TO-MORROW.

To-morrow, to-morrow,
Forever remain
The balm of our sorrow,
The surcease of pain.

No woes do we bear,
No grief laden tears,
No burden of care,
Little dread and few fears.

Thou laborer's easy,
Thou sluggard's incent,
Thou captive's release,
Thou miser's content.

The coquette's lost flame,
The fakir's last game,
The gambler's last throw,
The drunkard's last dram.

To the beggar his clothes,
To the gold-seeker wealth,
To the weary repose,
And the [illegible]—health.

Thou triumph of truth,
Thou overthrow of wrong,
Thou [illegible] all youth,
Thou [illegible] all song.

Mysterious [illegible],
Humanity's boon,
Still [illegible]
[illegible]
Yet stay [illegible]
For our remains,
A balm for our sorrow,
Our surcease of pain.

—Detroit Free Press.

MY YOUNG SOLDIER.

A Tale of Boyish Patriotism and Love.

It is a cold, November twilight. The curtains have been drawn close in the little room which, earlier in the day, serves as an office, but which, after the stroke of five, is delivered over to the more tender associations of the family sitting-room. A large, cheery wood-fire burns on the family altar, and as wood is cheaper than oil in this country region, we experience the double satisfaction of yielding gracefully to an innocent request of childhood and of practicing economy in a less disagreeable manner than that in which the necessity usually presents itself, and allow its flickering flames to be, for a couple of hours, our only illumination.

The customary sacrifices of Autumn, roast chestnuts and popcorn, have been offered to the Lares and Penates of our domestic hearth, and now the children, from golden-haired, lisping Robbie to my dark-eyed, gentle-mannered first-born, who, sitting close beside me, nestles her mut-brown head coaxingly against my coat-sleeve, plead and clamor for a "story."

"Launce, bring the pocket-book," and the lad obeyed, opening a closet and taking from one of its shelves a queer-looking object, which he places in my hand with a quiet reverence, as though the inanimate thing had feeling. The young bodies draw closer and fairly swarm over mine in their desire to see again what is a familiar, yet ever-interesting, relic.

It is a battered, old, leather pocket-book, which is scarcely recognizable as such, discolored, dirty, misshapen, matted together, as though it had been soaked in some fluid; ragged, as if some substance had ruthlessly shattered and torn its leaves; and yet, withal, so redolent with the same tender handling, from my boy, I looked sadly on its stained, wet outside, and then, as I opened carefully the stiff compartments, and viewed their contents, a flood of memories rushed from them and brought hot tears to my eyes. Here was a bit of currency, of old disused design, crisp and clean, though yellowed by time, at one end, while the other was stiff and discolored like the leather; here again was a bit of dried clover-blossom, and on the same stalk a four-petaled leaf—for luck! Something heavier and larger is in this pocket; I draw it out and we all hold our breath; the mother puts down her knitting, and rising, lays her arm in loving, mother-fashion about the neck of her straight-limbed eldest son; while her blue eyes, a little dimmed by age, grow even less clear with unshed tears as she gazes on the object I have abstracted.

It is an old-fashioned, double tin-type, about two inches square, held together by a narrow filagree band of gilt. From the dark surface of the metal gazes the face of a woman; a sad-eyed, wan face, with a whole history of suffering in its pathetic beauty; there is the indefinable impress of maternal love upon it, and the yearning expression of its limpid eyes haunts one with its mournful craving. It is the face of the one who, having suffered much, feels the foreshadowing of even a heavier cloud. Scratched on the tin just beneath is the keynote to the life of the original; in irregular letters, as though formed by some rude implement, is one word, "Mother." I turn the other side uppermost and reveal the bright, unclouded, boyish face of my hero. Laughing eyes beam joyously upon us; a close crop of golden curls cling tightly to a youthful, well-shaped head; a delicately-cut mouth, unshaded as yet by the soft down of manhood, is parted as though in the act of finishing a hearty peal of merriment. A countenance full of health, and brimming over with life and happiness, well calculated to inspire a wealth of mother-love.

After we have all once more refreshed our memories with a long gaze at the two faces, which from much study are as familiar as those of actual friends, I replace them in the wallet, and regarding it, as in olden times the improvisator centered his attention upon the subject of his song, I begin my tale, a true story of our Civil War:

"None of you children remember the struggle which convulsed your country, as an earthquake shatters the land, destroying happy homes, disturbing peaceful valleys, rending and disfiguring great cities as well as simple villages," I begin, looking thoughtfully around on the young lives which had sprung into being since that terrible period. "But your mother can tell you many a tale of those days," and I glanced for corroboration at her whole womanly resignation of her claims as a young wife had but endeared her the stronger to me.

