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Next.

Next to my God, my kindred,
Blood of my blood and near;
Next to my kin, my country,
Every broad acre dear!
Next comes my friend and neighbor,
Mortal as well as I;
Next are the poor and needy—
I may not pass them by!

What is my God's just tribute?
Love and devotion true.
What shall I give my kindred?
What I but give the few.
What to my friend and neighbor?
Friendship and truth indeed.
What to the poor and needy?
Succor in time of need.

THE DEAD PRESIDENT.

A Circumstantial Account of His Last Hours.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

HOW THE NEW PRESIDENT WAS SWORN INTO OFFICE.

Long Branch, September 19.—The President of the United States died to-night unexpectedly at 10:35 o'clock. Between 9 and 10 o'clock almost all the correspondents who had been closely watching the case left the Elberon and went to the West End to finish their dispatches and place them upon the wires there. The information that the President was sinking fast was sent to the West End hotel at 10:45. At once the correspondents and others hastened to Elberon. When they reached that spot no particulars could be learned. At first Warren Young had brought the news across the lawn to the hotel. At 11:05 Attorney-General MacVeagh appeared in the hotel, took possession of the Western Union wire in the name of the government and sent to Vice-President Arthur a dispatch informing him in the briefest manner that the President was dead, and saying that he would at once consult the other members of the cabinet. The members of the cabinet were at once summoned. In a few minutes, having started from the West End before the reception of the summons, they were at Elberon, and, arm in arm, they walked across the lawn in the darkness to the Francklyn cottage, where the dead President lay.

At 11:02 Attorney-General MacVeagh came to the Elberon hotel and made the following statement: "I sent my dispatch to Minister Lowell about 10 o'clock. Just before that Dr. Bliss had seen the President, and had found that his pulse was 106, and that all his conditions promised a quiet night. He asked the President if he felt uncomfortable anywhere, and the President answered, 'Not at all.' Soon afterward the President fell asleep, and Dr. Bliss retired to his room across the hallway, while General Swaim and Colonel Rockwell remained with the President. About 10:15 o'clock the President said to General Swaim that he was suffering great pain, laying his hand near his heart. Dr. Bliss was immediately called for across the hall, and when he entered the room he found the President unconscious and substantially without pulse, while the action of the heart was almost indistinguishable. He said at once that the President was dying, and directed them to send for Mrs. Garfield and Drs. Agnew and Hamilton. The President remained in a dying condition until 10:35 o'clock, when life was pronounced to be extinct. He died of some affection of the heart. It was supposed that neuralgia of the heart was the cause, but, of course, that is not certainly known as yet. I have notified the Vice-President and have endeavored to notify Secretaries Blaine and Lincoln, who are on the track from Boston to New York." The other members of the Cabinet were called from West End and are now in consultation.

The following persons were present when the President breathed his last: Drs. Bliss, Agnew and Hamilton; Mrs. Garfield and her daughter Mollie; Colonel Rockwell, O. C. Rockwell, General Swaim, Dr. Boynton, Private Secretary J. Stanley Brown, Mrs. and Miss Rockwell, Executive Secretary Warren Young, H. L. Atchison, John Ricker, S. Lancaster, and Daniel Spriggs, attendants, the last-named colored.

Mrs. Garfield sat in a chair shaking convulsively, and with the tears pouring down her cheeks, but uttering no sound. After awhile she arose, and taking hold of her dead husband's arm, smoothed it up and down. Poor little Mollie threw herself upon her father's shoulder on the other side of the bed and sobbed as if her heart would break. Everybody else was weeping slightly. At midnight Mrs. Garfield was asked if she would like to have anything done, and whether she desired to have the body taken to Washington. She replied she could not decide until she became more composed. A dispatch was sent to W. H. Crump, the custodian of the White House, announcing the sad news.

Attorney-General MacVeagh was the first member of the cabinet to get the news. He ran bareheaded through the darkness across the lawn from his cottage to the Francklyn cottage, followed by his wife, and the first dispatch of sympathy received came from General Arthur.

The President's Last Moments.

Elberon, September 19, 1881.

The deathbed scene of the President was a peculiarly sad and impressive one.

As soon as the doctors felt that there was no longer hope, the members of the family assembled. The lights in the sick room were turned down. Dr. Bliss stood at the head of the bed, with his hand on the pulse of the patient, and consulted in low whispers with Dr. Agnew. The private secretary stood on the opposite side of the bed, with Mrs. Garfield at the bedside, she at times leaning on his arm. Miss Lulu Rockwell and Miss Mollie Garfield came into the room at the time the President lost consciousness, afterward they went into the hall, the door of which remained open, and waited there. What conversation was had was conducted in whispers. Those about the bed occasionally went into the corners of the room and spoke to each other. The solemnity of the occasion fully impressed itself upon them. There was no sound heard except the gasping for breath of the sufferer, whose changing color gave indication of the near approach of the end. After he had repeated "It hurts!" he passed into a state of unconsciousness, breathing heavily at times, and then giving a slight indication that the breath of life was still in his body. The only treatment that was given was hypodermic injections of brandy by Dr. Agnew, assisted by Dr. Boynton. Occasionally they spoke with Dr. Bliss, in quiet whispers. The President suffered no pain after the time he placed his hand upon his heart. He passed away almost quietly. The line between life and death was marked by no physical exhibition nor any word. There was absolutely no scene. The intervals between gaspings became longer and presently there was no sound. Every one present knew that death had come quickly without pain. When it became evident that he was dead Mrs. Rockwell placed her arm around Mrs. Garfield and led her quietly from the room. She uttered no word. One by one the spectators left the scene, the doctors only remaining in the room, and the windows were closed. Directly afterward Private Secretary Brown telegraphed the boys, James and Harry, at Williams college, Massachusetts, and Mrs. Eliza Garfield: these were the first dispatches sent after the death.

The First News of the Event.

