

**BABY CHARLEY.**

He's fast asleep, see how, O wife,  
Night's finger on the lip of life  
Bids whisk the tongue, to prattle rife,  
Of busy Baby Charley.  
One arm stretched backward round his  
head,  
Five little toes from out the bed  
Just showing, like five rosebuds red,  
So slumbers Baby Charley.  
Heaven's lights, I know, are beaming  
through  
Those innocent eyelids, veined with blue  
That shut away from mortal view  
Large eyes of Baby Charley.  
O Sweet Sleep Angel, thronged now  
On the round glory of his brow,  
Wave thy wing and wait my vow  
Breathed over Baby Charley.  
I vow that my heart when death is nigh,  
Shall never shiver with a sigh  
For act of hand or tongue or eye  
That wronged my Baby Charley.

**MOTHER BICKERDYKE.**

**What She Did in the War.**

From Arthur's Home Magazine.  
When the first cannon boomed out at Fort Sumpter, and when war with all its horrors opened upon us, it found our greatest general selling leather and boots and shoes in the quiet little city of Galena, Illinois. And at the same time, the greatest nurse that our army of the Cumberland was to have—Mother Bickerdyke—lived in obscurity, a poor widow, in Galesburg, Illinois, earning a living for herself and her children at the wash-tub.  
The nation held aloft the chaplet of fame, waiting, ready for the brow of the coming hero, Ulysses S. Grant—and the angels held one that would never fade nor fall nor wither for the bronzed and wrinkled brow of dear old Mother Bickerdyke.  
During the war General Grant gave her a pass anywhere within the lines of his department, into all camps and hospitals, and past all pickets, with authority to draw on any quartermaster in his department for transportation, for sanitary or hospital stores not to exceed thirty wagons at any time. This pass she held to the end of the war, and it was enlarged as his department enlarged.  
Gen. Sherman and Mother Bickerdyke were good friends. She would die for him, if need be and he would fight for her. There was something in her character akin to his own. Both were indomitable, fiery, zealous, and neither afraid of hard work. After the fall of Vicksburg he asked that she might become an especial attache to his corps, the Fifteenth. Ever after that during the war she considered herself in an especial sense under Sherman's direction; and the soldiers of the Fifteenth Corps always and to this day have claimed exclusive ownership of her.  
From the time nurses were called for, after the first battle in the Mississippi Valley, she had walked to a broader and newer life. It was with a brave heart and with willing hands that she took up her work, leaving her children in the care of the widow's God. "The boys" were her children then, and it was easy work for them to call her "mother."  
She had all a woman's tact and tenderness in managing the sick ones. In matters of business, when thrown upon her own resources, she was a grand woman "nobly planned—born to comfort and command," as some of the officers learned to their own chagrin and afterwards amusement. Emergencies were constantly arising that she could not foresee, and for which another in her place could not have provided. Not so Mother Bickerdyke.  
Sometimes she would buy largely of hospital stores, with never a cent of money, and send the bills up to the commission with her endorsement. Again she would borrow money, expend it for the needs of the "boys" under her charge and then send up notes and vouchers and leave the matter to be settled. While some of the members of the Commission object to the unbusiness-like transactions, they had no doubt that the money had been well expended and every cent put up to a legitimate use.  
Sons and husbands and brothers wrote to their families and friends of the kindness of their beloved champion, whom they all called "Mother Bickerdyke," and the mothers and sisters and daughters, with that beautiful trust of the American woman, sent her letters of love and encouragement and appreciation. And for the reason that the dear mother of the boys had not time to make or mend or care much for her own apparel, her thoughts all on her intense work—the good women sent abundant supplies of clothing for her own needs—whole boxes of it, sometimes. With a preoccupied air she would look over the garments, cut out three or four articles for present necessity, and then she would take out the remainder in her ambulance—the conveyance in which she always travelled—and go off into the country peddling. The southern women in the neighboring vicinities would buy them, and I pay her well in butter, eggs, milk, honey and chickens. Her family was large, and consumed a great deal, and her sick boys needed the delicacies which she thus obtained so readily. She would concoct great kettles of delicious chicken-broth for them when the wherewithal was at hand, and as these frequent occasions. It was a great treat to them to get real broth, such as their mothers made at home.  
How she did endear herself to the poor sick soldiers! But the medical directors sometimes found her indomitable will an obstacle in their punctilious ways. One of them, a young man at Memphis, belonging to the regular army, wished Mrs. Bickerdyke to revolve in an orbit of his own making out. He did not approve of her possessing so much power, she who "denied" the Queen's English as she did her tape—a woman who worked with her own red, stubbed hands—who held no social position—who did what she wished and as she pleased without consulting him. He concluded it was about time they understood each other, and soon an opportunity offered.

