

Love and War

A STORY OF SLAVERY DAYS.
By MARY J. HOLMES.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—Continued.

He fainted then. The shock of coming back to "God's land" had been too great, and for a week or more he paid but little heed to what was passing around him.

"Don't you know me, Jimmie? It's I—it's Annie." Mrs. Graham would say to him, as his restless eyes turned upon her, and he would repeat after her,

"Don't you—know—me, Jimmie? It's I, Annie."

This was a peculiarity of his, and it continued until Bill Baker, who had become strong enough to be moved, came to Annapolis, and asked to see the Copral.

At first the physician refused, but Annie approved the plan, hoping for a good result, and she waited anxiously while Bill said cheerily,

"Hello, old Copral. Rather nicer quarters here than that sand-bank down by that infernal nasty stream."

Bill Baker's voice was the last which in the far-off prison had sounded kindly in Jimmie's ears, and now as he heard it again his face lighted up, and his eyes kindled with something like their olden fire.

"You know me, Copral. I'm Bill. We've exchanged. We're up to Annapolis, and Miss Graam is nussin' you," Bill continued, and then Jimmie drew a long breath, and burst into a passionate fit of tears. "They'll do him good. They allus did to Andersonville. He'd hold in till he was fit to burst, and then he'd let 'em slide, and feel better. He'll know you, Miss Graam, after this."

Annie was called just then, to attend another patient, and Bill was left alone with Jimmie. There were a few broken sentences from the latter, and then Bill Baker was heard talking rapidly, but very gently and cautiously. Jimmie lifted his head once and looked across the room where Annie was.

"Better leave him alone a spell, till he thinks it out, and gets it arranged," Bill said to Annie. "I made him understand where he was, and that you was here, and all right on the main question; and though he'd like to have bust his biler for a minute, he'll come all straight, I reckon."

It was more than an hour before Annie went to Jimmie again, but when she did the eager, joyful look in his eyes told her that she was recognized.

"Don't speak to me,—don't talk," she said, laying one hand lightly upon the lips, which began to move, while with the other she smoothed the short curly hair.

He kissed the hand upon his lips, and whispered, through the fingers:

"Tell me first, was it true, he told me? Do you—" He did not finish the sentence, for Annie understood him and bending so near to him that no one else could hear, she said:

"Yes, Jimmie—I do."

He seemed satisfied, and something of his old manner came back to him when, later in the day, Annie tried to straighten the clothes about him, and wet and brushed his hair.

"Look like a hippopotamus, don't I?" he asked, touching his thick-skinned face.

"Not half as much as you did," Annie replied; and the first smile her face had worn for weeks glimmered around her lips, for she knew now the danger was past, and Jimmie Carleton would live.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The warm, bright November day was wearing to its close. The purple haze of the Indian summer lay around the hilltops, and the soft, golden sunlight fell softly upon the grass, and the few autumnal flowers which had escaped the recent storm. The grounds around the Mather mansion were looking almost as beautiful as in the early summer, for the grass, invigorated by the rain, was fresh and green again, and the brilliant foliage of the trees which dotted the lawn made up the loss of the flowers. Even these last were not lacking indoors, for the hot-house had been robbed of its costliest flowers, which filled the whole house with perfume, and made Maude De Vere start with surprise when she first entered the parlors.

"It takes me back to my Southern home," she said to Rose, who, standing on tiptoe, fastened a half-open lily in her hair, going into ecstasies over the effect, and thinking to herself that Maude De Vere was the most regal creature she had ever seen.

Maude had been in Rockland three weeks, and Rose was already as much in love with her as if she had known her all her life. At first, she had dreaded a little to meet the fearless heroine of the mountains. A girl who had held a revolver at the heads of both Federal and Confederate; who in the night, had ridden twenty miles on horseback to conduct a party of refugees to a place of safety, and had guarded the entrance of the cave in the face of a furious mob, must be something very formidable, or, at least, something unlike all Rose's ideas of what a lady gently born should be; and both Rose and her mother had waited nervously for the arrival of one who, they felt sure, was to be the wife of Tom. Nothing definite had been said upon the subject since Arthur died, but it was tacitly understood by all parties that Maude De Vere, was, sometime, to be Maude Carleton; and Tom was allowed to pay her attentions which could only be paid to his fiancée.

In a great flutter of spirits, Rose had heard of Maude's arrival at the Monastery House, and immediately after dinner had driven down to see her, accompanied by Will, who, if possible, was more anxious than herself to pay

his respects to Maude.

