[For The Sentinel.]

THE CONFEDERATE HOME.

BY ELLA C. COOKE.

[Lines suggested by the proposition to erect a "Home" at Raleigh, N. C.]

Yes, let us build them a home,
Our defenders, so gallant and true—
Let us rear in gratitude a dome
Most restful and pleasant to view.

Let's surround it with trees and with flowers,
Shady walks, cool fountains and nooks.
Let us deck it with vine covered bowers,
Let us coax through it, babbling brooks.

We will make it a lovely retreat—
This home of the true and the brave—
With comfort and pleasure replete
And the banner of *peace* o'er it wave.

We will place on the velvety sward,
Statues of Jackson and of Lee—
Ah! there's left us no other reward
For their efforts to render us free!

We'll hang on the spacious walls
Other heroes, both living and dead,
Who rushed to the bugle's calls
Who freely their life-blood shed.

For us, their mothers and wives
And the rights of the land of their birth
They gallantly periled their lives
Deeming them of little worth.

When balanced by the loss
Of *rights* they held so dear,
That, to maintain they scorned the cross
And every earthly fear.

The fratricidal strife is ended
And *now* our mingled tears fall.
As o'er the graves, in sorrow bended—
Alike, with flowers we strew them *all*.

Alike we deck the "blue and the gray,"
The true, the gallant and the brave;
To each grand hero, honor pay
For only *love* should fill the grave.

And now our veterans, who have borne,
"The heat and burden of the day
Survivors, of dear comrade—gone.
We'll care for you, while yet we may—

Yes, in this sweet "Confederate Home"
Your lives shall pass in peaceful hours:
And should the angel message come.
We'll strew your honored graves with flowers

And in our grateful hearts we'll cherish
Fond memory of your worth:
A glorious fame that cannot perish
Immortal, though born of earth.

Written July 1885.

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JUST AFTER THE WAR.

A STORY OF THE SOUTH.

Written for The Weekly Sentinel by Eleanor M. Jones, of New Berne, N. C. Author of "Miss Littlejohn."

CHAPTER XXIX.

The summer is gone, never to be recalled this side of eternity; what consolation in that thought.

Belle is ours for good once more. Whatever she felt, concerning her husband's proceedings, no one knows. She read his brother's letter, but made no comment to anyone but father, and he has not revealed anything of their confidential interview.

It is more, as if brother Phillip was dead. We try to seem natural, but there is a saddened air even about the furniture.

Belle, to me, is wonderful, for she must be either wanting in feeling, or her power of endurance is capable of great strains. Her countenance however indicates at times, the presence of deep feeling, and the extent of her suffering.

Wherever her husband is, we do not know; occasionally slips of paper come to us, telling of his general health, &c. We know that Mr. Herrick fears his whereabouts may be scented through an open correspondence, hence all this secrecy.

I can see with what aversion Belle receives even this intimation of his existence, and I feel what a blessing for us all, if death would only come to snap the hateful bond. Sometimes I wonder that she doesn't sue for a divorce, but perhaps there may be a spark of genuine feeling lingering for the father of her child, which prompts her not to desert him entirely, while reduced to such extremity.

Perhaps pity actuates her, but if so, no word, for or against him, ever finds utterance on her lips.

He might as well be dead, nay rather, for then there might be moments, when she would revive his memory for his little one, but now an awful shadow envelops it, and the tiny child seems to comprehend its dire significance, for she has ceased to prattle about "papa and granny," asking where they are, and when coming?

It is now September, the termination of my vacation I do not dread to resume my work, for it will cause me, sometimes at least, to forget the terrible ordeal of the past year.

My surprise is great, when I learn, that Belle, without the knowledge of any of the family, is engaged to teach in the Public School, and commences her work on Monday.

I feel confident that Joel has assisted her, as he is one of the trustees and I saw a note the other day to her from him, but felt it might have reference to her husband, in a legal way.

