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WHAT HAPPENED TO ROSEY.

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Penrose Sternes, of the nth Illinois Volunteer Infantry, known to the regiment as Rosey, sauntered up and down Chestnut street, noting with an odd kind of interest the names on the signs and over the doors of the business houses. He was a boyish looking chap, with a fair, thin, pallid face and a line of silky moustache scarcely marking his upper lip. But despite that, he was a man. For more than a year he had held a lieutenant's commission, given for gallant service in ^{one of} the first great battles of the war.

It was a sweltering day in May. Over Rosey's head the new leaves on the trees in Logan Square and in the little park back of Independence Hall, had drooped with the sudden heat. Yet the young man wore a long cavalry cloak which almost swept the pavement, and the steeple-crowned, stiff-brimmed felt hat affected for a time by the Government as an appropriate headgear for the volunteer infantry--having been unanimously recommended by a board of regular army officers, and being unquestionably the most outlandish thing submitted for their inspection. It went for naught that the hat was counterbalanced by a pair of natty top boots such as no foot soldier ever wore. The people he met stared at Rosey curiously, or with amazement, according to their natures, and a ragged newsboy, passing him on the run, paused long enough to yell:

"Hi, there, leftenant, don't you know what time of year it is?"

Yet no man was more likely than Rosey to know what particular season it was. May was his luck month. He had been born in May, and

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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. But when the next May came around and brought beside the duties of a man and a citizen, the special privilege of serving his country, he bid good by to his sweetheart with swelling pride, and a humble thankfulness that these great things were permitted unto him. The third May time 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-stained arms, looked ominous as he manipulated Rosey's bandaged head. But his birth month stood by him. Beside the marching file, Before it ran out, he was back again in his place, living example of a miracle.

And then for the fourth time May had dawned. Still the cloud of war hung heavy upon the land. For six months Rosey had been a prisoner of war. He had seen the sunshine and the sky only now and then through the barred windows of Libby, when, in a pestilential room where three hundred men were thrust like negroes in the hold of a slaver, he could elbow his way to the broken casements. He could not help wondering what gift the May would bring to him this time. The cartel providing for the exchange of prisoners had been suspended. Not a day of the long dark winter had passed without some one going from the grim brick warehouse to rot in an unmarked grave. One of them had been a boy Rosey had known all his life.

God knew that the prospect was dark enough.

Yet the month was scarce three days old when a smart officer of the guard, with a roll of paper in his hand, stopped at the door and checking off a name, called for Lieutenant Penrose Sternes of the nth Illinois. [#] Rosey had been exchanged.

Two days later he was at Annapolis, where he used his last dollar to telegraph to his sweetheart and where the Quartermaster furnished him with the elegant costume he wore and transportation to the city of Brotherly Love.

The idea that Rosey did not know it was May!

And that is why he sauntered up and down Chestnut street and read the gilt-lettered signs on the shop windows, --tailors and jewelers, restaurateurs and shoemakers, their plate glass glittering in the sunshine, their dapper clerks supercilious and precise, their dainty customers, all their clean and peaceful world.

"Jones & Smith," murmured the young man, halting before a display of men's apparel in a handsome show window. "They seem like ^{good} old friends, -- Well, here goes."

He strolled in and asked the first unoccupied clerk if he might speak with Mr Jones. The clerk looked him over coldly and said Mr Jones was out of town.

"Mr Smith will do, then," said Rosey, amiably.

"Mr Smith is engaged," replied the clerk with a shade more hauteur.

"All right," assented Rosey, sitting down on a stool before a show case full of neckties of a gorgeousness undreamed by the western lad,

"I'll look at these and wait."

For a time he sat there and watched the women and girls as they tripped past, every one of them fresh and adorable to eyes long unused to such dear sights. Then, after a while the clerk, who had been consulting with a colleague or two at the back of the store, returned and said if Rosey would give him his name and tell him his business he would see if Mr Smith could see him.

"Oh, he does'nt know me," replied the young officer, "and my business is to make his acquaintance." But he wrote his name on the leaf the clerk tore from a note book with as much composure and as fine a flourish as if he had been a Major-General.

