

"EVEN THIS WILL PASS AWAY."

Of all the proverbs quaint and sweet, That burdened souls so often greet, As some wise voice from ancient clay, There sure is none in whose belief The worn words such sweet relief, As "Even this will pass away."

When weary hands from early dawn Till lengthening twilight set on, And know not surcease day by day; How gladly comes the sweet refrain, That echoes o'er and o'er again, "This, even this, will pass away."

When burdens that are hard to bear Would sink the soul 'neath black despair, And whitening lips refuse to pray; Faith's lovely face o'er them will glow, And sweet her voice that whispers low, "But even this will pass away."

When earth to earth and dust to dust, Is read above our hearts' sad trust, And we in anguish turn away; The bitter cup less bitter seems, When through its dregs the bright truth gleams, That even this will pass away.

You, even this! With hearts bowed down We stand beside the new-made mound, And long to greet the coming day, When weary feet have found the way, When hands are folded o'er the breast; And all life's woes have passed away, —Margaret Meliae Lackey in New Orleans Picayune.

A WAR TRAGEDY.

If you have never been in the valley of the Tennessee—I mean that part of the famous valley that stretches southwestward from the great Sand mountain to the picturesque table lands of Monte Sano, you have missed a scene the fairest of all in that country of fair scenes. I will not attempt to describe it. I cannot do it justice. No one can. It is the paradise of north Alabama, and in the heart of that far southern district devastated by war, and yet thanks to its protecting bulwark of mountains, its pleasant homes and well tilled lands escaped almost unscathed.

Not many miles to the north is Lookout mountain and the battlefields of Mission Ridge and Chickamauga. Further to the south and west, and on the same great trunk line that passes within the shadow of the heights on which Hooker fought his "battle in the clouds," is that already famous young city of phenomenal growth, Decatur, and beyond that, the new Sheffield and war scarred Corinth.

But while this corner of the great valley saw little of either blue coats or gray—except, perhaps, an occasional foraging party that advanced from the railroad and into the garden land between the big hills—the valley gave its best blood for the cause of the Confederacy, and sons and brothers left the cotton un-picked in the field to join Bragg and his gathering hosts across the border line of Tennessee, or to follow the fortunes of Morgan or Stuart on their cavalry raids to the north.

Back from the Tennessee, in a cove protected from the partners by the broad back of Monte Sano, a hardy mountain farmer had built a house of uncut stone—a poor place at best, but a home for the sake of what was in it. It was not a typical southern home, for the good wife and mother was housekeeper, dairymaid and gardener all in one, while the two strapping boys, with their father, did the work which on other plantations fell to the task of the negro slaves. At the nearest store, at Maysville, old John Rogers was, with indiscriminate courtesy, dubbed "colonel." Why, he never knew. Perhaps no one else did. Even before the war military titles were popular in Dixie. Now they are all colonels. So few privates escaped the war.

Among the negroes "Col." John was looked upon with some disdain. A man who "worked" his farm without a single black "boy" was not likely to win the respect of the "quarters" at the big plantations on the river. Farmers who worked were "poor white trash" in those days of easy indulgence. But "Col." John thrived for all that, and never a home in all the broad valley was happier than in the little cove under the shadow of Monte Sano.

News travels slow in the country. In those days few newspapers found their way into the Tennessee valley of Alabama, and the first shock of war at Fort Sumter was too far away to affect the tranquility of the people by the great river. Then came the frantic call for troops by the government at Montgomery, and the great valley was at last awakened to the horrors of war. A recruiting office was opened at Huntsville, ten miles away, on the other side of Monte Sano, and husbands and fathers, and sons left their homes and people and went away to the war. The valley of the Tennessee was desolate. The negroes went flocking northward in search of the army of emancipation, and the cotton was left in the fields to spoil. There came a time when even food was scarce, and beef was worth its weight in the strange new scrip the Confederate government had issued.

"Col." John fared worse than many, although for months after the boys of the lower valley had gone away into Tennessee, his sons yielded to the wish of the old folks and stayed at home. The time came, however, when honor compelled them to go, and they went; but the eyes of the aged mother were wet with tears, and the face of the white-haired "Col." John was strangely old, when they bade their boys good-bye.

There are brave hearts here at home who remember those sad farewells, when the boys in blue went far away to fight and die on these southern battlefields. There were the same sad partings in many a southern home, and the war left hundreds of decimated families in that fair valley.

