

MRS. GARFIELD ALONE WITH HER HEAD.

The writer of the following simple tribute to the late President Garfield...

Only a few brief lines have past. And a noble man as he lies dead...

Emblems of grief and woe. Drop down from pillar and arch...

But hush! keep silence, mighty hosts: Guards, close the sacred door...

Knights Templar with their words at rest Have laid their tribute down...

And fair, all beautiful with love, A sad that mournful scene...

For good Victoria, too, hath drank Of that embittered cup...

Ab! I breathe that solemn, last farewell. But only for a time...

Why should it be? Hush, stricken ones, God has His own way...

And what to us seems dark and strange Shall all be bright some day...

Behold! 'tis the people's comfort you Behold! 'tis the gates ajar...

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"Oh, George is thriving splendidly!" said Lucy. "And I am afraid George would not like to leave town, Ada. Would it not make his work all the harder?"

"Dear George likes whatever I like," replied Mrs. March. "I like only what is for his good, as you know."

But, when Mrs. March did mention the subject one evening to her husband, she found him for once very unwilling to accede to her fancy. He explained that his expenses just were already as heavy as he could very well support, and that the rent of the house, roomy and commodious as they found the old place, was on account of the antiquated situation, very moderate indeed.

"Try to be happier here for a time, my dear," the young man said kindly, "and I promise you that I will do my best to do it you shall make the change you desire."

He explained further that his step mother was a serious drain upon him, now that her children were growing up, and needing to be helped on their way in the world.

Indeed, dear George, you work far too hard," said Ada, looking at him lightly on the forehead. "And I have often wanted to speak to you about your step-mother. I am sure you will not mind my understanding my motive in doing so."

"You know, dear, it was all very well to make her a handsome allowance and to charge yourself with the education of her children, while you were single; but now that you have an expensive little wife, and a little son of your own to think of, it seems to me that you have a very good excuse for withholding her supplies."

"But you," returned George gently, "she is quite alone in the world, and she has always looked to me for help since my father died. I could not forsake her now because I am so happy as to have a home and dearer ties."

"Dear George," murmured his wife, again looking at his forehead, "you are always so good."

Mrs. March continued however to bemoan the necessary size of their house and the unnecessary expense it led to in many ways.

"I wish George could be induced to give it up," she sighed in her confidential talks with Lucy. "I have often thought of it, and you do so delicately suggest to good Mrs. Batters that I am quite capable of managing our simple establishment myself. She is a faithful creature, I dare say; but I do not think she need be so scrupulously devoted to George."

"She always seems to be consumed with it," said Lucy. "I shall not say she is selfish and wishes. My dear old stupid George—as if I would! Lucy is the only person besides 'the master' to whom the old dame condescends to be decently civil."

"I do not see why," agreed Mrs. Throgmorton. "I have never seen her, and I am a stranger to her. But George is so fond of old friends, I suppose he would not hear of parting with Batters."

"You cannot think I would suggest it!" cried Ada, smiling. "And, as for Lucy, my friend went on, with the most lively good-will."

"Oh, dear Lucy's home is with me, of course!" interposed Mrs. March quickly. "I have always insisted on that with George."

"And very sweet it is to you, my love," said the kind woman, beaming at the pale young man who always thinks of her with the most affectionate regard.

"But it is very probable," said Ada, who looked at the young man with the most interest, "that the doctor would be glad to see you, if you were to go. He would be glad to see you, if you were to go."

"My love, Mrs. Ackroyd thinks he is very scarce in his intentions. His mother had called on me, and she said she was at Croome. Really she is a very lucky girl! She would be quite in society as Mrs. Olifaunt—one of the county families, as you may say."

"One day not long after this, Lucy was in the nursery, minding the baby while the nurse went down for her dinner. She was pushing him to sleep as she softly paced the room, holding the little velvet cap to her own, and singing a drowsy tune in the sunshine, when Mrs. Batters came in, and said that the doctor wanted to speak to Miss Lucy."

Lucy was startled. It was the first time George had ever sent for her. She never went into his room, except to dust it in the morning before he came down stairs.

It was the manuscript of "Ethel Delamere's Atone ment."

