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Fiction

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY NY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

most of the good things which had come into his short life had happened in May. The climax of good fortune, he thought, had been reached when in his twentieth May he discovered that Amy Hudson, the prettiest girl in the region where he lived, returned the love he had so long cherished for her. The third Maytime found him lying in a field hospital, the din of retreating battle still in his ears. The surgeon, shirt sleeves rolled above the elbows of his blood-caked arms, looked ominous as he manipulated Rosey's bandaged head. But his birth month stood by him. Before it ran out he was back again in his place, living example of a miracle.