"You know that I had just begun my practice when the war broke out, and that I left your mother and my new home and entered the service as army surgeon. Many and sad were my experiences in the bravely won and nobly endured sufferings of our men; and, in justice to those others, our enemies, let me say that among the wounded prisoners brought to me for treatment I found endurance as manfully displayed, agony as patiently supported. One day the heat had been intense; the hospitals, crowded with bruised and maimed humanity, were close and stifling in the absence of that best medicine for man, fresh air. A battle had taken place, and the hands of doctors and nurses were well filled, and our brains, had we stopped to consider those hardly-worked machines, were weary and oppressed with their ever increasing burdens of care and anxiety; for sympathy, like other luxuries, we had no time, though perhaps our busy fingers felt and applied the gentle emotion which our teeming minds could not contain. It was toward dusk, and still the ambulances continued to bring new victims requiring shelter and attention.

"'What shall we do, Jackson?' I said to a brother surgeon. 'If this goes on much longer we shall be unable to accommodate them. Every ward is full now, and our material for emergencies is about exhausted.'

"'Don't know, I'm sure,' he replied, helplessly. 'I'm about worn out. Had no sleep last night, and would give a small fortune for a glass of wine, only it seems like robbery to take it. Feel guilty even if I apply a quinine pill to my own use, somebody sure to need it more. Hallo! here's a fresh batch!' And our conversation was nipped short.

"I moved forward to reply to the questions of a nurse, and in doing so caught sight of a prisoner, wounded and helpless, whom they were bringing in. He was a lad, scarcely more than seventeen. His gray uniform was stained and tattered. His left arm lay inertly, evidently shattered, on the wooden stretcher, while his right was tossed above his head, and the white, boyish hand was partially hidden in the unshorn, tangled masses of his sunny hair. The eyes were closed, and the dark fringe of their lashes, unusually thick and heavy, lay like a dusky shadow on the fair, white skin; pitifully white it was, and so delicately fair that it seemed rather the face of a girl than of a soldier. A great throb of pity moved me at the sight; not even the demands of my duty could prevent the overpowering tide of emotion from acting upon me. Quickly forgetting the nurse by my side in this new interest, I approached the men who bore him.

"'Where are you taking him?' I asked.

"'No. 506,' one answered. 'Don't think there's any bed for him. Every thing's full.'

"'Follow me,' I ordered, a quick idea flashing upon me. I traversed the ward and an adjacent passage-way, and opened the door of a small room reserved for the doctors, in one corner of which stood the bed which I shared with Jackson. The room was occupied by two or three of my associates as I entered, who raised inquiring eyes at the interruption.

"'I'm sorry, boss,' I said, with curt brevity, 'but there's no help for it. I can't let this child go with the herd. I'll make it all right with Jack,' and motioning to the men, I soon had the patient bestowed to my own satisfaction; with the aid of a nurse I undressed him and discovered the nature of his wounds.

"That they were serious enough, a quick survey satisfied me: a bullet shattering the left arm had penetrated the body, just above the lung, in so nearly a fatal manner that any exertion or excitement would bring on hemorrhage which could have but one result. He was quite unconscious, and having set and splintered his arm, I left the nurse with him and hastened about my other duties. According to our prearranged system it was my night to sleep, and sorely I required rest; but, knowing that the much-needed nurse could not be spared to attend a single patient, I resolved to take that duty upon myself, and made strenuous efforts to keep awake.

"The delicate skin was flushed and fevered now; the wandering senses, sometimes half steeped in restless slumber, at others were listlessly wakeful, and the parched, dry lips muttered half-audible words. The night was bright, with a moon young as the immature life before me; but the lusty rays of the one shone in painful contrast athwart the dim, shadowy spirit of the other. From the distant wards came sounds of suffering, stifled as fancied by distance; but here all was still. The weary men who lay upon the beds slept noiselessly in the deep repose of exhaustion. From the pockets of the young soldier I had taken carefully their contents, and now, in the rays of the moon, I compared the boyish faced photograph with the living one, and quickly convinced myself that they were identical. I drew a heavy sigh as I glanced from him back to the sad-featured mother, and wondered if the strange instinct of maternity had presaged the early death of this her son. The prophetic look of sorrow which I first noticed in her face seemed to have given place to a continued depth of woe, and I was about putting it down on the little table beside me, when, with a sudden, quick movement, the lad started up in bed, and, notwithstanding all my efforts, poured forth a voluble series of disjointed remarks.

