that she confided to him that her chief object in marrying was to become a Daughter of Rebekah; and her good old guardian says: "Indeed, child, I have known far worse reasons than that for marrying, and but few better ones."

When Hannah's mother, Nannie Holton, was first married, there was no Rebekah Degree, and not until long after the death of the first husband, and after her marriage to the second, was that degree established; otherwise, much of this tale could not have been written. The brotherhood and sisterhood would have protected the widow, would have advised, warned of danger and imposition, and saved her from its consequences.

In these days, and only at this late date, have we not only the Daughters of Rebekah, who are wives of the members of the fifth degree, but the daughters and sisters of such members now are also entitled to that degree.

CHAPTER XIX.

It may *seem* an easy thing to break a will; we may feel that we have conclusive evidence, which shall at once render null and void said "last will and testament;" we may know certain facts beyond the shadow of a doubt to our own minds, but when we come to state those bare facts, dates or statistics, to be sworn to in open court, they may suddenly shrink and dwindle down to insignificance.

After the first excitement of the occasion with us there came a revulsion of feeling, and for months after we had subsided into a state of perfect quiet; the subject was dropped entirely, if not forgotten.

We ourselves had never for one moment doubted that Hannah Dare was the niece and lawful heir to at least half of the vast estate of Mrs. J. B. Hargrave.

Several years back Mrs. Hargrave had mentioned to me the fact of having received frequent

"But for the watchful care of the brotherhood, she might have been '*one more unfortunate*'—lost, worse than dead."

letters from her father's agent at the south, in regard to his property matters, and at one time mentioned a letter from her father, who was in Zurich, Switzerland.

Although, as I have said, we women had subsided on the will question, and felt it no use to try, the watchful care, the dogged perseverance of the faithful guardian had never slumbered or slept; and though with few words about it, for months he was quietly pursuing his investigations.

One day, about a year after Hannah's marriage, he called at our house to confer with John, and announced to him that he had, step by step, traced a clear chain of evidence of her identity back to the hour of her birth; had the depositions to prove that the Hannah Dare known by us and recognized by Putnam Brouster as his step-child was the Hannah Dare born in a city in the northeast part of the state, the child of Frank Dare and Nannie, *supposed* to be his wife. There was no missing link in the chain of evidence; he had every one of the deposing witnesses; had their depositions, and could also command their presence, if actually necessary.

"Well," said John, "what more do we want?"

"To prove Nannie Dare to have been the lawful

wife of Frank Dare, as well as mother of their child."

"Preposterous!" said John.

"And yet very necessary," said the lawyer.

"How can you do it though?"

"That's the point I am resting on now, my friend. The grandfather was still alive in Europe when last heard from, which was not very lately; so Mrs. Hargrave's attorney informs me. I was hoping to secure knowledge from him in regard to the marriage. You remember, Mrs. H., you told me of a conversation with Mrs. Hargrave in which she mentioned the fact that her sister sent home her certificate of marriage. Now, if we could only find that. Owing to the troubled, unsettled condition in the south, I dislike to make the trip, but will do so, if there is no other way, in order to examine the records there."

John and he chatted on quite a while, and parted with no further important items of news.

After their departure, however, as I sat sewing and thinking of various conversations I'd had with the old lady in days gone by, there were impressions floating around in my mind of something which did not at first assume a tangible form, a something which I felt I knew, and yet did not know in one sense.

All the rest of the day and night I was trying to recall the memory of something in the past. I slept, and awoke in the early morning with the impression clearly defined.

Years ago, probably when Colonel Holton sailed for Europe, or soon after, several boxes of things, probably valuables, which were to be given to Mrs. Hargrave, in case he never returned, were sent to her from the south.

I did not see the boxes unpacked, but from some source I felt that I knew them to have contained books and papers. I did know that some of the books in the fine library bore Colonel Holton's stamped name on the fly-leaves.

If books and papers were sent, why might not that important paper be one of them? Might not this woman, the only sister, have been entrusted with that certificate, even if she had not chosen to keep it from love for her sister. Knowing that Lawyer Blackwell was to start east on the following day for a somewhat lengthy stay, I dropped him a note telling him my thoughts and views; he immediately came to me, saying he had conferred with Mrs. Hargrave's lawyer and had received his consent to join him, with Hannah and me, in a search among books and papers for the certificate or any other evidence.

