After the Battle.

She was in a street car at noon, going home, when she heard the news called out: "Battle on at Santiago! Fighting begun!" The headline stared her in the face. The woman beside her—a new acquaintance, made this morning at a Red Cross meeting—was talking of her anxiety about her son, who, as a recruit, had just left for one of the camps near the city. Her motherly heart foreboded all sorts of dangers for him: it looked like rain, and if Willie got his feet damp, or had to sleep on the damp ground—"And what camp did you say your husband was in?" she asked of the young wife, suddenly aware of the demands of politeness.

"My husband isn't in camp; he's at the front."

"At the front?" Mrs. Ford looked perplexed. "Do you mean Chickamauga?"

"No." Rose's lips quivered slightly, but her brown eyes were steady and her voice even. "He's at Santiago—he's in the battle."

The other woman stiffened with the sudden recoil.

"You don't mean he's fighting now!"

The soldier's wife nodded with a white smile: "Yes."

"Heavens above!" said the older woman. Her restrained emotions sprang forward with a bound as she looked at the fragile form beside her. "My dear child! Why—" Her handkerchief went up to her eyes with one hand while the other closed capaciously over the slight fingers of the new friend, regardless of conductor or passengers. "Now, don't you worry a mite," she protested in a husky and broken voice. "He's coming out all right. Don't you worry one mite. This lady's husband is out in Santiago," she announced to the carful, "and he's fighting this minute, but he's going to come out all right. I just know it!"

Rosa went her solitary way out to her suburban home with her head held high. She had wondered how a woman might feel when she knew her dearest was away from her, in danger of death. Now she was learning. It was as if she herself were wounded—bleeding to death at heart, yet with a strange excitement that held her up in lieu of strength. Her husband was so strong that he would dominate fate; yet so daring was he, so tall and fair a mark—how might he escape?

It was horribly hot as she walked up the shaded street. She was a newcomer in the neighborhood, but the people she met knew her as the "soldier's wife," and looked at her curiously. A group of women were leaving one of the piazzas as she passed, and she could see that they were whispering: "Her husband is in the battle now. I wonder how she feels."

A lady from across the street impulsively ran down the patch with outstretched hand.

"I can't let you pass, Mrs. Askell," she said, "without speaking to you. We—we all know the Captain's in the battle, and we feel"—her handkerchief went up, as Mrs. Ford's had done—"we're sure he's going to come out all right, Mrs. Askell."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Askell, with that smile of hers, which served to show more plainly how white her face was. Her head was so light that it was quite easy to smile. She smiled when her two children, a boy and a girl, ran out to meet her, with little flags in their hands, talking eagerly about the battle. She walked up the steps, a child on either side, under a waving shadow that fell across them—it was the shadow of the broad flag above, hung out there the day he left the house.

She smiled also when she greeted the friends who rallied to her from farther places. Only with one, who had known sorrow, whose husband was dead, did her face change. She hid her head for a moment on the shoulder of the one who had been long stricken; but afterwards she smiled as before at those who watched her so anxiously. They said to her, one and all: "He will come out all right!" to hear her echo: "Oh, yes, I know he will."

But while they reassured her they whispered fears among themselves. If he were killed—or if he were wounded—how would she stand the news—who would tell her? She was not very strong—there was some trouble with her heart.

How hot the sleepless night was, with a clinging, damp heat, in which the soul touched nameless things that made the flesh creep! When she came down to breakfast, smiling, there seemed to be a wan, ghostly halo isolating her. The friends who came were even more cheerful than before, but she knew when they whispered. And all that hot, long, long, unreal, whispering, dizzy, glaring Sunday there was no news. She had slipped down in the early light before anyone else was astir to get the morning paper where it lay outside the front door; but there was no news in it—only the same old headlines as in the extras of the day before, repeated in every varying form, to tell that her husband's regiment was in the field. Would they never, never, never stop the fighting?

When it was night again, before her friends went away, she held the Woman Who Knew aloof from her by both hands and looked at her.

"If I could only see him for a little while—for ten minutes—five—one minute even, just now, I could bear the rest"—and forgot in her pain that she spoke to one for whom this hope no longer lived.

When they had gone the lady across the street sent her husband over to ask how Mrs. Askell was, and to say that everyone thought of her and was sure that the Captain would be all right. And then at last she was left alone with her children.

