THE ANGEL OF SHILOH.

"You found the tavern full?"

The speaker was a handsome, intelligent looking gentleman of perhaps forty—evidently a citizen of the village and subject of the hardiness but superstitious dwelling house in front of which he was standing.

"Yes," I replied, "I was too late by half an hour, so the landlord informed me."

"You shall be welcome here if you will accept of modest quarters and plain fare."

The tone of voice, no less than the words uttered, seemed me that the offer of hospitality was sincere, and with a grateful heart and a simple expression of thanks I passed through the gate and clasped the extended hand of the man who, although I had never known of his existence till that minute, and who I had every reason to suppose was one of the none I represented, a rebel to the government whose uniform I wore, yet in whom I recognized a friend and a brother.

"You are very kind," I said, "more kind than you know, for I am not only weary, but ill, or I should not have sought lodgings indoors while my comrades were exposed to the privations of camp life."

"You glad of the opportunity to offer hospitality to a professional brother," he responded, "for I know from your letter to your husband that you are a surgeon, and I am a physician. This would have been sufficient to have prompted me to invite you in, but something else, a sudden but unexplainable impulse, which I could not resist, impelled me to do it."

By this time I had been led into the family room. A beechwood fire blazed and sputtered upon the hearth, a bright carpet with warm colors covered the floor, an old fashioned mahogany sideboard stood to the left and a bureau of the same rich wood fared it on the other side of the room, and from the top of this rose a clock of "an olden time," and known by the title of wall sweeper, counted off the seconds with steady precision and sounded the knell of dying hours in a solemn monotone. Easy chairs stood back against the further wall like sentries on an inner picket line, while others were grouped along the cheerful fire, and these, as we entered, were occupied by persons, whose faces I could have sworn I recognized, and I saw them but a moment, and which are now photographed upon my heart forever and aye. There were three persons in the group—a venerable old gentleman, a white haired, mentally and kindly faced old lady, and a golden haired, blue eyed young lady—father, mother and daughter of my friendly host, Dr. Jewell.

There is something in a name, she knew should these people be so unpleasantly earnest? I wondered and pondered the more when I learned that the raised and rarest gem in the group had the beautiful name of Lillian.

I beg the reader's pardon, I have not told him or her, as the case may be, who I am, of whom, how or where all this happened.

My name is Allen, a Freed descendant I am from John and Priscilla Allen, whose romantic history you doubtless have read in poetry, if not in prose. My ancestors had gone west one century ago, hence those provincial peculiarities, characteristic of those who, like the Mayflower party who still sing in the cradle of Plymouth Rock, had been lost in the broad and fertile valleys of the Ohio, or they had wandered off and found a flower bespangled grave on the beautiful prairies of Illinois. At any rate they found no place in my heart.

The time of which I write was January, 1862. Plugs, southwestern Kentucky. Grant's army was making a grand reconnoissance in force, with a view to feeling the strength of the enemy before making an attack upon Fort Donelson.

A cold, pitiless rain had pelted us all day, and was still pouring down upon soldiers and officers alike. When the village of B. came in view, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, I had trudged through the mud and waded through swollen streams from early morn, having surrendered my horse to a sick soldier of the brigade to which I was attached, and was, therefore, worn and weary and almost ill. Immediately after the order had been passed along the line to halt and to pitch tents for the night, a large number of the officers galloped on to the village and sought shelter beneath the roof of the hotel it contained. It had been my purpose to get a hot supper and dry bed alone, but my professional duties detained me for some time, and when I reached the door of the inn I was informed that not only all the beds, but every square foot of the parlor and sitting room floor had been pre-empted.