We found, as I had supposed, quite a large number of books with the Holton name, evidently the old colonel's books, but no papers, and were beginning to feel disheartened, when Hannah called our attention to a large book wrapped in paper and placed very high above all others, possibly a family Bible. It was soon handed down, and found to be a fine old Bible, bound in Turkey morocco, with the name "Holton" in large gold letters on the cover.

Laying it upon the table, we clustered around Hannah, and, as if by mutual consent, let her unclasp the heavy gold clasps and silently open the book to the family record, where we found, safely treasured and fastened in by tiny wafers underneath the marriage of the father and mother and only sister, the certificate of marriage between Frank Dare, of Ohio, and Nannie Holton, of Louisiana.

It was poorly written, and bore the appearance of having been crushed, and probably thrown away in doubt of its validity, or in anger; however, there it *was*, and we breathed sighs of relief.

Our lawyer immediately proceeded to take a copy of the document, and thanked Mrs. Hargrave's attorney for the privilege he had accorded us in permitting and aiding the search.

"Only my duty, sir, to aid in finding the lawful heirs."

"And," said Lawyer Blackwell, "I must trespass upon your good nature still farther by asking for either Colonel Holton's address or that of his business agent at the south, for although *I* consider this evidence perfectly satisfactory, yet I want my client to win the case triumphantly, and beyond the shadow of a doubt."

Having received all desired information it was possible for the lawyer to give we left the fine old mansion, never to darken its doors again until we should walk in with the fair young mistress and owner of it.

Before leaving for the east our lawyer took initiatory steps towards a correspondence with parties at the south in regard to the all-important point to be settled.

Some three months later finds Fred Ronaldson and his wife on their way to Louisiana, accompanied by Lawyer Blackwell.

Letters from Colonel Holton's agent brought intelligence of the colonel's return from Europe some months previous, in very feeble health, but with much kinder feelings towards the orphan child of his daughter than would once have been supposed possible.

It was hence deemed fit and proper for this step to be taken, not only to substantiate her claims, but to establish friendly feelings towards herself from her only surviving relative.

I have said that many of those beautiful southern homes were unmolested during the war, and this was one of the number which had been spared to a great extent.

The handsome residence, surrounded by verandahs, the long carriage drive or avenue approaching it, shaded on each side by live oaks, covered with graceful drapery of gray moss sweeping to the ground; the clematis, crape myrtle, magnolia and woodbine—all lending their charm to the scene.

In the distance was the settlement of snow-white cabins, sufficient in number for the five hundred field hands, many of whom still chose to remain with their old master. All these things served to compose a scene entirely new and attractive to these visitors from the north, and in their striking contrast to the humble home, the final resting-place of one of the fair daughters of the proud old owner, it was touchingly, painfully, forcible.

To Hannah, this visit to her dead mother's home was filled with sacred, solemn thoughts; she looked

in awe upon all these things; she touched reverently many things which she knew intuitively belonged to, or were dear to that mother. She paid reverential visits to the graves of the beloved ones in the family cemetery; it was a dream life to her. The reverential feeling partook largely of the nature of an eastern devotee, kneeling at some saint's shrine.

Under one of the five old oaks was a rustic seat, made long years before; 'twas whispered by some of the darkeys, "for Miss Nannie, by her lover."

In that chair Hannah sat hours at a time brooding over the pitiful fate of her poor young mother laid in her distant, lonely grave.

The proud old colonel, though bowed by age somewhat, still paced the long verandah with his courtly air and flashing eyes, as if he defied the fates to humble him.

As soon as he learned the business object of the visit south, his family pride at once asserted itself, and he took active measures to ascertain if the person who performod the marriage and issued the certificate still lived, and that being found to be the case, he and the two gentlemen drove across the country to his residence and found a plain, fair record. Having taken his deposition, the evidence was complete.

This much being accomplished, Lawyer Blackwell now desired to start north immediately to lay claim to the Hargrave estate for his two clients, Colonel Holton and Hannah D. Ronaldson.

After consultation, Fred and Hannah decided to return with him; inasmuch as the trip was made for their benefit, they thought it not right that he should travel alone.

In all their sojourn there, Colonel Holton had asked no questions in regard to the life or death of his daughter Nannie, and even if he had done so, Hannah was fully decided to tell naught of the poverty and bitter sorrow through which she had passed; her love for her father was equal to the love for the mother, and she felt that every additional item would add to the accumulated blame against her father for winning her away from her southern home, and all the consequences which followed; and so she told him *nothing.*

When the parting hour came it was with the assurance to each other that they would meet again soon. The young folks positively promised to revisit the place at some future, early day.