"'Mother, mother, mother!' he cried, 'I could not help it, I had to go, I had to, you know. You know it, don't you, mother? had to—had to—had to. Let you know? Told you? She wouldn't have let me go. She wouldn't, you know,' turning to me. 'There, don't, hold me, mother, I must go!' as I tried to restrain him and to quietly force him to lie down. 'Mother, don't—don't! my country—you taught me—mother, if you'd kiss me just once—right here—here—here—where the fire is. It's buried ever since I stole away that night,' and he lays his right hand above the young heart, which had ached, perhaps, with pangs of homesickness as fierce as those of the wound which throbs and tortures his brave young spirit.

"He stopped a moment and an expression of physical suffering distorted the quivering face. This was but transitory, and was instantly superseded by a beautiful, glorious light, such as might have illumined the features of youthful martyrs, suffering for their convictions.

"'It does ache, mother—but it's for the cause, you know, and a man should be able to bear a little pain'—proudly—'Don't mother!—don't look so sorry—your only son? Yes, but you should not have taught me to sing "Maryland, my Maryland!" You did, you remember! And the excited tones rang forth in a cracked, boyish treble, which had not yet taken on the deeper fullness of manhood. An intense twinge of pain cut short the outburst, and, with an involuntary gasp, the golden head fell back upon the pillow, a gray shadow took the place of the feverish flush, and settled with awful significance upon the now calm features. He lay thus, his labored breathing the only sound audible in the room. The white moonbeams shining on the still, grave face invested it with a pallor and majesty which seemed the attributes of death itself. Had it not been for that heavy respiration, I should have almost believed that the weary young spirit of the boyish soldier had already answered to a Higher Summons. Presently, as I watched him, I saw a sweet, tender smile steal over his face, like a soft, summer breeze ripples the still surface of a lake, and then the blue eyes unclosed quietly, gently and met mine, with no feverish light in them, but with a peaceful glow, which yet contained a gleam of longing. I saw that he was quite conscious, and when he spoke did not attempt to check him, being too well acquainted with death not to discern his familiar presence.

"'I am wounded?' I bowed an assent. 'I remember. The flag was falling from the broken wrist of the bearer, and I ran forward to save it. Useless, you see!' and the flickering smile deepened with a realizing sense of his powerlessness. 'I'm sorry I haven't done much good, after all, and the poor little mother! Ah!' And a fresh twinge causes him to pause a moment, while I administered a draught. I tried to prevail upon him to cease talking, but, with a bit of boyish fun he says:

"'No, I'd rather my tongue would wear out than rust out. I know what's coming,' and he paused again while the smile quite faded, and a look of dread and uncertainty filled his eyes. He seemed afraid that I should divine the natural, unsoldierlike shrinking of his young soul before the coming of the invincible foe, against whose attack none shall prevail, and quickly continued: 'I'm not really afraid, you know—at least, I think I'm not; only, if mother could be waiting there for me!' Then the homesick yearning of the sorely tried heart quite conquers, and his eyes fill again with hot tears, which he hides with his right arm; and I see his lips quiver, and hear the trembling voice cry, with the pathetic lament of a hurt child, 'Oh, mother, mother!'

"The struggle that is taking place in that heroic soul I only can divine. He says no more until he is quite calm; then, he removes his arm, and in perceptibly weakened tones asks:

"'Doctor, will you sometime go and see her? Tell her I was sorry to have to run away—I did, you know—but she would not let me go, and I was a man and so strong!' He stops again; his little remnant of the strength of which he speaks is fast diminishing, and the boyish frame with its manly impulses is growing as weak as a baby's. I promise him; he gives me his name and the name of his native town, and then I absolutely forbid another word. He obeys, and a deep sleep, and the tears fill my eyes and roll down my bearded cheeks as I realize the real motive which has prompted this surrender of life. I feel sure that no boyish waywardness and love of excitement has actuated him, else the homesick weariness would have proved too strong. I can see that the spirit of patriotism has been as pure and deep in this childish breast as in the souls of our bravest, noblest soldiers. I bethink me of the time, and, drawing out my repeater, set it, and as the silvery chimes smite the stillness of the chamber, the boy once more stands up in his bed, with an eager flush on his fair face.

