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THE LONG PEACE SINCE 1865.

Angel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long!
Spread thy wings to the breezes of love!
Come, while our voices are blended in song,
Fly to our ark like the storm-broken dove!
Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove;
Speed o'er the far sounding billows of song,
Crowned with thine olive leaf garland of love,
Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long.

Brothers, we meet on this altar of thine,
Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee,
Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,
Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea,
Meadow and mountain, and forest and sea,
Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine;
Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,
Brothers, once more, round this altar of thine.

Angel of Bethlehem, answer the strain!
Hark! a new birth song is filling the sky,
Loud as the storm wind that tumbles the main;
Hail the full breath of the organ reply;
Let the loud tempest of voices reply;
Roll its long surges like the earth shaking main;
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky,
Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain!

OUTSIDE THE LINES.

A STORY FOR MEMORIAL DAY BY CAPT. GEO. L. KILMER.

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IN a village cemetery on the lower border of Pennsylvania there are two graves, strangely connected, that are visited each Decoration day by a Grand Army comrade and his little family group—two graves with a history.

The Union army had driven the Confederate invaders from northern soil in the Gettysburg campaign and followed their flying columns across the Rappahannock and Rapidan rivers. One day, while passing along the turnpike among the rich farms of Orange county, Sergt. Everett Andros, of the Twentieth, was stationed with a guard at the entrance to a farm lane—common in the south—leading from the road to the house. Around the farm there were signs of life, a thing unusual in Virginia whenever the Union army passed by. When the sergeant and his men took the post they saw a young woman sitting under a tree near the road, and two children playing near. To these spectators the army moving past, horsemen, footmen, heavy cannon, drawn by stout, sleek teams, was a holiday show, but whatever their thoughts, they looked on in silence.

The general had given Andros' guard orders to permit no soldier to go to the house. The tedious tramp of the army went on for hours, and sometimes the soldiers, chafing at their fatigue and privations, tried to pass at the gate or to climb the fence above or below the guard. When they were stopped they gave surly retorts for the interference.

"Humph! You're afraid we'll take something from these 'scesh,'" one would say. Another would add: "Serves 'em right if we do." But the guards would motion them sternly to move on. Sometimes these rough words, though aimed at the guards, were meant for the young woman, and through her the people of her class. But the keenest sallies passed unheeded by the one whose watching as the hours dragged seemed to be a weary vigil, for curiosity must tire out at last. Could the long lines of soldiers hold some special attraction for her?

At last the sergeant, through pity for the defenseless maiden and her wards, and to spare the temper of his men, walked along the road opposite the waterer, touched his cap in salute, and said:

"Pardon me, miss, but I think you ought to leave this spot. You are exposed here."

A gentle lifting of the eyes was the only sign that the words were heard. Another sally from some soldier whom the guard put away with force gave point to the warning, and Andros repeated it in the same friendly tone, adding: "You will be called a—a—rebel, and, perhaps, a spy." Still no answer, other than a nervous turning of the face toward the speaker and a quick withdrawal, for her eyes at the instant had been fixed sharply upon the ranks in the road. The regiment passing was the —— Pennsylvania. The men rolled and jostled along, giving vent in sallies of repartee, or song, or complaints at the day's long march. But there was one of the number who did not join in the raillery or the complaints. Could he have been seen before the column reached this point marked changes would have been noted in his actions. Now, his eyes would roam over the country, and again rest in the thick dusty woof under foot. When his rank came abreast of the lane, this soldier, a private in the line, held his head bent like the weariest of his fellows, but at the moment the guard was wrangling with some burly ruffian, who struggled to get in at the gateway, and when the silent marcher looked up on the outcry, his eyes met those of the young woman. Both blushed, and he turned and hurried on. Quickly now the other called the children to her and led them to the house. Andros supposed the last scene between the guard and the would be forager had shown the stubborn miss that the roadside was no place for her.

All that happened here was unusual. Where the army marched or camped the citizens asked the commanders for house guards, or one was sent unasked. But this young woman, relying, it seemed, on her own presence by the road, had not asked for protection, and her conduct had left no room for suspicion that she might be friendly with the enemy. Secession women invariably stayed indoors when bluecoats were about.

Twilight came on; the army continued its tramp. The guards began to wonder if they were to be kept at this station all night, when the shuffling, shambling form of a negro was seen in the lane. Now for news, thought the guard, for the negroes were the unfailing sources of local knowledge, and it was often good news to the soldiers to know what river or road their camp was on, or even the names of farmers and planters round about. When the negro neared the gate he stopped, cap in hand, and eyed the soldier pacing with his gun. The sergeant called him to come on, but he stood in his tracks and stammered the words, "Y-y-oung miss sent me!" The guard halted. Andros drew near. "Young miss sent me to say, 'Please come to de house.'"

