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Poetry.

The Cedar Tree.

Lay her beneath the Cedar Tree,
Whose dark and dainty tracery
Shall cast its shadow on her bed,
While solemn choirs, far overhead,
And mourn for her that was so young and fair.

Lay her beneath the Cedar Tree,
Where soft winds rustle fitfully,
Where oft the timid deer shall stray
To shelter from the noontide ray,
And tread the spot where, in the earth laid low,
Sleeps one who lived and suffered long ago.

Nor mark the place with graven stone,
Where now she lieth all alone;
But raise where she doth sleep, a mound,
And scatter lilies on the ground.
Enough to show that one doth here abide
Who, like the flowers fading, drooped and died.

The fitting bats shall court the gloom,
And speed in circles round her tomb;
And oft the glow-worm, chaste and bright,
Shall for her honor trim his light,
For her whose life did, like a spark appear
In darkness, dying when her day drew near.

Ah! lay her in the cool deep shade
By those overhanging branches made;
And when the summer heat is fierce,
No baleful shaft to her shall pierce.
Thus can she slumber on with tranquil breast,
While the winter of her life, and longed for rest,

When Winter's icy hand shall tear
The leaves and strip the forest bare,
The Cedar, clothed in verdure warm,
Alone can shield her from the storm,
So lay her gently down with tender love,
Where the sad Cedar spreads its boughs above.

SO VERY PLAIN.

'If only she were not so very plain,'
Sighed Mrs. Morton as she discussed her
daughter's future with her friend. 'A
plain girl nowadays has no chance at all.'

And poor Lizzie Morton had learned
to consider her want of beauty almost
in the light of a misadventure.

'A woman has no right to be ugly,'
her father would say; and her mother
would glance at her own reflection in
the glass and murmur:
'Very odd that Lizzie takes after neither
her father or me.'

So it is easy to imagine that Lizzie
had looked forward to her first ball with
mingled feelings.

'It is very little matter, after all,
what you wear, my dear,' her mother
had said. 'With your complexion any-
thing will suit equally well.'

And yet, when Lizzie was dressed and
came down the broad staircase in her
white dress, with its trimmings of car-
nations, and her crimson cape over her
shoulder, she was by no means altogether
unlovely.

Her eyes had a soft, mild expression
and the little hesitancy and shyness
made her lower the heavily-fringed lids
which many a beauty might have en-
vied.

These heavy eyelids had been trouble
to her all her life. Her brothers had
ridiculed her for her sleepy look, and
she had been accustomed to hear sharp
contrasts drawn between her mother's
wide open, large gray eyes and her own
heavy look.

So she followed her father in much
trepidation to the carriage, and her
heart beat high as, after their short
drive, they reached Brandon Hall,
with its blaze of light and waiting
servants and general appearance of fes-
tivity.

Mr. and Mrs. Brandon were cordially
greeted by their friend, Sir Harry Wells,
and being among the earliest arrivals,
and upon a footing of the closest intima-
cy, Lizzie was claimed by the younger
members of the family and carried off to
see the decorations in the upper room.

She had time to recover some self-
possession before the guests filled the
ballroom and dancing began.

Sir Harry's second son came up and
claimed her for the first waltz—he could
scarcely do less—but, that ordeal over,
she was left to sit quietly by her mother's
side.

She had been sitting still for a long
time, when suddenly her ear caught a
few words—something about 'taking
compassion'—and she was startled a
moment after at hearing a few rapid
words of introduction and finding a gen-
tleman standing beside her soliciting the
pleasure of a dance.

'Poor little girl! how shy she is,'
thought Lord Pelham to himself, as she
gave a faint response and rose from her
seat. 'Well, one must do a good-natured
thing once in a while.'

The good natured thing did not prove
very unpleasant.

ly discarded school days and this very
ball.

'I suppose,' said Lord Pelham, 'you
were very much excited about your first
ball? I remember when my sister came
out what a fuss there was! It is a good
many years ago (by Jove, they wouldn't
think me for saying that though), and
every one thought that they would take
the town by storm. You can't guess,
Miss Morton,' he said, warming to his
subject—'you can't guess how pretty
they looked. I can see them now, dear
girl! How proud I was of them both! I
really don't know which was the pret-
tier,' he added reflectively.

Lizzie sighed.

'Why?' continued Lord Pelham, as if
once started in his recollections he found
it difficult to stop. 'I remember, al-
most quarrelling with my cousin be-
cause Lily would dance the first waltz
with him! How absurd it seems!'
Are they married?' asked Lizzie, tim-
idly.

