

OH, FOR A DAY OF SPRING!

Oh, for a day of spring,
A day of flowers and folly,
Of birds that pipe and sing
And hush the melancholy
I would not grudge the laughter,
The tears that followed after.

Oh, for a day of youth,
A day of strength and passion,
Of words that told the truth
And deeds the truth would fashion
I would not leave untasted
One glory while it lasted.

Oh, for a day of days,
A day with you and pleasure,
Of love in all its ways,
And life in all its measure
Win me that day from sorrow
And let me die tomorrow.

—Wilfrid Scawen Blunt in London Sun.

DUPED.

It is now many years since I first visited Paris, but if I live to be a centenarian I am certain I shall not forget that first journey from London while I remember anything. I was then young and inexperienced, but sufficiently vain to think myself a paragon of wisdom. Like most Londoners, I thought that wonderful city the very heart of the world, and all outside of it mere suburbs.

Well, one fine morning, which happened to be the twenty-first anniversary of my existence, finding myself the lordly proprietor of £1,000, I concluded to celebrate my freedom by running over to Paris and astonishing the natives. Fitting myself out in a style that would have made me the envy of a Pawnee chief, I procured my passport and embarked for Calais. There were a great many more persons going over than I had expected to see, but I consoled myself with the probability that very few of them were destined for Paris, and that not a single one of them was quite as well dressed as myself.

I was pacing the deck of the steamer some two hours later when I felt a light tap on my shoulder and heard a very pleasant voice say:

"Pardon me, my lord, but may I venture to ask if you are destined for Paris?"

Now, I was in reality very far from being a lord, or even the kin of a lord, but there was something so very agreeable in the title that I felt no special anxiety to disown it. I turned to the speaker and beheld a rather handsome, well-dressed young man of perhaps 25, who smiled and held out his hand, adding:

"I'll wager a champagne supper, viscount, you are at one of your old tricks again, traveling incognito. Well," he continued, heartily shaking my hand, "well met, I trust, and how are my Lord and Lady Albany?"

Drawing myself up with an air intended to show a noble breeding, I said very stiffly:

"You are mistaken, sir—Albany is not my family name."

"A thousand pardons, my lord," exclaimed the other in surprise. "I see my mistake now; you are not my old friend, the viscount, but so like him that better eyes than mine have been deceived. Pardon me again if I seem to trespass upon your good nature by introducing myself to your notice as the Hon. Robert Beaufort, youngest son of Lord Cadwallar."

"Very happy, sir, to make your acquaintance," returned I, with a very stiff bow. "But why," I pursued, feeling internally more flattered than I wished to have appear, and really delighted that I had come in contact with one of England's proud aristocracy, "why do you address me as if you knew me to be one of the nobility?"

"Because, my lord," your whole manner shows to an experienced eye you are not a commoner."

"You are right," said I, with a smile intended to convey the impression that his shrewdness had penetrated my disguise.

"I knew it, my lord," he triumphantly exclaimed, "I knew it!"

I did not caution him against addressing me according to my supposed rank, for besides the fact that the flattering sound was very agreeable to my ears I counted on its being disclosed to or overheard by others, and thus being mysteriously elevated in their estimation.

Long before we had crossed the channel the Hon. Mr. Beaufort and myself had become very intimate. He had traveled a great deal, and of course I was in luck to fall in with him on this account, to say nothing of his being a son of a lord. He was going to show me Paris and French life, and I must leave all to him. He would look at my passport and also overhaul my trunk and tell me the exact amount of duty I should have to pay. This he did and then observed:

"Oh, a matter of 10 guineas will see you through all right, my lord! Yours is a mere trifle—I wish mine was as little—it will cost me a cool 100, but I suppose you left at home all except absolute necessities, as I ought to have done. By the way, as we are nearing Calais now, you may just hand me the amount, and I will arrange it without giving your lordship any trouble whatever. Yet stay!" he immediately added, with a vexed expression. "What am I thinking about, talking money affairs to your lordship. I understand these things, and I'll arrange all. Put your baggage with mine, and we'll make it all right at the end of the journey."

