

TRUE HEROISM.

Let others write of battles fought
On bloody, ghastly fields,
Where honor greets the man who wins,
And death the man who yields;
But I will write of him who fights
And vanquishes his sins,
Who struggles on through weary years
Against himself and wins.

He is a hero staunch and brave,
Who fights an unseen foe,
And puts at last beneath his feet
His passions base and low,
And stands erect in manhood's might,
Undaunted, undismayed—
The bravest man that drew a sword
In foray or in raid.

It calls for something more than brawn
Or muscle to overcome
An enemy who marcheth not
With banner, plume and drum—
A foe, forever lurking nigh,
With silent, stealthy tread,
Forever near your board by day,
At night beside your bed.

All honor, then, to that brave heart,
Though poor or rich he be,
Who struggles with his baser part—
Who conquers and is free!
He may not wear a hero's crown,
Nor fill a hero's grave;
But truth will place his name among
The bravest of the brave.

DR. KELLUM'S PRESCRIPTION.

"It's of no use to talk about my being your wife, Charley. Your father never will consent, and mother will never even let me see you—if she can help it—without his consent. No, you mustn't come a step further!" And pretty Rose Carter drew her arm out of Charley Kellum's very decidedly, when they reached the end of the village common. "You know it almost breaks my heart to say it, Charley, but I don't think I can ever meet you so again. Mother will be sure to find it out, and it would vex her so. And she has had enough trouble without my giving her any—poor mamma!"

Charley Kellum shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"Your mother comes before me, of course! It is no matter how I feel. You say coolly that you can never meet me again; that means, I suppose, that we are never to see each other again."

"Why, no, Charley, if you will only have patience to wait! Everything may come out right."

"Wait! You have been telling me to wait for the last two years, and things are no nearer to coming out right than they ever were."

"I can't think why your father should dislike my mother so. I think mother knows, but she never will tell me. Miss Esther Waggs says that they were lovers once, and had a quarrel that your father can never forget. But one can't believe all Miss Esther's gossip."

"I don't think it is anything more than a notion he has got into his head. He's a crochety, set old fellow, but he's got a good big heart, Rose, if one can only get at it. If you were only my wife, he would be sure to come round and think the world of you. If you only would marry me, Rose! At the worst—if he wouldn't come round—he could only disinherit me, and I have a pair of good strong arms, and some passable brains to fight my way—our way—through the world."

The moonlight showed him her face, and he fancied that there was a little shadow of hesitation on it. But she shook her head firmly after a moment.

"Now, Rose, darling, don't tell me again to wait—"

The rest of the sentence was never spoken, for a heavy hand was laid on the young man's shoulder, and an angry voice mimicked his tender tones.

"Rose, darling! I'll teach you to 'darling' her, young man!"

And there was Dr. Kellum's face, red with anger, looking over Charley's shoulder. Rose, at the first glimpse of it, turned and ran, like a little coward as she was.

"Haven't I forbidden your seeing that young woman? What do you mean by sneaking round here with her, like a thief in the night?" pursued the doctor, furiously.

"It is not my fault that I do not walk with her openly; it is not my fault that she is not my wife. It is only because she will not consent to be so," answered Charley, stoutly.

"Won't consent to be your wife, eh? It doesn't seem to me that she treats you exactly like a rejected lover!" answered the doctor.

"She would marry me, if she were allowed to choose," answered Charley, try-

ing hard to keep his temper. "Her mother will not consent."

"Humph! not consent? that's pretty well!" growled the doctor. "So she thinks my son is not good enough for her daughter!"

"She does not object to me. If you would give your consent to our marriage, she would give hers."

"Ah, that's it! Well, my consent you'll never have, young man, you may rely upon that. And if ever I hear of your being with that young woman again, I'll turn you out of doors, sir. Not a penny of my money shall you ever have, sir. Remember that! I am not one to make idle threats."

Charley was about to reply, but they had reached the house by this time, and the doctor went into the office, and shut the door behind him with a bang. So there was nothing for poor Charley to do but to take his way disconsolately up to bed.

In the meantime the doctor seized the poker, and stirred up the dying fire in his grate savagely.

"Won't consent, eh? That's like Rose Shepherd! she always was a proud piece. Let me catch that boy with her daughter again!" And he walked up and down the room, brandishing the poker, and with a scowl still on his face, looking not unlike a midnight assassin, in spite of the venerable aspect which his gray hairs gave him.

But he cooled down very soon, sufficiently to carry the poker back to its place, and begin a search for dressing-gown and slippers, a search which proved long, and served to turn his anger from Charley to another.