In passing through a ward one day he could find no fault or defect with its perfect management; but what was this! Under a sick man's pillow he espied a half-dozen of eggs. This was intolerable. The poor, sick boy was recovering from fever and craved the very food that in his weak condition was not allowed. He cried out piteously, "Would Mother Bickerdyke let him have a good fill of hard-boiled eggs as soon as he got well?"  
She assured him that she would do so. He said he wished he could have them now, so they would be ready and waiting. To humor the poor fellow whom she had petted in her good, motherly way, she sulkily assented and brought him six hard-boiled eggs for his very own, to keep on condition he would not eat them until she gave him leave. It did not harm to please him, and it certainly did him a vast amount of pleasure to fondle the eggs with his thin, white, bony hands.  
The medical man spied the eggs, and forthwith gave orders to have them carried off to the kitchen, saying he would have no hen's nest under the pillows while he was about.  
They were carried away. Presently Mother Bickerdyke came in with an armful of clean, fresh towels, and found her sick boy crying. The poor fellow was at that stage of half-convalence when crying came easier than laughter. "What's the matter honey?" she asked, stopping suddenly. The boy told her with broken sobs how he had "been 'bused by that old, dratted director of a doctor."  
When any insult came to her boys she would flash into anger. She would show fight like a mother tigress over her young.  
"So, so!" she said, her blue eyes dilating and her breath coming rapidly; "we'll see!" and she immediately seized upon a large pailful of eggs and strode into the ward where lay her whinnying boy with the tears stealing down his wasted cheeks with—"won't let you have a half-dozen of eggs, sonny! Well, here's a whole pailful. I will stand them right here, dear, where you can see them all the time. They are all yours, and you may keep them till they hatch if you want to. You are my boy and I will take care of you." The doctor paid no attention, and pretended not to hear the countermanded order from the brave little commander-in-chief, the woman who "had no social position." But a few days after, a written order from this same doctor came into her hands stating that all the contrabands detailed to her service must be sent to the contraband camp. It was attended to immediately. She had just returned from the small-pox hospital, hungry and tired, and the rain was falling in torrents that night. The little woman rose up until she looked like an Amazon, and going to the door, she called back the ambulance, which was just going away.  
"Andy," she said to the driver, "you and me and the mules must have our supper, and then we must go to General Harbur's headquarters right away. I'll see whether these darkies are going into contraband camp or not. I'll have to teach the Doctor a lesson or two I guess."  
The poor blacks stood about with doleful faces, and their hands in their pockets, saying: "O's we gwine to go' way from dis hospital?"  
"Not until I tell you so," was the prompt reply of a woman whom they all loved and worked for faithfully.  
Through the dashing rain, over all the obstacles of the conquered but rebellious city of Memphis, darkness everywhere halted at every half dozen steps by the closely set guards, Mother Bickerdyke made her way to the headquarters of the post-commander. He was in bed. Her importunate request prevailed and she was conducted to his presence. She told her story in her own quaint way, and asked for written authority to keep her detailed contrabands until he, the general, should revoke the order. It was granted. Back through the rain plashed Mother Bickerdyke triumphant.  
The next morning the doctor made his appearance early at the Gayoso hospital. The negroes were at work as usual in the kitchen, laundry, in the ward, and wherever the little woman had appointed them to go. She was making soup in the kitchen, seasoning it, and tasting and stirring, so busy that she had hardly time to look up.  
"Say, did you receive the order I left for you last night?" he asked stormily.  
"Yes, sir, I did," she replied, sipping and blowing and tasting the soup meanwhile, intent on having it made just right.  
"An order it w... have these niggers sent to their camp, I mean," he said.  
"Exactly so, sir," she said, adding a little more pepper to the soup.  
"I expected the order would be obeyed," he shouted, angry with her imperturbable coolness.  
"I suppose so, sir," she replied, putting a bit of light kindlings under the kettle to hurry up the delicious mess.  
"Why has it not been done?" he thundered, reddening with anger.  
"Well, 'cause General Harbur has given me an order to keep 'em here as long as I used them." And here the little woman paused to add a generous slice of butter to the kettle of soup, stirring and stopping to taste it before she finished the sentence. "And, mister, the General happens to outrank you—hee, hee, hee! I must obey him before I do you and—say, you Jefferson, you Andy bring me the dipper and the plates, and we'll get some of them poor, hungry souls at this soup before you could say Jack Robinson. Please get out of the way of the black boys, mister, or you might get your coat-tails splashed with the soup—hee, hee!"  
That was a real woman's way of putting the matter in as ludicrous a light as possible. The doctor raved; he swore; he vowed he'd have her out of Memphis in no time.  
"I shan't go, mister," was the cool rejoinder. "I'm like the boys. I've listed for the war. You need me here. You can't get along without me—or that's the way I mean it. No use for you to try to tie me up with yer red tape. There's lots of hard work to be done down here, and my heart's in it, and I'll stick to it as long as Grant and Sherman do. Don't get mad, Doctor; lay down your