Months passed and then years. Occasionally letters from the absent soldier boys came to the old folks in the cove, but they were few and very far between. They had gone north and enlisted in the Army of Virginia. They had been at Bull Run and had been on the peninsula in the checkerboard operations of McClellan's campaign. The latest letter, scribbled in pencil and written in haste, and read in that little home with aching yet thankful hearts, told of good health and Confederate success. Side by side the brothers had fought, as yet unhurt. Next they were to go with Lee into the land of promise—the rich, corn growing valleys of Pennsylvania.

Gettysburg came, and the Army of Virginia, rudely awakened from its victorious security, was hurled back across Maryland and into Virginia again by the military genius of Meade. In the carnage of the first day the older brother was killed. The younger, while retreating with his decimated regiment from an unsuccessful charge, was taken prisoner. In company with several other Alabama soldiers, young Rogers, even then a mere boy, was brought to Philadelphia, and from here sent to Fort Delaware, as a prisoner of war. There he remained until the surrender of Lee at Appomattox Court House. The sad news of the battle of Gettys-

burg was slow in reaching the little home by Monte Sano, but when it did come it broke the spirit of "Col." John and turned still whiter the head of the sweet fatherly mother; for it was said that in the battle both boys had fallen under the shower of Federal balls. It was not long before there was a "burying" from the house in the cove, and the body of "Col." John was laid to rest among the pines he loved so well.

And the mother? She too would gladly have died, but nature was too strong. The time came, moreover, when she was glad that death had spared her, for there came to her from far away Fort Delaware a letter from her surviving boy, telling of the older brother's death and the younger one's imprisonment. She read the letter many times, and as the tears rolled down her sunken cheeks, she fell on her knees and thanked God that one son at least had been spared to her. A sudden recollection possessed her. She would leave the little home in the cove, and go away to the north. She would go to Fort Delaware, and they would not refuse to let a mother see her son—even a "Confederate" mother. Once she had looked upon his face again she would have courage to wait for his release.

Traveling was slow. Weeks passed before she was enabled to get through the opposing lines and into Washington. At last, dying from want, sorrow and fatigue, she stood in the commandant's room at Fort Delaware with written permission to see and speak with the boy she loved so well.

They told sad stories of Fort Delaware in the south. They call it the Libby prison of the north. I don't like to believe it. Neither do you. They say that after a certain engagement the northern generals accused the Confederates of outrageous cruelty, and in retaliation a score of more prisoners were taken from the fort and ignominiously hanged. Perhaps they are mistaken, and that there were better grounds for hanging than that.

By some means a rumor had gained credence in the prisoner's barracks that something of the kind was to take place, while the impression prevailed that special vengeance was to be meted out to the soldiers of Alabama, because of alleged outrages committed by regiments from that state. Young Rogers was not a coward, but he had no desire to meet so unadvisedly a death. With that inventive genius which develops so rapidly among those held in confinement, the prisoners in Rogers' "gang" dug out the stone work and earth under one of the banks, and thus secured, not only a comparatively safe hiding place for pilfered provisions, but also for one or more of their number when occasion demanded that they should keep under cover for a time.

The rumor that retaliatory measures were in order struck consternation to many a brave heart, and when, for any reason, a Federal orderly came to the prisoners' barracks and called the name of a "Johnny Reb," there was a general feeling of misgiving, and an effort made, when possible, to discover for what purpose the prisoner was wanted before answering to his name. So that when one day the barracks were excited to a fever pitch by the calling of a dozen names or more, and the name of "Joe Rogers" rang with startling distinctness in the ears of that young Alabamian, he did not wait to be seen, but hurriedly crawled into the "grub" hole, and held his breath for fear of discovery and the consequences that would follow. Three times the orderly called:

"Joe Rogers! Joe Rogers! Joe Rogers!" rang through the long corridor.

Then the prisoners crowded around, and the orderly seemed to be unawful that Rogers had failed to answer to his name. He went away, and on the records it was written that Joe Rogers had been transferred—as even the officers thought—to be hanged.

A sad look came into the face of the commanding officer when the white haired woman gave him the slip of paper that to her meant so much.

"Rogers is not here now," he said, finally.

She looked at him, dazed by the intelligence.

"Not—here?"

"No; he has been transferred."

"Where?"

"The officer had a heart."

"I do not know," he said. He could not tell that sad-eyed woman what he believed to be the truth.

But he could not deceive her.

"He is dead!" she cried, wildly, and tottering forward she clasped her hands across her breast and sank into a chair.

"My poor boy!" she sobbed. "I loved you so, and yet I was too late!"

The parched lips closed over the sad gray eyes; the tired head fell forward; the nervous fingers relaxed their hold.

"Come," said the officer, kindly; "you must go now. I cannot permit you to remain here."

HE NUMBERED HIS CHILDREN.

Curious Was a Tennessee Father Christened His Boys and Girls.