I should like to know it she ever recalls that afternoon by the whortleberry bushes, and if so, if her pride doesn't feel considerably humbled now, when she appeals to him for help. Verily I know it is humiliating and pity her from the depth of my heart. Perhaps, this trouble, is the one which Joel predicted will bring to view her noble traits, and wipe away the dross.

When we demur, fearing that the confinement of the school room may not agree with her, her reply is, "I am no more too delicate to work than Priscilla, and you don't object to that," so she has her own way, and gains my warmest admiration by her uncomplaining perseverance, in the fulfilment of her duties. I begin to see capacity in Belle, of whose existence I remained ignorant so long, and I now feel penitent, because I entertained thoughts, derogatory to her ability, and I find that the time spent at Staunton wasn't quite wasted, since the seed were planted, which are now producing this fruit.

Somehow we are being drawn closer together of late; more like the sisters we ought always to have been. I have out-grown her in size, and can no longer fall heir to the laid aside garments. I have also grown to be her equal in worldly wisdom and experience. Beaux have ceased to agitate her weary brain, alas! to her sorrow, they have played a mournful part in her life. I think I am wiser to have chosen the old maid's fate, for whatever of wedded happiness is denied me, at least, I shall escape the pit-fall which my sister's marriage brought to her.

The fall of 1873 passes away, and Christmas comes again, and for the sake of the little ones, we make a pretence of merriment.

To our astonishment, about ten days beforehand, Archie drops in among us. Archie, shabby in appearance, care-worn in looks, bearing the testimony to his wretched, dissipated life. There is a hunted air about him, a glance in his eye, that seems to defy detection, that agitates me. What if he, too, by right, belongs to a dungeon O, Heaven! will the clouds never roll by?

I inquire about Delacount, and at the detested name the old-time shudder seizes my frame.

His face darkens, but he replies carelessly, that he hasn't seen him in some time. He says nothing of returning to his former business, whatever it is, stays in-doors a great deal, and is, to all appearances, perfectly sober, so we finally are agreed, that our prodigal, tired of riotous living, has sought the shelter of his father's house and this of itself is sufficient for us to make merry, and be glad at our festive season.

Even Bell's face loses something of its late serious cast, and resumes a faint trace of its former joyousness. The tiny mortals, just learning to lisp the name of childhood's reverened friend Sata Claus, are on the tip-toe of expectation, asking Auntie every moment, "Is this day Kismas?"

Thus Tuesday before the eventful day, which falls this year on Thursday, finds me head over ears" in work, making and baking, and eternally scolding until I know my feelings will not be in accordance with the harmony, which ought to prevail at the blessed Christmas tide, but our valuable assistant Hetty has travelling upon her brain, says, "Miss Belle done talked so much 'bout fine places, she want ter see some too," so has informed me, that she must rest, preparatory to leaving for the North Christmas week. Aunt Peggy happily can superintend, but lacks her youthful vigor, so wishing Hetty would post-pone her excursion until a more convenient season, I am in the greatest extremity at the non-fulfilment of this desire.

At nightfall of this eventful Tuesday, rendered so by various and sundry attempts to supply the vacancy of the efficient Hetty, to the disgust of my methodical self, and the by no means sweetening effects upon my high-strung temperament, I resort for consolation, after many conflicts of the tongue, in the use of which I consider myself highly proficient, to the comfort of my life, and pour out my complaints into the sympathetic ears of my ever-attentive piano.

I am all alone in the house at this twilight hour, as mother has gone to carry some delicacy to a sick neighbor, while Belle has undertaken to escort the little girls to their first party, and chaperone them while there.

As my weird chords float out upon the air, breaking the solemn stillness around, an awful foreboding of coming evil takes possession of me, and with one last mournful tune, I bring my performance to a close, then turn, and good heavens!—confront a stranger, hat in hand, standing in the door.

