

A Baby Asleep on its Mother's Breast.

I.
There are many fair things that adorn this world,
In the great fields of nature, of science and art,
And each day newer beauties spring up to delight us,
Which charm the senses and gladden the heart;
But the sweetest sight this earth affords,
Mid its ceaseless changes and great unrest,
Is to see, with its rosy face, dimpled and soft,
A baby asleep on its mother's breast.

II.
The tired mother, weary from toil of the day,
With plenty of care for the coming to-morrow;
The child by her side with its innocent mind,
Unconscious of later life's joy or its sorrow,
Calmly asleep in its mother's embrace,
Like a little bird sheltered and safe in its nest,
Oh! surely there's nothing on earth so sweet
As a baby asleep on its mother's breast.

III.
Often I've thought do they wander together
Away in the mystical region of sleep;
For I've seen baby smile as if playing with angels,
While mother would clasp it and silently weep.
Perhaps, I said, some angel hand
For their missing companions have come in quest,
And felt in my soul there's no lovelier sight
Than a baby asleep on its mother's breast.
—James Wallace.

THE COURIER'S BRIDE.

An Event Born of the American War Days.

On July 22, 1864, the armies of Generals Sherman and Johnston were confronting each other at Atlanta.

The sun's intense heat was intensified by the sulphurous breath of musketry and cannon.

At ten o'clock, General Hardee, a Confederate corps commander with a mounted escort, was on an elevation, observing the position of the enemy. One of the escort was a youth of sixteen, a courier.

While the general was noting the reports of a civil engineer, a squad of Union prisoners were marched up and halted. One of the number, a captain, sank upon the ground exhausted from loss of blood, a ball having entered his left face and, ranging upward, passed out through the right, shattering the cheek bone. The young courier, observing the wounded man, asked that a surgeon be directed to attend him. An anodyne was administered and the wound dressed, when the prisoners were ordered to resume their march. The Union captain endeavored to obey, but staggered in the effort. At that moment an ambulance containing wounded Confederate officers drew up. The young courier, observing that there was room for another, asked that the wounded captain be placed therein, offering to see him delivered to the train guard in the city, whither he had just been ordered. Following the ambulance on his horse, he paused at General Johnston's headquarters to deliver a dispatch, and then, when the Confederate wounded had been removed from the wagon, accompanied it to the train, which was about starting for Andersonville. After giving the prisoner his own canteen freshly filled with water, he purchased from a store near by a narrow straw mattress, and obtained permission from the train guard for the wounded captain to lie upon it. The latter's face being so swollen that he could not speak, he motioned with his hand for a pencil—perhaps for writing thanks to his benefactor. Before the pencil was produced, the train moved, and the young Confederate sprang from the car. The prisoners proceeded toward Andersonville, while the courier returned to his command. That afternoon the Confederates made a charge in which the courier was painfully wounded, and that night, while the Union captain was placed within the prison stockade, the young Confederate was lying in an hospital. Possibly each gave some thought to the other, but it is not likely either anticipated ever meeting the other again.

In July, 1874, at a popular resort on a western lakeside, society commented upon the marked attentions paid to Miss Emma Clancey by Henry Ross, a gentleman from a city in Alabama, whose winning address had made him a universal favorite. The young lady was easily accorded the position of reigning belle at the resort, and, her father owning a residence, she was enabled to hospitably receive her friends. There were a number of gallants whose frequent calls indicated admiration for the fair entertainer; but it was apparent that none were received with such favor as the courtly Harry Ross.

On the evening of the 22d., Captain Clancey's parlors were filled with visitors, and, as these included married friends, he and Mrs. Clancey were with their guests. There had been an hour of music and dancing, when some one casually remarking upon the pleasantness of the occasion, Miss Clancey responded: "Yes, this is always an anniversary occasion, July 22, in our home. It celebrates the year just above the beard on father's face, and it reminds me of one with whom I am in love, and who is to be my husband."

She had spoken with an air of such pleasantness as to call for cheery exclamations, especially from the young gentlemen, surrounding her at the piano.

"I cannot give the name of my beau ideal," she said, answering an inquiry of Mr. Ross, "for I do not know it, and I have never seen him. Yet I love him, and what would I not give to meet him! I remember, though I was but three years old, my father's return home from the army, and of his telling how, on July 22, he had been wounded, and how a young Confederate soldier, a mere boy, he said, had procured for him surgical treatment, and extended him kindness which probably saved his life. When he had spoken I believe I provoked laughter by showing my eyes about his neck, and telling him that I loved that young Confederate, and that when grown to be a woman I intended being his wife."