That night while the children slept—that night, so hot, with the moist, dark leaves drooping together on the branches by the window and the dark flag hanging down motionless over them—that night, all silent to the ear, but to the agonized senses crowded with the sounds of death and dying—that night the soldier's wife was on her knees with her arms spread out upon the bed, and her eyes straining upward into the hot gloom. She shed no tears, for she was praying, praying for his life. She was looking at what seemed to be a plain in some strange country of the night, on which lay huddled formless shapes; again it was the noise of cannon in the distance to usher in the fourth of July, and then she saw the shot and shell rain down upon the plain. But mostly there were only shapes, distorted and forgotten. Some were not dead. Wounded and lying forgotten, and moaning for water! And she was on her knees here only praying! And when for a moment, worn with the torture of vigil, her head sank upon the bed, in those fragmentary, phantasmal waifs of dreams, she was always carrying water to that darksome plain and searching for her own. But when the summer dawn grew and lightened she could only see him dead.

The lady across the street had accompanied her in spirit all the night. As the day broke her anxiety grew. She heard the steps of the boy who left the morning paper, and she slipped out of bed and ran down to the door barefoot, and opened it and pulled the paper in. And at the top she saw the words "Alwyn Askell." She did not know she screamed, for her hand was on her heart, and she had fallen against the wall. Then she saw the next line and breathed.

"He's wounded, not killed," said her husband's voice, as his arm held her up. "He's in the hospital."

"Yes, I know—now. It was a terrible shock to me." She gasped a little yet. "How will she— Wait—" She opened the door an inch and looked at the house opposite. "Her paper is there. She hasn't seen it yet. She mustn't! She mustn't! They say a shock would kill her! I'm going across the street to tell her!"

"Amelia! You just barely know her; you—"

"Don't you say a word!" she raged at him, up in her own room, pulling out clothes from the closet and putting them on in unnoticing haste. "She shan't see it—that way!"

"But what are you going to say to her?"

"I don't know—I haven't time to think."

She was down the stairs and across the green shaded street before he knew. Her skirt brushed the scarlet geraniums wet with the dew on them; the flag waved lazily in the early breeze.

A knock came at the door when the soldier's wife was at last lying out on the bed straight and still, because he was lying dead.

The maid's voice spoke, "Mrs. Askell! Mrs. Askell! The lady from across the street is here. She says she has good news to tell you—news you'll be very glad to hear!"

The soldier's wife was on her feet at the first word, though trembling with a wild light in her eyes. What did it mean? Good news! He must be coming back. Oh, had he come! The cheery tones from below met her half-way down the stairs.

"Mrs. Askell, good news! Such good news! There's been a splendid victory, and your husband's only wounded in the shoulder! His name is in the very first list. Read it and see for yourself."

She thrust the paper into Rosa's hand. "It's just what I'm telling you, only better, for he's in the hospital. The shoulder, the left shoulder! The very best place he could have been hit! It was such splendid news I couldn't wait to come over and tell you!"

As the lady recrossed to her own side of the street, avoiding the milkman's wagon, she became suddenly and overpoweringly aware that she had pink worsted slippers on her bare feet, a soiled white duck skirt above her nightgown, an old shawl around her shoulders, and a white lace bonnet surmounting her streaming hair.

"Well, you are a sight," said her husband, with a loving admiration for the kind deed that betrayed itself even through his words of scorn. "What do you suppose she thought of you?"

But the soldier's wife sat all day with that paper clasped in her hands, her eyes shining. The joy with which she had been reclaimed from death clung to her. A blessed hand had helped her back from the brink of the black river. Something very good had happened—that rose-colored atmosphere enveloped her whether she would or no. The dark plain of the night was gone—the scarlet geraniums blazed in the green lawns, the flag waved its red, white, and blue length in the warm, sunny breeze here as it waved over the hospital where he lay. He was safe with that wound in his shoulder—it was the very best place in which he could have been hit. He was in the hospital with everyone to wait on him.

And even in those wild moments when that quick, loving anxiety and longing tore at her heart strings she got her breath again. The first glad thought of the good tidings still cast its glow around her. It was almost as if for a little while—one minute perhaps—even not for those five or ten—but for one minute—she had seen his face!—Everybody's Magazine.

Heartbreaking Expression. 5

NEUDORF, N. W. T. CAN.

My daughter enjoyed very good health until about two years ago, when she showed symptoms of despondency. After some time she expressed a heartbreaking pain and then had severe convulsions. Many so-called remedies were tried during one year, but of no avail. After she had taken the first spoonful of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic the attacks disappeared, and she has had no more since. Testified to by Rev. L. Streich. JOS. OTT.

DELHI, ONT.

My wife has taken six bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. She has had no return of the fits, and I think this remedy has had the desired effect. I cheerfully recommend it to anyone suffering from that dreadful malady, "Epilepsy," and may God aid you in your good work. JOHN GRANT.

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The Scent of the Pines.

And it seems a very strange thing," said Miss Colville, as she went on cutting all manner of fancy figures out of bright red paper, "but really it is a fact that we have no poor people in Danville. I mean the kind one reads of in stories, to whom one goes with a well-filled basket of provisions and dainties through a driving snowstorm, etc."

