

## IN A YEAR.



HAT changes have come to us all in a year! How many have answered the call of death's angel—whose whisper we hear With a shock of surprise on the ear—In a year!

How many who loved us have changed in a year! How many close friendships estranged. Affections we cherished as dear!

Ah! how differently all things appear in a year!

Can the heart to its love be untrue in a year? Once I thought myself cherished by you. You seemed happy when'er I was near; Can it be you've grown cold, as I fear, in a year?

My love has become but more strong in a year; While yours could endure not that long. All were well, could I see my way clear. In my heart not to hold you so dear, in a year.

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

## AT CAMP NOGOOD.

The Story of One Christmas in a Mining Camp.

[Written for this paper.]



ANY one bear up just a little longer, father?" The speaker was a small, trimly-built woman, with a bright, intelligent face, and though she tried to speak cheerfully, there was a wailing undertone of grief, almost of despair, in the tone of her voice.

"I'm afraid I can't, Nell. 'Pears like I'm almost gone," and the answer came huskily from the lips of a sick man stretched in the bottom of a long emigrant wagon, drawn by a pair of patient mules, who were driven over the trail by the woman. "If there was only a parson to say a bit of a prayer, Nell, seems like I could go more comfortable, fur I've been a rough man, not like the quiet hum body I was when I left you, wife. But you see there's nobody but men at Camp Nogood; haint seen a petticut in nigh two year, jest think o' that, Nell, and you'll never know how perfectly lovely you an' the kids looked to me when you stepped off the train, an' now I've got ter go an' leave ye," and a sharp spasm of pain convulsed the white face.

"Oh! father, don't talk of dying," and the wife turned her head away as the hot tears trickled down her cheeks. "We'll soon be at the camp, and then, may be, something can be done for you."

"Say, poppy, poppy, I see a house away off yender," and a little boy of eight eagerly strained his eyes over the long stretch of road before them to the spot where the faint outline of a rude shanty was visible in the distance.

"That's Tim Conway's cabin, half a mile from the camp," said the sick man, feebly, "but I shan't live to get there, fur it's five miles away an' nigh a comin' on."

"No, no, Brady, it's real light yet. If you can stand it to ride so far may be we can make it. Don't give up, father, don't, now," and a gleam of hope mingled with her tears at the welcome thought that a human habitation was in sight, and better still, that the camp, the objective point of their journey, was almost in sight also.

"Drive on, Nell, I'll try an' bear it." A gray shadow was stealing over the sick man's face already, but he did not know it; he only knew that a cold hand was touching at his heart, chilling him through and through. He thought it was the wind which blew down the trail with a shivering suggestion of winter, but it was a stronger breath than that of Boreas which was freezing his life-blood and stopping its free current through his veins.

The mules plodded along their way and the children watched the little speck in the distance as it came steadily nearer with childish interest. Besides the boy of eight, there was a little girl of five, and the baby, Nell, aged three, so wrapped in shawls that she looked more like a mummy than a living child, and the mother's tears chilled on her cheeks as she drove the mules forward with the hope that succor might be near. It was not an enviable situation.

The husband two years before had started away from a comfortable home in Illinois, imbued with the spirit of adventure and with a longing for wealth which the plodding farm life did not satisfy. A neighbor had come home from the mountains with marvelous tales of wealth to be acquired in the mines, and after selling the farm and dividing the proceeds with his wife for her support while he was gone, he had taken his share and gone back with his comrade.

His claim had not panned out as he had hoped, but not feeling willing to abandon his enterprise, he had sent for his wife and children to come out to him, promising to meet them at Denver.

Quite unknown to him an insidious disease had been creeping upon him for the past year, weakening him slowly but surely, and his wife was shocked when she saw his drawn and altered face when he met her at the train, and when they were about ten miles from the city he had been taken with an acute attack of his disease, and the afflicted wife had pursued the journey which had been commenced so hopefully, for she was a cheerful little body, and had formed many wifely plans for the new mountain home, which was ending with heart-sickness and dread.