"Pardon me," he exclaims, in Leonard's own tones, "for entering so unceremoniously, thus frightening you, but I knocked repeatedly, without success, and finding it decidedly cold, without, ventured to turn the knob, which readily yielded to my touch, thus boldly admitting the intruder," he has shaken my hand, and actually, in his old boyish style, addressed me as simply Priscilla, thus entirely ignoring my 22 years. I think of this, and feeling it incumbent upon me to sustain my dignity, being also stimulated by pique at being taken so by surprise, as to appear ill at ease, summon all my dignity of manner, learned in Philadelphia, and in a truly icy way, return his cordial greeting, by hoping Mr. Holmes is well, &c.

A certain ill-concealed look of disgust flits across his face, provoked by my air, no doubt.

Now as it has always proved a pleasure to me to be at cross-purposes with him, since that memorable attack upon the day of Aunt Priscilla's arrival, I feel somewhat mortified, at beholding my intention, of impressing him with the fact of my being no longer romping school-girl, thus taking effect, so from that time, until mother finds us in close conversation around the cosy fire, I manage to say nothing offensive, but, by dint of perseverance, gather considerable of his life, journevings &c., in the old word.

Certainly mother's greeting must have appeased him for the lack of cordiality in mine, and I likewise felt relieved, and glad that it should be so since he is in our own house.

Putting both arms around him, she embraced, and kissed him as if he had been one of her own boys; remarked upon his growth, (he must be six feet) and even complimented him upon his improved looks. I can't see any use in thus making a lion of him, adding to his stock of conceit, which is no doubt vast enough now, if he resembles his sex at all. She finally concludes by eliciting a promise to make a long stay, which he says will be ten days, which she remarks is too short after such a long absence.

When Belle enters, she likewise almost "eats him up," I certainly am disgusted, for not near so much was made of my return, so the more warmth apparent in the manner of the others towards our quest, the more frigid do mine become, until I find myself an object of intense scrutiny to him; in his opinion I must be a perplexity. He seems trying to ascertain if I am the same person he once knew, or an entirely different specimen of humanity, the like of which he has never beheld before.

Realizing from his behavior, that my line of conduct has again taken effect, I descend from my stils, and deport myself naturally, and thus do I act during the whole of the first evening of his stay, fluctuating between formality and cordiality at a most ridiculous rate.

When my tired head finds rest upon its pillow, I can't say, my behavior, in review, proves altogether satisfactory, especially in the light of hostess, and I feel perhaps the others were making up in the pleasant naturalness of their manner, for the lack of it in mine, and contrary to Archie's often-avowed opinion of my self-appreciation which he said, "never saw a flaw in its own conduct," I become decidedly penitent, and fall asleep, resolving upon an amendment of my ways.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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TRAIN NORTH.	Arrive.	Leave.
Bennettsville	9 50 a m	8 40 a m
Fayetteville	12 00 m	12 20 p m
Sanford	2 10 p m	2 30 p m
Ore Hill		3 50 p m
Liberty		4 45 p m
Greensboro	6 00 p m	6 00 p m
[Dinner at Fayetteville.]		

TRAIN SOUTH.	Arrive.	Leave.
Greensboro		10 00 a m
Liberty		11 15 a m
Ore Hill		12 05 p m
Sanford	1 20 p m	1 40 p m
Fayetteville	3 50 p m	4 00 p m
Shoe Heel	5 05 p m	6 00 p m
Bennettsville	7 15 p m	
[Dinner at Sanford.]		

Freight and Passenger train leaves Bennettsville Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 12:50 p. m., arriving at Shoe Heel at 2:20 a. m. and Fayetteville at 6:45 a. m.

Leave Fayetteville on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 3:15 p m, Shoe Heel at 8:00 p m, and arrive at Bennettsville at 10:15 p m.

Freight and Passenger train leaves Fayetteville daily at 7:30 a m., (connecting at Sanford with Freight and Passenger trains to Raleigh), leaves Sanford at 11:30 a m, and arrives at Greensboro at 5:40 p. m.

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