bill-bags and stay to dinner, and eat 'long with my poor boys. No sense in gittin' mad just 'cause I won't play second fiddle. Mind, whenever anybody gets into a fuss with me one of us has to go to the wall—an', mister, that one ain't never me!"  
In the end the doctor and the brave little woman became the best of friends. At one time it was difficult to supply the hospital with milk and eggs. Milk was fifty cents a quart, and very poor at that. Mother Bickerdyke objected and after a good deal of parleying, in which they hooped at her plans and knew the whole north would laugh at her nonsense, they granted her a thirty days furlough and transportation to carry out her proposed object. They had faith in the little woman. She went up to Chicago; the commission issued circulars stating her errand and asking assistance from the farmers; the press took up the call—and soon came generous responses. In less than thirty days here came old Mother Bickerdyke, forming a part of a procession of nearly one hundred cows and one thousand hens, strung all along the road from Chicago to Memphis. She entered the city in triumph amid immense bawling and cackling, and crowing and lowing. She informed the Memphis people that these were not Secesh cows, whose milk was half water, nor were the hens the kind that raved stale eggs. The soldiers clapped their hands and tossed their caps, the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and the darkies grinned joyfully over the funny sight of the little woman at the head of such a droll brigade.  
General Washburn gave to the noisy newcomers President's Island, lying opposite Memphis, a stretch of land so elevated that it was above the highest stage of water. Then, under her directions, contrabands took charge of the cows and chickens, and there was an abundance of cream and milk and good, fresh eggs as long as there was a hospital in Memphis.  
The last day of the year '63 was one of memorable coldness, as was the first day of '64. It was very severe weather where Mother Bickerdyke was located for the bitter winds swept down Look-out Mountain and howled through the valleys of Mission Ridge, and made a furious hurricane that overturned the hospital tents in which lay the most badly wounded men. It hurled them out into the pouring rain that became glaring ice as it touched the earth. Night set in with the most intense coldness, for which they were wholly unprepared. There were fifteen hundred in hospital tents—all wounded men—all bad cases. Partially recovered men were thrown out by the storm, breaking their limbs anew. The rain poured down so incessantly that the torrents from the mountains swept out into the swollen creeks several of the feeblest patients, who were in single tents and the poor fellows were drowned. Oh! the dreadful night that set in amid the roar of the winds and the rush of the mad waters! The feeble cries went out on the lashing gale from suffering men who were drenched to the skin and become frozen to death.  
The surgeon in charge paralyzed with the great problem which was beyond his comprehension, in an agony of mind crept off into his quarters and wrapped himself in his blankets. Not so the guardian angel—the little old woman with the brown woolen shawl planned closely about her shoulders—she who had no "social position." There was no waiting for a red tape proceeding that night. All through that memorable night she worked like one possessed with superhuman power. Great fires were made close to the tents until they were surrounded with immense piles of blazing, and crackling logs. At midnight the fuel gave out. Could they send men to the forest to cut and bring in fuel? It was impracticable. Mother Bickerdyke scarcely paused a moment in thought until she appealed to the pioneer corps to take their mules, chains, hocks and axes, and tear down the breastwork near them, made of logs. They hesitated. She hurried and made a bowl of Canada spiced for the men, out of hot water, whiskey, sugar and crackers and then at her suggestion they went to work without orders. The breastwork had served their purpose and were comparatively useless.  
Immense cauldrons of coffee and panada were distributed among the sick and wounded men, hot bricks were put about them, and the whole fifteen hundred were made tolerably comfortable. From tent to tent she ran all night with hot bricks and hot drinks, cheering, warming, encouraging and trying to make hopeful the poor fellows.  
Just as they were cared for on that dreadful night came thirteen ambulances full of wounded men nearly frozen to death. They had started in the morning from Ringgold, by order of the authorities, who wanted them concentrated at Chattanooga. They had been delayed by the gale and storm all day in the unparalleled cold weather, and men, mules and drivers were nearly frozen to death. Some of the poor, sick men never rallied; others lived, but suffered amputation of frozen limbs.  
The subordinate surgeons took hold of the work with Mother Bickerdyke, and everything possible for the comfort of the suffering boys was carefully and hurriedly attended to. Hundreds of precious lives were saved that night by immense exertion and the untiring zeal of this good nurse and the force that labored with her and under her directions.  
It is told of this commander-in-chief nurse that sometimes, when her boys were in need and she was compelled to go—whether or no, to headquarters to solicit stores or clothing, or transportation, she would "talk up," to General Sherman or General Grant in a lively manner. She would say "Don't send me away till you've fixed things as I want 'em!" or "I want none o' your foolin' general, I'm in earnest; come, answer me; I can't stand here foolin' all day for nothin'!" And once, when the boys needed sanitary stores brought down from Nashville to Chattanooga, and the railroad was devoted to strictly active army operations—laying in supplies for a long campaign—she crowded herself right into the room where Sherman sat alone, writing, and began pouring out a pitiable tale. He tried to put her off. It roused her anger and she said:

"General Sherman, do have some sense, won't you?"  
Her request was granted, and two cars a day from Nashville were at her service.  
Oh! many a poor boy in blue on his dying bed held her true little hand as he went down in the Jordan of death, and its pressure comforted and cheered him! And many a brave boy left his bones to bleach on the mountain ridges or to be grown over by the grass of the valley, to whom she in the trial hour was all that his own mother could have been to her darling.  
This noble little woman was a Christian, and the duty that lay nearest her heart she did with all her might and her best endeavors, leaving the result with One who understands and approves.  
We met Mother Bickerdyke once at a Woman's Congress. As she entered the well-filled hall the president, a woman known and loved all over our land, rose, and in a clear voice announced her coming. The men rose to their feet simultaneously, reverently, their faces glowing with enthusiasm and admiration; the women reached out their arms—they could not help it—as though they would fold in them the little, shy figure, in her dingy, black gown, scanty shawl, and battered black silk bonnet.  
They led her up on the platform, bared her good old head, seated her in the best chair, smoothed out the wrinkles of travel, and when they had opportunity kissed her shyly and privately, for the very love and admiration and veneration they had for her and the precious labor she had gone through.  
Her face appeared pretty to all of us. It was not a face that had been cared for. The rough winds had blown freely upon it; the sun had blazed down on cheek and brow until they wore the tint of bronze; the hair had a sheeny glow, as of all out-doors; but the blue eyes were gentle and tender and full of friendly love. The little, girl-mouth had an expression of firmness, and sweetness, as though its owner had general love and good-will for all man-kind.