There had been quite an excitement in the camp when the letter had come announcing that the little woman and her children were on the way.

"Yer ter quit yer swearin', Bill Nevins, when there's a womint round," said Dick Gowdy. "Sakes, I hain't said a womint in so long I ast forgot how they look."

"Some o' you fellers'd better shave up a bit er she'll be skeered at the sight of such hottentots," Burt Macomber was the

dandy of the camp, and rude as the belongings of the miners were, they would have been more so had it not been for his refining taste.

He had once ventured to carry a cane, but his comrades peremptorily drew the line of prohibition at canes, and he was forced to discard the obnoxious article.

A rough but kind-hearted set of men, they had made quite a bustle of preparation through the day on which they had calculated the travelers would return.

Dan Voorhees had scrubbed his shanty, and Sam Collins, who kept the long, board house which answered for a hotel, had partitioned off an apartment for the tired mother and her children with a curtain of sacking roughly sewn together, and in an unusual freak of taste had manufactured an apology for a window curtain from the remains of an old white shirt which had long since been packed away in his trunk as unnecessary rubbish.

"Wimmin like sich truck," he explained apologetically as a comrade stared in surprise at the unwonted luxury hanging over the little window.

All this time the mules were toiling wearily up the trail toward the speck of a cabin. They had almost reached it when the little boy cried out: "Oh, mamma! Poppy looks so queer!" and the wife, with a fast beating heart, climbed over the seat to the rear of the wagon, where her husband lay.

The last great change for him was coming fast and he whispered: "Pray, Nell!" as his beseeching eyes looked up into her pale face and a cold sweat broke out on his forehead.

The poor woman had prayed in her Illinois home, prayed for the husband leaving her so utterly and unexpectedly alone, but she could not pray now. Still, she tried her best and her whole heart went out in her despairing invocation: "Oh, God! Oh, God, draw near!" and then words died on her tongue and great sobs choked her.

"Good-bye, Nell, tell the boys to be kind to you an'—and the fluttering breath ceased, and the wife was a widow and her children fatherless.

"Mamma, I'll run to the shanty an' tell the man how sick poppy is," said the little boy, and climbing down over the wheel of the wagon he sped away as fast as his little legs would carry him.

He had never seen death, and the mother was too absorbed in her grief to explain to him that papa would never be sick any more.

He came back soon with wide open eyes and a quivering lip. "There ain't any one there, mamma. I pecked in the window an' hollered all around."

Tim Conway had gone up to the camp, and the widow's heart sank lower still at the thought of the long, lonely ride with that still, motionless form behind her. He had seemed a protection even in his weakness while the breath of life lasted, but now she was desolate indeed, and she took up the reins with a sense of horrible loneliness, which she had never before experienced.

Wash Jackson, the black cook at the Collins house, was preparing to fry griddle cakes, a favorite dish with the men, when the rumble of wheels was heard.

"That's Brad, I'll bet ye," cried Dick Gowdy, throwing down the cards with which he was playing, and rising hastily.

"Hello, pard, yer're jest in time for flap-jacks," and Sam Collins threw open the door and strode out with a welcome.

A stifled sob was the only reply, and he stepped back. "Beg parding, who ever 'tis," it was quite dark and the mules and the long white covered wagon were alone visible. "We're expect'n' Brad Newell, an' I'll be dratted if this ere don't match his team to a dot."

"Poppy's sick," said the little boy's small voice; the widow's sobs still choked her.

"And who's pop?" asked the miner, kindly.

"I'm Willie Newell, and mamma's here."

"'Tis Brad's team arter all. I thought I couldn't be mistook. Hello, old feller! Cheer up, man, we'll soon have you well again," and the miner walked around to the rear of the wagon.

"He'll never be well any more. He's dead, friends," said the widow in a choked voice.

"Dead? Well, now, that's rough, ma'am. Bless of 'taint," and one of the bystanders went into the house to carry the news.