"Of all the miserable housekeepers that I ever had, this Barnes woman is the worst!" he grumbled, jerking himself at last into the dilapidated and comfortless looking dressing gown, and the slippers trodden down at the heel.

"Not a drop of warm water, or anything to eat in the house, I'll warrant!" And he strode into the dining room which indeed was cold and void of cheer.

He went into the pantry and munched a hard very dark-colored doughnut savagely.

"I'd turn her away to-morrow, she and her husband too, only that the next one would be sure to be worse. They are all about of a piece. There is nothing worse to have in the house, than a housekeeper—unless it's a wife. And I don't know—"

Dr. Kellum still stood in the pantry, solemnly deliberating, after the last morsel of doughnut had disappeared. It was so long since he had a wife that he could not decide whether one was worse than a housekeeper or not. It was a question that he had been revolving in his mind for years, without coming to any definite conclusion.

"Better bear the ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of," the poet says. But then, a man can't bear this state of things long; he might as well live in a cave in the woods! Some time or other I shall have to marry, and I might as well make up my mind to it at once. I said to Miss Esther Waggs, the other day, 'The widow Zilpha Thomas is a fine woman; a capital manager, too, isn't she?'"

"Manager! you may be sure of that. She managed poor Reuben Thomas into his grave," said Miss Esther.

"But then, it is of no consequence what these spiteful old maids say. Most likely she has an eye on the situation for herself!"

And the doctor drew himself up, in the proud assurance that when he did take a second helpmate, he should leave every marriageable lady of his acquaintance inconsolable.

"I'll drive round and see the widow Thomas next week. I don't think it likely that she could manage me."

And having made up his mind, Doctor Kellum betook himself to his chamber. But his face was not that of a man who is quite satisfied with his decision; and he stood for a long time at the window, and looked down to the foot of the hill, where the Widow Carter's house was plainly visible in the moonlight.

"No, no! once is enough for a man to be made a fool of! And that silly boy shall never marry her daughter, if I can help it!" he said, at last, turning away with a decided shake of the head. From which signs an observer would have supposed Miss Esther Waggs to be right, and the Widow Carter an old sweetheart who had "made a fool of him."

Rose Carter, with pale cheeks and downcast eyes, sat demurely sewing be-

side her mother the next morning, when her uncle, old 'Squire Carter came in. The pale cheeks had been observed but not commented on by her mother, but the 'Squire was not so delicate.

"Bless me! what has become of the red cheeks? Why, they are as white as snow-balls! Too much sewing and moping, and not enough air and exercise—or has its sweetheart deserted it, poor little Rosy?"

Upon which Rosy's cheeks grew scarlet, of course. But the 'Squire was not satisfied.

"The child looks really ill, and something must be done," he said to Mrs. Carter, as he went away. "She hasn't looked like herself for months."

And the 'Squire, haunted by Rose's pale face, betook himself directly to Dr. Kellum's office.

"I want you to go and see my niece, little Rose Carter, or prescribe something for her. She says nothing ails her, but she looks pale and moped. I suppose it is nothing but want of exercise; if these girls would only do as their grandmothers did! But you know what will help her—it's nerves, I suppose," said the 'Squire, who fancied that "nerves" were at the bottom of all feminine ailments.

"Ah yes! I'll send her a prescription," said the doctor, neatly. And thinking it the heartiness of interest and good-nature, the 'Squire went on his way relieved.

And Doctor Kellum, feeling even less amiable than on the previous night, sat down at his desk, and wrote a prescription for Miss Rose Carter.

Just as he finished it his man Barnes brought him a note. It was from the man who took care of the doctor's farm on the outskirts of the town, near the Widow Thomas's wood lot.

"The Widow Thomas's man Jake wants to know if you will let the widow take Black Bess, to go down to Saugus to the quarterly conference meeting to-night. She told him to say particular that she didn't feel very well, and thought the ride would do her good, if you would be so kind as to let her take Black Bess, which is so very gentle."

SAMUEL HODGKINS.
The doctor's face cleared as he read. "Little Sam Hodgkins is waiting for the answer, if you please, sir," said Barnes.

And the doctor wrote a few words hurriedly, in answer to Samuel Hodgkins, not without grumbling at the man's stupidity in not letting the widow have the horse without applying to him.

But no matter! the widow would not have to ask for Black Bess again. "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," he meant to say to her very soon.

Barnes was entrusted with the two notes—one for Miss Rose Carter, and the other for little Sam Hodgkins to carry to his father.

In the meantime, Charley had come to a new resolve. He would see Mrs. Carter once more, and try to gain her consent to his marriage with Rose. Without her consent Rose would never be his wife.

