

SOME DAY—SOMEWHERE.

BY C. B. C.

Some day 'twill be made straight, Sweetheart,
till then
We must be strong;
Clouds without sunshine God gives not to men,
However long
And desolate the bleak December be,
In His good time He giveth sunny skies
And lo! that we
May know how ever fatterly and wise
The Father is to struggling souls and weak—
Some day.

Somehow 'twill be made straight, Sweetheart,
I know
'Tis hard to say
"They will" and wait with patient hearts and
meek
Until the day
Until that God, His fulfilled promises may show.
We can tell the manner, but be sure,
How slow
And weary the moments pass, the hour
Of our redemption comes. Strive to endure
The motto of thy life and mine, until
We learn His will
Somehow.

Somewhere 'twill be made straight. Sweet-
heart, the place
We know not now,
But in a free sphere thro' God's dear grace
We—I and thou—
Shall find beyond the blue unsullied skies
The answer to "When, the How, and Where;
Shall learn how wise
And gracious is the God who answers prayer.
Apart on earth—Some day, Somehow, O, sweet,
We two shall meet—
Somewhere.

LIEUTENANT CHARLES MONTEAL.

BY CAPT. JAMES MONTFORD.

"My closest associate and friend in the war was Lieutenant Charles Montéal," said the Colonel, "and as my niece is to leave us in the morning, I will relate his story. It may convey a moral to her."

"I will give attention to your story, uncle, and not neglect the moral," returned the young lady; and the Colonel prepared to begin.

"The lieutenant was several years younger than myself, being about twenty-six at the time. He was tall, and straight as a dart; his face was handsome, but wore a rather mournful expression, usually quite Byronic, the ladies said.

"I would occupy too much time to relate the manner we became acquainted. He did me several signal favors during the time of our intimacy.

"Charles had formed an 'unfortunate attachment' for a young lady, the daughter of a Southern planter, whom he had met in New York prior to the breaking out of the war.

"He told me all about it in one of his melancholy moods, and I recollect the circumstances very well.

"He had seemed successful at first, and although Miss Angell, as I shall call her, had made no engagement with him, they understood each other well enough; and her father did not seem averse to their union. Montéal was wealthy, and his morals unobjectionable.

"But suddenly 'a change came o'er the spirit of his dream,' so he told me. There was to be fighting. Charles was interested, as all young men should be. Unfortunately, Mr. Angell was also interested, and the young lady inclined toward her father's faith.

"One evening Montéal allowed himself to be drawn into an argument with the old gentleman, the latter cast some reflections upon the Government, and both gentlemen became warm.

"It was a violent time, and before the interview was over Mr. Angell had given the young man to understand that his acquaintance was no longer desired.

"Charles told me the two days that followed were the most miserable of his life, and, knowing his disposition, I believed him.

"The Angells were preparing to return home; Montéal sought and obtained an interview with Miss Angell during her father's absence from the house.

"Before he left she admitted that she did not hate him; but he was assured that her father's consent was necessary to obtain her for his wife, and this he despaired of gaining.

"While he was endeavoring to 'see' Mr. Angell, he suddenly migrated, carrying his daughter in his train.

"Then the young man wrote letters; but the replies he received were not pleasant. He learned that the lady's brothers were collecting regiments, and when the war broke out in earnest Charles joined the Blues out of sheer desperation.

"Soon afterward I made his acquaintance, and gained a knowledge of his story.

"One day in May, 1862, he saw the young lady once more. She had come to the residence of a friend dwelling fifty miles or so from our station, Charles had requested this, and she cared enough for him to consent.

"He never told me what passed at the interview, though, as he had been so frank in the former account, I expected it.

"He was very melancholy the next morning, however, and I could guess how matters were going, and my ideas were confirmed by the following song and its explanation:

"Our women have hung their harps away,
And they scowl on your brutal bands,
While the nimble pionard dares the day,
In their brave, defiant hands."

"Why do you sing that? I demanded.

"It was sung to me last night," he replied, "and will haunt my memory until my dying day. Isn't this a terrible state of affairs?"

"Then he left me, with a sorrowful shake of the head.

"I saw very little of Montéal for the next three weeks. Several times I tried to rouse him from the state of apathy into which he had fallen, but all in vain.

"At last our duty carried us into the neighborhood of Mr. Angell, and I saw that his proximity to the woman he loved made a decided impression upon the Lieutenant.

"Fearing some accident, I scarcely knew what, I watched him closely. In the meantime we were skirmishing continually with separate bands of Confederates, and slowly gaining ground upon them.

"At last the time fated for the end of Montéal's romance came.

"We were surprised during the night, several pickets killed, and some horses captured. The morning following I was ordered out in pursuit of the band, which was small, and was supposed to have been raised in the neighborhood.