It was while wending my way back to camp that I had the now good fortune, or fate, to attract the attention of Dr. Jewell. My boots were covered with mud, my clothes dripping with water, and I felt not entitled to the shelter of my tent and the center of my heart. It took but a brief time to warm me, however, for the elements of warmth were abundant. At his request I followed the doctor into his chamber and dressed a cut of his sister, which he sent up even by a colored boy to the kitchen to be dried. Returning to the parlor, I observed a large bowl of steaming punch, flanked by goblets, upon a table which had been drawn up to the fire and by which an easy chair had been placed. The family arose as the doctor and I advanced, and the old gentleman delivered a very brief but very eloquent impromptu speech. He said:

"You northerners have peculiar notions about the use of liquor, at least some of you here. I have been told that in some places it is an insult to a guest to offer him a glass of punch. We southerners think differently. With us it is an act of hospitality to invite our friends, and even strangers, to join us in a social glass. I do not know what your views are, but believing that punch is a good medicine for a cold, which has been developed by a cold rain, I ordered some prepared, and hope you will join us in a glass before supper. But if you have any conscientious scruples we shall respect them; and of course send the bowl from the room."

"I have no such scruples," I responded. "It is an abuse and not the proper use of stimulants that forms the basis of my temperance creed, and there are times when brandy is a blessing, and this is one of the times. I shall join you most heartily."

As the close of my speech the old gentleman gave place to his wife, who advanced and filled the goblets to the brim, while Lillian handed them around. When each of the men had been supplied with full and foaming buckets and the ladies with smaller glasses only part full, the father arose to the toast, "Give us a toast, Walter—we stand in the attitude."

The doctor complied by saying:

"May the acquaintance begun tonight ripen into a friendship before which all sectional and political prejudices shall dissolve and disappear, and may that friendship live and flourish in the hearts of all present when this crust war shall exist only as a sad and unmerited remembrance."

"I must heartily believe the sentiment you have so beautifully expressed," I responded, "and my more to quote from a Northland poet in reply:

"Blest the man without wrath and without hate,
Who can shake off the fetters of fate."

The young soldier was soon recast our glasses.

A moment and fervent "Amen" burst from the lips of the old gentleman as he touched my glass with his and raised it to his lips; tears rolled down the furrowed features of his good wife, and Lillian, standing on the threshold of childhood, Lillian, and the long silken lashes that outlined those heavenly orbs dropped and quivered like the dew below willow fringes that lobe from eight the crystal fountains of a spring in the valley of Eden—the Eden of my childhood.

Supper being announced at this moment, the old father led the way, and the doctor, taking my arm, followed those into a large, old fashioned room, which served as both kitchen and dining room. It was a most cheerful and homelike place the table which stood in the center of the unexpected door presented a neat, inviting appearance to a soldier who had been on short rations for many days, and who had eaten nothing for twelve hours. Ham and eggs and delicious corn cakes, done to a turn, with sweet country butter and coffee with real cream constituted the bill of fare. It was simple and I did full justice to it.

The evening hours flew rapidly past on downy wings of friendly converse, till the old clock in the corner announced the hour of 11, when the thoughtful mother mildly suggested that the night was doubtless time and would rise to retire. I dismissed my thought of weariness, and, indeed, I offered but the slight objection, "when I stated that I had not been so entirely refreshed for weeks. It is passing strange what power there is in good fellowship to reduce the sweet energies of the body as well as spirit. So we sat another hour, delighted here, and then the daughters were told, and I retired to sleep and dream. The blue eyed Lillian formed the web and horrible battle scenes the woof of my visions.

The beautiful girl had scarcely ceased a dream words during the evening, but she had a most disquiet sleeper. She had sat almost directly opposite me, and my eyes turned upon her but as I addressed some remark to the group, and they did not fall at any time to meet a sympathetic response from my fourth dated prize, for was there the least embarrassment to this, for her conversation was such a perfect expression of innocent interest as to reveal a spirit of some modest and pure as an angel.

In my dreams a bloody battle was raging. My men were fired with the fame of the victories of small scales, the scream of shell and the shrieks and groans of dying men. The scene changed. I wandered over the fields of carnage. The dead were thick about me.