"Do you not find in Tennessee many queer Christian names?" a gentleman asked a friend who had just returned from a visit among the hills.

"Yes, for Christian names—or rather in this case 'given' names, for some of them are decidedly unchristian—have ever been of interest to me. I found just this side of Bear Wallow a young fellow named Longdistilled Peterson, and a little further on I fell in with a gentleman named Allwood Jones. Mr. Allwood Jones was a circuit rider, he informed me, and he asked me to stop at a small log church and hear him preach. I did so, and must say that Allwood's sermon was more than a yard wide. One afternoon I stopped at a house and addressed a young fellow who sat on the fence:

"Who lives here?"

"We do."

"Yes, but who are 'we'?"

"Pap, mur an' the rest uv us."

"Just then a man came out, and as he approached, said: 'Six, git down often that fence an' leip Four chop some wood. Stranger,' addressing me, 'won't you git down?' As I was in much need of rest I dismounted. The man yelled, 'Come here, Seven, an' take the stranger's horse.'"

"I was conducted into the house, and in that cordial manner the peculiar social property of southern backwoods-men was urged to make myself at home. My host's name was Beasley and was kin to old Ham Bledsoe what lives in middle Tennessy near Drake's creek summers. Mrs. Beasley moved a lot of clothes which she had hung in front of the fire, kicked a cat, spanked with a shovel an enormous brindle dog, and told me to feel easy, for she would get a snack to eat after a while. I had never seen so many children belonging to one family. Look which way I might I caught sight of dirty faces and tow heads.

"You have quite a family," I said to Mr. Beasley.

"Ruther, but we live in er big neighborhood, whar we've all got room."

"I should think that you would have found some trouble in selecting names for all your children."

"I didn't, though. I know that a great many folks have had trouble in that way, an' I was determined to steer clear uv it, so I 'dopted a rule; an' when the first child was born we called him One. The next was named Two, the next Three, an' so on. Why, it worked like a charm, and we didn't have a bit uv trouble. I would advise everybody to 'dopt the rule. One is married to a sorter slouch uv a woman and lives down yan on the branch. Two is a hoss trader. All the rest air at home. 'Three thar,' turning to a blushing girl, 'is old anuff to git married. Eight, don't stand so close to the fire; you'll scorch yer britches. Mur, make Nine an' Eleven behave tharselves. Twelve, go on now an' rock the cradle, fur don't you hear Sixteen cryin'?"

"Yes, it was a very large family, and I don't know how Mr. Beasley could have managed had he not adopted the numerical system."—Arkansas Traveler.

Snow in Chicago.

A Chicago man came to the city the other day, and he began to tell his New York acquaintances what a big and bustling and prosperous place was the metropolis of Illinois. Everything was on a gigantic scale there, he said, even the evil odors. The bacteria in the water were mammoths beside the product of the effete Croton. Chicago's buildings were taller, her elevators were huger, her private residences were more magnificent, her parks were far and away beyond anything New York could show. Even nature was proud of Chicago, and there she gave the most notable demonstrations of her power. The winds blew stronger, the rain and snow fell deeper than they ever did on Manhattan Island.

"Why," quoth the Chicagoan, "in our city I have frequently seen the snow a foot above the telegraph and telephone wires."

"Indeed! You don't mean it," responded his victim.

"Oh, but I do. You see, most of our wires are in the subways."—New York Times.

Didn't Like the Phrase.

The first book of any kind published in Philadelphia was Atkin's Almanack for the year 1686. It was an unpagged pamphlet of twenty pages, only two copies of which are now known to exist, each being worth more than its weight in \$20 notes. The first copy of the "Almanack" printed was sent to Col. Markham, Penn's deputy, who reported to the provincial council that it declared Pennsylvania to have been organized by "Lord Penn." The council emphatically disapproved of this eulphemistic falsehood, and directed both author and printer (William Bradford) "to blot out ye words 'Lord Penn.'" This caused the recall of the whole edition and the obliteration of the obnoxious words.—St. Louis Republic.

Perplexity of a Tiny Critic.

Little Margery, of the mature age of 5, has been keeping the closest watch upon a baby boy visitor all the week. The first night at dinner, after her grandmother had asked a blessing, Margery said sternly, pointing to the baby, "He didn't bow down his head!" "How did you see that?" was the elder sister's discouraging question. Margery's critical spirit was crushed.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

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Some time ago I told you about having such a bad finger. One of my fingers became terribly inflamed and enlarged, the pain and inflammation being intense. I applied the Hystogenetic Medicines, and the inflammation and the enlargement has disappeared. I beg to remain sincerely,  
Mrs. J. PURVIS.

SEATTLE, Wash., July 5, 1893.  
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