"Sho, now, yer don't say?" and Wash Jackson turned a griddle cake over onto



"POPPY'S SICK," SAID THE LITTLE BOY, the floor instead of upon the griddle in his surprise, "an' his widder an' de little chillen am at de do' wid de corpse. Sho, sho, now, dat am awful scouraging."

"Shet up, yer black yawp, an' get 'em something to eat," said one of the men, roughly; "they must be clean tuckered out."

The rough, toil-worn hands of the miners helped the widow from the wagon as reverentially as if she had been a princess, and the children were taken to warm hearts and tenderly cared for, while the father's cold form was prepared for burial in another shanty—the one which Dan Voorhees has so recently scrubbed, little thinking for whose reception he was making it clean.

Three days after the funeral the widow was waited on by a deputation from the camp. "We wanted to ask ye, ma'am, what ye was goin' ter do," said the spokesman, touching his bearskin cap respectfully.

"Indeed, sirs, I do not know, replied the widow. She had shed all her tears and could speak of her trouble with dry

eyes. "All I have is here, and winter is coming on."

"That's what we was a thinkin', ma'am," said Dan Voorhees, eagerly, "an' a hepin' you would consent to stay at the camp. We're a rough set o' men, ma'am, but you can feel jest as safe with us as if yer own mother was a rockin' ye. Ef any man says a word o' sass to ye we'll run him out o' camp at the pint of a shotgun."

"But what can I do for support," faltered the widow. She had been tenderly brought up, and the idea of spending the winter with these rough men was appalling, deprived of the protecting presence of her husband.

"We've wrastled it all out for ye," replied Sam Collins. "Ye see, we'd all on us calkyated a pile on hev'n' Brad's woman an' kids among us, an' we're all sort o' rattled like at bein' disappointed, an' we're willin' to do the square thing by ye."

"Brad's claim aint a pannin' out no great, but it's enough to make ye comfortable, an' we'll all chip in and do our share toward workin' it, and pay over the proceeds to ye jest ez regular as if he war here. Dan'll give up his shanty, an' we want ter make ye jest ez happy an' comfortable as we can, for we sot a heap o' store by Brad."

The widow's lip quivered; the kindness of these strangers touched her deeply, and she replied in a trembling voice: "And what am I going to do to repay you gentlemen for all this unexpected kindness?" She used the word advisably, for in her estimation they were gentlemen of the truest sort.

"That's all right. Don't you worrit about payin', ma'am. We're a sorter rough set an' we need a woman around to kinder pare us down, an' ef you'll sing us a song onct in awhile—Brad said you was a master hand to sing—an' let us hev the kids ter love and cuddle a little, we'll call it square. We're all on us had homes an' it comes rough on us, this kind o' life year in an' year out, an' if you'll live among us an' make a home fur us ter kinder look at, as 'twere, we shall feel paid."

She couldn't refuse such a request, coming as it did from those who had been her husband's friends and companions for the two years past, and so it was settled, and the few things she had brought with her were moved into Dan Voorhees's shanty, and with her woman's skill she made such a homelike place of it that Bradley would have thought it an earthly paradise could he have lived to see it.

The children took to the kindly miners wonderfully, and Willie and golden-haired Katie were as contented as kittens when Sam Collins or Dick Gowdy entertained them with stories or "yarns," as they called them, of their earlier days, or whittled out the curious wooden toys which they were experts in fashioning.

Baby Nell's preference was for Black Wash, and it was no uncommon sight to see her little pink hood peeping up over his battered old hat, as she perched on his shoulder, her chubby arms clinging close around his neck as he went to the spring for water or out to the timber for faggots for his culinary operations.

Burt Macomber had an old violin which had seen its best days, and he often brought it over to the widow's cabin, and as he was quite a creditable performer, many an evening which would otherwise have been spent in drinking and dice playing was whittled away in listening to the squeaky fiddle and the widow's really fine voice, as she sang church music and the Gospel hymns which had been sung in her Illinois home until they were old and threadbare, but which were entirely new in the mountains.