Long Branch, September 19.—At 10:35 o'clock Doctor Boynton was sitting in the office of the Elberon hotel talking with some newspaper men about the case. Suddenly a man's form appeared at the side-door and beckoned to the doctor, who sprang to his feet and went outside. He returned in a minute and said: "The President is now sinking very rapidly," at the same time throwing up his hands with an expressive motion. A dispatch was instantly sent to the West End hotel, and in less than a minute forty carriages filled with newspaper correspondents were dashing through the darkness in the direction of the Elberon. Hardly had Dr. Boynton disappeared than Captain Ingalls, the commander of the guard, ran across the lawn. He was asked whether the news was as bad as was supposed. "I think it is," was the reply; "I think the President has another rigor." "Why?" was asked. "Because," he answered, "the sergeant on duty has ordered a soldier to mount and go for some mustard in haste." A moment later Messrs. Atchison and Ricker walked over from the cottage, and seated themselves upon the hotel porch. They were not aware of anything alarming. In another instant a bright light flashed from the President's window, showing that the gas had been suddenly turned on and they both ran toward it. In the meantime the newspaper men had swarmed into the hotel. For a short period they were compelled to remain in suspense. Then, at 10:53, Mr. Warren Young, the executive secretary, who has taken Miss Edson's place as nurse, appeared, carrying two dispatches. One was dispatched to the boys at Williams college and the other to Mrs. Eliza Garfield, the President's mother, and a formal warrant taking possession of the Elberon telegraph office in the name of the government. He was surrounded by the eager crowd, whom he scattered like chaff by the announcement: "It's all over. He is dead!" Back at break-neck pace the carriages flew over the shockingly bad road, and in less than five minutes a hundred dispatches were flashing the news to all parts of the country and the world.

When the President died the members of the cabinet who were living at the West End—Secretaries Hunt, Windom, James and Kirkwood—were retiring for the night. A dispatch announcing the news was sent up to the West End over the single wire which connects the two places. The news was proclaimed in the West End hotel, and was heard by Assistant General Superintendent of the Railway Mail Service, John Jameson, who verified it, and then ran across the street to the cottages where the members of the cabinet and their families had rooms. He also hastily ordered carriages for them, and in a few minutes the members of the cabinet were on their way to Elberon. As soon as they reached the cottage they sent the carriages back for Mrs. James and Mrs. Hunt, who came to the cottage and went to the room where Mrs. Garfield was.

Dr. Bliss's Last Diagnosis.

Long Branch, September 19.—The cabinet, who were all here this morning with the exception of the secretary of state and the secretary of war, asked the physicians this morning for an honest prognosis of the case. They were told that the case was almost hopeless, that a person who had less vitality than the President has, would be pronounced beyond hope. Dr. Agnew said that the President's condition was as bad as could be, but that he was not yet quite prepared to say that there was absolutely no hope. At the same time the cabinet heard that which satisfied them that the President was suffering from acute pyæmia, and had not long to live.

During the morning the following diagnosis of the President's case was dictated by Dr. Bliss: "After he was wounded the limited area of traumatic trouble in the lower portion of the lobe of the right lung was found due to hypostatic congestion. This was caused by proximity to the inflamed diaphragm perforated by the bullet, the inflammation being aggravated by nearness to the fractured rib. This congestion increased in intensity, though not in area, owing to the long-continued recumbent position of the patient. There was no difficulty in breathing, and no cough at that time, nor until the parotid trouble. When the latter became aggravated the pus from the gland found its way into the mouth, and the coughing efforts to throw it off being difficult and continuous, induced an inflammation of the mucous membrane of the mouth. The pus continuing to cause this cough, the inflammation extended to the throat, then to the larnyx, and thence to the bronchial tubes downward. This inflammation naturally extended to the right, because the patient nearly all the time lay on that side, and when it reached the neighborhood of the affected lung was naturally invited in that direction. During all this time the septic condition of the blood was doing its work, and when the lung and the bronchial affection at last met they found a deranged and enfeebled system at a very low grade. Still the lesions were all repairing at this time. The conjunction of the two inflammations came at the best opportunity for the dissemination of the combined activities of each, and there was a spreading of the united troubles. The healing of the lesions was stopped at about this time, and the repairing process was arrested. We do not know yet if the result has been a deposit of pus in the lungs. If any pus is now in the right lung it is not indicated, and the deposit must have occurred within the past three or four days, and the amount would be extremely small. If there was not innutrition the patient would be able to resist the successful operation of all these causes even yet, but there is innutrition. The healing process is stopped. The blood cannot furnish the constituents of repair, and there is nothing to build on, nor even to support what vitality is still left, and that is being continually drawn on and diminished."

Secretary Blaine was notified by telegraph, and Secretary Lincoln, who is at Rye Beach, was also informed, and the secretary of war replied that he would leave by the first train, and be at Long Branch on Tuesday morning. Secretary Blaine did not respond to the telegram, and the cabinet surmised that he probably was on his way from Augusta to Long Branch. All through the morning there were very few about the President's cottage who had any hope. The morning bulletin read like a death knell. One incident at the private secretary's cottage which may have meant nothing in itself, added to the alarm. Boxes were being prepared for shipment. Some were marked "Mentor," some "Washington." It seemed as if the end was coming.

The following are the official bulletins to-day:

9 a. m.—The condition of the President this morning continues unfavorable. Shortly after the issue of the evening bulletin he had a chill lasting fifteen minutes. The febrile rise following continued until 12 o'clock, midnight, during which time the pulse ranged from 112 to 130. The sweating that followed was quite profuse. The cough, which was troublesome during the chill, gave but little annoyance during the remainder of the night. This morning at 8 o'clock the temperature was 99 8; pulse, 106; and febrile respiration, 22. At 8½ a. m. another chill came on, on account of which the dressing was temporarily postponed.

12:30 p. m.—The chill from which the President was suffering at the time the morning bulletin was issued lasted about fifteen minutes, and was followed by a febrile rise of temperature and sweating. He has slept much of the time, but his condition has not materially changed since. Temperature, 98 2:10; pulse, 104, and respiration, 20.

6 p. m.—Though the gravity of the President's condition continues, there has been no aggravation of symptoms since the noon bulletin was issued. He has slept most of the time, coughing but little, and with ease. The sputa remains unchanged. A sufficient amount of nourishment has been taken and retained. Temperature, 98.4; pulse, 102; respiration, 18.