A green mound met my ear, and I bent my steps in the direction whence the sound came. A soldier in a Hussman's gray uniform lay upon the ground with the best resting upon the lip of a wound in his side. I said, "If I can be of any service, please command." A pair of blue eyes were lifted toward my face, and a voice, soft but eternal, said:

"Oh, I ask no favor, and it is just you are a surgeon as well as a friend, and my brother is dangerously wounded."

These eyes, that voice, could I be mistaken? No, it was Lillian, and the wounded man was my friend, her brother. What joy, what happiness to be able to serve, aye, perhaps save the life of his brother—the son of my friend.

A cap on my chamber door dispelled the vision, and the pleasant greeting of Dr. Jewell restored me to my normal state. But my dream remained as a vivid memory of a startling reality.

I could not believe but that it was a premonitory, and although I kept it locked in my heart as a sad, though cherished secret, I resolved to ask Lillian for a picture of her brother which she had shown me the evening before. So just as I was on the point of leaving I said:

"Miss Lillian, I wish you would give me a photograph of your brother. It is possible I may meet him, and if I should it would prove my passport to his friendship."

"I will," she replied, "for you may be of service to him, and I know you would do him a kindness if you could."

"Most gladly would I, both for my own sake and as a reward in part for the great kindness I have experienced at the hands of his family."

The young lieutenant's handsome face bore a striking resemblance to that of his sister, and for that I prized it and treasured it. It constantly in an inner pocket of my vest.

The morning winds intervening dimmed somewhat the memories of my vision as time passed, but could not blot it from my memory.

The battle of Shiloh had been fought, and during the whole of it my mind remained to the dream. It seemed but a repetition of a tragedy of which I had witnessed the original. Impelled by some strange impulse I could not resist, I wandered out upon the battlefield of Shiloh. Every spot seemed familiar. The dead forms were those I had seen in my dreams. A groan, aye, the same groan that I had heard on that ever memorable night of January, 1862.

I hastened to the side of the poor fellow from whence agonized the groan. He was prone upon the cold earth, with his head resting on his left arm, a white wife his right hand he was stanching to check the flow of blood from a pretty wound in his left breast.

A glance told me I had found the son of my friend, the brother of Lillian. Fortunately I had with me the means of stopping the flow of blood, also a supply of water and a flask of brandy. No word was spoken until I had done all that could be done for him, when with faint voice and difficult articulation he said:

"You have saved my life and I think you."

"You owe no so much thanks, however, I should be no surgeon did I not strive to the utmost to save the life of the son of my friend, Dr. Jewell, the brother of his precious daughter Lillian."

"Is this to a friend, friend? Where did you know my father, my sister?"

"Be calm, my dear friends, I will gladly tell you all, but not now. Enough that I have found you, and serve you."

In my arms I bore the wounded officer to my tent, and carefully did I watch by his side until morning came.

He had lost much blood, and the wound was painful, but not especially dangerous, hence he recovered rapidly and within a month he was well again. In the meantime I had told the story of my temporary visit to his old Kentucky home and the generous hospitality I had met with there. I showed him the photo of himself given me by his sister, and the more recent one which I had procured at my to ask for the picture was received.

"Doctor," heard as I closed my story, "I don't think I am superstitious, but I believe your dream was a premonition given you by my angel mother. It was she and not my sister you saw holding my hand in her lap. Lillian is nervousness, she has her mother, and could readily have been mistaken for her."

"At least in a dream," I added gleefully.

"Yes, as in moonlight is waking hours. But remember my friends my home is ever open to you, if your duties of years B. has come true almost to the last particular."

"It has," I replied, "and I believe in its reality as firmly as you can."

I took the story as I have it, and it softened the heart so greatly that when I asked permission to take my friend to his home it was readily granted.

The reader may be safely left to pictures to himself the joyful meeting of the long absent son with his young grandparents, father and mother, and the expressions of gratitude and friendship showered upon my humble self.

