

## SOME DAY—SOMEWHERE.

BY C. R. 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 joy, that we  
May know how ever fatherly and wise  
The Father is to struggling souls and weak—  
Some day.

Somehow 'twill be made straight, Sweetheart,  
I know  
'Tis hard to say  
'Thy will' and wait with patient hearts and meek  
Until the day  
That God, His fulfilled promises may show.  
We cannot tell the manner, but be sure,  
However slow  
And wearily 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.

Somehow 'twill be made straight. Sweet-  
heart, the place  
We know not now,  
But in a far-  
ther sphere thine God's dear grace  
We-I and thou—  
Shall find beyond the blue unsullied skies  
The answer to the 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—  
Somehow.

## LIEUTENANT CHARLES MONTEAL.

BY CAPT. JAMES MONTFORD.

"My closest associate and friend in the war was Lieutenant Charles Monteval," 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. Monteval 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 Monteval 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; Monteval 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 pinnard 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 Monteval 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.

"Pearing 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 Monteval'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.

"Monteval 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. Monteval 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 Monteval 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, Monteval, 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 Monteval. 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 Monteval 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. Monteval 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 Monteval, 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 Monteval repeat:

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

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

"Our hands 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 foes 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 Monteval 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 Monteval 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 Monteval 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 could 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. Doc has fixed me up some condition powders that he says will straighten me out right away. Perhaps so. Doc 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 a 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 croupy 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 ort to have been.

In early May I bought one of these ink-batters 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 ottymatic inkbatters I could have the whole process under my own control, and if the blooded hens wanted to go to the sanitarium and sit around there with their hands in their pockets while the great 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 hatchers and loaded it with eggs. In my dreams I could see a long procession of fuzzy little chickens marching out of my inkbater 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 hennery 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.

It seems that the kerosene lamp which I kept burning in the inkbater for the purpose of maintaining an even temperature, and also for the purpose of showing the chickens the way to the elevator in case they should hatch out in the night, had torched up and ignited the hatchery, so to speak.

I see by my paper that we are importing 200,000,000 of hens' eggs from Europe every year. It'll be 300,000,000 next year so far as I'm concerned, Henry, and you can bet your little pleated jacket on it, too, if you want to.

To-day I send P. O. order No. 143876 for \$3.50. I agree with the Bible, that "the fool and his money are soon parted."—*Chicago News.*

## A Fine Flavor of Mule's Hoof.

The Count de Broussin was accustomed to boast that though he had acquired the fullness of culinary science, yet he every day made some new discovery in the province of good eating. One day he said, solemnly, to his guests: "Gentlemen, do you taste the mule's hoof in that omelette aux champignons?" The guests were all astonished as Broussin continued: "Poor ignorant creatures! Must I teach you that the champignons (mushrooms) employed in this omelette have been crushed by the foot of a mule? That brings them to the last point of perfection."—*The Caterer.*

## ERIN'S GREAT CHAMPION.

William Ewart Gladstone Issues a Stirring Pamphlet on the Irish Question.

He Tells of His Conversion to Home Rule, and Criticises the Political Situation.

The Grand Old Man Defends His Course and Drops the Land Purchase Scheme.

[Cable dispatch from London.]

Mr. Gladstone's brochure on the Irish question has been given to the public. It contains fifty-eight pages, and is similar to his pamphlet on the Bulgarian atrocities. At the outset Mr. Gladstone compares it with the apology he wrote on his change of attitude regarding the Irish church. "But," he continues, "in the present case I have no such change to indicate, but have only to point out the mode in which my language and conduct were governed by uniformity of principle. I have simply followed the various stages by which the great question of autonomy for Ireland has been brought to the stage of ripeness for practical legislation."