As they walked across the lawn to where the family carriage stood waiting for the journey, the proud old colonel was pale as the dead; and when he grasped the hand of his grandchild to say good-

by, the pent-up grief and love of years burst forth as he cried out: "Oh, Nannie! oh, Nannie! why did you *ever* leave me?" For a few seconds he stood with bowed head like those who look upon their dead; his frame shook with sobs and tears.

"Grandfather," said Hannah, "would you like me to stay with you?"

"No, no, child, you are like her and yet *not* like her; you could never fill her place; I wish you well for her sake; come again, and in the future I may grow used to your presence."

They all parted kindly, hoping to meet again the next winter.

The legality of the claims of Colonel Holton and his grandchild being established at the next term of court, the Hargrave property passed into their hands.

Reader, I have my wish at last; the day came at last when the fine old mansion was thrown open to the light and sunshine of heaven; glad voices, music and laughter have chased away gloom and silence.

The generous-hearted young mistress of that home and all its comforts makes it her study, apparently, to see how many different kinds of people she can bring together within its walls to partake of and enjoy its hospitality.

Soon after getting possession of the large means, Hannah pronounced it *too much* for any *one woman* to have and enjoy, and she set about disposing of much of it for the benefit of the poor and afflicted.

In deference to the known wishes of the departed, she gave ten thousand dollars to a foreign mission, and with the remainder of a one hundred thousand dollars she endowed an orphans' asylum, a widows' home, and several other worthy institutions.

The city newsboys and bootblacks are frequently indebted to her for a luxurious "spread"—especially on holidays—a fine reading-room and good stores of books she helps to maintain for them. Her private charities are unceasing, and in the *true spirit.*

It is truly refreshing to see occasionally a person who accepts wealth as a trust, or loan, from God, the Great Father of all, and who, feeling this fact, enjoys their privilege and power reverently, living for the benefit of their fellow-man.

Hannah had her wish gratified in becoming a Daughter of Rebekah, and for years she has taken an active part in works of benevolence; she has taken her position in the front ranks in visiting the sick and afflicted among the order, with tears of sympathy for sorrow, words of comfort and

good cheer. She is never backward in giving; and not only idle words does she give, but the open hand with heart in it, and accompanied with the means of help when needed. Life seems one round of joyful thanksgiving for the wealth and prosperity, which she expresses in practical deeds.

She takes her stand among the daughters and sisters in gentle humility, and yet as if honored to march to the humblest funeral, whether it be just the thing in fashionable society or not.

The first dollar of her wealth which she expended was in removing the remains of her dead mother and little Dick to the pleasant village graveyard where her father lay buried, and in erecting a handsome monument to the memory of those parents.

In taking a retrospective glance over the past few years and the record of those years, I am impelled to say with these lines:

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

* * * * *

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

"His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

CHAPTER XX.

"There is a work for all to do;
Do thine with diligence and might,
For time is flying past recall,
And day soon ends in night."

"Improve the moments as they fly,
Too precious to be thrown away;
And if thy work be great or small,
Do what thou canst to-day."

SUMMARY.

WHEN peace was restored to our country, in appearance, at least, if not entirely in spirit, our good friends, Fred Ronaldson and Hannah, his wife, made a trip to the south, and spent a few weeks in the home of that pleasant family in Georgia, to whom Fred felt he was indebted for his life.

He now formed the acquaintanc of the "colonel," or rather the general, the head of the family, and enjoyed his hospitality, assisted by his amiable and sensible wife, and their son, the one-armed ex-Confederate soldier.

Many and long were the talks they had over the late unpleasantness between the north and the

south, and when the discussions grew rather warm over the reconstruction topic, they very discreetly changed the theme and returned to domestic matters or subjects of a different nature.

The gentlemen could with perfect safety talk over the crops of rice and cotton, or the merits of different brands of cigars, or the good traits of horse or hound; and the ladies could with equal safety and discretion compare overskirt patterns, polonaise and frizzes, or extol the beauty of little Nellie Ronaldson's eyes and long, silky curls, and watch with unabated interest the first efforts of a splendid little fellow in a perambulator, which one of the young darkeys had manufactured for his benefit.