Mr. MacVeagh sent the following dispatch to Minister Lowell at 10 p. m.:

The President had another chill of considerable severity this morning which, following so soon after the chill of last evening, left him very weak indeed. His pulse became more frequent and feeble than at any time since he recovered from the immediate shock of the wound, and his general condition was more alarming during the day. His system has reacted to some extent, and he passed the afternoon and evening comfortably. At this hour he is resting quietly, and no disturbance is expected during the night. There has been no gain whatever in strength, and there is therefore no decrease of anxiety.

The Last Official Bulletin.

Elberon, N. J., Sept. 19.—11:30 p. m.

The President died at thirty-five minutes past 10 p. m. After the bulletin was issued at half-past 5 this evening the President continued in much the same condition as during the afternoon, the pulse varying from 102 to 106 with rather increased force and volume. After taking nourishment he fell into a quiet sleep about thirty-five minutes before his death, and while asleep his pulse ran to 120, and was somewhat more feeble. At ten minutes after 10 o'clock he awoke complaining of severe pain over the region of the heart, and almost immediately became unconscious, and ceased to breathe at twenty-five minutes to eleven.

D. W. Bliss.
Frank H. Hamilton.
D. Hayes Agnew.

The Summons to General Arthur.

Long Branch, Sept. 19.—The following dispatch was sent to General Arthur at 11:50 o'clock:

The Hon. Chester A. Arthur, No. 123 Lexington Avenue, New York:

It becomes our painful duty to inform you of the death of President Garfield and to advise you to take the oath of office as President of the United States without delay. If it concur with your judgment we will be very glad if you will come here on the earliest train to-morrow morning.

William Windom, Secretary of the Treasury.
William H. Hunt, Secretary of the Navy.
Thomas L. James, Postmaster-General.
Wayne MacVeagh, Attorney-General.
S. J. Kirkwood, Secretary of the Interior.

How General Arthur Received the News.

General Arthur spent the day and evening in his house, No. 123 Lexington avenue, New York, where he received his first intelligence of the President's death. The news was brought by a messenger boy and was confirmed by a number of telegraphic messages which poured in from Elberon within the next half-hour. With General Arthur at the time were Commissioner of Police Stephen B. French, District Attorney Daniel G. Rollins, Elihu Root and John C. Reed, his private secretary. The colored doorkeeper was asked if the general would give the press any information as to his probable movements.

"I daren't ask him," was the reply; "he is sitting alone in his room sobbing like a child, with his head on his desk and his face buried in his hands. I dare not disturb him."

The general's son, who had heard the news, came driving furiously up to the house in a coupe about midnight, and shortly afterward Barney Biglin and P. C. Van Wyck walked up the avenue. Mr. Biglin stood on the sidewalk and awaited the reappearance of his companion, who had been admitted to the house. Half a dozen uniformed messengers sped up the street within the next half-hour and disappeared for a moment within the vestibule door. At 12:23 came the formal notification of the President's death, dated Elberon, and signed by the members of the cabinet.

Although declining to see members of the press, General Arthur was not altogether oblivious of the anxiety which they manifested in his movements. He authorized the statement that he had received a number of dispatches in relation to the death of President Garfield, all of which, however, he considered confidential, save the formal message from the cabinet. A few minutes before 1 o'clock General Arthur's friends retired, and soon after Commissioner French disappeared around the corner of Twenty-eighth street, and a roundsman, accompanied by a patrolman, appeared and stationed themselves in front of No. 123.

General Arthur Sworn In.

Ten minutes before 2 o'clock District Attorney Rollins and Mr. Root returned accompanied by Judge John R. Brady, of the supreme court, and twenty minutes afterward Commissioner French appeared with Judge Donohue, also of the supreme court. The entire party proceeded to General Arthur's front parlor, where the new President was found. Judge Brady greeted the general very warmly, and after a short conversation the judge took from a table nearby a book containing the oath of fealty to the government, and administered it to the successor of General Garfield as follows:

"I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States; and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the constitution of the United States."

In the room at the time were Judge Donohue, Commissioner French, Elihu Root and Colonel Reed. The ceremony was simple, but not impressive. President Arthur's manly form towered above all, and he was evidently deeply affected. Several times he left the room, being unable to control his emotion. Judge Brady and Judge Donohue were almost overcome by sympathy with both the deceased and living Presidents.

The room in which the President took the oath of office is shelved with books. In the center is a table, and the carpet is rich and dark. Paintings by old Italian masters, in Florentine frames, adorn the walls, and a bust of Henry Clay is in the corner, nearest one of the windows. The furniture is covered with white cretonne, and easy chairs and sofas abound.

Immediately after taking the oath President Arthur sank into one of the chairs in the room and buried his face in his hands. He was thoroughly overcome.

After a few minutes he rose and went up to the second floor. It was announced that he would not leave the city until some time during the next day.

The visitors at the house departed at about 3 a. m.

The presence of two supreme court judges at the general's residence was a cause for wonder to many. The fact was, however, that when General Arthur decided to be sworn in word was immediately sent through Messrs. Rollins, French and Root to Judge Brady. Shortly after, thinking that perhaps Judge Brady might not be at home, General Arthur sent for Judge Donohue. The first-named judge having arrived first was chosen to administer the oath.

No. 123 Lexington avenue, which becomes historic, is one of a row of plain brick dwellings, three stories in height, with a veneering of brown stone for its front. Save the presence of half a dozen carriages and a group of reporters, there was nothing unusual in the street outside that would indicate that an event of historical importance was occurring behind the closed green blinds of the Arthur residence.

The following telegram was sent to Attorney-General MacVeagh:

New York, September 19.

Hon. Wayne MacVeagh, Attorney-General, Long Branch:

I have your telegram, and the intelligence fills me with profound sorrow. Express to Mrs. Garfield my sympathies.

Signed, Chester A. Arthur.

Record of President Garfield's Case.