"Who is your young miss, Sambo?"

"She named Miss Ellwood, sah. Ole miss' she named Ellwood, too, sah. But I'se no Sambo. I'se named Patrick Henry, sah.

"Patrick Henry Ellwood of course?"

"Oh, no, mars. I'se no Ellwood, sah. I belong to Mistah Mars Seyton."

"Where's your master?" said Andros, sharply.

"My mars, sah! Ole mars' dead, sah. Young mars done gone. Dunno, sah, whah he done gone, sah."

Andros knew that he could not get full details from a negro at once, and as there were no white men on the place he shouldered his musket and went to extend his acquaintance at Ellwood farm.

"Ole Miss," he learned on the way, was head mistress, and had been twice widowed. The last master, Col. Ellwood, had been killed in the Confederate army. A son of the first master, Capt. Seyton, was now in that army, and still another son, owner, as laws had said, of Patrick Henry and one or two more on the place, was a wanderer. "Mars Ellwood and my Mars Edward newvy could get on together," the old man said sadly. "Young Miss," Evadne (called Eva by the negroes), was an Ellwood, having been a minor when she received a step father.

The lane opened into a wide lawn, with a garden and yard and a path ran from the track to a side door. As he passed the front of the house—an old style, cross shaped mansion—Andros saw that rough bars were nailed over doors and windows, giving a very deserted look. The back part was open and the negro went to the doorway of a room between the parlor and kitchen. Now the heroine of the occasion stepped out on the porch, and by a simple nod and gesture, showed the soldier a seat by the door. Andros saluting, said, "No, miss, I am on duty. How can I serve you?" He spoke with studied coldness. Without confusion or change of color, the other said, "You are certainly welcome. I sent to you because I wish to know if there must be a guard here at the lane?"

"N—no, ma'am, no must about it unless you wish. May I ask why?" She thought a moment and finally said: "There is no objection to a guard, yet it might be unpleasant." The speaker was a type of fair haired, candid womanhood, a winner of notice rather by her manner than by physical beauty, with which, however, she was richly endowed. She was earnest, and inclined now to be confidential, and continued: "I regret you cannot rest yourself here (motioning to the broad seat); you soldiers seem to be always in motion, and I have something to tell you."

There were no white people in sight excepting the fragile young woman, but from windows and doors and the corners of houses and sheds, the shining faces of the slaves peered out curiously. Andros was assured by this that no enemies lurked at hand or the negroes would be in hiding. He sat down and Miss Ellwood drew a chair in front as though to screen him from prying eyes, and said: "I beg a favor, and that of you personally. It is too trifling, too selfish a matter to take to your generals, busy with other cares." Such frankness was itself winning, and Andros answered: "I shall serve you if I can and do my duty."

"You can be true to duty," she said. "I have a friend, a near friend, in your army whom I wish to have come here, to-night, if possible, or the next night, and, it may be, afterward."

Andros arose, nervously, but the other, not noticing his mood, continued: "There is a family secret at the bottom of this and I can go no farther now; but I can summon him through our people, if you will direct them to his camp, and let him come and go—yes, you shall come with him if that will answer duty better."

He was all soldier now, and searching the face before him, said, brusquely, "In what regiment does your friend serve?"

"The —— Pennsylvania."

"I'll keep your secret, and if I can—that is, if my men stay on at the road, I will let you meet at least on my post, but I promise nothing beyond that."

With a touch of his cap he drew his gun to his shoulder and hurried to his post. When it was fully dark the old negro came shambling along again, a negro lad holding a lantern in front of him. Andros directed them to the camp of the —— Pennsylvania, and then repeated the orders to his men to allow no one to pass between the house and the army lines. There was danger in Andros' course, for he had fairly taken it on himself to guard the farm from rascally camp prowlers, and also taken risks on the exposure of army secrets by allowing intercourse of citizens with soldiers. But he believed that the woman was true and that harsh rules might be evaded in rare cases.

Some time after the camps had become quiet, the negro and the boy came across lots beyond the road, and halted at the gate for a sign to enter. Andros was hailed and he opened the gate, and the old man passed on as silent as a funeral mourner. A cunning negro knows how to be mum when something dear to him is afoot. Before midnight the sergeant, armed, and a stranger in uniform, but without a gun, stood at the door of Ellwood house. The stranger tapped softly and when the door opened he stepped in, guiding the other by a touch on the arm. There was a second door leading to an inner room, and from there an elderly lady came out to meet the callers. Miss Ellwood brought the stranger forward and he was greeted with affection and a caress. The young woman took his hand, their eyes met, and Andros said to himself: "They are lovers."