The brochure is under two heads. The first is the history of an idea in which Mr. Gladstone summarizes the following conditions under which alone, in his view, it would become possible: First, the abandonment of the hope that Parliament could serve as a passable legislative instrument for Ireland; second, the unequivocal and constitutional demand of the Irish members; third, the possibility of dealing with Scotland in a similar way in circumstances of equal and equally clear desire. Replying to the charge of Hartington and Chamberlain that he had conceived the home-rule idea precipitately and had concealed it unduly, he denies that it is the duty of a minister to make known, even to his colleagues, every idea forming in his mind, which would tend to confuse and retard, instead of aid business. He continues:

"What is true is that I had not publicly and in principle condemned it, and also that I had mentally considered it; but I had neither adopted nor rejected it, and for the very simple reason that it was not prepared for adoption or rejection." Mr. Gladstone then goes on to point out that during all the many years of his public life the alternatives were repeated on the one hand, and on the other the relief of Ireland from grievances. It was not possible, he says, at that time to prognosticate how, in a short time, Parliament would stumble and almost writhe under its constantly accumulating burdens, or to pronounce that it would eventually prove incapable of meeting the wants of Ireland. Evidently there was a period when Irish patriotism, as represented by O'Connell, looked favorably upon this alternative policy and had no fixed conclusion as to the absolute necessity for home government, and seemed to allow that measures founded in justice to Ireland might possibly suffice to meet the necessity of the case.

It was as early as 1871, Mr. Gladstone says, that he took the first step toward placing the controversy on its true basis. He opposed Mr. Butt's scheme because the alternative described in the last paragraph had not been exhausted, but even at that time he did not close the door against a recognition of the question in a different state of things; for, instead of denouncing the idea of home rule as one in its essence destructive of the unity of the empire, in the following words he accepted the assurance given to the contrary: "Let me do the promoters of this movement the fullest justice, always speaking under the conviction, as they most emphatically declare, and as I fully believe them, that the union of these kingdoms under her Majesty is to be maintained, but that Parliament is to be broken up."

Similarly in 1874 Mr. Gladstone accepted without qualification the principle that home rule had no necessary connection with separation. When Mr. Shaw succeeded to the home rule leadership in 1880 Mr. Gladstone hailed his speech as showing an evident disposition to respect the functions of the House of Commons and the spirit of the constitution. In 1881, at the Guildhall, he announced that he would hail with satisfaction and delight any measure of local government for Ireland. Coming to the electoral campaign of 1885, Mr. Gladstone says his great object was to do nothing to hinder the prosecution of the question by the Tories, but to use his best efforts to impress the public mind with the importance and urgency of the question. It was in this spirit that his Midlothian address was written. The Irish question was severed from the general subject of local government, and it was pointed out that it would probably throw into the shade all other important measures which were ripe. Once ripe, the time for action had come. Just as if it had been a cornfield, we were not to wait until it was overripe. The healing of inveterate sores would only become more difficult; the growth of budding hopes more liable to be checked and paralyzed by the frosts of politics. For England in her soft arm-chair, all security, consideration, with adjournments interposed, as it had been usual, so also would it have been comfortable. But for Ireland, in her leaky cabin, it was of consequence to stop out the weather.

In the second portion of the pamphlet, the lessons of the elections, Mr. Gladstone begins drawing certain lessons from the elections as they affect the Liberal party. In the course of some full calculations he estimates the loss to the Liberal party from the Unionist schism at two-sevenths of the whole, but this fraction is distributed, he points out very unequally among the classes. It has commanded five-sixths of the Liberal peers, but not more than one-twentieth of the Liberal workmen. Mr. Gladstone points out that even now the Tories have failed to secure an absolute majority, and draws the final conclusion that at the first moment Liberalism is again united it must again become predominant in Parliament. Mr. Gladstone sees further ground for hope in the abatement that has already taken place in the Tory opposition. "We hear no more pot-valiant language," he says, "no more of the Hottentots, and no more of the famous twenty years during which Parliament was to grant special powers for firm government in Ireland, and at the end of which time, in a larger or less degree, the coercive laws might be repealed

and measures of local self-government entertained."

Mr. Gladstone then goes on to point out, that the unionists are already pledged to an immediate and large concession, many of them on such a scale that they give to their idea the name of home rule, declaring themselves favorable to its principle and only opposed to the "awkward and perverse manner in which it was handled by the late administration."