The following gives, in a chronological form the leading incidents in President Garfield's case—one of the most extraordinary in the annals of surgery:

July 2—9:20 a. m.—President shot in Baltimore and Potomac depot, Washington, D. C.
July 7—Hopeful of recovery.
July 23—Relapse, rigor and chills.
July 24—Operation—discovery of pus sack.
July 26—Incision enlarged and removal of splinters of bone, etc.
July 30—Experimenting with electro-induction balance for discovering location of the bullet.
August 2—Extremely hopeful.
August 7—Bad febrile symptoms.
August 8—Second operation. Discharge of pus through lower incision in back.
August 9—The President wrote his name.
August 10—He signed an extradition paper.
August 11—He wrote a letter to his mother.
August 14—Nausea, vomiting and physical prostration.
August 18—Inflammation of the right parotid gland.
August 19—Drainage-tube inserted nine inches deeper in wound in back.
August 21—Vomited twice during the afternoon.
August 23—Surgeons first acknowledge the existence of septicemia for ten days.
August 24—Suppuration of the parotid gland; incision and discharge of pus; consultation of doctors, to which Dr. Agnew was hurriedly called.
August 25—Another consultation, at which it was decided that the President could not be removed.
August 26—The President's mind wandered during the night. The parotid gland discharged through the ear.
August 27—Pus more frequent and patient feebler. Discharge of pus from the parotid gland through the ear.
August 28—The President ate some milk toast. Another incision was made above the swollen gland, followed by discharge of healthy-looking pus. The wound rather less indolent.
August 29—Another incision near the parotid gland, followed by a fair discharge of healthy-looking pus in the evening. The parotid swelling perceptibly diminishing.
August 30—Another incision on the lower side of the face; glandular swelling diminishing more freely.
August 31—Discovery of an opening from the gland into the mouth. Swelling diminishing; increased relish for food.
September 2—The President appears better than for some days. He has taken more nourishment; little change in the wound; restless during the night.
September 3—Parotid swelling continues to discharge and diminish in size. Ate a fair breakfast of milk-toast and some reed birds. In the evening he vomited. The surgeons determined to remove the President from Washington, to escape the malarial fever, which threatened death. Long Branch decided on as more convenient for the surgeons.
September 4—The President vomited about 1 o'clock a. m., but slept well most of the night. During the day no returns of the irritability of the stomach. Improvement of the parotid gland, and contour of the face restored. More fatigue after dressing of the wound.
September 5—The hottest day and night of a very hot summer.
September 6—Successful removal of the President over the Pennsylvania railroad to Long Branch.
September 7—Drs. Reyburn, Barnes and Woodward retired from the corps of officiating surgeons. The patient partakes of solid food again and feels better.
September 8—The President's condition encouraging.
September 10—The President partakes of solid food, consisting of two reed birds and a piece of toast. Secretary Windom calls upon the patient.
September 11—A bad day for the President. Evidence found of an abscess in the right lung.
September 12—The President is more comfortable and talks with Postmaster-General James upon business matters.
September 13—The President taken out of bed and resting for half an hour in a reclining chair.
September 14—Unmistakable improvement shown in the President's case. He again rests on a reclining chair.
September 15—The physicians for the first time acknowledge in their bulletins that the President is suffering from blood poisoning.
September 16—The President worse.
September 17—Grave apprehensions aroused. The President seized with a severe chill.
September 18—A little improvement in the President's condition during the day, but in the evening he is seized with another chill.
September 19—The President is attacked by a chill at the morning examination, and displays a vigor in combating it that astonishes the doctors. He calls for a looking-glass and surveys his wasted features. Is more comfortable in the afternoon, and his condition is thought a trifle more comfortable, but at 10 o'clock begins to sink rapidly, and dies at 10:35.

Alligator Children.

A Southern paper gives an account of a woman near Live Oak, Fla., who was pursued and very much frightened by a huge alligator. Subsequently she gave birth to twins, both males. They were perfect children down to their waists, and complete alligators below, tail and all. There are short, webbed feet and legs at the lower portion of the abdomen like alligators. They crawl with their hands, dragging themselves about just as an alligator does. They make a squealing, inarticulate noise. The mother has a large tank filled with water, in which she keeps them, and they live nearly all the time in it. They are now fourteen or fifteen years old. Comparatively few outside the immediate neighborhood knew of the case until the enterprising newspaper man got hold of it. The mother has refused large offers of money to exhibit her children.

A Harvest Hymn.

We have seen the summer's glory on the harvest fields again,
Rejoicing in the sunshine and the pure, refreshing rain,
And in gratitude and gladness we have reaped the golden grain.

We read a peaceful gospel, where the rich and poor are fed;
May the heroes of the harvest fields have blessings on their head!
Let earth's millions all be grateful for health and daily bread.

We see the God of nature in bounteous love bestowing
In every year of life, we reap the seed we have been sowing,
Till our barns are filled with plenty, and our cups are overflowing.

We have entered on a calling that will never know defeat;
For honor and for daily bread we work in summer's heat,
Ever reaping golden harvests of the finest of the wheat.

May the days of war and carnage and cruel strife be o'er,
And temperance, truth and righteousness extend from shore to shore,
Gathering in the sad and sinful to be pure for evermore!

And when we send the bread of life to nations o'er the sea,
May we praise the Lord with thankfulness for blessings pure and free
In this life, and the better land in ages yet to be!

—*William Lambie.*

BEFORE A FALL.

On Saturday evening I sat upon the doorstep, waiting for John and Jennie. We had been to choir meetings together all summer long—Jennie was such good friends with me, and John was such good friends with Jennie. She lived just over the hill from our house, and John lived just beyond that. She waited till he came for her, and I waited for them both. I should not have thought of starting without them, and I sat quietly, not noticing the flight of time. I was thinking what a lovely evening it was, and that mother's china asters were coming into bloom, and the crab-apples were ripening, and that I always thought crab-apple jelly the prettiest mother ever made. I was as peaceful as the old cat that came and curled up beside me, and had no more thought than she of its being late.

But suddenly I heard Jennie's voice calling me; it sounded so sharp, out of the quiet, that I was really startled. She had paused at the gate and was saying, "Come, Phœbe!" I knew in a minute from her tone that something had worried her. I was wondering what it might be as I rose and went down the path, and I suppose I went a little slowly.

"Hurry, Phœbe!" she cried; "don't you know we are late?"

But, instead of hurrying, I stopped short, for I suddenly saw that John was not with her.

"Where's John?" I asked.

"I don't know," she answered, shortly. "Don't stand staring, Phœbe! I tell you we're late."