Of course she knew then that George had been her editor, and that the five-pound note of which she had been so proud had come out of his pocket.

"Why do women have to pretend so much?" she wondered sadly. "Why do they really have to wear a mask, say if they told everything straight out, without considering the trouble it might cause?"

"What can you want?" said Mrs. March wearily, when she heard of Lucy's final answer to Mr. Olifaunt. "The Rectory is a perfect dream of a place. You would be in the best society—actually among the county people!"

"But I do not care for Mr. Olifaunt," said Lucy simply, though with a blush.

"Every one cannot make love-matches," replied Mrs. March, with smiling impatience. "Lucy, you are a foolish girl; you will think better of it."

"No," Lucy said; "I will stay here as long as you and George will have me."

Mrs. March lifted her shoulders in the faintest little shrug.

"I think people never know when they are well off," she said, sighing as she turned away and flung herself on the sofa.

"I hoped for dear George's sake, Lucy, that you would have been more sensible."

"For George's sake!" repeated Lucy, started, and making a little clatter among her cards and spoons.

"I don't understand you, Ada," the girl said, fixing her blue eyes wistfully on her face.

"The thing is evident enough however," returned Mrs. March with gentle coyness. "The poor fellow is always complaining of his expenses, and he works far too hard."

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He rode a good deal, and fished, and read a great many novels, over which he smoked a great many excellent cigars.

Mrs. March's pony carriage on the leafy roads outside the town, where Lucy, who was more her cousin's companion, had begged Ada to drive; and very often he joined the family group in the old house in the square, dining there sometimes, sometimes coming in there later for a stroll in the dusky garden under the elm trees, or a little music, or to sit on the lawn with Mrs. March, while they worked after the lamp had been lit, and George was shut up in his study.

There were times when he sat with Mrs. March alone, and the conversation seemed to flow more readily when Lucy was not by.

Sometimes he walked with her to the park, and they spent the afternoon strolling about together under the trees. Janet Bryer met them once or twice as she trudged met the outlying streets of the town in her thick boots, and with her basket on her arm, and she mentioned the circumstances to her mother and to one or two friends.

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A GREAT MISTAKE.

It was a year, George remembered, since he had first seen Lucy Thrale.

Then it was Christmas again, and the bells were ringing across the snow out at Green Knowe as they had rung when he walked across the fields with her to church on that happy Sunday.

There was a brooding shadow of unhappiness over his home, to which the young man tried bravely to shut his eyes. Nothing could have been kinder or more steadfast than his behavior to his wife. He repeated to himself that she was not to blame—that, since he had chosen to keep silence and shut his eyes, it was his duty to do so.

But, when the spring was breaking again in the old square gardens, and George March's little son was born, Lucy hoped that a happier state of things would begin for the family. It seemed to her that the child would draw them all closer together.

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A SPICY PHOTOGRAPH OF HALIFAX

A traveller from Nova Scotia in the following uncompromising style:

There are a few long, crooked streets, on either side of which are rows of dirty brick and stone buildings, strangers to paint, now as in the past, and will forever be. The men, as a rule, wear red, bunch-side whiskers, Bilkcock hats and pepper and salt suits of Scotch or English broad cloth, and in every case their trousers are too short, and a big Newfoundland fellow sees they go bobbing about from place to place. The women are all afflicted with large feet and wear no bustle or tawdry ornaments whatever. A man comes along, giving you a look at the gutter and the gutter, there to moulder among gray gaults until the dollar is paid. It is a man whose name is not to be mentioned, and whose name is not to be mentioned, and whose name is not to be mentioned.

There is an old anasthema, "Go to Hades or Halifax." There used to be a stronger word than Hades, but the proverb is modified to suit the Oxford revisers. It will not be safe for the American pen-photographer to revisit Nova Scotia.

In front of Col. Thomas Mead's house in Greenwich Conn., stands a sycamore, or ball wood tree, which is 171 years old, having been planted in 1719. It is about 150 feet high, and fifteen feet from the ground its circumference is twenty-eight feet and its diameter nine feet. A hole in the trunk, which is now no bigger than a man's hand, was not many years ago large enough for a man to crawl into, and was once used by some negro to enter here to cut the tree. As the tree has grown of late years the aperture has gradually closed.