MISS ELLWOOD DREW A CHAIR IN FRONT.

The sergeant was now presented by the other soldier as "a friend," and then Miss Ellwood dropped a low bow and said, laughing: "Now it is my turn; my mother and my cousin Edward."

The same spell, the frankness and the unusual geniality of these Virginia people, told on the sergeant again and reassured him. "Edward" bore himself with reserve, mingled with tenderness. The children who had been by the roadside that day came up and greeted the new comer shyly and somewhat coldly, calling him "Uncle." The mystery in these strange relationships would have puzzled Andros not a little had he tried to unravel it. Excusing himself, he said to his companion, "I'll take post outside until you are ready." The visit lasted an hour or more. When Miss Ellwood came to the door with her visitor Andros said: "I'll keep my pledge as far as I can. Our army is moving its lines back and this house will be outside of the pickets. How far outside I do not know. May be the enemy will hold this ground and then my power will end." "Edward" was silent. Miss Ellwood said promptly, and with spirit, "I can answer that the southern soldiers will not come nearer than at present and we shall be outside the lines, unless your army circles us in."

Before they reached Andros' guard post, now the outer Union picket, "Edward" said to the other: "Comrade, our trade is soldiering, and we have no business with feelings that clash with duty. But there is a secret here we must beg of you to respect and I pledge my faith you shall not be harmed by what you do."

With a tryst for the next night they separated.

The armies settled in winter quarters, the Ellwood place between the camps and in sight of both. Andros had periodical tours of duty on the outposts, and young Seyton—for such he was in reality—found a ready ally to pass him through the pickets by night and to guard him on his risky errand. Whether that errand was one of love only or with some deeper dramatic interest, the obliging ally could not guess. He shared in many of the comforts of the family circle, and a still stronger charm for a soldier exiled from all social pleasures was the meetings with the genial southron who did the honors of hostess.

Miss Ellwood and Seyton both assumed, outwardly, that the latter held the relation of suitor, but at times the interest of the lady in the chivalrous sergeant led him to hope that he, too, had favor in her eyes. However, accident had brought him on the scene as the friend of a comrade who had prior claims, and he was content with the part he had taken. At such times the next best thing to being the hero of a romance is to stand by some good fellow who is the hero. The mystery in it all, too, piqued the sergeant's fancy; the half shut house; the long conferences between the old lady and the Pennsylvania lover—or cousin, or whatever he was—in the inner room, while Miss Ellwood kept away dullness by sprightly talk in the reception room. Occasionally Andros would think that affection was ripening in spite of all, but at the hour of parting Seyton's hand was pressed last and held longest, and glances of intense though rather sad expressiveness passed between the supposed sweethearts.

At length there came a break in these visits. "Edward" was furloughed from his company and went north. On his return some weeks later the spell that had saddened him before had vanished. He spoke no longer of mystery, and was even careless about privacy when he resumed the visits beyond the outposts, though for form's sake things went on in secret. Miss Ellwood was also changed. Her manner toward both soldier comrades was most cordial and at times she was quite gay. Andros was charmed and more than ever inclined to flatter "Edward" on his success in wooing outside the lines.

Late one night Andros, who was in charge of a picket guard, was ordered to extend his pickets before daylight to a bluff some rods beyond the house. After it was done and day was dawning he returned to the house, now in the lines, to tell the occupants of the change in orders. The faithful Patrick Henry had been doing night sentinel duty, too, and he was abroad and hailed the sergeant at the farm yard gate.

"Mawnin, sah!" he said, saluting.

"Good morning," said the other, quickly. "I wish to see Miss Ellwood, or"——

"Scuse me, sah, dey's all done gone!"

"All?"

"Every single one, sah!"

"Why how comes that?" said the other, alarmed.

"D—dunno, sah, 'ceptin' de Lawd done tuk 'em."

It was now broad day and a turn of the eyes showed the puzzled soldier that the Confederate camps that had stood out boldly in sight across the fields were gone too. The negro's eyes followed the sergeant's.

"Ah! some other people are away, I see." Andros colored with anger. Turning upon the old negro he muttered bitterly, "I suppose the Lord took them, too, eh?" and strode on to the lines. As soon as he was relieved from picket watch, Andros hastened to the camp of the —— Pennsylvania to no happy frame of mind. Seyton greeted him cordially

(Continued to fourth page.)

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