Now some people are afraid of Jennie when she speaks that way, with her cheeks red and her eyes snapping. But I am not; it only makes me a little cooler than I was before. I just stood still. She shan't drive me, if I do love her.

"Suppose we are late?" I said. "I think we might wait a little for him, just for once."

"You can do it, then," said she, and walked straight on.

I looked up the road and reflected. John was not in sight. If anything had happened to detain him, it was Jennie's company he would be sorry to miss, so my waiting couldn't do him no good. I might as well go with Jennie. I ran and caught her before she had gone far. I suppose it mollified her to have made me run, for she laughed a little as I came up. "You didn't wait as long as I did!" she said.

"Then you did wait a while?"

"Why, of course. Didn't I tell you it was late?"

"Well, you needn't have got mad about it, Jennie!"

"I didn't," said she, "or at least I was only mad at myself for waiting. There is no reason why we should ever wait for John, or expect him to come with us every night, just because he lives next door. He never said a word about always escorting us. He's just let it be a matter of course, and I'm not going to have it so any longer. He might want to go with some of the other girls some time, and then just think how ridiculous we should be, sitting waiting for him. I'll never do it again. Next week I mean to start real early, and you may wait for him if you like. I'll not expose myself to being slighted again. I don't doubt he's gone the other way, by East side, to-night."

Now Jessie Sears lived on East side. John was the only fellow in the village whom she could not possibly induce to flirt with her, and it seemed as if for that reason he was the one she most wanted to make an impression upon. He said nothing about it, and kept out of her way, but everybody knew—except Jennie, who might have known if she pleased—that he disliked her. So when Jennie made that insinuation I thought it was my turn to be angry. I faced about upon her with the facts.

"Jennie Morris," said I, "you know just as well as I do that you're the only girl in this town John ever cares to go anywhere with. I don't see how you can be so mean as to talk about him in that way!"

Jennie's face got crimson, and she hung her head and looked quite cowed. I was glad of it.

"I don't see where he can be, then," she murmured after a while. "He might have sent us word if he was not going. You'll acknowledge it was humiliating for us to sit and wait for him."

"I don't see why."

"You're such a child," she said, pettishly.

"If it is childish to be unreasonable"—but there I stopped. I saw Jennie's face was twitching, and her color came and went. She was always high-strung, swift and spirited, and to-night she seemed touchy and unnerved. I felt sorry for her, and thought we would talk about something else.

* * * * *

I will explain now what had detained John. We learned about it in good time. There was an Irish family living a little way from his father's house, and they were always in trouble, and always keeping the neighbors in trouble. That night, just as John was ready to start for meeting, his mother came to his door, looking quite distressed.

"John," she said. "Maggie McCreery and her children are in the kitchen, and Peter has come home drunk again."

"Is he very bad?" said John, who knew his neighbor of old.

"Yes. Oh, John, he has given her a terrible black eye! She and the children just fled for their lives, and they're crying and wailing so that I could hardly get their story out of them."

"Well, what can we do?"

"Why, somebody has got to go down, you know, John. He was as wild as a mad man. They left him crashing the dishes upon the floor and putting the bed clothes and furniture into the fire. Maggie is afraid he'll set the house afire, and he is in a fair way to do it, you know, and burn himself up in it."

"The best thing he could do," muttered John.

"You mustn't say so, you know, dear. I hate to have you to go down there, but it's dreadful to think of the poor, raving creature just left to himself."

"Where are the others?" said John.

"Why, Bess and Mark have gone to the fair in Barton. There's only Buell at home, and he's hardly old enough to go down there alone."

"No," said John, throwing off his coat. "I suppose I've got to go with him. Tell him to get a rope. We'll have to tie the wretch, and then send for the sheriff."

"It's dreadful you should have to go, dear," said his mother, pityingly, "and just when we were all ready for meeting. The girls will be waiting for you, too. But you'll feel sorry enough for Maggie, poor thing, when you see her. And there's no time to be lost. You can hear Peter cursing and throwing things clear up to our kitchen door."

As John and Buell were ready to start, Maggie said: "Shure, sur, if ye see me cow in the road, wud ye plase drive her back forninst ye? Peter left the gate open when he come in, and I was that distracted I didn't see the craytur till she was gone. The byes will be havin' her in the pound in a giffy, and sorra a cint is Peter after lavin' me to get her out again!"

* * * * *

John did not see the cow. She was like the rest of the McCreery's, unexpected in her movements. But Jennie and I saw her, grazing along the roadside, with her head turned the other way from home. I had a presentiment of mischief the moment I caught sight of her. I half stopped, saying: "There's Peter McCreery's cow! How could they let her get out? Now, if the boys put her in the pound they never can raise fifty cents to get her out. I've a great mind to drive her back a little ways, Jennie, just to get her headed toward home."

But Jennie was too impatient. "Please don't stop, Phœbe," she said. "It's not your place to do it, and we're so late already."

It was so late that all the pews on the girls' side of the choir-gallery were filled, except the two farthest back. By going to the head of one of these I could be among the altos, and Jennie, by going to the head of the other, could be among the sopranos, while at the same time we could sit together. I was glad to be near her that night, and I knew she was glad to have me, she was so nervous. I hoped the singing would quiet her, and so it did for a little while, but she could not get quite out of her flutter. Proud as she was, she could not help casting a glance, now and then, toward the door, and occasionally she would give a little sigh. She was uneasy every minute till he came.

And oh, dear! she was a good deal more uneasy afterward. For—will you believe it?—who should walk in that door beside John but Jessie Sears!

She did look pretty that night. There was no denying her good looks even when you'd lost every bit of faith in her. To-night she wore a new pink muslin dress; a thin, fleecy white shawl was round her shoulders, and one point of it was laid over the brown puffs on her head, but not far enough to hide the pretty pink rose she had stuck between them. She was all smiles and brightness. We usually sat near the front, but Jessie spied where we were to-night the moment she came in. John, however, did not see us. He pushed toward the front row, and Jessie of course followed him. She did not mind it that every eye was upon her. She was as composed and complacent as possible.