She was kneeling by Charlie's couch when the party entered, but she rose at once and came forward, with the most beautiful carnation staining her cheeks, and a look of modesty in her brilliant eyes. She wore a long, trailing dress of heavy silk, and stood so erect, and held her head so high, that she seemed taller than she really was—taller than Tom, Rose feared; but as she stepped up to her, she saw he had the advantage of her by at least four inches, and thus reassured, she drew a long breath of relief; then, as thoughts of all her husband and brother had been saved from by this heroic girl came over her she sprang toward Maude, and winding her arms around her neck, sobbed hysterically, but never spoke one word.

"What is it? What are you crying for?" Maude asked, petting her as if she had been a little child.

"Oh, I don't know. The sight of you who have done so much for the war, and been so brave, makes me seem so little, so small, so mean beside you, Maude De Vere," Rose replied brokenly, and then Maude's eyes filled with tears, and she hugged the sobbing little creature, whom, from that moment she loved so fondly.

She, too, had dreaded this meeting, for she knew that Rose Mather and her mother were both women of the highest culture, and she felt that they might criticize, and perhaps condemn one who had lived so long among the pines of North Carolina and the mountains of Tennessee. But Rose's manner divested her of all fear and in a moment she resumed that unconscious air of superiority to all else around her, which was a part of herself. Queenly was the word which best suited her looks and her manners, and Rose paid homage to her as to a queen, and told her that she loved her, and how much she had thought of her, and how anxious her mother was to see her, and how happy they would all be when Jimmie and Annie came home.

There had been daily visits to the Monteure since then, and Mrs. Carleton had met the beautiful Maude, and mentally approved of Tom's choice.

Charlie too had been petted and caressed, and his blue eyes opened with wonder as he saw what Northern women were like, and remastered his prejudice against them. He liked the Northerners, he said, but he was loyal to the Southern cause, and listened, with flashing eyes and crimson cheeks, to all he continually heard of the sure defeat and disgrace of the Confederacy.

He kissed the hand upon his lips, and whispered, through the fingers:

"Tell me first, was it true, he told me? Do you—" He did not finish the sentence, for Annie understood him and bending so near to him that no one else could hear, she said:

"Yes, Jimmie—I do."

He seemed satisfied, and something of his old manner came back to him when, later in the day, Annie tried to straighten the clothes about him, and wet and brushed his hair.

"Look like a hippopotamus, don't I?" he asked, touching his thick-skinned face.

"Not half as much as you did," Annie replied; and the first smile her face had worn for weeks glimmered around her lips, for she knew now the danger was past, and Jimmie Carleton would live.

Matter were in this wise when the day came on which Annie was expected home with Jimmie. Great preparations had been made for that arrival. In Rockland there was more than one prisoner who had been nursed by Annie Graham, and her name was spoken with reverence and love by the veriest vagabond that walked the streets. They had not made a demonstration in a long, long time, but they were going to make one now, and the honors which poor George saw in fancy awarded to himself were to be given to his wife. Jimmie, too, whose terrible sufferings had excited so much commiseration, was to have his share of consideration. Bill Baker, who had been home for a week and was as usual the most active spirit of all, suggested that when they flung out the banner on which was inscribed, "Honor and welcome to Annie Graham," they should give three cheers for Mr. Carleton, too. "Bein'," he said, "that they are about as good as one."

Prompt to the moment when it was back, the train swept round the Rockland curve and stopped at the depot where a large concourse of people was gathered. They had not expected the Widow Simms, and when her green veil and straw bonnet appeared on the platform, the foremost of the group looked a little disappointed, while the widow's face darkened as she saw the waiting multitude, and guessed why they were there.

Annie had appeared by this time, and at sight of her the tongues were loosened, and deafening shouts of welcome greeted her on every side. The flag bearing her name was held aloft, the cannon in the adjoining field sent forth its bellowing roar, and the band struck up the sweet refrain of "Annie Laurie," while the voices of the Andersonville prisoners, who had been Annie's charge, sang the last line:

"And for bonnie Annie Graham I would lay me down and die."

Surely this was a coming home which Annie had never looked for, and with her face flushed with excitement, and her eyes shining with tears, she stood in the midst of the shouting throng, gazing wonderingly from one to the other, and realizing nothing clearly, except the firm clasp upon her arm.

It was Jimmie's hand, and Jimmie himself leaned upon her, as the crowd couched his name with hers, and huzzahed for "James Carleton and Annie Graham."

"And the Widder Simms—I swan if it's fair to leave her out. She did some tall nussin' down to Annapolis," Bill Baker said; and then the widow was cheered, and she acknowledged the compliment with a grim smile, and wondered when "folks would quit making fools of themselves, and if Susan wasn't up there, somewhere, in the jam. Of course she was; 'twas like Ruggieses to go where the doin's was."

And while she shook the hand of her neighbors, she kept her eyes on the watch for Susan, and felt a little chagrined that she did not find her.