She spoke languidly. One could see the occupation in which she was engaged was merely a diversion to while away an idle hour.

"Indeed!" replied Miss Gibson, her friend and visitor, who was busily trimming one of the large Christmas trees in the middle of the Sunday-school room. "You have no poor, you say, Beatrice? Perhaps it is because they reap such harvests in summer time that the fishermen and boating people have enough to keep them through the winter?"

"That may be," was the rejoinder. "I'm sure, if there were any, Father Beale would find them out, wherever they might have hidden themselves away. Genteel poverty does hide itself, they say. I've never seen any of it, though I've read about it, of course."

"It is the most pitiful and the hardest to relieve," said Miss Gibson. "We have plenty of it in our town. This is an ideal place for poor people in winter—at least. No snow or frost—no cold weather to speak of. It isn't half as bad when one can keep warm."

Squeak, squeak, went the door of the vestibule, and a round, woolly head peeped in, timidly. It was followed in a moment by a scrawny little body arrayed in a blue gingham gown, short and scant, displaying a pair of bare feet that began to patter, patter up the aisle.

"That isn't riches, surely," whispered Anne Gibson, as the child approached.

"No, it doesn't look like it," answered Beatrice.

"Missus," began the girl, addressing Miss Colville, whom she probably knew by sight, as every one did in Danville, "missus, would you all care if I took dem bits of piney trees dat's lying outside de door? I want 'em—for a reason."

"What bits of piney trees?" answered the young lady.

"Dey done fell off dese odders when dey toted 'em in, I 'spect," answered the child. "Dem loose branches ain't no count to you, an' I'd like most awful well to have 'em—for my Miss Posey."

"Yes, you may have them, of course. But what do you want them for, and who is your Miss Posey?"

"And what is your own name, and where do you live?" added Anne, smiling kindly at the little creature who now stood first on one foot then on the other, in an embarrassed attitude.

"My name is Alviry Mintie Woodman. We live down de beach, 'bout a mile, me and Miss Posey, in one of dem old bathin'-houses dey hauled away when de new ones was built."

"There may be some charity subjects awaiting you after all," said Anne then in a low voice to her friend. But the child's quick ears had caught the words.

"No, ma'am, no missus; we ain't no charity people. Miss Posey she live down dar 'cause she likes de full sea-breeze. It 'grees with her, it does. I jist wanted a few of dem boughs 'cause I thought dey'd remind her of de piney trees at home. Dey does me, sure 'nough."

"How long have you lived on the beach?" inquired Beatrice, with some interest. She was a kind-hearted girl when aroused, in spite of her languid manner.

"'Bout t'ree or four weeks," said the child. "Mebbe it's monfs. I don't know jest how long. But we likes it—we does."

"A very small house to live in, I should think."

"We'se got two of 'em close together. I mean one wif two rooms. We'se got a parlor, missus, an' I wants to fit it up for Christmas wif some of dem piney boughs to dek'rate de walls."

"Take as many as you want," replied Beatrice, pointing to a heap of cedar boughs lying in the corner. These were to be used for purposes of decoration. "Is Miss Posey your aunt or cousin?"

"Miss Posey my aunt, or cousin?" echoed the child in scornful tones. "Wish you could see her! She's a heap whiter dan you is, missus. She's my white folks; she's all I've got left, 'cept Mas' Frank. Yo' don' see her at Mass 'cause she can't walk. But yo' done see me dar if you'd looked, missus—I goes every Sunday. Mis' Posey she wouldn't let me stay home from Mass, not for nothin'."

The two girls exchanged glances. Here was clearly a case for sympathy, at least. Anne Gibson left her work, and selecting some large boughs placed them in the outstretched arms of the child, who watched her eagerly.

"How many can you carry?" she asked.

"Many as you give me, missus. My, but dey 'minds me of dem piney trees at home—in Ca'lina. My, but Miss Posey'll like dat smell. Dem piney trees, dey grew so thick on we all's place you couldn't hardly see the pike from the house po'ch. T'ank you, missus, t'ank you."

"Come back to-morrow and tell us how she liked them," said Miss Gibson. "We shall be here all day. And ask her—won't you, if she would like us to call on her—Christmas."

Alvira Mintie shook her woolly head.

"Don't see how I kin' do dat, missus," she replied. "I don't mean for her to see 'em till Christmas Day. I'm goin' to dek'rate de parlor. Miss Posey, she can't walk a step; she jest sits in her chair all de time, an' I wheels her. 'Bout you comin' to call on her—I wished ye would, but I daren't ask her. If you come, Miss Posey's too perlite to send you away. But I daren't ask her."

"Well, we shall see," said Beatrice. "We'll think about it."

"Yes, missus, do. I'd like it."

"Alvira, how do you live?" inquired Anne, bluntly.