I began to think it was going to cost me something to keep up my title.

As we drew near Calais all was excitement and bustle on board our steamer, each one anxious to look out and get possession of his baggage and otherwise arrange for getting ashore at the earliest possible moment. As my friend had so kindly volunteered to take all trouble and responsibility off my hands, I felt very easy and contented and was amusing myself with the fleet of little boats that had gathered around us when the Hon. Mr. Beaufort came hurrying up and drew me apart from the others.

"I find," he said, "I have not gold enough to pay the duties and get us to Paris. Could you oblige me with change for a 100 guineas?"

"Of course," I replied, "I have not more than 20 guineas in my pocket."

"You lose things—things that you have put away so very carefully that you cannot track them yourself. You search and search until you could cheerfully howl, so deep is your despair. It's of no use. They are nowhere. You get more like them if you can, or make some miserable substitute do, or suffer for want of them. And then some time you come across them, put away, oh, so neatly, so wisely, where no one, not even you, would ever think of looking.—Boston Commonwealth.

son, the rest of my funds being in a draft on Delessert & Co., Paris."

"How unfortunate! What is to be done? By the bye, will you let me see your draft, my lord?"

I produced it.

"Stay a minute till I speak to the captain," he said. "I think I can arrange it."

He hurried away with the draft in his hand. For the first time I felt a little suspicion of some trick and awaited his return with some anxiety. He came back, however, in about 10 minutes and asked me for my passport, saying he thought he could get through without any trouble. As we had not yet reached the pier, I handed him that, but with the resolve to have it back before going ashore.

When some 10 minutes later he returned with a cheerful smile, and folding up my papers put them in my hand, with the remark that all was right, I was so ashamed of my late suspicions that I felt myself bluish.

"The clerk," he said, "has changed my note at a fair discount, giving me half gold and the rest in bills on the Bank of France. By the bye, my lord, suppose you take a few. You may want to use them before you get your small draft cashed."

I declined at first, but he insisted so strongly on my taking and carrying them, even though I thought I might not want to use them, that at first, fearing longer refusal would hurt his feelings, I consented to put them in my pocketbook.

Under the management of my friend, who spoke French as fluently as English, everything got on smoothly, and I soon found myself transferred from the steamer to a fine hotel—without, as he had said, having any trouble whatever. Our passports meantime had been given up and sent on to Paris, and temporary ones, as is the custom, had been furnished us in place of them.

I will pass over the remainder of the journey with the simple remark that every moment more and more endeared me to my agreeable and aristocratic friend, and the only regret I had was in the fact of being in a false position, which sooner or later he might discover, to my grief and shame.

On finally arriving at Paris our passports were again demanded, and no sooner was mine examined than the officer informed me that I was under arrest and must come with him. My French was none of the best, but in my surprise and consternation I made the best use of it I could and demanded what was meant by such proceedings.

"You will find that out at your examination," was his sharp reply.

Then we were whirled to the office of a magistrate, and I was unconsciously hurried into a small, close room, half filled with police officers, secret agents and lawyers. On the bench sat a small, withered specimen of humanity, with a wig on his head and spectacles on his forehead.

"Well," he said, jerking down his spectacles and taking a good stare at me, as he did all the others, "what now?"

As I could understand French much better than I could speak it, I was able to make out what was said, and to my utter astonishment I now heard myself accused of being a notorious swindler and counterfeiter.

"What is your name?" demanded the commissary.

"Ralph Hodge," said I.

"An alias," said one of the police officers. "On his passport is Robert Beaufort."

"A mistake, then?" cried I. "That is the name of the gentleman that came over from London with me. He took my passport and must have changed it by mistake."

"Because, my lord," your whole manner shows to an experienced eye you are not a commoner."

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MY SOMETIME SWEETHEART.