'Married! Well—no,' said Lord Pel-
ham, reflectively, 'and come to think of
it, it's odd too, that they haven't mar-
ried, such pretty girls as they were.'

'I thought,' said Lizzie, impulsively,
'that pretty girls always married—at
least—'

'You—what?' asked Lord Pelham,
rather amused at her aroused tone; then
as she struck back into her shyness he
continued laughing:

'Well! I thought too once, that pretty
girls always married—but they don't you
see! Why half the old maids were pre-
tily girls once!

'I wish I were a pretty girl!' said
Lizzie, in a sudden burst of confidence,
but so naively that no one could have
suspected any desire for unmeaning
compliment.

Her simplicity amused Lord Pelham
vastly. He glanced at her little uncon-
scious face and after a second's hesita-
tion asked, in a manner that put her
quite at ease:

'Would you mind telling me why?
Are pretty girls such enviable things?
I think they are,' said Lizzie; 'I'm so
tired of being told how plain I am, every
one seems to think I can help it, and I
can't you know.'

'No!' said Lord Pelham. 'I suppose
not, you weren't consulted about it,
were you? Well, never mind. Miss Mor-
ton, I'll tell you something to comfort
you. I've got a plain sister, and I love
her better than both the others put to-
gether; and he looked so kindly at her,
even with a little amused smile on his
lips, that Lizzie's reserve melted quite
away.

'Is she married?' she asked in a hope-
ful tone.

'Married! Yes, indeed, married the
very first season she came out and such
a plain little body you never did see?'

'How did she manage it?' asked Liz-
zie in a tone of amazement.

Lord Pelham fairly laughed—he
couldn't help it. This girl, this plain
little girl, amused him vastly.

'Oh,' he said, at last, 'I suppose some-
body was wise enough to know that
beauty is only skin-deep, and my sister
Janie has an angel's soul.'

'I don't think beauty is only skin-
deep. I think it's heart deep. I would
give all I have to be pretty.'

And as she spoke, such a wistful,
child like look grew in her face that her
companion was touched.

'I wouldn't think about it if I were
you,' he said, after a pause. 'Try and
put it out of your head. There are
plenty of things besides beauty you can
have. Don't you sing, or play?'

'I sing a little,' said Lizzie. 'But
please don't tell any one. I am so afraid
Lady Wells will ask me.'

'I won't betray you,' said Lord Pel-
ham, more and more amused.

This naive little girl was something
new in his world. There was something
about her, too, which reminded him of
his favorite sister. He felt that Janie
would have liked her.

He took her back to her mother, feel-
ing very much as if she were a little child
confided to his care.

'Poor little girl, he was thinking to
himself. 'Is she so very plain?'

He had really scarcely noticed her, had
asked her simply out of compassion for
her loneliness, with no interest in her,
personally whatever. She had amused
him, though. He smiled again as he re-
called her naivete.

After an interval his thoughts re-
turned to her.

'By Jove!' he thought, 'I'll take her for
some refreshment.'

And very much to her amazement, and
her mother's surprise, she was escorted on
his lordship's arm to the refreshment-
room.

All her shyness was gone, as far as
Lord Pelham was concerned. She chat-

ted away freely, not for a moment im-
agining in her simple little heart that he
was critically considering whether she
really was so very plain.

'I suppose she is,' was his mental re-
flection—I suppose she is—and yet I
don't know. I wish she'd look at me.
She may have eyes under those lids.

But Lizzie was not yet sufficiently at
home with him to look at him. She
answered his questions freely, and was
easily led on to give graphic descrip-
tions of her home life; of the brothers
who teased her, and the sister, a year or
two younger, who was longing to come
out, and who was such a regular beau-
ty.

'So fair, you know,' said Lizzie, with
a touching reflection upon her own dull
and freckled skin, 'and with such lovely
large blue open eyes.'

'By Jove!' thought Lord Pelham, 'I
wish she'd look at me. I'd like to see
what her own eyes are like.'

But this wish at least was vain. Not
even her gratitude—and shy Lizzie was
overpowered with gratitude for all his
attention—could give her courage to
look up at him.

He remained near her, chatting, till
the carriages were announced, and even
lingered to place her cape round her
shoulders, and bid quite a cordial Good-
night to her parents; but, after all, his
curiosity was not satisfied.

'And so Lizzie did dance!' said her
elder brother next day, as the ball was
eagerly discussed.