Susan was at home in the neat little house which John had bought with his captain's wages, so carefully saved.

Jimmie's

The same house it was at which Annie Graham had looked with longing eyes, in the commencement of the war; and in the pleasant chamber which overlooked the town there was a little boy who had been in Rockland only a week, and whose existence was as yet unknown to the widow. They had purposely kept it from her, so she had no suspicion that he was expected; and the first genuine feeling of happiness she had known since Isaac died, she experienced when she was ushered into Susan's room, and the little red-faced thing was laid in her lap. She had looked askance at the new house, and neat furniture, and the pretty curtains, as so many proofs of "them Ruggieses'" extravagance; but she was smooth and caress her shining hair, while his saucy eyes feasted themselves upon her face, as he asked "when she would really be the auntie of the little boy who called her now by that name."

"Come, sit by me a moment, Annie," Jimmie said, when the child had been taken out by his nurse. "Sit on this stool, so—a little nearer to me,—there that's right," he continued, in the tone of authority he had unconsciously acquired since his convalescence.

He was lying upon the couch, and Annie was sitting at his side and so near to him that his long fingers could smooth and caress her shining hair,

while his saucy eyes feasted themselves upon her face, as he asked "when she would really be the auntie of the little boy who called her now by that name."

"Not till you are able to stand alone," was Annie's reply, and then, for the first time since his return from Andersonville, Jimmie spoke of that episode in his life at New London, when little Lulu Howard had stirred his boyish blood, and filled his boyish fancy.

Perhaps he wanted to tease Annie, for he said to her:

"I did like that little blue-eyed Lu,—that's a fact. I used to think about her all day, and dream about her all night. I wonder where she is now."

An Operation Evaded

MR. R. A. SIZE, OF INGERSOLL, ONT., TELLS HOW IT WAS DONE.

Symptoms of Appendicitis—The Way They and Working Every Day.

From the Chronicle, Ingersoll, Ont.

Mr. R. A. Size, of Ingersoll, Ont.,

TELLS HOW IT WAS DONE.

Were Believed—The Sufferer Now Well

and Working Every Day.

From the Chronicle, Ingersoll, Ont.

Mr. R. A. Size, of Ingersoll, Ont.,

TELLS HOW IT WAS DONE.

Were Believed—The Sufferer Now Well

and Working Every Day.

From the Chronicle, Ingersoll, Ont.

Mr. R. A. Size, of Ingersoll, Ont.,

TELLS HOW IT WAS DONE.

Were Believed—The Sufferer Now Well

and Working Every Day.

From the Chronicle, Ingersoll, Ont.

Mr. R. A. Size, of Ingersoll, Ont.,

TELLS HOW IT WAS DONE.

Were Believed—The Sufferer Now Well

and Working Every Day.

From the Chronicle, Ingersoll, Ont.

Mr. R. A. Size, of Ingersoll, Ont.,

TELLS HOW IT WAS DONE.

Were Believed—The Sufferer Now Well

and Working Every Day.

From the Chronicle, Ingersoll, Ont.

Mr. R. A. Size, of Ingersoll, Ont.,

TELLS HOW IT WAS DONE.

Were Believed—The Sufferer Now Well

and Working Every Day.

From the Chronicle, Ingersoll, Ont.

Mr. R. A. Size, of Ingersoll, Ont.,

TELLS HOW IT WAS DONE.

Were Believed—The Sufferer Now Well

and Working Every Day.

From the Chronicle, Ingersoll, Ont.

Mr. R. A. Size, of Ingersoll, Ont.,

TELLS HOW IT WAS DONE.

Were Believed—The Sufferer Now Well

and Working Every Day.

From the Chronicle, Ingersoll, Ont.

Mr. R. A. Size, of Ingersoll, Ont.,

TELLS HOW IT WAS DONE.

Were Believed—The Sufferer Now Well

and Working Every Day.

From the Chronicle, Ingersoll, Ont.

Mr. R. A. Size, of Ingersoll, Ont.,

TELLS HOW IT WAS DONE.

Were Believed—The Sufferer Now Well

and Working Every Day.

From the Chronicle, Ingersoll, Ont.

Mr. R. A. Size, of Ingersoll, Ont.,

TELLS HOW IT WAS DONE.

Were Believed—The Sufferer Now Well

and Working Every Day.

From the Chronicle, Ingersoll, Ont.

Mr. R. A. Size, of Ingersoll, Ont.,

TELLS HOW IT WAS DONE.

Were Believed—The Sufferer Now Well

and Working Every Day.

From the Chronicle, Ingersoll, Ont.

Mr. R. A. Size, of Ingersoll, Ont.,