I do not know what her name may be, but she is as the albatross is blue above. Somewhere in the world she waits for me—She who will one day be my love—Now, this moment perhaps she wonders Who is here in the lonesome lands. On the other side of the sea that separates Our eyes, and our lips, and our hearts, and our hands.

But there is a place where the waters narrow; There is a point where the marines meet; And in the morning of some glad morrow We shall press the isthmus with faded feet. Though she be with a thousand I will know her, How can I fail to find her when I come? Today my heart to my thought can show her, As she must be now—as she will be then?

And she is as fair as the fairest fair; She is as true as the truest truth: Pure as purity—holy as prayer: Her heart kept fresh in the faith of youth.

With a sunny gaiety ever cheering, In eyes that can sparkle with wildest fun—Or sober to tears and earnest meaning When tears are timely and laughter done.

I pray to meet her with soul unswayed As hers will be—with a heart unturned Like a fallow field, all gashed and gullied, Where passion's torrents their ways have worn.

Can I falter and fall beyond retrieval, With the thought of my lady to deter, When all that is base and impure and evil Goes out of my heart when I think of her?

My dream sweetheart! for in dreams I see her And hear the sweep of her dainty dress, While a fair arm falls with a fervid fear Around my neck, and her lips are pressed to my cheek, and she bends above me; I catch the gleam of her dark, sweet eyes, And I long for the time when, with her to love me,

Earth will be fairer than paradise! —Chicago Inter Ocean.

ONE WAS LOADED.

During the reign of Louis XVIII a young English nobleman, George Lord Hardinge, visited Paris for pleasure, taking with him his sister, a few servants. He took lodgings at one of the principal hotels, and being a gay, extravagant young bachelor soon entered into a whirl of giddy dissipations.

Lady Emily, his sister, was only 18—pretty, amiable and inexperienced—and should have been under the care of a very different person from her brother, who for weeks gave little heed to anything except his own follies, leaving her much of the time alone or to such company as chance threw in her way.

Among other reprehensible things Lord Hardinge had become passionately fond of the gaming table.

Of course the young lord soon became an object of special regard to the habitués of the place, who fancied they saw in him one of the means or chances of increasing their fortunes.

Among others who would have needed an influential voucher to have brought him into first class society in England was one Jean Vauldemar, who claimed to have been a cavalry officer under Napoleon and was generally known by the title of "monsieur le capitaine."

The gay and thoughtless Englishman permitted the cunning fellow to worm himself into his good graces—to play, drink and carouse with him—and occasionally go home and spend the night with him at his hotel.

In this way monsieur le capitaine first got a glimpse of Lady Emily, and shortly after, at his request, an introduction to her by the careless brother.

This was exactly what the gamester wanted, and he at once set all his wits to work to win the unoccupied heart of the lady, and if possible make his fortune out of the affair. The captain was in reality a married man.

He did not go too far at once, for the gamester, as all professional gamesters are, was an adept in human nature. For the first he sought only to excite a certain degree of interest, then sympathy and then compassion, well knowing that if he could succeed to this extent the inexperienced girl would soon be in his power, like clay in the hands of the potter, to be molded to whatever evil purpose he might desire.

At last the critical moment came. By degrees he had won her regard, her sympathy and her affections, and one evening, when he believed the brother at the gaming table, as usual, he took occasion, as if by an irresistible impulse, to pour into her willing ear his false love.

Lady Emily listened as one bewildered if not entranced. He saw his power over her, and his dark soul exulted in the fact. He took her hand with trembling eagerness, pressed it, kissed it, rose gradually from his knees, glided his arm around her slender waist, drew her fondly to him and put his foul lips to hers.

At this moment the door of the apartment was dashed open, and white with rage Lord Hardinge was seen advancing with long and rapid strides. The instant he reached the gamester he seized him by the throat, hurled him back and struck him to the ground.

Vauldemar slowly rose to his feet, his now blanched features expressing the most malignant hate, and for a few moments as he gazed upon the young nobleman who was now giving his whole attention to his unconscious sister, he appeared to be debating with himself whether he should kill him on the spot or not.