The clerk went into a ground-class enclosure at the rear of the store and returning, asked Rosey to follow him. When they reached the office door, the clerk indicated a big man with a cataract of red beard flowing down his breast, who was writing at the desk, as Mr Smith.

"Yes, when the boys have been here," laughing, answered Rosey, a little nettled at the tone, with his work. Rosey sat down and waited. Every now and then, Mr Smith

emitted a sonorous "Hur-r-umph" that seemed to fill the building. Rosey remembered to have heard it in the outer room and to have wondered what it was. Finally, having to all appearance completed that on which he was engaged, Mr Smith whirled about in his chair and said:

"The devil! And how did you get here?"

"Well, sir, (hur-r-umph!) what can I do for you?"

"By way of Fort Monroe, Annapolis and Baltimore. The quartermaster could only furnish transportation as far as Philadelphia. I got here in a freight car about midnight last night."

"You may lend me twenty-five dollars, please," answered Rosey, innocently.

"Hur-r-umph!" said Mr Smith, looking at him with gray eyes that hardly seemed to wink, and combing his red beard thoughtfully with his left hand, "Why not make it a thousand?"

"Well," answered Rosey with an artless laugh, "I hav'nt any need for so much money as that, --and then, it might be hard to pay back."

Rosey's smile widened. "I shed the remains of a regulation suit." "Oh, you were thinking of paying it back? Hur-r-umph!"

at Annapolis. It was getting too small for the number of its occupants. "Of course, or I should'nt have asked it."

"I should think so, after six months, --hur-r-umph! Well, sir, can that's right. Hur-r-umph! Your name is--" consulting the slip you gave that you say? Mr Smith's eyes rested lazily on Rosey's of paper on his desk.

"Stearns, --Penrose Stearns."

"Just so. Lieutenant Stearns?"

"Yes, sir, First Lieutenant, 4th Ill. Infantry," promptly.

"Hur-r-umph! Do they always officer the Illinois regiments with boys?" Rosey dropped his hat to the floor and diving into the recesses of his capacious cloak drew out three letters which he held up to the light. "Yes, when the boys have seen service," laughing.

"Hur-r-umph! And I suppose you have seen a--a--good deal of service?"

"Two years, --long enough to get three wounds and six months in Confederate prisons," answered Rosey, a little nettled at the tone.

"Er, --where were you a prisoner?"

"Libby, --and elsewhere."

"You don't say! Hur-r-r-umph! When?"

"This is my diary, --and some letters I received while in prison. I was released four days ago."

"The devil! And how did you get here?"

"By way of Fort Monroe, Annapolis and Baltimore. The quartermas-

ter could only furnish transportation as far as Philadelphia. I got here in a freight esboose about midnight last night."

"Hur-r-r-umph! Where have you been ever since?"

With his sudden boyish smile, Rosey confessed to a bench in the square. "If you care to," assented Rosey, not over-pleased.

"Hur-r-umph!-That's a queer uniform for your rank."

Rosey's smile widened. "I shed the remains of a regulation suit at Annapolis. It was getting too small for the number of its occupants."

"I should think so, after six months, --hur-r-umph! Well, sir, can you prove what you say?" Mr Smith's eyes rested lazily on Rosey's face.

"Prove?" began the young man, a little hotly. "I--" he hesitated, nonplussed at the unexpected juncture. "Yes, I suppose so. At least, I can prove who I am and that I have been just released from Libby."

"Hur-r-umph," said Mr Smith, extending his hand suggestively.

Rosey dropped his hat to the floor and diving into the recesses of his cavernous sash, drew out three letters much worn at the edges, a small paper box, a shabby red memorandum book, a grimy silk bag and an official envelope.

"Such a 'What,'" he said, presenting the last named, "is a copy of the General Orders under which I am directed to report at Springfield."

"Hur-r-umph! A printed blank signed by somebody who claims to be a Captain and Provost Marshal. Hur-r-umph!" extending his hand again.

"This is my diary, --and some letters I received while in prison," putting them in the outstretched palm.

"Hur-r-umph! Private?" asked Mr Smith, sticking his big fore finger in the open end of an envelope.