Old "Uncle Tom" still lingered on the shores of time, with hair as white as wool and face like ebony, his undiminished admiration for "massa kurnel, de Yankee sojer," surpassed only by his adoration for the "jenural of de los' coz;" but apparently it mattered little, so far as he was concerned, whether lost or gained, for had he not "toted dem all roun' in dese yer ole arms" for three generations, and why should he not have a snug corner in their hearts and homes in his old age? And he had it.

They met with pleasure, enjoyed the pleasant

interviews, and parted fast friends, meeting no more, and rarely hearing from each other, until the dark days of the summer of 1878, when the dread scourge of yellow fever swept over those fair southern cities, and death held high carnival in the land.

The horrors of that time are beyond the power of tongue or pen to describe; feelings of desolation and despair reigned paramount over all.

But in and through all those scenes of horror the signal of distress was promptly responded to by secret organizations at the north, and by none more promptly or more generously than by the I. O. O. F. Foremost in prompt action and practical measures were our friends Fred and Hannah, not only to give of their private funds, but to project and execute aid to the sick and protection to those in health. The one-armed ex-Confederate soldier, being engaged in business in one of those fair southern cities at the time of the outbreak of the scourge, opened up communications with Fred Ronaldson at the north, and having passed through the fever himself in a former siege, devoted himself to his fellow-men through the prolonged visitation, and became the dispenser of the generous bounty of those two, bound to him in the sacred ties of brotherhood. The friendship of

years, begun in sorrow, affliction and helpless distress on one side, and so readily relieved by the other, was cemented now by the tears and prayers of distress and cries for assistance nobly responded to by the former sufferer. The beauty of the principles and teachings of the brotherhood gained new lustre during those trying scenes. Those were the days and the occasions for *living* the mottoes of the order.

After a couple of years Colonel Holton grew weary of his lonely plantation home, and having been visited twice by his grandchild, missed her, and yearned for her presence, and finally accepted her urgent invitation to visit; and finally, yielding to his own heart's desire and listening to her plea, he remained with her in her home.

Time and sorrow were doing their work at last towards humbling his arrogant pride; prejudice was giving way before the potent power of reason and experience; he had come to the point where his soul cried out for fellowship, friendship and love.

We can not live alone. God has formed us to be dependent upon each other, and those who feel and acknowledge it earliest in life are happy and useful longest.

Reader, my story draws towards its close; your acquaintance with John and me is at an end.

Although you may never have met the incomparable Miss V., with her "so sweet" ways, her false heart and false tongue, her flirtations, tattlings, and generally useless life, you have met the character under some different name. Her name really is legion in one sense. In whatever town, city or part of the country you may reside, she is there I have no doubt.

You will find the same type of character among the rich and the poor, and wherever and whenever met, it is a character to be shunned and condemned.

Sometimes she appears as I have shown her, wearing the robes of religion and apparently doing church work in the way of *soliciting* for festivals, or for building, repairing and embellishing the temporal interests of the church, with a subscription paper in one hand and a dagger to stab you in the back as you turn from her.

With education and a shoddy refinement, belonging to one of the "first families," is her most pernicious phase, as being calculated to do more harm, having capacity for greater mischief, greater social power to corrupt the morals of the young thrown under her influence to be trained by her example.

Mrs. Hargrave, with her morbid fancies, her

starved, lonely, selfish life in the midst of plenty, which the Lord had loaned to her for a purpose which she signally failed in executing, is a character drawn from life; and although you and I, reader, may seldom find all the details combined in one character, under one name, yet the peculiarities *have* existed and do *yet* exist.

We have many of us known a Colonel Holton with or without a title, with his arrogant pride and self will that would not bend, and could only break under with the dying out of physical powers, strength and life.

And here and there we do see, thank God, not so very seldom, a good, a grand character, good and grand in its details, like that of Lawyer Blackwell, scorning not to do the little works of love, living much for the best good of the human family, acknowledging the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of the race. A man—

> "Formed on the good old plan—
> A true, and brave, and downright honest man!
> * * * * * *
> His daily prayer far better understood
> In acts than words, was simply *doing good.*
> So calm, so constant, was his rectitude,
> That by his loss alone we know his worth,
> And feel how true a man has walked the earth."