"No," he muttered at length. "Why make a felon of myself for a revenge that will be equally sure a few hours later and leave me untainted with crime?" And with this he quitted the apartment without a word to Lord Hardinge.

It was at least half an hour before Lady Emily was so far restored as to remember what had taken place, and then, in great trepidation, she demanded the meaning of the fearful scene.

Lord Hardinge thrust a crumpled note into the hand of Lady Emily, which read as follows:

Scion of a noble house, beware! Go less to the gaming table and look more at home. A designing villain knows the measure the captain is now secretly paying court to your innocent sister, while his own wife is pining in solitude for want of the necessities and courtesies of life. Make due inquiries and set a watch, and you will prove the truth of this statement, penned by me, As You know Paris.

"His wife!" almost shrieked Lady Emily.

"We must leave Paris at once!" said her brother.

"Yes, yes; at once!" cried Lady Emily in great excitement; "before this villain."

as I now believe him to be, can do you personal harm."

At this moment the valet of the nobleman appeared and whispered something in his ear.

"I will be down directly," was the answer of the master, turning a shade paler.

"What is it, George?" eagerly demanded his sister.

"Only a gentleman to see me on some private business."

"Oh, you must not fight with that base man!" cried Lady Emily, at once vindictive the fearful secret, "for you will be killed, and I shall be left without a protector!"

"Have no fear!" was the evasive answer of Lord Hardinge as he hurriedly quitted the apartment.

As he expected, he received a formal challenge from M. Vauldemar, demanding satisfaction for the insult of a blow, the note explicitly stating that no apology would be received.

The nobleman at once declared his readiness to meet his adversary, but not in the ordinary way. He immediately sent for an English officer of his acquaintance, Major Bassett, of the 31st light infantry, and their conference resulted in the decision to give the Frenchman a meeting, provided he should accede to the terms and conditions which the challenged party claimed the right to propose.

As monsieur le capitaine was known to be a dead shot who had already killed several antagonists, and as Lord Hardinge had never fired a pistol a half dozen times in his life, these terms and conditions accordingly were that the parties should meet on the following morning at 8 o'clock at a place designated in the Bois du Boulogne; that two dueling pistols should be then and there selected by the seconds, and one, and only one, of these be loaded; that these pistols should then be effectually concealed under a handkerchief and be drawn by the principals according to lot, and that when so drawn each should be placed to the breast of the other and both triggers pulled at the word.

"We shall see," said Major Bassett, with a grim smile, "if this redoubtable hero will have the courage to fight with an equal chance against him."

Somewhat contrary to his expectations, however, the captain consented to the arrangement, and Lord Hardinge spent most of the night in making his will and giving his friend instructions to be carried out in case of his fall.

At the appointed time all the different parties appeared upon the ground, the nobleman with the solemnity due to an occasion involving life and death, but Vauldemar with the nonchalance, either real or assumed, of one who believed himself the favored son of fate.

The lot fell to monsieur le capitaine to draw the first pistol, and as he weighed them both with his hand before determining his choice he remarked with a sarcastic smile:

"If I can't tell by the weight which has the ball for the heart of this accursed Englishman, I deserve to die." Immediately after he drew his pistol and added, "I have it now—all right!"

"God shall judge between us," said Lord Hardinge solemnly as he lifted the remaining weapon.

The principals were now placed face to face only three feet apart, and the seconds took leave of them with trembling agitation.

Immediately after came the dreadful words:

"Are you ready, gentlemen? Fire!" Both triggers were pulled together. There was only one explosion, and monsieur le capitaine fell dead without a word, shot through the heart.

This singular duel is no fiction. Only the names of the parties have been changed.—Exchange.

The Influence of the Press.