"Montéal requested leave to accompany me. I would have refused if I could have done so; for I suspected that he had some plan in view.

"But there was nothing for it but he must go, and we started, with a negro in the train, who was to guide us upon our search.

"To be brief, we found the trail of the marauders, followed it for several miles, and at last came upon their encampment.

"Their band was somewhat less than ours, and after a brisk skirmish we recaptured the horses and put the foes to flight.

"I had been ordered to exterminate the band, if possible, and immediately began the pursuit. The leader of the band was a beardless young fellow, with considerable spirit. Montéal seemed to recognize him, for his eyes had been fastened upon the fellow continually, and his face was very pale.

"I demanded if he knew him, as we rode along in hot pursuit, but Montéal only shook his head, and I was certain of that which I had proof of an hour later.

"The young captain was Miss Angell's brother. I must keep a close watch upon you, Montéal, I thought; for we were now approaching the plantation owned by Mr. Angell.

"The enemy were now a considerable distance in advance; it was late in the afternoon, and I feared they would escape during the darkness of the approaching night.

"I urged the horses and men to greater exertion, and suddenly I saw that some accident had happened to the pursued.

"They had come to a halt in the center of the road, and from the excited motions of the men about the young captain, whom they were assisting from his horse, I knew he was wounded.

"My men gave a hearty hurrah, and increased their speed. I glanced at Montéal. His face was deathly pale, his teeth clenched, and his eyes fastened upon the group of men down the road who were lessening in number every moment.

"'My God!' exclaimed Montéal as he met my glance.

"I spoke to him, but my voice was not heard, and five minutes later we were upon the foe.

"A few shots were exchanged, and the rebels scattered in every direction, except a few faithful ones who remained around their wounded leader.

"I commanded our men back, and dismounted at the side of the wounded Captain. Montéal was already upon the ground.

"The victim of the fight lay, with his head resting upon a saddle, pale and fainting. There was blood upon the face and uniform, and I soon discovered something else.

"A mass of hair had fallen from under her hat, where it had been confined, and pronounced the young Captain to be a woman.

"I suspected it all!" exclaimed Montéal, who seemed to have been stricken dumb for a moment. "Oh, Edith!"

"The girl glanced up into his face, a faint smile parting her lips.

"You remember what I said to you not long ago, Charley?" she said faintly. And then she chanted in a weak tone the verse I had heard Montéal repeat:

"Our women have hung their harps away,
And they scowl on your brutal bands,
While the nimble pionard dares the day
In their brave, defiant hands."

"I turned aside while Montéal knelt and clasped the dying woman in his arms.

"Our bands were not altogether brutal; for I saw several horny hands raised to eyes that glittered so sternly along the sights that were to sweep the toes from the land.

"Miss Angell had quarreled with her lover during their last interview, and had said to him that she would convince him that if her friends were rebels she was also one. This disguise and rash attempt had followed.

"She had been wounded by a flying shot, and already knew that death was near.

"Twenty minutes later she died in her lover's arms. I had retreated down the road with my men, and did not witness the last parting; but after the end had passed Montéal came toward me.

"There was something so terrible in his looks that I feared to speak to him. Outwardly he was perfectly composed, but his face was pale, and he carried his way very erect.

"We must take her home," he said, hoarsely, without looking in my face; "please give the orders."

"I obeyed his request, and we took the lady to her father's abode. There another terrible scene took place, and I was glad to escape back to camp.

"I lost a friend that day; forever after Montéal avoided me, and at last told me frankly that he could not bear the thought of associating with one who might have fired the fatal shot.

"I understood his mood and respected it, and Montéal wandered from my sight.

"He was killed at Vicksburg in the hottest part of the fight, and I really believe he sought death, for his carelessness of life was much talked of."

AN EXPERIENCE WITH CHICKENS.

BY BILL NYE.

MY DEAR SON: We are still pegging along here at home in the same old way, your mother and me. We are neither of us real well, and yet I, suppose we are as well as folks at our time of life expect to be. Your mother has a good deal of pain in her side all the while, and I am off my feed more or less in the morning.

Doe has fixed me up some condition powders that he says will straighten me out right away. Perhaps so. Doe has straightened out a good many people in his time. I wish I had as many dollars as he has straightened out people.

Most every spring I've had to take a little dandelion root, limbered up with gin, but this year that didn't seem to get there, as the boys say. I fixed up a dose of it, and took it day and night for a week, till I wore that old dandelion root clear down to skin and bone, but in ten days my appetite was worse than ever, and I had a head on me like a 2-year-old colt. Dandelion root never served me that way before, and your mother thinks that the goodness is all out of it, may be. It's the same old dandelion root that I've been using for twenty years, and I believe when you've tried a thing, and proved it's good, you ought to change off.

