

## RECONCILIATION.

### I.

I SOMETIMES wonder when and how  
You will come back to me,  
Across what stretch of burning sand,  
Across what sobbing sea ?  
What word will break the silence long  
That now sweet Speech denies,  
And what will be the tale that each  
Reads in the other's eyes ?

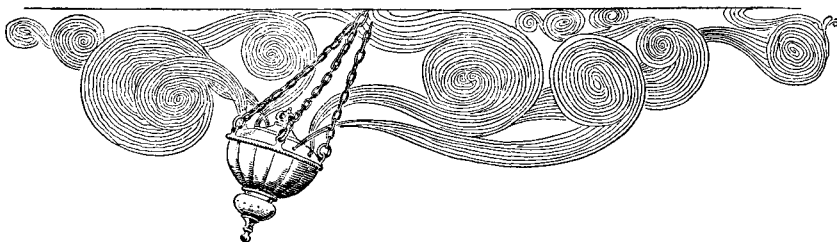
### II.

Will floods of sunshine, golden fair,  
Across our pathway flow,  
Or will our souls in rapture meet  
Beneath the starlight's glow ?  
Will flowers bloom, birds sweetly sing,  
To welcome in the day,  
Or will dead leaves be blown across  
A sky of tearful gray ?

### III.

Let it be soon ! Come as it may,  
Enough there is of pain  
Without the added weight of woe  
If love like ours were slain ;  
Come back to life and hope and joy,  
These arms are open wide ;  
Come back and find our early love  
Thorn crowned but sanctified !

*Clarence Urmy.*



## THE GREAT GOOD HEART OF CORPORAL DWIGHT.

CORPORAL TEDDY DWIGHT of the Seventh Regiment was the most popular man in his company, and deservedly so. His hearty laugh, his amusing speeches, and his faculty for picking up the newest songs and singing them in a good baritone voice to a rattling piano accompaniment, were all potent factors in insuring this popularity; and the general impression among his comrades was that the company would be a very lifeless organization were it not for the abundant jocularities of Teddy Dwight.

In one way Teddy was a paradox—a kind of happy family of earthly blessings. He had health and wealth in abundance—two *desiderata* rarely found together—and also a liberal allowance of cleverness and good looks, qualities that are usually regarded as deadly enemies. Laughing, light hearted, and to all appearances entirely care free, he won for himself the affectionate appellation of “Joyous Ted,” and was generally looked upon as among the blessed of the earth and the beloved of the gods.

This was Teddy Dwight, as he appeared in the company room, or on the various festive occasions when the men were gathered together. But there were those who contended that in the seclusion of his trim bachelor quarters, with his enormous cherry pipe clouding the air with fragrant wreaths of smoke, Teddy was not only melancholy, but absolutely morbid. Charley Keene, who knew him best, once confided to a few of us that on entering Teddy’s room the night before he had discovered our little comrade on his knees by the divan, with his face in his hands, and big tears creeping out between his fingers. From this and other stories of a like nature arose an impression that Teddy had some secret sorrow; and naturally this imbued him with a peculiar interest. We all admired his self control, and wondered what the hidden thorn could be, little guessing in what a dramatic manner we were destined to witness its revelation.

I distinctly remember the night when Joyous Ted announced his engagement to Winifred Schuyler. She was a remarkably beautiful girl, a member of an old New York family, and accounted a brilliant match. And yet here and there there were

dubious shakings of heads and whispered words of hope that she would make him happy, with so strong an emphasis on the “hope” as to convey serious doubts of the desire ever coming true.

Frankly, Miss Schuyler was reported to have no heart. She had broken three engagements, sending one man to South Africa, another to the dogs, and the third into politics, without a symptom of regret. Now Teddy was all heart, and a sensitive little chap, in spite of his careless ways; and it made us miserable to think what an effect such treatment might produce upon him.

He had the most strikingly original way of doing things, and the fashion in which he elected to announce his engagement was thoroughly characteristic of the man. The first sergeant had just dismissed the company, and we were all turning to our lockers, when Teddy stepped forward and remarked in a loud voice that he had a few words to say. There was a general hush, in the midst of which Teddy stood looking about him with a smile that seemed to meet behind his ears.

“Well,” he said, “I’m engaged to Miss Winifred Schuyler, and I want to mark the event. There’s some punch over at my rooms, and no end of tobacco, and every man has to come over and celebrate;” and he burst into a mighty shout of laughter, in which we all joined with much cheering and slapping of his fat shoulders.

The celebration was an immense success. Teddy sang all his latest songs, danced breakdowns, and enjoyed himself hugely. Some of us noticed that in spite of his rapturous rejoicings he did not once touch the punch, although he was very liberal with it, as well as with his cigars, which were short and fat, and altogether had much the same appearance as their owner. Charley Keene said that during the past year Teddy had been a total abstainer. We puzzled over it somewhat, but Joyous Ted fell upon us with a whoop, and we were whirled off to join in the chorus of the next song. We remembered the circumstance of his not drinking when later events supplied an explanation.

That was in February, if I remember