'Dance?' said her father in high good
humor—'I should think so! Danced with
Lord Pelham above all!'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Morton reflectively,
'it was very good natured of him. I
heard him say something about compas-
sion; he was sorry to see her so lone-
ly.'

Lizzie herself was so convinced that
this was the case that she was not the
least annoyed, only when she went up-
stairs she staid a moment longer than
usual before the glass, and, raising her
heavy lids, looked herself straight in the
face.

'His very good natured,' she thought
'I wish I were not so very plain.'

Lord Pelham's curiosity about those
eyes were singular. He found himself
speculating more unreasonably on the
subject, and wondering what color
would suit her face.

Almost any color, he was forced to ad-
mit, would do. The dull, sallow skin,
the ill-formed nose and wide mouth, no
eyes could wholly redeem them, and
probably the fringed eyelids were a com-
pensation.

Well, well, what did it matter? He
supposed that they should never meet
again. Why should they? He did not
intend remaining in the neighborhood,
and had he intended it, he had no ex-
cuse for calling.

But they did meet. Somehow, on
Sunday morning, a sudden and most
unwonted impulse seized Lord Pelham
to attend service in the village church.
He went in late, a little embarrassed, if
the truth must be told, at his own ac-
tion.

He sat very quietly in the corner of
the pew to which the old verger conduc-
ted him, and only felt at home when the
droning choir began the Psalms. Then
he looked about, and soon caught sight
of Mrs. Morton's handsome face.

'By Jove! what a pretty girl!' he
thought, as his eye wandered past to a
rosebud of a girl—the beauty; evidently,
of poor Lizzie's tale—and next to her
sat his shy friend herself, the downcast
lids more drooping than ever, the dull
complexion more laden beside the bright
blue eyes and pink and white of the pre-
tily sister.

Still, Lord Pelham's glance rested on
the plain face opposite to him.

In vain she peeped up at him
with her most bewitching air. He was only
conscious of one fact about her, which
was, that she snubbed her elder sister.

So did every one else, it appeared to
him; for when Lizzie ventured the re-
mark—which she rarely did—it was gen-
erally met with: 'Oh, I dare say you
think so!'

The neighborhood began to talk very
soon after this eventful Sunday in the
Morton's life. Lord Pelham remained
at his friend's—Sir Harry Wells's—and
came so often to the Lodge, evinced such
an interest in all Mr. Morton's improve-
ments—actually invited the boys to his
manor for the September shooting—that
he seemed almost like one of the family.

One day in the early winter, when the
hedges were sparkling with hoar-frost,
and the roads were beginning to harden,
Lord Pelham took his familiar way to
the Lodge.

He was thinking, as he walked along,
of many things about his intimacy there,
and his thoughts involuntarily turned to
Lizzie. He went back in his mind to
their first meeting:

'I declare,' he said to himself, 'she
never gives me a chance to see what
those eyes are like. And how they do
snub her at home, to be sure! Well,
poor little thing! she's worth a hundred
times more than that pretty doll Rose
will ever be!'

He was walking briskly along, when
his attention was arrested by a little
figure which, turning a corner some
distance before him, was hurrying, almost
running, toward him.

'Why, by Jove!' exclaimed he, quick-
ening his steps, 'it's Lizzie. What can
be the matter?'

And as they met, Lizzie, with pale,
frightened face, clung to his arm.

'Oh, Lord Pelham!' she cried, breath-
lessly, 'I'm so frightened! Those horri-
ble men! I ran as hard as I could. They
actually spoke to me. There they come!'

As she spoke a band of tramps turned
the same corner, evidently in high en-
joyment of her terror.

'They begged,' explained Lizzie, 'and
I was so frightened. I never was spoken
to in the street before. I never go alone—
only Dame Brown is sick in the vil-
lage, and wanted to see me.'

Lord Pelham was very indignant. He
at first thought he would expostulate
with the coming tramps; but feeling how
undesirable it would be on her account,
he contented himself with placing her
little trembling hand on his arm, and
casting fierce looks at them as he passed.

'Never mind, Lizzie!' he said, when,
having turned the corner, they were out
of sight. 'You don't feel frightened now—
do you?'

And he stood still and took both the
little shaking hands in his.

'Oh, no!' said Lizzie, looking straight
up in his face, and then at last he saw
the eyes, the deep violet eyes, swimming
in tears, with their child-like look of
trust and dependence. 'I know you
will take care of me.'

'Lizzie!' said his lordship, impulsively—
'Lizzie, I want you to let me always
take care of you. Be my wife, Lizzie—
my dear little wife.'

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