"It is from my--my sweetheart." "Hur-r-umph! Have you been engaged long?" "Sweetheart! Humph. Writes a good hand," surveying the address

critically. "May I read it?" "If you care to," assented Rosey, not over-pleased.

"Hur-r-rumph!" ejaculated Mr. Smith, as he unfolded the letter and leisurely read it through.

Rosey wriggled in his chair.

"Seems a sensible girl. Such a letter must have been a great comfort to you," said Mr. Smith at last with an approving hur-r-rumph.

"Where does she live?" The tears in Rosey's eyes were his only answer.

"Oh, I see," glancing at the heading of the letter. "What does she look like?"

Then Rosey opened the paper box and showed the last day Rosey opened the griny little silk bag which lay on his knee and handed Mr. Smith an ambrotype case. The red bearded man snapped it open and scanned closely the bright face which looked out at him.

"Hur-r-rumph! When do you expect to marry her?"

"As soon as I can," replied Rosey, simply in a strained voice.

"Hur-r-rumph! I suppose you have property enough to justify such a step? What was to last--how long?"

"Half a year's pay is due me; she is teaching now. If I live, I can earn a living for both. And--and if anything should happen to me, she would prefer to be a widow in name as well as in fact," said the young man frankly, though a quick blush surged over the prison pallor of his thin face. But the red bearded man seemed to take no notice.

"Strikes me that you are pretty anxious to surrender your liberty, for one who has just regained it,"

"There are I'm concerned, I have no liberty to lose," "Hur-r-rumph! Have you been engaged long?"

"Four years, I--I surrendered early in the action and have been a prisoner ever since."

"Hur-r-rumph!" snorted Mr. Smith. He leaned back in his chair and

stared bluntly at his visitor. "Lieutenant Sternes, you are to, congrat-
ulated on--a good many things. What else have you got there?"

Rosay opened the little bag and showed the bone ornaments he had
carved during his imprisonment. They were not especially artistic, but
when he told how the prisoners made saws out of table knives with
which to split the bones taken from the meat and worked them into
form by scraping them with bits of glass, Mr Smith looked at the exhib-

it with interest. Then Rosay opened the paper box and showed the last
day's ration of bread he had eaten, attested by the signature of "Au-
gust Willich, Brig. Gen., U. S. A." and "John Coburn/Colonel Comd'g Brig-

ade," his fellow prisoners. It was a cube of light bread of fair qual-
ity about four inches square. The meat ration received with it was a
piece of bacon the size of a man's three fingers, Rosay said, and meas-
ured the dimensions on his own thin hand.

"And that was to last--how long?"
"Twenty-four hours, unless they forget to issue any the next day,
as they sometimes did."

"Hur-rumph!" ejaculated Mr Smith, with an accent of special in-
terest. "How long were you on this ration?"

"From the middle of December until four days ago."

"Lieutenant, will you give me the pleasure of your company to
luncheon? You ought to be able to appreciate a square meal, and you
see it is getting toward noon," waving his hand towards a dozen
or more clocks of various styles which hung around the glass-cased
private office, and which as he spoke began to chime eleven in their
many tones.

"Thank you, sir, very much," said Rosey, gratefully. The one abled-bodied thing I brought from Libby, and still have by me, was an appetite, though I think the name of Smith had something to do with it.

"And I suppose there is nothing more for me to do, but let you have that twenty-five dollars, hur-r-umph?"

"Nothing that I know of," answered Rosey, hesitantly, dropping his long eyelashes, "--unless--unless you'd like to ask me a few questions."

Mr Smith, leaned back in his chair and roared with laughter, until it seemed as if the ornate ground glass panels would crack with the vibrations.

"So you think you have been out, do you, young man? Who in the name of thunder could help it? You remember Hamlet's excuse for interrogating his father's ghost, then come in such a questionable shape, --hur-r-umph! But I should like to ask just one more question. Who sent you to me?"

"Nobody," in surprise.

"Come of your own free will and accord? Never heard my name before?"

It was Rosey's turn again.

"I--I think--I may have heard the name before," he said solemnly.

"--But, it may not have been the same Smith!"

The other man choked down an explosive hur-r-umph. "You did not know I was connected with the management of the Christian Commission?"

