

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Sole singer in the world of dreams,
whose voice, outshining clear and far
into the empty darkness seems
An echo from a distant star.

Thou comest, as God's angels will,
When day and all its noisier mirth
Come past us like a wind, are still;
The stars in Heaven and thou on earth.

Thou singest yet in all the years,
In all the years the stars arise,
When sleep has dulled our heedless ears
And weighs like death upon our eyes.

And all ourours with soundless cares,
We drown in other glooms expire,
Mind even to greater light than theirs,
And deaf to louder songs than thine.

But still they shine though none should see;
And singest thou, unheard, forgot,
Save in lone night-times, it may be;
When they and thou shall know it not.

Their shining makes some pathway bright:
One hears thee as he walks along,
And passes onward through the night,
Glad in their splendor and thy song.

—A. St. J. Adcock, in *Chambers' Journal*.

STORY OF SHELL ANNIE.

An Incident of Sherman's March to the Sea.

Nobody expected Gen. Sherman to come into Atlanta from the south. Oh, no, in the natural course of events he must have certainly shamed his way right straight on from the north, and accordingly the grim and grimy, frayed out fragments of his confederate army wallowed in the stifling trenches all along the semi-circular line of outworks that faced the valley of the Chattahoochee and commanded the approaches from the Allatoona hills beyond.

But he of the eagle eye was a stratagem. He wanted to cut off and eep the gray jackets in the city, and for reason he quietly marched the rear part of his army up the west bank of the river eight or ten miles across the river, and a mighty swing of that ponderous hammer of war he struck them in the south, thus cutting off their lines of supplies by the Georgia railroad.

Then followed those terrible days which wound up with the fierce fight of July 22, when the hopeless, half-starved southern men, the last men of the west, met in a last gladiatorial contest which resulted in the fall of Atlanta.

These are matters for the historian, what I am going to recount is one of those wild, weird romances with which this terrible conflict was fraught, and here is the strange story: "In to the sea," was the watchword of Sherman's armies, and the sudden dogged retreat of the confederates from Jonesboro was the first movement of the defeated and despairing confederates.

Jonesboro was a little inland town, nestled amid field and forest, interspersed with beautiful undulating hills and grassy valleys green with the tone of the harvest, but little suited

as a defensive point for the bruised and broken legions who were receding toward the southern sea.

Breastworks had been hastily thrown up flanking the line of the Central Railroad, and in the ditches behind them the straggling remnants of obstinate confederates were entrenched.

It was a gloriously beautiful summer day when the skirmish line of the northern hosts debouched from the woods and took up position in front of these breastworks.

Surprised after relying in vain on the ability of the southern troops to check the onflow of the legions of the conquering hosts, the women and children, led by the lame and halt and the aged men of the country, were fleeing for life, panic-stricken and utterly demoralized.

As the sun rose over the swelling edges of the eyes of the soldiers of either army caught the gleam of a little white tent, half hidden in a wood just to the left of the line of attack, and above it fluttered a tiny white flag, no bigger than a man's hand.

It was a woman's handkerchief, and all the chivalrous feelings of the American soldier were aroused as the grim veterans caught sight of that little appealing bit of cambric floating here through the uprising mists of war.

The order was passed to respect that flag, and when the great guns began to roar and shot and shell were hurled blazing and crashing over field and wood from either direction, never a gunner trained his gun toward a point near that little white house.

The battle was fiercely fought, but the combat was of short duration, and the shadows lengthened eastward, the southern troops were seen in full retreat, leaving the field to the triumphant victors.

As they swept forward a drummer

Otto Barden, of a Pennsylvania regiment, passed by the little white tent in the wood.

Guards in blue uniform surrounded and while the smoke of battle cleared above and around there was a faint cry from the tent, and the alabaster surgeon lifted the flap of the little tent and emerged followed by an old negro, bearing in her arms a tiny white bundle.

"Please God, mama, is you gwinter take us off ter de nor?" wailed she, with the big tears coursing down her withered face. "I'll sho' kill Miss Annie ef yo' does."

"Not a bit of it, old lady, not a bit of it," replied the good-natured sergeant, with a smile.

"Hello, Otto, you're the very boy I want. This is your prize, as you are nearest her age, and we are going to detail you to take charge of this wee prisoner and see that the little reb don't escape."

The rough soldiers came crowding around for a peep at the prisoner, and many eyes filled with tears of tenderness as they gazed on the baby that had first seen the light in such grieved surroundings.

"Ain't it a wonder that she and the mother were not blown to pieces?" said the sergeant.

"It is, indeed," replied the corporal, "for look there where a stray shell cut its way through the bushes as clean as a knife."