**RECOMPENSE.**

Fortune was in battle horn,  
Child of steel and fire;  
So she must be wooed with scorn  
And possessed with ire;  
Trust her smile—she'll surely deceive thee;  
Dare her frown—she'll never leave thee.  
Friendship comes in other guise,  
Born of love and honor;  
Won by generous sacrifice,  
Hope and memory crown her.  
Though cold fortune cheat, discard thee,  
Faithful Friendship shall reward thee.  
—William McIntosh.

**A WEDDING INTERRUPTED.**

Why a Carolina Bride Objected to the Use of the Self-Cocking Revolver.  
Henry Grady in the Atlanta Constitution.  
By the way, Ballard Smith tells a story of a North Carolina wedding. It runs this way: It was in the Carolina backwoods, a country couple and a country parson. Though a Baptist, the minister wore an old surplice. When he had finished the ceremony he said: "An' them' uns who God hath joined"— "Stop 'tair' parson," said the groom "don't say them' uns, say these' uns!" "John," said the parson, "I tech you at school, and I say them' uns."  
"These' uns," shouted the groom, drawing his pistol.  
The parson seeing the movement fired through his surplice and the groom dropped dead—winging the parson as he went down. There was a lively fusillade perhaps of thirty shots. When the smoke cleared away a half dozen men were on the floor. The bride, peeping over the pulpit to which she had fled for refuge, gazed mournfully on the scene and said:  
"Then a self-cockin' pistols is a playin' hell with my prospects!"  
Of course the story is an impossible one, and yet, said Mr. Smith: "That is the staple story of the south that is circulated and believed throughout the north. While such a thing could hardly have happened in North Carolina any more than in New York, the average Northern man smiles incredulously when you tell him that this performance is improbable at a Carolina wedding."

**"The Life Was in Him."**

Daniel O'Connell knew the Irish peasant thoroughly. He could make them tell the truth, even when they were disposed to conceal it. His wonderful power over them was once seen when he was engaged in breaking a will on the ground that it was forged. The evidence was strong in favor of the will, as all the subscribing witnesses swore that the deceased had signed it "while life was in him."  
O'Connell, however, was struck by the persistency of one of the witnesses, who repeated, again and again, the words, "the life was in him." Knowing the tricks and evasions to which his countrymen sometimes resorted, he asked: "On the virtue of your oath was life in him?"  
"Now I call upon you in the presence of your maker, who will one day pass sentence on you for this evidence, I solemnly ask—and answer me at your peril—was there not a live fly in the dead man's mouth when his hand was placed on the will?"  
The witness was taken aback at this question, put in O'Connell's most impressive manner. He turned pale and faltered out an abject confession that O'Connell was right. A live fly had been introduced into the mouth of the dead man, so that the subscribing witnesses might swear that "life was in him."

**Convalescent Persons.**

When one has been sick for a long time with some low fever such as typhoid or malarial, it is with a gladness feeling he leaves his bed and finds himself growing better. But oh, how very weak he feels! In such cases a good strengthening tonic like Dr. Guyton's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla will help matters greatly.  
The Illinois Staats-Zeitung says the deutsch-amerikanische press has something better to do than to waste its space on Langry sonalities.

**A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.**  
(From the Boston Globe.)



The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is a woman of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.  
On account of its proven merits, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhoea, irregular and painful menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life."  
It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, fatigues, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and headache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.  
It costs only \$1 per bottle or six for \$5, and is sold by druggists. An advice required as to special cases, and the names of many who have been restored to perfect health by the use of the Vegetable Compound, can be obtained by addressing Mrs. P., with stamp for reply, at her home in Lynn, Mass.  
For Kidney Complaint of either sex this compound is unsurpassed as abundant testimonials show.  
"Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills," says one writer, "are the best in the world for the cure of Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. Her Blood Purifier works wonders in its special line and bids fair to equal the Compound in its popularity."  
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Philadelphia, Pa. (2) Mrs. A. M. D.

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