"I never dreamed of such a thing; and if I had done so, it would have meant nothing. The Christian Commission are known at the front by their agents alone. I do not think I ever heard who were their managers. The fact is, Mr Smith, I have been tramping the streets since

dawn, trying to screw my courage up to asking some one to lend me money to get home on. I do not know what hazard of chance brought me to your door, though I think the name of Smith had something to do with it. I don't recall that I saw any other sign with that name on it.

Mr. Smith rose and held out his big hand to Rosey, who sprang up and clasped it heartily: "Well, then, for once I am glad my name is Smith, lieutenant, since it brought you here; and really must apologize for putting you through such a ~~question~~ catechism. But, I really thought at first some one had put up a job on me. Your uniform is unusual, to say the least, hur-rumph! You must have a better one."

"Time for that when I get my pay, sir," few days.

"But you might leave your measure here and have one sent to you. Half the officers in the army are uniformed in this city. Leave your measure, by all means, and then you can order what you want by mail and be sure you will always get the best quality at the highest price, hur-rumph! But you will always have one consideration. It will be the latest style--and a fit."

"Perhaps it would be a good idea," assented Rosey, vaguely, ~~hunch~~ the clerk appeared.

"That's decided then? Now, I want to make a bargain with you. I want to buy that bread, these letters and your little bag of trinkets."

"Why, what do you want of them?" exclaimed Rosey.

"Hur-rumph! What does anybody want anything for? I want to make money, of course. Well, I don't mind telling you. We're going to have a big Sanitary Commission Fair here pretty soon, and I want these things to auction off."

"You are welcome to them, for that purpose, without money and with out price, I'm sure--all but the letters, that is. They are Amy's, you know."

"So I shall have to deal with her for them, must I?"

"If she says you may have them, I can offer no objection. There's nothing in them to be ashamed of," proudly.

"Hur-rumph! I should think not. What is her address?"

The young officer gave it.

"Teaching, you say? Well, I will negotiate with her; and in the mean time give you fifty dollars for the other things.--But only on condition that you remain my guest for a few days."

"But--" began Rosey, flushing.

"Never fear. I will make your peace with the young lady."

"But I am ordered to report at Springfield!"

"If you will be so stubborn, you shall be ordered to remain here!"

Laughing heartily, Smith turned to his desk, blew into a pneumatic tube

--it was before the days of electric bells--and called one of his

clerks. "This is our Mr Burgess, lieutenant Sterne," he said when the

clerk appeared. "He will go with you and introduce you to Mr Brown, of

the great clothing firm, which has the inside track on this uniform

business. After you have given your order, Mr Burgess will take you

to Independence Hall, if you have time before luncheon. By the way,

what hour would you prefer to lunch?"

"When a man has had only one meal a day for six months, he has

no preference about the hour," said Rosey. "That is, provided there

is no unnecessary delay."

"I see, I see. Your appetite is like death, all times and seasons are its own." Hur-r-umph! Let it be at twelve sharp, then. And he here, Mr Burgess, handing the clerk an envelope he had been directing as he talked. "Give that to Mr Brown," and nodding curtly, he turned to his desk, and in an instant was lost to the world in his own affairs.

At the hour named, Mr Burgess delivered Lieutenant Sternes over to his employer at a restaurant. Mr Smith had invited two friends to meet what he rather considered a curiosity, and in a private room, they were served a luncheon which did not need contrast with prison fare to make it luscious to the young soldier. A country boy and graduate of a small fresh water college, he had little idea of the luxury of cities. So he ate watchfully and sipped his wine doubtfully, for he was ignorant of its potency and suspicious of its effect. But his host had not brought him there merely to eat and drink and soon Rosey was telling with unconscious vividness alike the story of famous charges and of unrecorded combats on the picket line, the scouting party and the forage train. Then he suddenly came to himself and realized in a wave of heat and shame that the meal was over and he had been talking most of the time.

As he rose speechless and overwhelmed, the others grasped his hands with hearty words which he only half comprehended. One claimed his company for that evening. The other men spoke of the next day and the day after.