"I tell you, boys, that air tears me all ter pieces," said Dick Gowdy, as Mrs. Newell sang "The Ninety and Nine" to her audience; "ther haint no shepherd a goin' ter do very much huntin' for us ef we don't take better keer of ourselves," and it was noticeable that he left off swearing for nearly a week, and in many ways the presence of the little family, so helpless in their bereavement, was a refining and softening influence.

"Sho, now, fellahs, Christmas am comin' in about fo' weeks," said Wash Jackson, as he was lighting the evening lamps. "I'd clean done fo'get till dat ar little Katie war a tellin' whatter fine Christmas tree dey had las' year. Tell you it mus' be mighty dull fo' dem chillen up heah, wid nottin' but us grown folks ter muse em."

"That's so," and Dick Gowdy drummed on the table thoughtfully. "Taint one woman in a thousand that'd come up here an' be as pleased an' chippier as that little widder is with her trouble to bear, an' I move that—" and the speaker's voice was lowered, and a consultation followed which was strictly confidential.

There were none of these men who did not have a memory of innocent pleasures at Christmas time in their childhood, yet the sweetest and best of holidays had been spent the year previous in unusual conviviality, which had ended in the nearest approach to a rough and tumble fight that the camp had ever known.

There was something in the presence of the widow, the touch of the innocent childish hands which had met theirs with confiding trust, which made such a celebration on the day repugnant to them, and Sam Collins brought his fist down on the table with a whack as he said: "I tell you, boys, money's no objic, an' ef the thing's did at all it's got to be did up brown, an' them little kids an' ther ma shell hev a Christmas worth hev'n', ef they air up in the mountings!" slapping fifty dollars' worth of gold dust upon the table as he spoke.

A stingy miner is an anomaly seldom seen, and the pile rapidly increased as each added his contribution.

There were sounds of hammering and sawing going on in a spot far enough from the camp to be sheltered from its rudeness, yet near enough for purposes of protection, and some one was evidently going to have a new cabin, and built in a style noticeably superior to the rest of the shanties in size and convenience.

Nelly Newell stitched away at her scanty preparations for the fast-coming winter with scarcely a thought of the matter, and if she had speculated upon the subject at all she would have thought that Dan Voorhees was replacing the one he had so generously given up to her.

As the miners had said, she had borne her troubles with patience and sweetness, and she fully appreciated the kindness, rough and uncouth though it was, which these men had shown her, but she would probably never know what her presence and

that of her innocent children was doing toward making the camp as quiet and orderly as it was.

There was a town twenty miles away, and a week before Christmas Sam Collins and Burt Macomber drove off in a big wagon drawn by four mules in its direction. Burt had been chosen for this excursion because, as they all agreed, he "knew more about wimmin's chicken fixins' than any man in the camp."

"Don't ye spar the money," was Dick Gowdy's parting admonition. "Ef that pile don't hold out, run yer face, an' the rest kin foller arterward."

The wagon came back the next evening heavily laden, and the men unloaded it at the door of the new cabin, which was now completed, and there were busy hands at work putting it in order for occupancy.

Nelly Newell was putting away the remains of her little supper on Christmas Eve when a smart rattle sounded at her door. She had been unusually despondent all day, as she contrasted this Christmas with previous ones spent in the Illinois home.

True, Bradley had been away, but he had sent her money to make the day a happy



HOME SWEET HOME GREETED HER EARS. one for the children, with a long letter for herself, and many times during the day tears had filled her eyes at the thought of the loving heart and hand forever still in the mountain grave.

Dan Voorhees was at the door as she went to open it, and his honest face wore a curious expression as he said: "The boys want ye to step over 'n see the new house we've been puttin' up. I'll take the baby an' the kids kin foller."

Glad of any change in her monotonous life Nelly put on her hood, wrapped up the little ones and went out with him.

The house was lighted, and the sound of Burt's violin sawing away on "Home, Sweet Home" greeted her ear as she stepped in at the door.