Somebody moved up to make room for her and John found a place across the aisle. Before she was fairly seated she had contrived to drop her handkerchief, and John was obliged to stoop and pick it up for her. I saw his face then. It was not gay and smiling like Jessie's, but he looked pale and tired. It somehow set me considering. When I had first seen him coming in with Jessie my heart had stood still, and then I was so angry I could have shaken my fist at him. But now I began to be confused in my thoughts about him. There he sat, the same old John, and I couldn't believe he was a traitor. Yet, what had brought him here in Jessie's company? The more I cooled down, however, the more sure I was it would be explained in some way.

But of course my feelings couldn't help Jennie at all just now. I knew she had jumped to her own conclusions. How she straightened up! There were no sighs and no more turnings of her head. The color was fixed in two bright spots upon her cheeks. She looked right at her book and began to sing so clear and strong that I was startled, and was afraid everybody would notice the change. John knew well enough where she was by this time. He gave one half glance round, that was all. Poor innocent John! He told us all about it afterward. Well, as I was saying, Jennie sang firmly for a verse or two, then she suddenly ceased.

"What is the matter?" I whispered, for I was frightened about her.

"I'm too wicked to sing words like these," she said.

She did not sing another note that night, but when the meeting was about to close, she whispered to me: "Now Phœbe, mind you don't loiter. We're nearest the door; get outside just as fast as you can, before the people get round us."

Now in my heart I would rather have lingered a little just for the chance of learning something that might explain it all, but of course I couldn't refuse to do as Jennie said. We got out the door quickly—Jennie first, though I hurried as fast as I could. Once outside she took hold of my hand and started off like a deer. The sky had become overcast, and it was perfectly dark. It was one of those hushed, breathless nights that sometimes precede a summer rainstorm. It seemed as if the very crickets were smothered by the dark and the silence. We ran headlong, but we knew the path well enough, and it was tolerably smooth. We got well away from the crowd coming out behind us, and had turned off the main street and were half-way down the second hill beyond. I was going to ask Jennie to stop running, for I was out of breath, when some obstacle in the path struck our feet from under us. We fell headlong over a mass of something hairy, soft and warm, and our heads and hands were thrown sharply against the gravel beyond. We could not recover our senses before the heap over which we had fallen began to rise under us. I was rolled to one side, Jennie to the other, and with a snort of dismay and displeasure Peter McCreery's cow switched her tail across my face and galloped off into the road.

She had been lying across the warm gravel, and we had run full against her.

When I began to recover my wits I heard Jennie laughing in a weak, hysterical way; then she began to sob, and then to half shriek again with laughter. I slowly picked myself up, lame and bruised, and very much surprised to find that no bones were broken. Half the plaited flounces of my dress that had got over the cow's horn was ripped off and dangling under my feet. I could dimly see Jennie sitting on the path where the cow had left her, weaving to and fro, her face in her hands, crying and laughing both at once.

I went to her, asking if she were hurt. "Can't you get up, dear?" I said. "Just try and see. The folks will be coming along pretty soon."

I thought I already heard feet upon the path, and I did not want anybody to see Jennie quite like this. She made a great effort to control herself and to get upon her feet. I took hold of her to try and help her. But no sooner did she attempt to raise herself than she fell back with a little cry of pain, and then began to laugh again in the same distressful manner.

"I can't," she said. "It's my foot, Phœbe. The cow trod upon it, and I can't stir. What shall we do?"

By this time I had caught her excitement, and was near to giggling as insanely as she. "What shall we do?" I echoed.

But now there were approaching steps upon the walk that we both heard. Jennie knew them in a minute, and that minute restored her to herself.

"Phœbe," she said, firmly, "I'll tell you what we must do. You must run home and tell father to come with the wagon. I'll creep up here off the roadside and keep perfectly still, and nobody'll know I'm here till you come back."

"But I can't leave you alone so badly hurt. I can't, Jennie!"

"Please, Phœbe! please, dear! Somebody is coming!"

"I'm glad of it," said I. "Somebody ought to come and help us."

"But, Phœbe, Phœbe—don't let him find us—it's John!"

"I don't care if it is; I'm glad of it, and just remember, if he was going over to East Side with Jessie Sears he'd not be here now. You've been too quick, Jennie; there's some mistake."

Poor Jennie could only give a little moan of pain for answer. Her ankle was beginning to hurt her badly. Little as her moan was John was near enough to catch it, for that instant we heard his anxious voice calling:

"Girls! Phœbe, Jennie, are you there?" There was silence for a minute, then I spoke out: "Yes, John, we're here, and we want you."

"You want me! What is the matter? What made you run away from me? I got out as fast as I could to catch up with you."

Dear! how troubled, and how kind, and how full of comfort too, his familiar old voice sounded.

"I'm so glad you've come!" I cried. "Jennie is hurt."

"Jennie—hurt!"

Ah, you should have heard the tone of his voice when he said that; I almost felt as if I ought not to be there to hear it; why, there couldn't have been more feeling in his voice if she had been his sister and mother and wife and child all in one!

I guess John was pretty well worn out with what he had gone through at McCreery's, to say nothing of having wanted Jennie's company all the evening and missed it. And sometimes to be tired out and sacrificed in the service of others softens and opens a person's heart before he knows it.

He knelt down beside Jennie and lit a match to look at her. I hope it was not wrong for me to have taken a glance at the two faces that match lighted up—John's so troubled and devoted, and Jennie's scratched and tearful, pitiful, wistful, questioning.

He spoke right out like a man to the silent cry of the heart. "My darling," he said—"my darling, what is the matter?"

That was more than she could bear just then; she wavered as she sat, and fell back in a dead faint. John sprang to raise her head, and I ran to the brook to sop my handkerchief with water to bathe her face. I begged John to let me run home at once and send the wagon. It was plain he could not bear to leave her, and I ran off as fast as I could.

I was back again before the horse could be harnessed, bringing with me camphor and cologne. But Jennie had recovered her senses before I arrived. I heard her talking in a low voice to John before I reached them. What he said to her I do not know, but she was meek enough now—as humble and grateful as possible when we lifted her into the wagon and got her home.

And how heroic she was while the doctor was setting her ankle. At least they all said she was heroic; but it is my private belief she did not feel the least pain for sheer happiness, and therefore there was no virtue whatever in her keeping as still as a lamb.