I tried to get your mother to take a dose of it last week for the pain in her side. Fixed up two-quart jug of it for her, but she can't bear the smell of gin, so I had to take it myself. Dandelion is a great purifier of the blood, Henry. Some days after I've been taking this dandelion root for an hour or two, I feel as if my blood was pretty near pure enough. I feel like a new man.

You know I wrote you last winter, Henry, that I was going to buy some new-fangled hens in the spring, and go into the egg business. Well, I sent east in March for a couple of fowls, one of each sex. They came at \$9 per pair over and above railroad charges, which was some \$4.35 more on top of that.

I thought that as soon as the hen got here and got her things and got rested she would proceed to lay some of these here high-priced eggs which we read about in the *Poultry-Keepers' Guide and American Eggist*. But she seemed pensive, and when I tried to get acquainted with her she would cluck in a croaky tone of voice and go away.

The rooster was no doubt a fine-looking brute when he was shipped, but when he got here he strolled around with a preoccupied air and seemed to feel above us. He was a poker-dot rooster, with gray mane and tail, and he was no doubt refined, but I did not think he should feel above his business, for we are only plain people who are accustomed to the self-made American hen. He seemed bored all the time, and I could see by the way he acted that he pined to be back in Fremont, Ohio, having his picture taken for the *Poultry-Keepers' Guide and American Eggist*. He still yearned for approbation. He was used to being made of, as your mother says, and it galled him to enter into our plain, humdrum home life.

I never saw such a haughty rooster in my life. Actually, when I went out to feed him in the morning he would give me a cold, arrogant look that hurt my feelings. I know I'm not what you would call an educated man nor a polished man, though I claim to have a son that is both of said things, but I hate to have a rooster crow over me because he has had better advantages and better breeding than I have. So there was no love lost between us, as you can see.

Directly I noticed that the hen began to have spells of vertigo. She would be standing in a corner of the hen retreat, reverting to her joyous childhood at Fremont, Ohio, when all at once she would "fall senseless on the earth, and there lie prone upon the sward," to use the words of a great writer, whose address has been mislaid. She would remain in this comatose condition for between five minutes, perhaps. Then she would rally a little, slowly pry open her large mournful eyes, and seem to murmur, "Where am I?"

I could see that she was evading the egg issue in every way and ignoring the great object for which she was created. With the ability to lay eggs worth from \$4 to \$5.75 per dozen delivered on the cars, I could plainly see that she proposed to wrap up this great talent in a napkin and play the invalid act. I do not disguise the fact, Henry, that I was mad. I made a large rectangular affidavit in the inner temple of the horse-barn that this poker-dot hen should never live to say that I had sent her to the seashore for her health when she was eminently fitted by nature to please the public with her lay.

I therefore gave her two weeks to decide on whether she would contribute a few of her meritorious articles or insert herself into a chicken pie.

She still continued haughty to the last moment. So did her pardner. We therefore treated ourselves to a \$9 dinner in April.

I then got some expensive eggs from the effete East. They were not robust eggs. They were laid during a time of great depression, I judge. So they were that way themselves also. They came by express, and were injured while being transferred at Chicago. No one has traveled over that line of railroad since.

I do not say that the eggs were bad, but I say that their instincts and their inner life wasn't what they ought to have been.

In early May I bought one of these inky-bathers that does the work of ten setting hens. I hoped to head off the hen so far as possible, simply purchasing her literary efforts and editing them to suit myself. I can not endure the society of a low-bred hen, and a refined hen seems to look down on me, and so I thought if I could get one of these otymatic inky-bathers I could have the whole process under my own control, and if the bloodied hens wanted to go to the sanitarium and sit around there with their hands in their pockets while the hungry world of traffic clamored for more spring chickens fried in butter they might do so and be doggoned.

Thereupon I bought one of the medium size, two-story hatcheries and loaded it with eggs. In my dreams I could see a long procession of fuzzy little chickens marching out of my inky-bather arm in arm, every day or two, while my bank account swelled up like a deceased horse.

I was dreaming one of those dreams night before last at midnight's holy hour, when I was rudely awakened by a gallon of cold water in one of my ears. I arose in the darkness and received a squirt of cold water through the window from our ever-watchful and courageous fire department. I opened the casement for the purpose of thanking them for this little demonstration, wholly unsolicited on my part, when I discovered the henry was in flames.

I went down to assist the department, forgetting to put on my pantaloons as is my custom out of deference to the usages of good society. We saved the other buildings, but the hatchery is a mass of smoldering ruins. So am I.

I understood his mood and respected it, and Montéal wandered from my sight.

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