"We all lives on money orders," replied the child. "We gets 'em from Mas' Frank."

"Oh, that is nice," said Anne, with a sigh of relief, as the child, half-hidden under the trailing boughs, passed through the door.

"That may be a case of genteel poverty," remarked Beatrice, after she had gone.

"It can hardly be affluence," responded Anne. "Shall we go and see Miss Posey?"

"Yes," rejoined Beatrice, "I think it would be a kindly thing to do. The poor lady may not want us, but as the child said, she will be too polite to repulse us. And afterwards?"

"Let Christmas take care of that," replied Anne.

. . . .

The sun was low in the west as the two friends walked slowly along the beach on Christmas afternoon. Alvira had not reappeared and they had hesitated, but concluded at last to pay the intended visit. As they neared the rickety old bath-houses they saw her sitting on a broken boat, her hands behind her, her eyes looking steadfastly seaward. Her dark face brightened at their approach.

"A merry Christmas, Alvira," said Anne. "And how is Miss Posey, to-day?"

"'Tain't no merry Christmas for me," said the child sadly, "an' 'tain't no happy one, neither, for me. 'Spect it is for Miss Posey, dough, ladies, 'spect it is."

"Is she better?"

"She's well. She's gone whar dere ain't no more sufferin'. Mis' Posey's daid."

"Dead!" exclaimed both the girls.

"Yes, missus, she is. She was awful bad yesterday—and de priest he came—I went for him. I put up dem piney boughs all 'round de walls and at de bed-head, and I fotch Miss Posey in. 'Oh!' she said, 'dat smells so good! Whar you git dem piney boughs, Alviry?' I 'done tol' her whar, and she say she be glad to have you all come to see her. Den Mas' Frank he cum las' night, 'cause Miss Posey she write him to. Den dis mornin' she says to me, 'Yo' good Alviry, to fix up Chrismus for me. Mas' Frank goin' to perride for you bes' he can. I'm goin' to heaven Chrismus Day.' An' so she did. Onct we all was mighty rich, but somehow dem Yankees done rid us of our lands. Mas' Frank he's only second overseer on Jimison's place hisse'f now. 'Spect I'll have to look after him all my loney now. But I kin do it, I kin. We's most awful glad we came here. Miss Posey she enj'yed it so."

"Where is Master Frank now?" asked Miss Colville.

"Mas' Frank he gone to see 'bout takin' we all back to Ca'lina. I'se most awful glad I t'ought 'bout trimmin' up wif dem boughs, 'cause jest a few minutes 'fore she died Miss Posey sniff and sniff, and she say, 'So good, so good, de smell of de piney boughs.' She's lyin' in dar now, ladies. I strewn 'em all 'round her, and covered her 'most all up wif 'em. An' to-night we all are goin' to start for Ca'lina to lay Miss Posey in de ol' graveyard, under de piney trees. I don't b'lieve dere's any t'ing in de whole worl' so good as de smell of dem piney trees."—Mary E. Mannix, in Benziger's Magazine.

Dr. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Cures COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS and all THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES. Miss Florence E. Mailman, New Germany, N.S., writes:—I had a cold which left me with a very bad cough. I was afraid I was going into consumption. I was advised to try DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP. I had little faith in it, but before I had taken one bottle I began to feel better, and after the second I felt as well as ever. My cough has completely disappeared.

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A Great Irish-Australian.

The Sydney Freeman's Journal, to hand, announces the death of Mr. William Byrne, "one of Australia's oldest natives, if not its oldest, and one of the best types of the days when the making of the young Australian nation was still in the future." Mr. Byrne's father, we are told, "came of the best Irish stock, for his father was out with the pike men of '98." He himself married the daughter of a '98 patriot, and he was ninety-eight years of age when he died. Mr. Byrne amassed a competency as a bookseller in George street, Sydney, and he then invested in land, near the Argyle Cut, in Prince's street. He was a close friend of Michael Dwyer, the Wicklow Chief of '98, and recalled many memories of the time when Dwyer was Town Constable of Liverpool, some few miles from Sydney. In the celebration of the '98 centenary in Sydney, Mr. Byrne presented the Chairman of the Celebration Committee, Dr. C. W. MacCarthy, with an autograph letter of Dwyer's. Mr. Byrne was the last survivor of the original committee which, under the presidency of the Rev. Father Connolly, in June, 1820, resolved to erect a Catholic chapel on the site of what is now St. Mary's Cathedral in Sydney. He was also prominently identified with the erection of St. Patrick's Church in his own parish. In 1840 he inaugurated the annual dinners in honor of St. Patrick's Day. Mr. Byrne was one of the first members of O'Connell's Repeal Association in Sydney, his framed card of membership occupying a position of honor in his late home.