

the brigade under command of Gen. J. B. Carr, of Troy, N. Y., stands a little one-story house, which at the time of the battle was occupied by a Mrs. Rogers and her (adopted) daughter. On the morning of July 2, Gen. Carr stopped at the house and found the daughter, a girl about eighteen years of age, alone, busily engaged in baking bread. He informed her that a great battle was inevitable, and advised her to seek a place of safety at once. She said she had a batch of bread baking in the oven, and she would remain until it was baked and then leave. When her bread was baked it was given to our soldiers, and devoured so eagerly that she concluded to remain and bake another batch. And so she continued to the end of the battle, baking and giving her bread to all who came. The great artillery duel, which shook the earth for miles around did not drive her from her oven. Pickett's men, who had charged past her house, found her quietly baking her bread and distributing it to the hungry. When the battle was over her house was found to be riddled with shot and shell, and seventeen dead bodies were taken from the house and cellar, the bodies of wounded men who had crawled to the little dwelling for shelter. Twenty years after the close of the war, Gen. Carr's men and others held a grand reunion at Gettysburg, and learning that Josephine Rogers (Miller) was still living, but had married and taken up her residence in Ohio, they sent for her, paid her passage from her home to Gettysburg and back, and had her go to her old home and tell them the story they all knew so well. They decorated her with a score of army badges, and sent her back a happy woman. Why should not the poet immortalize Josephine Rogers (Miller) as he did Barbara Fritchie?

The war-cloud is gath'ring o'er Gettysburg vale,
Portending hoarse thunder and death-dealing hail;
The solid earth trembles, and rent is the air,
With the rushing of squadrons,—the loud trumpet's
blare,

The clanking of arms, and the shouting of men,
And the neighing of steeds from each echoing glen;
But unheeding the din and unblinded by dread
Josephine Miller is baking her bread.

Now the battle is on and they warn her away,
For her cottage it stands in the sweep of the fray;
They say 'twill be shattered by shot and by shell—
But she answers by quenching their thirst from the
well,

And breaking her bread for the blue-coated men,
And heating her oven and baking again,—
Alone in the house whence the owner has fled
Josephine Miller is baking her bread.

She hears on the roof bullets patter like rain—
Bombs burst in the road and the dooryard. The slain
By scores and by hundreds on every hand lie—
The wounded crawl into the cellar to die.
With her cup of relief she is here, she is there;
No cry is unheard, but with tenderness rare,
Alone, all alone with the dying and dead,
Josephine watches while baking her bread.

All through the long night and the long weary day
She nurses the wounded, the blue and the gray;
And their tears silent fall,—for sweet visions of home
And of faces beloved to each soldier will come
When the maiden draws nigh. And the dying rejoice
In the touch of her hand and the sound of her voice,
And pray for a blessing to rest on the head
Of Josephine Miller while baking her bread.

How wildly soever the tempest may sweep
In its pitiless wrath o'er land and the deep,
There's a centre of calm where the bird may find rest
Secure from alarm as in sheltering nest:
So there mid the storm of demoniac war,—
Of passion and hate raging frantic and far,—
A gleam of old Bethlehem's glory is shed
Where Josephine Miller is baking her bread.

EDGAR FOSTER DAVIS.

CUI BONO?

Graduation is the time when the winner of the sheepskin plunges into the fray, determined to achieve greatness, and be President of the United States, or even better, of the standard Oil Company, before he is thirty-five. It is safe to prophecy that most of these self confident young gentlemen will drop quietly into some of the common grooves of life, and forty years hence, join the great majority with a respectable, if not remarkable record.

But let each one remember that statistics show that the college graduate's chance for success is two hundred and fifty times that of his associates who have not been blessed with a collegiate education. President Thwing of Adelbert college has examined the fifteen thousand names in Ap-