My tour of absence lasted for thirty days. I spent a fortnight of it with my Kentucky friends, and when I departed I carried with me two miniature portraits. One of them had golden hair and eyes of heaven's own blue, and lips that trembled the tender words of thanks and cherished the tender side of a fathers heart.

The original of the latter had said that "when the time of rest should be over I might come again, and then one would gladly go with me to my mother's angel home."

I have only to add that she is holding open my chamber door for me, and by her is convinced me that the polite invitation was, dear reader, still kept at my heart by a lady as fair as her son. I was engaged to a local girl, and so she is holding open my door for "second" and made to answering loyally to the Union.—Tom Flint.

Perfume in Plants.

A German chemist, Mr. Regel, has made public the result of his observations as to the source of the perfumes of plants, and the factors which distinct or increase them. "Light and heat will modify them to a very considerable extent. Darkness prevented the development of perfume in flowers of which the leaf was only slightly advanced when exhausted to its influence, and even the plants which had reached full development lost a great part of their perfume if they were exposed to light for a prolonged darkness."—Boston Transcript.

A Boy with a Business Brain.

What possibilities there are for the small boy, especially the boy who is growing up at the present day! A well known city official once a boy himself, showed his business brain out of the ordinary way, as demonstrated by the following. The youngster had entered a fruit dealer to go into business for himself, and at length his father agreed to start the boy in the business of selling newspapers on a small capital of equal proportions, all the profits to be equally divided between the two partners.

On the evening of the first day of the new partnership the city official called for an account of the day's sales, as this was part of the contract. "I made eighteen cents today," said the little fellow, "and here's your money," at the same time giving his father eight cents. When the father expressed his surprise at receiving less than his share the boy explained by saying that he had divided the day's profits into two parts, one being placed in one pocket of his coat and the other in the lining of a swing place in a trousers pocket. "Well," said the boy, "I lost a cent, but it was your cent."

On the following day business was bad, and the little business man disposed of only one paper. When called upon for a division of the profits one sixteenth of business profits was found to be had and but one paper, but "it was my paper, and of course I got the profit and you don't." What a future for this boy!—Waterbury American.

Convict Labor on Roads.

It would pay everything to construct the road by convicted and found that the work should be undertaken by the state when long thoroughfares are repaired. We have often suggested that it would cost very little if the convicts and criminals who now cost so much money because of their unremunerated dignity were employed at the task. This would effect a double object. It would build splendid roads at small cost throughout the state and would deter many from crime. It would tend to contain crime. It is little lackingly to the burglar or the high wayman to keep him in prison, where he is well fed and clothed, and better cared for than the honest man who earns his bread by the sweat of his face, and who, under a burning July sun, or in the chill of winter, we would not think that our workhouse tramp was entitled thereto.—New York Journal of Commerce.

Sleep More Precious Than Gold.

The man or woman who willingly robs himself of sleep for a very long period unanimously wishes that it were purchase than gold. He will not go the wrong who sacrifices eight hours of it between each day, and if he loses a little now and then to try and make it up at some other time.—Detroit Free Press.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court, in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of Jane Parker, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the estate of Jane Parker, deceased, has commenced for settlement, and that a said court, the final account of said estate, together with a petition for the distribution of the net proceeds of said estate among the persons legally entitled, and that Friday, the 23rd day of October, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Court House of said county, in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, has been appointed for hearing said final account and said petition, at which time and place any person interested may appear and contest said final account and said distribution made or prayed for.

Dated September 19th, 1891.

C. E. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.
By C. E. STANTON, Deputy Clerk.

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BIDS WANTED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undersigned, for the support of a school in the Indian Territory, will receive bids for the following supplies, viz: Beef, Flour, Bacon, Coffee, Sugar, Salt, Potatoes, Beans, Soap, Lard, Baking Powder, Tobacco, Matches, Tea, Pepper, Soda, Vinegar, Rice, Starch