Probably the time is coming in the halcyon future when everything that everybody does will be open and above board, when there is nothing hidden that shall not be known, when that which is spoken in the ear shall be proclaimed upon the houseposts, and we rather think that the impudent press is helping to bring about that day. The fear of publicity deters many a man from doing wrong or delivers him from the temptation to go astray. Men who seek to take unfair advantage of their fellow men because of their poverty or ignorance or weakness or for any other reason find an obstacle in the light which the press throws upon their actions and motions. Individual newspapers have their idiosyncrasies and other faults, but as a whole the press believes in right living, honest dealing, truth telling and doing as you would be done by.—Springfield Union.

The Phenomena of Weeping Trees.

In the forests of Oregon, Washington, Montana and British Columbia there is a species of tree that has a continuous and copious dripping of pure, clear water from the ends of its leaves and branches. This extraordinary sight may be witnessed at all seasons when the leaves are on, and seems equally plentiful on clear, bright days as on damp, cloudy nights. The tree is a species of fir, and the "weeping" phenomenon is attributed to a remarkable power of condensation peculiar to the leaves and bark of this species of evergreen.

In the island of Ferro there are many species of "weeping trees," but in this latter case the "tears" appear to be most abundant when the relative humidity is near the dew point.—St. Louis Republic.

An Old, Old Hunting Story.

Baron Münchhausen, when hunting for deer upon one occasion, encountered a magnificent animal, but found himself without shot. Speedily gathering together a handful of cherry stones, he loaded his gun with them and fired at the deer, hitting him squarely between the eyes, not killing him, however. The deer managed to escape, but some time later the baron encountered him again and was surprised to see a beautiful cherry tree growing out of the animal's forehead, covered with blossoms and fruit. It is suspected that the Baron Münchhausen's story is not true.—Harper's Young People.

A WINTER THOUGHT.

The wind strayed daisies that on every side Through the wide fields in whispering conies, Sense and gently smiling like the eyes Of tender children long bestrided; The delicate thought wrapped buttercups that glaze Like sparks of fire above the wavering grass And swing and toss with all the airs that pass, Yet seem so peaceful, so preoccupied.

These are the emblems of pure pleasures flown—It seems as though of pleasure without these. Even to dream of them is to disown The cold, forlorn midwinter reveries Lulled with the perfume of old hopes now blown, No longer dreams, but dear realities. —Archibald Lampman.

THE POTENCY OF PIE.

When the Federal General Grierson made his famous cavalry raid through Mississippi, the women of the state were speechless with indignation at the ruthless invasion of their sacred soil. Not a tear was shed as the Roman matrons buckled on the armor of the home guards—old, gray haired "majors" and "colonels," who had mustered with flintlocks, and young boys just in their teens.

All who could "bear arms" went pouring forth with impetuous speed and swiftly formed in the ranks of war. The invaders were beset front, flank and rear by an undisciplined but pertinacious foe. The wily general's march was executed in deuce tempo to avoid the harassing enemy which he dared not halt and disperse. Many bluecoats from the invading column were picked off by the way-side, and every straggler was gobbled up by the ubiquitous home guards. They sent the wounded Yankees to the nearest hospital. A number were taken to Columbus, where a Confederate hospital had been established under the supervision of the Soldiers' Aid society. The society was composed of the women of Columbus, who had organized at the beginning of the war. The hospital was full of sick and wounded Confederates, but the ladies made room for the "hated Yankees" as a Christian duty.

To relieve the crowded hospital a dozen Confederates were removed to the house of a dear old lady, who made them comfortable on cots in her parlors. This dear old lady had three sons in the army. Her husband was on duty with the home guards.

Her carriage horses were in the artillery service, and a pair of plantation mules pulled her carriage.

Her spinning wheels and looms were manufacturing gray jeans, and even while she slept her fingers moved, as when awake she knitted socks for the soldiers.

Daily she drove to the hospital and went through the wards, followed by her negro woman bearing a basket of homemade dainties, which she dispensed to the sick. With Christian charity she extended her ministrations to the Yankee ward. She could not love them—they had invaded her home and shed the blood of her kinsmen—but she could return "good for evil." It required, however, no small effort on her part to divide with the enemy's sick the dainties so hard to get in the blockaded south. She did so because it was a duty, but her heart was not in the work.