"I am obliged, unfortunately, to go to Washington, to-night," said

Mr. Smith, "but I insist, lieutenant Sternes, that you remain with us for a few days. Why, man, you are not fit to travel!"

"You are very kind," stammered poor Rosey, looking from one to the other, tears shining in his eyes, his thin face paling, "but I do not see how I can."

"See here, hur-r-rumph! We did not want to tell you, but we are going to get you detailed for duty here, during the Fair. So put your mind at rest. I have engaged your room at the Continental, and these gentlemen will look after you while I am away--which may not be long. And I shall see to it that the sweetheart approves!"

So Rosey, who a few hours before was penniless, friendless and starving, found himself an object of solicitude to men whose motives he was quite unable to fathom, but whose words were so kind that he could hardly keep back the tears as he listened. One of these new friends went with him to the hotel, saw him register, commended him to the care of the head clerk and advised him to take a hot bath and nap at once.

But it was not until he entered his room that Rosey wondered whether it was the wine he had drunk or whether he was really in fairy land. There he saw on the table a canvas covered portmanteau, bearing his name, and a belt and sword, whose case was also marked with his name and rank. Opening the portmanteau, he found in it a supply of underclothing so lavish and of such a quality as nearly took his breath away to contemplate. In a large pasteboard box on the bed was a complete uniform. Beside it wrapped in paper lay a plumed hat and a jaunty fatigue cap. Everything was finer than he would have dared to or-

der, and the cost, as he hastily estimated it, far beyond what a poor lieutenant could afford. Was it possible that the great clothing merchant misunderstood his order? But he had given no order for the port-manteau, -- a perfect treasure of fine leather and steel fittings. And the sword! The one he had been compelled to yield to the enemy was a plate inside the cover of the scabbard, and beside this flexible, polished blade of damascene and gilded hilt. There must be some mistake. Yet his name stared him in the face from everything. They were evidently meant for him. But he could not accept such presents, -- he, a penniless boy. In the next place, he had done nothing to deserve them. The things must be returned, at once, -- but to whom? As he looked in bewilderment around the luxurious room for some hint of the generous unknown, a vibrant "hur-rumph" seemed to sound in his ears and he saw the image of a man with red beard and shrewd, kindly gray eyes.

No, he could not send the gifts back. It would be churlish. But what would Amy say, proud, finny little Amy? It did not occur to him that she, most of all, would think nothing too good for him, and no gift in the hand of fortune, undeserved.

With a sigh of bewildered contentment he took off the coarse garments which had seemed so luxurious when he drew them from the quartermaster at Annapolis three days before. Could it be possible, ^{that} only four short days separated him from the rocking berridors of Libby? He thought what what he would have been doing at that hour, -- sitting with his back against the wall, his feet drawn up to be out of the way of the restless throng that surged back and forth in the narrow quarters, -- carving a bit of bone, perhaps, playing cards on a folded

blanket, or reading the books he had brought from the library of the looted despoiled country home of a scholarly Union sympathizer down in Tennessee, where he had passed the first week after his capture. Rosey had always pitied this poor gentleman. An inscription under his book-plate inside the cover of the Don Quixote showed that he had once been Secretary of Legation at Madrid. It must be dreadful, Rosey had thought, to have one's treasures despoiled that way.

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The shelves had been half-emptied by wanton hands and volumes which seemed of priceless value to the western lad, were trampled under muddy boots, or flung in armfuls on the smoldering fires. Rosey had picked up three, a vellum-covered Don Quixote in the original, a Spanish testament and a small Spanish-French dictionary. He thought the fugitive owner would rather they brought comfort to a friend than be left for the enemies of the flag to which he was still true. One of Rosey's fellow prisoners at Libby was a loyal Texan who had been an officer in the Mexican war, and he taught the young man, by the aid of the Spanish-French dictionary, to read the wonderful adventure of the knight of La Mancha in his still more wonderful words of our Lord in the stately Castilian tongue. And Rosey never forgot. That which we learn under such circumstances does not easily leave us. When Rosey was a man of sixty and had long outlived his boyish nickname, his eyes were bright with tears as he carried the shabby little testament and told me this true story.