"'It is the roll-call,' he mutters. 'Mother, I must go. Kiss me, kiss me just once, mother. Ah!' as a wild flash of triumph flits over his features. 'She has kissed me here,' and his hand presses convulsively the wounded heart. 'I see you, mother. I see you. Wait, I am coming. One moment for the roll-call,' then, straining his eyes out through the open window, he listens as if intent on catching some word. Gradually the eagerness gives way to a look of fulfilled expectation, and he mutters as if in repetition: 'Jones, James, McHenry, and then,' pulling himself together as with a mighty effort, a pleased, satisfied smile steals over his face, and repeating his own name, as the next in order of succession, the boy-soldier raises his voice, and in a clear, ringing tone answers to the roll-call of one mightier than any officer of worldly warfare: 'Ay, present.' And with a long, quivering breath the brave soul passes up and enters the ranks to which he has been called."

I always lose my self when I tell this sad little tale; and imagine I am once more sitting in the poor hospital chamber, watching beside my young hero. As I finish, no one speaks, but presently my little Marjory wipes her soft brown eyes and says:

"Tell, papa, how you went to search for the poor mother."

"That, too? But, my dear, it hardly seems necessary." However, it is one of Marjory's requests, and I never refuse her; so I relate the details of my journey to the South, after the conclusion of the war; of my wandering through the desolated, barren land, until I reached the town to which the young soldier had directed me; of my search for that grief-stricken mother; and repeat the little history told me by a neighbor of the lady:

"She was a young widow with an only child, this son. Proud of her Southern birth and ancestry, she had, from the boy's infancy, instilled into his soul a love and loyalty for his native soil, little dreaming of the bitter fruit she should reap from the seed she scattered so profusely. When the war broke out the boy was fired with all the enthusiasm of his warm, Southern blood, and the germs of patriotism implanted in childhood grew up and flourished. When she found him bent upon entering the service she resolutely refused to listen to the idea of the practical fulfilment of her theories, and forbade his mentioning the subject to her. And so he stole away, urged by an impulse stronger even than the love which had united him to her in bonds closer than those of ordinary filial affection. From the day of his departure she had drooped and pined away, and finally anxiety and solitude so wore upon her that a week before the wounded lad was brought to our hospital the gentle, delicate mother had preceded him to a land where peace reigneth forever, and his wish that she might be waiting to welcome him to his new home was fulfilled. Poor mother! and no, not poor—glorious young soldier! The wallet I kept; there was none who had a claim upon it, and to me it is one of the fondest relics of the war. My story is done, children, and your mother, selfish little woman, is dying to assure herself, by personal contact, that her flock is still complete, so run quick and let her kiss you each."—*Elizabeth Phipps Train, in Boston Budget.*

Spontaneous Combustion.

Mr. Braidwood, superintendent of the London fire engine establishment, stated before a committee of the House of Lords that by long exposure to heat not much exceeding that of boiling water, timber is brought into such a condition that something like spontaneous combustion takes place, and that it may take eight years for the heat from pipes charged with or used to convey steam, hot water or heated air, laid among the joists of a floor or in the heart of a partition, or elsewhere in a building, incased in timber, to induce the condition necessary to the actual ignition of the timber.—*Christian at Work.*

Where the Blame Belongs.

Colonel Witherspoon is a very close man. He never tips a waiter. Not long since he took dinner at an Austin restaurant.

"I have to complain about the waiter in this place," he said to the proprietor after the meal was over.

"What do they do?"

"They are neglectful and impudent to me."

"Well, the other boarders are to blame for that."

"How are the other boarders to blame?"

"They give the waiters tips."—*Texas Siftings.*

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From Same 4 Years Later.

Muskegon, Mich., Nov. 2, 1886.

Suffered years with rheumatism in the legs. Saw many doctors and nothing did me any good. I tried a few bottles of St. Jacobs Oil. The rheumatism entirely disappeared. NAPOLEON NORMANDIN.

An Editor's Suffering, Oct., 1880.

Bloomington, Ill.

I have had rheumatism in my ankle for many years and could get no relief. Three applications of St. Jacobs Oil has almost entirely cured me. PERCY A. FOLSOM.

From Same 6 Years Later—Cured.

Bloomington, Ill., Oct. 18, 1886.

I think it was in 1880 St. Jacobs Oil cured me of rheumatism. I had it all my life and it settled in my ankle. Could not walk without a cane. I bought one bottle and used it. In a few days the pain was gone and to this day I have not had a touch of it. PERCY A. FOLSOM.

From a Rheumatic Sufferer—Cured.

Ironton, Ohio, Nov. 6, 1886.

Four years ago I was troubled with rheumatism in arm and shoulder. I used St. Jacobs Oil and covered the parts with flannel. I continued its use until I no longer felt the rheumatism. I have never been bothered with it since. JACOB WEDDLE, Late Col. Vols, U. S. A.

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