JOHN ONE THOUSAND WAS A COMMON story, and asked that she tell more of it. "No," said she, "but father shall, for it is his pet theme each July 22."

Others supplemented the daughter's request, and, responding to it, Captain Clancey, in a narrative way, grown easy from frequent recitals, recounted the events already noted in the first chapter. He had told of his wounds being dressed where the prisoners were halted, of the courier having had him placed in the ambulance, and of his reaching the Andersonville train, when Miss Clancey, who chanced to glance at Harry Ross, observed an agitation of manner quite foreign to his native composure.

"When he assisted me into the car," Captain Clancey was continuing, when Harry Ross interrupted:

"Hold a moment, please," he said, "and permit a question of two from me. Did the courier you speak of hand you his own canteen?"

"Yes, he did," replied Captain Clancey.

"And did he provide you a mattress in the car?"

"He did," was answered.

"And did you, being unable to speak, make signs for a pencil, and did the train move just as he was handing the pencil to you, causing him to jump from the car?"

Captain Clancey was on his feet. "Yes! yes!" he exclaimed; "but how came you to know of all this?"

"How came I to know? Why, sir, I was that boy!"

For a moment—a brief moment—there was utter stillness in the parlors. But when, stepping quickly forward, Captain Clancey grasped Harry Ross by the hand, his face indicating uncertainty whether to break into a laugh, a cry, or a caress, there was an outbreak of handclappings and cheering more suggestive of a theatre than a drawing-room. Mrs. Clancey advanced, and without a word of apology, threw her arms about Harry's neck and kissed him, while Emma, who had taken his other hand in both her own, appeared to be in that state of uncertainty her father's face had indicated.

For several minutes there was a buzz of congratulations, as the guests pressed about the ex-Union captain and the ex-Confederate courier. But there was another sensation in store for the delighted party. When Captain Clancey and Harry Ross had managed to move a little apart, the latter turned to Emma, and, with a half-earnest, half-mirthful look into her face, said:

"Miss Clancey, I beg to recall a speech of yours made a few minutes since. You stated that, when three years old, you heard this story from your father, you had thrown your arms about his neck, saying that you loved the Confederate courier, and that when you were a woman you would be his wife, and expressed a desire to meet him now. You have met him. Now, in the presence of these other auditors of your speech, I claim the fulfillment of its proposition. Will you be the wife of the ex-Confederate courier?"

Those who were present tell of another spell of silence falling upon the parlors, of a blushing face and downcast eyes, and a response, in a voice so soft and tremulous, however, as to be inaudible to any other than the one nearest her. But it must have been consenting, for the newspaper report of arrivals at the same resort in July, 1885, included the names of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ross, on a visit to the latter's father, Captain Clancey.—*Cosmopolitan*.

A Wise Captain.

A Nantucket steamboat captain was once asked by a passenger on his boat how much ardent spirits he used.

He replied, "I never drank a teaspoonful of rum, brandy, gin, cider, wine or beer; I never smoked or snuffed, and never drank tea or coffee."

"But," said the passenger, "what do you drink with your breakfast?"

"Cold water," was the answer.

"And what with your dinner?"

"Cold water."

"Well," said the passenger, "but what do you take when you are sick?"

"I never was sick in my life," was the ready and glad reply.

He was a wise captain. He was accustomed to exposure in all sorts of bad weather, wind and storm, and never believed in the foolish notion that he must take a drop of spirits to "keep out the cold."

Cold water was the drink of Adam in Paradise. Cold water was the drink of the children of Israel in the wilderness. It was also the drink of Samson, and of Daniel, and of John the Baptist. It is the best drink for you.—*Little Sower*.

A Child with Two Brains.

A baby about a month old was taken by its mother to a dispensary at the Bellevue hospital for treatment last week. When the child was born it had a large swelling upon the forehead, which slowly increased in size and firmness. Nothing could be done to reduce the protuberance, which was supposed to be a tumor, except to perform an operation on the child's head and take it out. Before this could be done the little thing died. The consent of the mother being obtained, Dr. Janeway held an autopsy at the morgue, and found that the cause of the swelling was a second brain which was growing on the outside of the skull, independent of the brain inside, save through a connecting substance that passed through a slight fissure in the bone. The anatomical specimen, which is a rare one, was put into alcohol to preserve it.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

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