And we all have, at some time or another,

known such tender, true-hearted, loving characters as Nannie Holton, who cheerfully give up wealth, position, name and home for love of the one true, good man for whom she thinks God has made her; to go with him and cleave to him till death shall part them, deeming it all none too much to give; and happy are they if, as in Nannie Holton's first choice, love's labor proves to be for an honorable, honest man. God pity the woman who, with loving heart, childlike disposition and perfect, unquestioning trust, falls into evil hands, as did she in her second choice!

You, perhaps, have never seen Putnam Breuster, the gentlemanly idler, with his refined taste, extravagrant, reckless habits, with no thought or care as to his influence and example; the cultured, fascinating man, upon whose education no means had been spared to render him fit and worthy to bear the good old name his honored father bore, yet whose life, notwithstanding *all*, had been proved a failure for want of good moral training and development.

Chief-Justice McLean, near the close of his life, said: "Education without moral training may increase national knowledge but adds nothing to national virtue."

All around us we see Putnam Breusters, with

little variations in the programme of amusements and employments through life, and in the final closing scenes of death. They do not all receive the prompt justice of the law for violations of that law, and yet the best that can be said of the man of such character is, "he was his own worst enemy," or, "he lived to no purpose."

In the days gone by the secret societies of our land were looked upon with distrust, disfavor, suspicion and fear by many outside the orders, particularly by some of the churches.

Dark and devious ways were ascribed to men who could bind themselves together for life and in death, by solemn vows and oaths, never to tell how they amused themselves or occupied their time in those hours of secret conclave. Unlimited powers for good or evil, and principally for evil, were supposed to be possessed and wielded by them. Good church membership and the bonds of the mystic tie were deemed incompatible.

But those days are nearly or quite passed away, and the legitimate and proper workings of the orders and that of the Christian churches are known and generally acknowledged to be founded upon the same great principles and truths in God's law, as given in the Holy Scriptures.

There are in the United States of America

nearly 500,000 members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows; a vast body of men of every trade and profession from all honorable classes of society.

Thousands of these men are professors of religion, brought into direct contact with thousands more who are not Christians in one sense of the word, though doing the Christian work of the benevolent order most faithfully. But are the Christian brothers exerting all their proper moral influence over their associates in the brotherhood? Is there not a field of labor here neglected to a certain extent?

The beauty and power of the system is its union and concerted action in works of benevolence. In that lies the secret of their success.

The benevolent fund of the order is immense—said to be the largest in the world—the average amount expended in acts of benefit for the sick and afflicted being over three dollars per minute of time, or over a million dollars per annum. What grand results from *united effort!*

If the brotherhood would, as a *unit*, feel their obligations to labor for the moral culture, the spiritual elevation of their fellow men, as well as for their pecuniary and temporal welfare, they would strike a chord which would vibrate throughout the

nation, *all over the world*, and act and *react* into eternity. What a harvest of good would be the result from such an army of workers.

If each one of those hundreds of thousands of brothers would exert a strong moral influence for good, a restraining power from evil upon some one youth outside *their ranks*, how much could be done towards depopulating our prisons, and lessening the sum total of human depravity and human misery.

Large numbers of the brotherhood are men who fill public offices in our land, men of high position, men of wealth and influence, which, if brought to bear upon the proper objects, in the right way, and at the right time, could accomplish incalculable good towards the suppression of evil habits. What better work than winning souls from evil ways, than lifting up from that which is debasing, demoralizing?

The world has need of the upright, downright sort of men who dare to do right themselves and to expect in and exact it of those with whom they are associated and whom they employ.

"The world wants men, true men,
Who can not be bought or sold;
Men who will scorn to violate trust,
Genuine gold.

"The world wants men, pure men,
Free from the taint of sin;
Men whose lives are clean without
And pure within."

The world has need of the faithful services of *women*—Daughters of Rebekah—"to comfort the sick and afflicted, to bury the dead, and educate the orphans."

The characters of my story are drawn from real life, gathered together for the purpose of portraying a few moral lessons suggested to me by years of observation and experience.

If I am so fortunate as to suggest trains of thought and reflection in other minds which will lead to acts and words of Christian love and benevolence, then this story, possessing no artistic skill, full of *provincialisms* and other demerits, will not prove an entire failure. Hoping that these thoughts and fancies hold no power for evil, have no influence unfit to continue on into the hereafter, that they may result in deeds bearing fruit over on the "Other Shore," I very humbly submit it to the reader's mercy and watchful care of the brotherhood.