There was one of Grierson's soldiers—scarcely a man in years—who lay on his cot in the delirium of fever. The kindly black face of the nurse who bathed his head was strange to him, but he smiled feebly when he looked into the gentle face of the dear old lady who bent over him, and he called her "mother."

At that moment the heart of the dear old lady surrendered, and she took that Yankee boy for her own.

Never was invalid more tenderly nursed, and never hung life on a more slender thread. She watched him from day to day and administered with tireless hand medicine and liquid food. He lingered days and weeks, his brain clouded with fever fancies and the flesh shrunken upon his bones.

One morning there was a gleam of intelligence in his pale blue eyes as he looked up at the kind, earnest face of the southern woman, and he whispered, "Water." After a few sips he continued, "I thought you was mother, but I guess as how I won't see her no more."

He closed his eyes, and the dear old lady sent at once for the surgeon. The doctor felt his pulse and remarked, "His vitality is very low—we must try to build him up with stimulants and nourishing liquids."

These were obtained, but he refused positively to touch the whisky, as he had promised his mother never to do so, he said, and had taken the pledge. He swallowed the beef tea with reluctance. The fever had gone, and with it nearly all the life that was in him.

The dear old lady looked sadly upon the emaciated form and sunken cheeks of the poor boy. She forgot that he was an enemy and saw only a mother's son among strangers and sick unto death. Her soul went out in a great wave of sympathy to the invalid.

In vain she tempted his appetite with each of the liquid foods within the formula allowed by the surgeon. She could not persuade him to take stimulants, and his vitality continued to sink daily.

To her question whether there was anything that he would like to eat he answered, "Pumpkin pie."

But the doctor said it would kill him in 24 hours.

"Pumpkin pie," became the lad's day long and night long plaint. It made the dear old lady's heart bleed to refuse it.

"Doctor, can't you save the poor fellow?" she asked.

The doctor answered gravely, "Madam, I am afraid all your work has been in vain. He cannot hold out much longer."

After the doctor had gone, the dying boy opened his eyes and whispered wistfully, "Please—just one piece!"

"Yes, you shall have it!" said the old lady, and as she stepped into her carriage and ordered the driver to "whip up those mules and drive home quick" there was in her face the same expression of determination which may be seen on that of the soldier when with blanched

check he clinches his market and dashes at a battery of galling guns.

The pumpkin pie was made. The trip crust was rolled out by the beautiful hands of the dear old lady, who was careful not to let the tears that rolled down her cheeks drop on it.

The same evening the homely mules trotted briskly to the hospital.

It was a terrible thing she was about to do.

She went again to the surgeon's office. Again she asked, "Doctor, is there no hope for that poor Yankee boy?"

"Madam, I can do nothing more. He will be dead before morning," was the answer.

Quickly but resolutely she made her way to the couch of death. She dismissed the nurse and took her seat. After awhile the boy opened his eyes, and she held out a slice of the pumpkin pie.

He opened his mouth, and she broke the pie into bits and fed him, weeping quietly the while. When the slice was finished, his hollow eyes seemed to devour her as he murmured, "More."

She hesitated a moment, and then whispering "God forgive me!" she gave him a second slice.

He closed his eyes, and she watched him until he breathed regularly, and then she quickly stole away. She felt as a murderer must feel, but she could not make up her mind to watch her victim dying.

At home once more, the dear old lady locked herself in her room.

Early the next morning those mules again trotted briskly to the hospital.

The nurse reported that her patient had slept quietly all night. While the old lady looked anxiously down on his wasted form, he opened his eyes and said in a strong voice, "Where's the other section of that pumpkin pie?"

Coffins were very scarce in the confederacy, and the hospital steward congratulated himself that the surgeon was mistaken when he said that the Yankee boy would die.—Lylie O. Harris in New Orleans Times-Democrat.