"Wish ye merry Christmas, ma'am," called out Sam Collins as she was ushered into the room which answered for a parlor. There was a real "store carpet" upon the floor, a set of cane-seat chairs, a table and couch, and through Burt's taste the windows had been curtained with white lace, all cheap, but absolutely luxurious for that region, and giving the room a really home-like appearance, with possibilities for future improvement from her woman's touch.

They had decorated the walls with evergreens and in one corner a small Christmas tree bore acceptable fruit for the children, wooden toys, cheap picture books, such as the primitive mountain store afforded, and a bag of real candy, which had been distributed so as to make all the show possible.

Mrs. Newell looked about her in the most perfect astonishment as Sam Collins, who had appointed himself spokesman for the occasion, called out heartily: "This is a Christmas present for ye, ma'am, from Camp Nogood, an' we hopes ye'll take as much comfort a livin' in't as we hev in a fixin' it for ye."

It was a most surprising state of affairs, and Mrs. Newell could hardly find her voice to thank them, and especially when Burt threw open the lid of a small melodeon and invited her to accompany him, with his violin upon it.

True, it was rickety in the joints and squeaky in tone, but it was still capable of giving sincere pleasure as the miners crowded around it while Mrs. Newell played her simple airs upon it, not daring to trust her voice to sing. The children took the opportunity to explore the rest of the house while she was playing, and came back proclaiming: "Oh, mamma, there's a cupboard in the other room with lots o' vittles in it an' a great big turkey!" and so it came about that, in spite of insuspicious circumstances, there was a merry Christmas for the widow and the fatherless even at Camp Nogood.

Mrs. F. M. HOWARD.

## How to Choose a Husband.

Don't be afraid to marry a poor man; but be sure that he has something besides poverty to commend him. Be sure that he has two strong hands, not only skillful, but ready for hard work. Be sure that he has an occupation or a position, which may reasonably be depended upon to yield a good, comfortable living. Be sure that he is industrious, and not self-indulgent; be sure that he is steady, working six days in the week and about fifty-two weeks in the year. A good, true, faithful young woman ought to have no "Yes" for answer to a proposal of marriage from a lazy man or a man who has no fixed occupation, or a man who has lived half his life off the hard earnings of his mother or sister, going about the streets meanwhile with his cane and his cigarette and his fine clothes, playing the splendid gentleman. The girl who will marry such a creature is one of the silliest beings on the earth. He will never be any comfort to her. He will only drag her down into wretched poverty, and into helpless, hopeless dependence, in which she can no longer care for herself. Let no self-respecting young woman ever put her head into such a halter as that for the sake of having a husband. If she does, the time will come when she will wish she had no husband.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

The man whose eyes are wide open in seeing the faults of others, and scarcely open at all in seeing his own faults, is very sure to commit two mistakes—one in not correctly judging of others and the other in not correctly judging of himself. Such a man is apt to be a sort of nuisance in every circle in which he moves.—N. Y. Independent.

## ANOTHER TRAIN ROBBERY.

An Illinois Central Train Held Up Near Duck Hill, Miss. — The Express Car Robbed of Three Thousand Dollars — A Passenger, Who Attacked the Robbers with a Rifle, Shot and Killed — The Robbers Escape to the Swamp.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 17.—A special from Grenada, Miss., to the *Picayune* says that two white men stopped passenger train No. 2 on the Illinois Central railroad near Duck Hill, Saturday night, robbed the express car of \$3,000 and shot and killed Chas. Hughes, of Jackson, Tenn., a passenger, who attacked the robbers with a rifle. When the train was leaving Duck Hill, two men boarded the engine and commanded Engineer A. J. Law to run fast and not stop until told. The engineer and fireman Geo. Evans were covered by navy revolvers and had to obey. When a mile north of the station the men ordered the train stopped and the engineer and fireman were made to dismount and were marched to the express car. One of the robbers knocked on the car door, and Messenger Hill opened it. Three shots were fired at Hill, and the men then entered the car and took all the money there was—\$3,000. Conductor P. B. Wilkinson, who rushed out on hearing the firing and to see why the train stopped, was fired on, and being unarmed, returned to the train. Charles Hughes, of Jackson, Tenn., a passenger, then ran out with a Winchester rifle. As he stepped to the ground he was shot at. One ball struck his left arm, another went through his stomach, inflicting a fatal wound. The death of the young man was very sad, as he was the only support of his widowed mother. He came to Lexington, Miss., Saturday, to meet his sister's family and a younger brother, all of whom were on the train, and were greatly distressed at his untimely death.