It was evidently a hopeless task to try to overcome his father's prejudices; but he was determined that they should not be allowed to destroy his happiness, and Rose's too, for life. Mrs. Carter liked him; she would give Rose to him willingly, she had told him, if it were not for his father's objection; she might be persuaded to, in spite of it.

And there was no time to lose, for in two days he was going away to a distant city, to establish himself in business. He had hoped to carry Rose with him, but all his pleading had been of no avail to induce her to marry him against her mother's will. All his hope now lay in influencing Mrs. Carter. So, early that morning, he took his way to the cottage, at the foot of the hill. 'Squire Carter had just left, and Mrs. Carter's mind was still filled with the anxiety regarding Rose's health which he had aroused; so perhaps Charley could not have found a better time for trying to win her over to his side.

But, though she did hesitate for a moment, his pleading was in vain.

"You know there is no one whom I would rather have for a son than you, Charley," she said.

"But I know your father. He is a stern man, a very stern man, and he will never relent. He would never forgive you for marrying against his will. I cannot consent to your ruining all your prospects in life. You and Rose are both very young; you may change. The time might come, Charley, when you would regret disobeying your father's wish. You are his only son, and so dear to him; and before this, you say, he has never thwarted your slightest

wish. You ought not to disobey him hastily. To be sure, his prejudice seems unreasonable—"

"Unreasonable! It is absurd!" interrupted Charley, hotly. "Why, he has never so much as seen you, to my knowledge."

Mrs. Carter's cheek flushed faintly.

"I lived here when I was a girl, you know. I knew your father then. He has some reasons for disliking me which I don't understand."

"It's only a prejudice, a notion, I am sure," said Charley. "And he has no right to dictate to me in such a matter."

And he was beginning his eager pleading over again, when Barnes appeared with the note. There was no address on the outside, and Mrs. Carter opened it, while Charley waited in a fever of suspense to know what his father could have to say to Mrs. Carter.

Her face was a picture of amazement as she read, but pleasure shone through it as she handed the note to Charley.

It was brief and to the point.

"Let him have her."

EDWARD KELLUM."

"I always told Rose he had a heart if one could only get at it!" cried Charley, in a transport of delight. "Now, you can make no objection; we have your promise! And I am going away the day after to-morrow, you know, and I must take my wife with me."

"The day after to-morrow! My dear boy, you are beside yourself!" exclaimed Mrs. Carter.

"You and Rose have said wait to me for so long, that you can't have the heart to say it longer, now that you have no reason for waiting. I shall coax Rose over to my side, and then you can't refuse."

And he did coax them both over to his side, after countless arguments and objections. It was arranged that there should be a very quiet wedding to which only a few intimate friends were to be invited, the next evening.

Then Charley hurried home to express his gratitude to his father, whom he began to think he had misjudged.

While this scene was transpiring at the cottage, Samuel Hodgkins had received Doctor Kellum's answer to his note, and being somewhat surprised and puzzled by it, had transmitted it directly to the Widow Thomas, thus relieving himself of all responsibility in the matter.

So the widow, who was adorning her best cap with new cherry ribbons, in anticipation of the doctor's taking her gentle hint and coming himself to drive her to the quarterly conference meeting, was called from that pleasing occupation to read the following note, a mere scrawl, written evidently in haste and irritation:—

"Let her take a dessert spoonful of extract of valerian, night and morning, for her nerves, common sense in as large doses as she can get it, and stop gadding about evenings."

EDWARD H. KELLUM."

The widow's black eyes snapped so that the doctor, if he had been there to see, would have liked them less than ever, and the roses that had deserted her cheeks, she thought forever, reappeared in full bloom. She had been angry often in her life—the departed Reuben had not been very easy to manage—but never before had she felt anything like the wrath she felt that moment.

"The impertinent old scoundrel! 'Gadding about evenings,' indeed! 'Valerian for my nerves!' as if I were some fidgety old maid! 'Common sense in as large doses as I can find.' How dare he write such a note! Well, I have had a lucky escape! Stupid, cross grained old wretch! A life of it I should have had with him!"

And the widow put on the cherry-ribboned cap upside down and fell to dusting the portrait of her deceased spouse with a vim. With all his faults, Reuben was not the worst man that ever lived!

Charley was obliged to repress his gratitude for a while, for when he reached home he found that his father had gone to a neighboring town to attend a medical convention, and he would not return home until the following day.

When the doctor returned the next afternoon Charley was absent, busied with preparations for the approaching wedding. Dr. Kellum, finding a leisure afternoon upon his hands, made an unusually careful toilet, and drove out to call upon the Widow Thomas.

He had fully made up his mind that it would be a lesser evil to have the Widow Zilpha Thomas for a wife, than Mrs. Barnes for a housekeeper, but he had not