All the currents of the political atmosphere between the two countries have been cleansed and sweetened. For Ireland now knows what she never has known before, that even under her defeat a deep rift of division runs all through the English nation in her favor; that there is not throughout the land a parish or village where there are not hearts beating in unison with her heart; where there are not minds earnestly bent on the acknowledgment and permanent establishment of her claims to national existence. Under these happy circumstances, what is there, Mr. Gladstone goes on to ask, in separation that would tend to make it advantageous to Ireland? As an island with many hundreds of miles of coast, with a weak marine and a people far more military than nautical in its habits, of small population, and limited in her present resources, why should she expose herself to the risks of invasion and to the certainty of an enormous cost in the creation and maintenance of a navy for defense, rather than remain under the shield of the greatest maritime power in the world, bound by every consideration of honor and intent to guard her? Why should she be supposed desirous to forego the advantage of absolute community of trade with the greatest of all commercial countries, to become an alien to the market which consumes, say, nine-tenths of her produce, and instead of using the broad and universal paths of enterprise now open to her to carve out for herself new and narrow ways as a third-rate state?

Mr. Gladstone next deals with the purchase and sale of land in Ireland, and at the outset acknowledges that the most powerful agent in bringing about the defeat of the Government was the aversion to the land bill. The Siamese-twinship of the two bills, put to scorn by those for whose benefit it was in a great part designed, having been deadly to both, he thinks it his duty explicitly to acknowledge that the sentence which has gone forth for the severance of the two measures is irresistible, and that the twinship, which has been for the time disastrous to the hopes of Ireland, exists no longer. At the same time he hopes the partnership between the enemies of home rule and the land bill, which brought about this result, may now be dissolved.

The enemies of home rule have ever been the keenest promoters of land purchase in the interest of Irish landlords, and the enemies of the land-purchase bill, instead of standing at their ease, will now have to use their vigilance for the purpose of preventing the adoption of schemes of land purchase founded on principles very different from and indeed opposite to the bill lately consigned to limbo.

In conclusion Mr. Gladstone says: "If I am not egregiously wrong in all that has been said, Ireland has now lying before her a broad and even way in which to walk to the consummation of her wishes. Before her eyes is opened that same path of constitutional and peaceful action, of steady, free, and full discussion, which has led England and Scotland to the achievement of all their pacific triumphs."

## COERCION IN IRELAND.

Mr. Sexton's Opinion of Gen. Sir Redvers Buller's Mission.

[Special cablegram to the Chicago Daily News.] In an interview I had with Mr. Sexton, M. P., he said, concerning the appointment of Sir Redvers Buller: "I think it is intended to pave the way for coercion in Ireland enforced by a military administration."

"Will not a coercion act be needed before he can do his work thoroughly?"

"Certainly. I believe Parliament will be summoned again in November for the purpose of passing a stringent coercion act. Buller's proceeding in Kerry will very likely furnish a plausible excuse for applying for such a measure. Meanwhile, should he, during the preliminary operation, do any violence to the constitution by overstepping the law, and treat moonlighters, as has been threatened, as though they were in rebellion, bearing arms against the crown, Parliament will be asked to pass an indemnity act in his favor. This will be a short measure, one clause probably freeing him from the penalties which his conduct would otherwise entail. It would be following the precedent adopted previous to the rebellion of 1798 in the case of Lord Carhampton, who was sent to Ireland as military administrator, and who distinguished himself by practicing what he himself styled 'violence outside the law.' This was one of the methods by which the Irish people of that time were exasperated into insurrection. Gen. Lake also, who helped put down the rebellion in '98, was indemnified by Parliament for the atrocities he committed.

"The phrase used by the spokesman of the Government in reference to Buller's appointment is indicative of the object they have in view. They intend, they said, in solving the Irish question, to utilize those officials who had had experience in solving similar problems in other countries. All the experience Buller has ever had has been as a soldier, and his chief distinction was won among the savage tribes of Zululand, against whom he exercised peculiar inhumanity. Judging from his experience, therefore, he goes to Ireland as the best exponent of Lord Salisbury's policy of governing Ireland as a nation of Hottentots."

"What effect will the coercion regime have upon the people of Ireland?"

"It won't affect them very much. They are now too well skilled in the art of resisting and outwitting coercion. Besides, their course is now everywhere understood, and they have the sympathy of the whole world with them. The greatest statesman of the age has put himself at their head, and the greatest party in England has made their cause its own."

"How will the coercion policy operate upon the government?"

"It will enable them to carry out their designs smoothly at first, but in a short time it will create a revolution of feeling throughout England, and many men who are strong anti-home-rulers now will be converted to home rule in consequence. Those conversions will take place in the House of Commons as well as in the country, and before the Hottentot policy has been long in operation an opportunity will arise when the friends of Ireland will be able to drive its authors out of power."