After his bath with the welcome, unaccustomed hot water, unnumbered fresh towels and soap whose perfume was like the very airs of Araby the Blest in his nostrils, Rosey could not resist trying on his new

his new belongings. How distinctly soft the underclothes were; the fine broadcloth seemed like satin to his touch; and how perfectly the uniform fitted. His self-respect quadrupled as he saw his reflection in the long pier glass, a slender elegant silhouette in blue, relieved here and there by a gleam of gold. Rosey was fond of nice things, but the coarsest fibered man would have felt the sensuous joy of that moment.

But he took the new suit off and hung it over the back of a chair and turned in for a nap on a bed as soft and sweet as an angel's wing. He thought pitifully of the thousands he knew at Libby and Salisbury, at Atlanta and Andersonville, to whom the least of the luxuries he now enjoyed would seem like heaven. He would never forget them, never, when he ate rich food and wore fine raiment or lay on a soft couch. So, at least he meant, and so he meant. But fortunately for human happiness, such resolves are soon forgotten.

When one of his new friends came to take him to supper and a theater party afterward, Rosey was pale, with a brilliant spot of color on each cheek, and many a glance followed him in the corridors and foyer. Three days were passed in a swirl of excitement. Rosey did not think any other fellow ever had such luck. He was too young to have learned that good luck is merely another name for good friends.

On the fourth day a telegram came ordering him to report at once to the War Department at Washington. His new friends bade him "au revoir" with rousing good wishes. Mr. Smith met him in the Capital city, and took him to the Ebbitt House, introduced him to some friends, and saying good bye, went home. The third day after

Rosey was directed to present himself at the White House that same evening. He did so, wondering. He was shown into a small room where a lank ungainly man with a tired homely face was sitting at a desk. He rose and held out his hand with a kind smile. It was the President. Rosey felt a chill, a thrill of supreme sensation. He could have fallen at the feet of this man whom he worshipped, the best, the wisest, the most pitying of mankind.

And this man, on whom were focussed the eyes of the world, spent two hours talking with a thin little subaltern from a western hamlet. Rosey did not do all the talking, either. Nor did the President tell funny stories.

The following afternoon, Rosey received a draft for his back pay and was ordered to Philadelphia to await special orders.

But the young man was getting used to good luck. He asked himself impatiently, "What about Amy in all this?"

His leave was slipping away and he might not even see her. He had lavished on her letters and telegrams of explanation and regret, which she had answered vaguely. He began to find his new friends irksome. For, compared with one's sweetheart, what is even the greatest man of the age, when one is twenty-three?

Eight days after he landed in Philadelphia aboard at midnight, alone and friendless, from the caboose of the freight train, Lieutenant Sterne descended from a parlor car into the arms of a red-bearded man whose "Hur-r-rumph" sounded a joyful diapason to the chatter of a lady nearly as large and nearly as blond as himself, whom he

introduced as Mrs Smith. As they bowed along Walnut street behind a span of smart trotters, Rosey thought almost irritably that he had never seen so irrepressible a pair. Smith's asthma was twice as bad as ever, and almost every glance he exchanged with his wife ended in explosive laughter.

"Here we are at last, hur-r-rumph!" he exclaimed as the carriage drew up at a curb. Seizing Rosey by the arm, "Come on, come on!" he cried.

Rosey, shocked at this rudeness to his hostess, twitched away and turned to help her descend.

"Oh, go along, you go along!" she exclaimed almost as excited as her husband. "I'll be rear guard." All of them, even Rosey laughed as if she had said something witty. They entered the house. Mr Smith pushed open the door and shoved Rosey into a shadowy room. The shutters were bowed, and it seemed dark and cool after the hot May sunshine. Then soft arms crept around his neck and soft lips were pressed to his cheek--then the door closed.

After a long time Rosey stammered:-- "How--when?"

"Isn't it enough that I am here, without any hows and whens?" said Amy Nelson in a smothered voice, "If you ask another question I shall think you have been ruined by good luck."

And Rosey kept still--for it was May.

Albion W. Tourgee,

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Alison W. Tourgee.

*Addressed
Mrs. A. W. Tourgee
Mayville
Chautauque Co.
N. Y.*