The robbery was done in the regular highway style. Nine shots were fired by Conductor Wilkinson and Passenger Roban, three by Hughes and four or five by the robbers.

The following description of the robbers is furnished by Engineer Law: Both were white men. One was tall and slender, and the other was of ordinary size. Both were poorly dressed, and showed themselves to be hard characters. The tall one wore sandy chin whiskers, and Law is in doubt as to whether he had a mustache.

Express Messenger Hill gives the following description of the robber who entered the car: He was a tall man, and wore a white slouch hat. He had no beard on the side of his face. The mask covered his face below the nose. He had a large nickel-plated pistol, which looked unusually long. The bore was very large, and the barrel was round, apparently for a cap and ball. The man had dark hair cut very short. It looked as if it had been cut by a country barber. He wore a gray suit of ordinary clothes. He put the stolen money in a sack larger than the one used on the express car, but of the same material. Both the robbers were masked.

The plain where the robbery occurred is an open low marsh, fifty yards from the woods. The men fled eastward into the swamp. A posse is being organized at Grenada to join in the chase after them. Bloodhounds will be put on the track. The description of the tall man with sandy whiskers would answer for that of the man who recently robbed a train on the Northeastern road.

## DABY IRENE.

Finding of the Body of Engineer Hawes' Youngest Child in the Lake at Birmingham, Ala. — Hawes Exhibits No Emotion When Informed — Public Sentiment Returning to a Normal Condition.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Dec. 16.—About eleven o'clock yesterday the officers who have been for a week searching for the body of little Irene Hawes, found it at the bottom of the lake, only a few feet from the spot where the body of Mrs. Hawes was found one week ago. It was weighted down with about fifty pounds of railroad iron, but bore no marks of violence. The finding of the body caused no excitement. No further attempt at lynching Hawes is anticipated. When told of the finding of his baby's body, Hawes refused to talk.

When Hawes was informed at the jail that the body of his little daughter Irene had been found he looked up with just the slightest show of interest, and, slowly arising from his cot, inquired, without the slightest tremor in his voice: "Where did they find her?"

He was told, and without making any reply, or showing the slightest emotion, he resumed his seat, and, bowing his head, sat for some time as if in deep thought. He was asked if he would like to see the body, but he made no reply. Several other questions elicited no answer except that he had no statement to make.

Fannie Bryant, the negro woman held as an accomplice, was next seen. She stated that she had already been informed by her lawyer that Irene's body had been found, and that he cautioned her not to say anything, and refused to further converse on the subject.

Before the reporter left the jail, stringent orders were issued to admit no one to Hawes' cell. The news of the finding of the body created no excitement in the city. No crowds have gathered on the street, and very few have visited the undertaker's shop where the body lies.

While no repetition of last Saturday's terrible affray is feared, every precaution has been taken to guard against any attack on the jail. An extra force of deputy sheriffs are guarding the approaches thereto. No one is allowed to go near the jail without an order from the sheriff.

The coroner's jury, investigating the shooting of last Saturday night, held only a short session yesterday. A number of witnesses were examined, but their testimony was unimportant. Public feeling is rapidly assuming its normal condition, and the belief is gaining ground that the Sheriff only did his duty.

## Suit for Divorce.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 16.—Mrs. Jane Hess, proprietress of the Royal Hotel, corner of Court and Walnut streets, has filed suit for divorce from her husband, John Hess, charging cruelty, non-support and desertion. Mrs. Hess is the mother of the well-known actress, Julia Marlowe.