"Well, boys, she is our prize. Let us christen her, for time is up, and the Johnnies are waiting for us behind some bush heap down the road. Come, Otto, speak up. You shall have the honor of naming the little miss," said the surgeon.

"Call her Shell Annie," said the boy, as his mind reverted to his own orphaned days, "because she was saved from that shell."

"Good!" cried the surgeon.

"Shell Annie," chorused the sergeant and the corporal in a breath.

"Here, give me your canteen, Otto," said the surgeon. "Hold her head up aunie," and sprinkling a few drops on the tiny head, he continued: "Shell Annie, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, Son and the Holy Ghost, and may they ever protect thee as has the God of battle to-day. Now, Otto, the sergeant will remain with a file of men until morning, and you may remain with them, for you look tired and worn out my boy."

At the word of command the other soldiers took up the line of march, and faint and fainter grew the roar and rumble of departing legions, rolling on irresistibly to match their blue billows with the blue waves of the distant sea.

Twenty years after the furling of the flags the battlefield of Jonesboro was a corn field, and the rustling rows of the crested corn hid from view the almost obliterated traces of strife. Peace and plenty reigned, and the one-armed veteran of the north was hobnobbing with the peg-legged veteran of the south as they laughingly recounted the experiences of the war.

Asheville has become a great resort for summer visitors from all sections on account of its quietude, its healthful air and water and its splendid scenic surroundings.

As the train slowed up at the little station a man, apparently blessed with all the activity of youth but bearing about him that unmistakable air of maturity that indicates intimate knowledge of and rough experience with life, stepped on the platform and strolled up the hill toward the hotel.

The dusky twilight of the dying summer day softened the rugged outlines of the gloomy mountains, and the tinkling of a crystal stream made music in the thickets below.

Suddenly the stranger was startled by a wild cry, and around a turn of the road came a horse at full speed, and in the buggy, swaying to and fro at his heels, there was a flutter of white.

Springing forward and dropping his belongings, the stranger clutched the reins of the frightened animal and arrested his mad career, but the shock was so sudden that the occupant of the buggy was tossed into the bushes by the roadside.

Releasing the horse, which stood quivering with fear and excitement, the stranger lifted the prostrate form.

The crowd from the hotel came rushing to the spot and opened her eyes in a dazed and startled way.

"Are you hurt much?" asked the stranger.

"No, thank you; I was only frightened. I had just gotten into the buggy and was going for a ride when he became frightened and ran away. Oh, how can I ever thank you?"

"Best by not mentioning it again," said the stranger, briskly, handing her his card as he resigned her to her friends and walked away.

On the following morning the stranger awoke late after his fatiguing journey, and when he went down to breakfast beside his plate was a little perfumed note, and he opened it and read it, half amused and half in wonder.

"It is my birthday. Please do not fail to come. Gratefully,

"ANNA FONTAINE."

On a blank leaf from his notebook Barden wrote a line accepting the invitation, and then leisurely finished his breakfast.

The day was perfect, and, as the special guest of the heroine of the day, he thought he had never felt quite so near at peace with himself and all mankind as he did while lounging on the green grass beneath the shadow of the tall hemlocks at the foot of the mountain with pretty Anna Fontaine.

Chatting in a desultory way, Barden suddenly recalled the day and the drama of twenty years ago.

"Do you know," said he, "that I was one of those Yanks that marched with the wood?"

"Indeed? Why, you must have been a very youthful soldier."

"I was a drummer boy, and this day twenty years ago I was in the battle of Jonesboro."

"And so was I," said she with a saucy smile, "for that was my birthday and the place of my nativity."

"What?" he cried, springing to his feet excitedly. "Then you are, you must be—"

"Shell Annie," she replied.

There are some stories that ought to be concluded before they are begun, but this, which is as true-as-true than most history-reached its natural conclusion then and there, and now the Pennsylvania drummer boy now owns one of the finest fruit farms around Jonesboro, and the mistress of that southern home is "Shell Annie."

—Atlanta Journal.

She Was a Biddy Old Goose.

A goose with remarkable maternal instinct has been found near Lerry, in Harrison county, Ky. Her brood was recently drowned and an old sow, with a litter of twelve pigs, died about the same time. The old mother goose has adopted the little orphan pigs and provides for them in her attention toward them.

The Biddy Old Goose.

The New Home Sewing Machine Co.

CHICAGO, MAR. BOSTON, MASS. UNION SQUARE, N.Y.

DETROIT, MICH. ST. LOUIS, MO. DALLAS, TEXAS.

ATLANTA, GA. NEW ORLEANS, LA. ATLANTA, GA.

PHILADELPHIA, PA. BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

NEW YORK, N.Y. BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

ATLANTA, GA. NEW YORK, N.Y.

ATLANTA, GA. NEW YORK, N.Y.