I told her the next day that she did not deserve her happiness, and she owned she did not. I asked her if she was not ashamed that I, who was only his friend, had stood up for John more stanchly, in my mind, than she who was his lady-love.

It was only an accident, his appearing with Jessie at the choir meeting. A young man from Woodville had been over to meet her and detained her until it was late. On his way home he had brought her in his buggy as far as the church, and left her in the vestibule. Right there she had met John, and had made as much of the opportunity as she knew how.

Would you like to hear what else John did that night? When we had brought the doctor and gone again on errands to the druggist's, and then stayed by till he could learn that Jennie was made as comfortable as possible for the night, without saying anything to anybody he got a lantern and went to search for that unhappy cow. He found her, drove her home, and shut her into Mrs. McCreery's yard. The poor woman did not know till long afterward who had done her the kindness.—*Springfield Republican.*

There is a peculiar religious sect in Russia which is characterized by rare purity of doctrine and practice, endeavoring to live in the closest possible conformity with the letter of the Scriptures. No member is permitted to possess any property beyond the frugal needs of existence. Purity and chastity are among the first requirements. It sufficiently describes the brutal character of the surrounding population to say that the followers of this sect have been subjected to much suffering and persecution.

A San Francisco physician, believing that he has discovered a cure for hydrophobia, and desiring to test it, has had himself bitten by a rabid dog.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

One of California's millionaires keeps twenty ships busy transporting his wheat to England. He owns 55,000 acres of rich land, 45,000 of which were in wheat this season. One continuous furrow is seventeen miles in length.

Nevada's finances are in a bad condition. Her taxes are said to be increasing, while the assigned value of property diminishes. She finds it hard to pay current expenses, and has a funded debt of $557,017, on which she must pay nine and one-half per cent. interest.

It is affirmed by the collectors of statistics in regard to intemperance that in the year 1879 there was paid out for intoxicating drinks by the people of Germany the sum of $650,000,000; and by those of France $580,000,000; of Great Britain, $750,000 000; and of the United States, $720,000,000; making $2,700,000,000.

The arrival in England of a steamer from Australia with 120 tons of meat in good condition, indicates that American cattle raisers must henceforth expect competition from that quarter. The distance traversed is, however, so great as to give American producers important advantages in the matter of less freight, greater security and quicker returns.

Few sights at the great industrial fair in Boston attract more attention than the appearance and work of two pupils from the Hampton institute. One of these is an Apache Indian, who surprises all spectators by his skill in making shoes. Beside the bench at which he sits are two pair of laced shoes, neat and substantial, one made after only six weeks' instruction at the institute, and the other produced within two or three days at the fair.

By law marriage in England, except by special license, is not legal if the ceremony does not take place in the morning—that is before noon. A special license, obtainable on payment of a certain fee to the Archbishop of Canterbury (that is to one of his clerks), legalizes a marriage at any hour of the day or night. Of late it has become rather fashionable to purchase these special licenses, and to have the ceremony performed in the afternoon or evening.

Three years ago the total number of steamships in the United States was 4,717—2,221 belonging to the Atlantic coast, 310 to the Pacific coast, 913 to the lakes and 1,225 to the Western rivers. The number of these engaged in ocean commerce with foreign ports, other than those of the West Indies, Mexico, etc., was insignificant and surpassed by the smallest maritime States. Great Britain has 3,000 steamers, mainly engaged in ocean commerce, with a total tonnage of 2,500,000 tons. During the year 1880 347 steamers were built in the United States. One hundred and eighty-two of these were for the lakes and Western rivers, and 141 for Atlantic and gulf ports. The Boston *Globe* points out a singular feature of the business of building and controlling steamships which is, that Scotchmen in this respect are in an overwhelming majority.

Lieutenant D. A. Lyle has eaten grasshoppers out West, and he lately read a paper before a Springfield science association praising them as food. Although they naturally have a disagreeable smell, he says that when cooked they become pleasant to both smell and taste, no disguise being required. They can be eaten after boiling two hours, with pepper and salt, and thus prepared are not easily distinguished from beef broth. Fried in their own oil they have a nutty flavor. One drawback to their use as food is the bones in the small locusts, though in the larger ones these can be easily removed. Some residents of St. Louis have tried a dinner of these skillfully prepared, and liked it very well, and after becoming accustomed to the flavor they were considered a desirable addition to the bill of fare by some. These locusts feed on vegetable matter, and so may properly be classed as clean food.

The Southern States are awaking to a realization of the riches which exist in their vast forests. The New Orleans *Democrat* estimates that Louisiana contains more than 17,000,000 acres of wooded land. The sawmills have made little impression upon this vast supply of timber, which comprises a large variety of valuable woods. Most of it, too, can be easily marketed, thanks to the bayous and water courses with which the State is liberally provided. Since the increasing scarcity of Western timber became apparent large purchases of timbered lands have been made in Alabama, Tennessee, Georgia and North Carolina. It is to be hoped that this splendid possession, the importance of which the South is just beginning to comprehend, will be managed with more care than has been bestowed upon the forests of the North and West. This country must learn the science of forestry sooner or later, and now is a good time to begin.

A table of statistics prepared by the census bureau shows that the judges of the supreme court and court of appeals are elected in twenty-eight States of the Union. Their tenure of office is as follows: In Vermont for two years; in Ohio for five; in Georgia, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Nevada, Oregon, South Carolina and Texas for six; in Minnesota for seven; in Arkansas, Kentucky, Michigan, North Carolina and Tennessee for eight; in Colorado for nine; in Missouri and Wisconsin for ten; in California, Virginia and West Virginia for twelve; in New York for fourteen; in Maryland for fifteen; in Pennsylvania for twenty-one years; and in Rhode Island for life. In all the other States the judges of these courts are appointed. In New Hampshire, Delaware, Florida and Massachusetts for life; in Louisiana for twelve years; in Mississippi for nine; in Connecticut for eight; in Maine for seven; and in New Jersey for six years. The majority of the States elect the judges of these courts, and as to the length of their tenure of office there is very great diversity of policy, ranging from two years in Vermont to a life tenure in several of the other States.

Mouth Breathers.

Dr. Wagner says that habitual mouth breathers can be at once recognized, as the practice stamps itself indelibly on the physiognomy. The retracted lips, open mouth, receding gums, protruding teeth, diminished size of the orifices of the nostrils, the wrinkles of the outer angles of the eyes, and the lines extending from the wings of the nose to the angles of the mouth, give the person addicted to this habit a silly and sometimes idiotic expression. The nasal ducts, being vacated, like disused roads that grow up in grass and weeds, become the seat of polypus and other diseases; the sense of smell is greatly weakened or altogether lost.

Fallen Leaves.

I love to steal my way
Through the bright woods, when autumn's work is done,
And through the tree-tops all the dream-like day
Breathes the soft golden sun.

When all is hush'd and still,
Only a few last leaves, fluttering slow
Down the warm air with ne'er a breeze's will—
A ghost of sound below.

Around me everywhere
Lie leaves that trembled green the summer long,
Holding the rainbow's tears in sunny air,
And roofed the summer's song.

Why shun my steps to tread
These silent hosts that everywhere are strewn
As if my feet were walking 'mong the dead,
And I alive alone?

Hast no bright trees, oh, Past!
Through whose bare boughs, once green, the sunshine grieves?
No hopes that flutter'd in the autumnal blast,
No memories—fallen leaves?

—*J. J. Piatt.*

The Cows in the Corn.

It seems almost as if summer was gone,
To see the cows in the field of corn;
There's Brindle with red skin and crumpled horn,
Who rambles the fields in careless mood
And gathers the best the grounds afford.

Then there is Bessie, the speckled one,
Who follows on where the other has gone;
She isn't a cow that is sad and forlorn.
Not she. She's meek and patient. I like her best,
She isn't selfish like all the rest.

So as I notice the people about,
They are Brindle and Bessie, out and out;
Some want the green corn, and have it too,
And leave—what is left when they get through.

—*Vermont Watchman.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The man at the telephone office always has a "holler back."

Blest be the tie that won't work around under one's left ear.

It was a schoolmaster who wrote "The Vacant Chair," soon after a boy left a bent pin in it.

"Borrow from us," says the Rochester *Democrat*. All right; we'll be in Rochester next week.

"All that glitters is not cold," said the man who picked up a red-hot piece of brass.—*Detroit Chaff.*

"An' that's the Pillar of Hercules?" she said, adjusting her silver spectacles. "Gracious! what's the rest of his bed-clothes like, I wonder?"

An exchange asks: "What would a twenty-five cigar amount to if you had no match?" Just a quarter of a dollar, brother. Give us another.

The very heart and root of sin is an independent and selfish spirit. We erect the idol self, and not only wish others to worship it, but we worship it ourselves.

A very small boy can get outside of a very large watermelon in a very small space of time; but it takes a very large doctor to harmonize the two.—*Rochester Democrat.*

"It is very muggy here" remarked the man in the barber shop as he glanced at the display of china upon the shelves; and then the barber lathered him and made him shut his mug.

"I'm afraid you'll be late at the party," said an old lady to her stylish granddaughter, who replied: "Oh, you dear grandma, don't you know in our fashionable set nobody ever goes to a party till everybody gets there."

"The mainspring of Italian music in the eighteenth century," says a recent writer, "was the exclusive and passionate worship of the human voice." But Italian music has experienced a change. Its mainspring is now in a box, and is worked with a handle.

The growing custom of putting the choir at the pulpit end of the church has the very serious drawback that it prevents a man from turning round and looking up at the organ in a critical manner just before the contribution plate approaches his pew.

A dentist presented a bill for the tenth time to a rich skinflint. "It strikes me," said the latter, "that this is a pretty round bill." "Yes," replied the dentist, "I've sent it round often enough to make it appear so; and I have called now to get it squared."

Under the heading of "Gems of Thought," an exchange has it: "Have the courage to pay a debt while the money is in your pocket." There is a great deal of that kind of courage in this world. And can a man pay the debt and keep the money in his pocket? Let us have the recipe for the benefit of our readers.—*Texas Siftings.*

"Oh, Charley!" exclaimed the elderly Miss Prim, "I've learned lots of things this summer—been studying botany and geology and—" Charley—"What, more new wrinkles, Miss Prim?" Charley meant no harm, but Miss Prim was heard to remark, as she gazed into her mirror that evening, "The idea! More new wrinkles, indeed! The saucebox!"

"You make me think," John Williams said, dropping on a sofa beside a pretty girl last Sunday evening, "of a bank whereon the wild thyme grows." "Do I?" she murmured; "it is so nice, but that's pa's step in the hall, and unless you can drop out of the front window before I cease speaking, you'll have a wild time with him, my own, for he loves you not." His descent was rapid.

He was a grave and reverend college professor, and he was enjoying the air on one of the wharves. "Do you catch many mackerel this year?" he asked of a hardy fisherman. "Well," the son of Neptune replied, "we seine some." "Pardon, young man," exclaimed the man of letters, "you mean we saw some." "Not by a hornful," replied the fisherman. "Who ever heard of sawing fish? We split 'em, sir, we split 'em, but we never saw 'em." The man from the college seemed mystified. He turned away and sighed at the ignorance of the times

WISE WORDS.

A man often stubs his toe on the threshold of success.

A handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman charms the heart.

Discretion is the golden cord on which wisdom strings her richest jewels.

Men often judge the person, but not the cause, which is not justice, but malice.

As we must render an account of every idle word, so must we likewise of our idle silence.

If you wish to appear agreeable in society, you must consent to be taught many things which you know already.

Laziness grows on people. It begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.

Eternal vigilance is said to be the price of liberty, and to-day great success in commercial as in every other sphere of life can be bought only with the same coin. Put plenty of it in your cargo, if you would make your voyage a success.

Difficulty is the nurse of greatness, a harsh nurse, who roughly rocks her foster children into strength and athletic proportions. The mind, grappling with great aims and wrestling with mighty impediments, grows by a certain necessity to their stature.

The men who succeed without the aid of education are the exceptions. Common men need all the help that education can give, to put themselves on a level; and even of the exceptional men it may be said that they would have succeeded still better with the advantages of education.