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The Death of President Garfield.

[Writen soon after the death of the President, by M. Lutie Roberts, a sweet girl of tender years, pupil of the Western Female High School, Baltimore, Md.]

Our President beloved by all,
Has left this world of care,
With all its sin and suffering
To share the glories there.

On yonder bright celestial shore
Where pleasures never cease,
And where his happy, joyous soul
Finds everlasting peace.

And there did many friends await
This goodly man to greet.
And many more are living here
His story to repeat.

Two months and more have passed away
Since came that dreadful hour.
When from this innocent pure man
Was taken strength and power.

One moment, standing firm and strong,
Not dreaming of sad fate,
The next, the dreadful deed was done,
For weeping 'twas too late.

From weeping, now could come no good.
The people in despair,
Lifted their sorrow-stricken souls
To Christ in humble prayer.

The sorrow then extended wide
Through countries far and near,
And anxious hearts, both old and young,
Rejoiced good news to hear.

Week after week passed swiftly by,
And still he lingered here;
His trip then new excitement caused
And gave us hope and cheer.

He then grew worse, and one sad night
The bells were heard to toll,
And the people far and near
Knew, ah! too well, the *whole*.

His happy soul had taken flight
To a country far away,
Released from worldly pain and strife,
It would no longer stay.

The nation being wrapt in gloom
For business had no heart,
And all the stores and houses closed,
A quiet did impart.

Throughout the country, far and near,
And drap'ry soon was placed
In mem'ry of this honor'd man,
Who many storms had faced.

His mother and his stricken wife,
Compelled to face the foe,
Still in their loving christain hearts
Felt sorrow for Guiteau.

His corpse then back to Washington
For the people who adore,
And then the broad Ohio plains
Received it Evermore.

Oh! thou belov'd and happy soul,
We would not call thee back
To this unhappy, troubled world,
Which perfect bliss does lack.

Thou labor'd well in this hard world
And now thy race is run,
And, when thou reached that blissful strand
Thy Master said "Well done."

A STORY OF THE SEA.

The ship Switzerland, to which I belonged, had dropped down the Thames from London, but the wind breezing up ahead, and making it impossible to pass Dover, we brought her to in the Downs.

Some of our original hands having deserted, others had been shipped in their stead, and among these was a young tar, called Dick, whose appearance interested me.

Dick and I were mates that night in a two hours' anchor watch, and I found him remarkably well read for a foremast hand. He appeared alive to every thing of importance in British history; but his heart was with the sea, and his brain seemed marked like a marine chart.

'I believe,' he said, 'the very gales were harder once than they are now. At least it seems so, as we read of them. Right here, at the very place we are now swimming at anchor, Admiral Beaumont was lost, in 1708, with thirteen ships of war. That, you know, was in the great London storm, where there was a complete sweep of the Downs, and the shore was piled with wrecks. There has been some terrible disasters between here and Land's End,' he continued. 'You've seen the Rocks of Scilly, no doubt—saw them as you came up the channel in this ship. Well, you know it is on them that Admiral Shovel was lost, with the Association, the Eagle, the Romney, and the Firebrand. Hardly anybody was saved, for though it was almost calm, there was a tremendous swell—a kind of fog swell.'

'Did you ever meet with any accident in the channel?'

'Oh, yes; the very first ship I sailed in went upon the Goodwin Sands, and I drifted on the top of the deck's cabin away over to the coast of France, for the wind was northwest. It was in 1870, while the Prussians were there.'

He would say little about his past life except to regret that it had been wasted.

'I meant to go home before now,' was his remark; 'but shipmate, you know what a wild sailor is!'

'How long since have you seen your folks?' I asked.

'Seven years. And all that time they haven't heard from me, or I from them.'

'But you are right from London now. Why don't you go and see them? What part of England do they live in?'

'In Stratford-upon-Avon. Why didn't I go and see them? Shipmate, I hardly saw daylight after stepping ashore from an East Indiaman, till I found myself going down the Thames on board this ship! I didn't mean to drink again, I thought coming up the channel, that I'd never taste another drop, but here I am—and that's the whole story!'

Next morning, with a fresh, fair breeze, we got under way, while a great fleet of vessels, stretching out here and there about us, also have anchor. Dick, in blue shirt and duck trousers, sprang aloft to loose the foretopsail, and as I at the same time went up to drop the main, I heard him humming;

'All in the Downs the fleet they moored,
The streamers waving with the wind.'

Surely it was a scene to inspire a heart far less poetic than his. There were soul stirring associations connected with all the coast, and hardly less so with the wide squadron of shipping.

Past Ramsgate, past Dover, past Hastings, past Beachy Head, the Switzerland crowded all sails. Some thirty cabin and steerage passengers that we had, came on deck to look their last upon the shores of England. Among them were middle-aged, respectable looking men, matronly women, beautiful girls and prattling children.

As the channel broadened, the wind hauled east-northeast, blowing directly after us, so that the ship rolled and yawed pretty badly, as it is always the case, with the breeze dead astern; and at length the spanker—catching somehow a side puff—'jibed,' as the sea term is, with such force that its boom was broken short in two.

A portion of the spar struck the captain so heavy a blow as to disable him, leaving Mr. Yule, the mate, in command. Meanwhile, the passengers, seasick retired from the deck to wrestle with their feelings. Mr. Yule, thought, like Murat, a good officer when directed by a superior, was like the unhappy French marshal, greatly lacking in judgment when thrown on his own resources; nor had he much confidence in himself. There was nothing, however, to be done but to keep on, and it seemed as if almost any one should be able to navigate a vessel down the English channel, with a fair wind.

But the weather presently grew foul—the wind coming on to blow a gale from the southwest, and the short chopping channel swell getting extremely bad.

We came down to very short sail, and finally after a run of some thirty hours from Downs, brought the ship to with her head to the southwest, in which position she would make, between her leeway and ledway, a northwesterly drift. This, if we were as Mr. Yule supposed us to be, already out of the channel, would take us entirely clear of land. He believed the Switzerland would be thrown down or lose her topmasts, should she continue to run longer with her three topsails.

A thickness of the atmosphere forbade our seeing more than a mile or two in any direction.

'What does he heave to here for?' asked Dick. 'Why don't he make sure of his offing? He might carry the lower topsails and a reefed foresail, in spite of this gale—at least for a little longer—and, if he'd take my advice, he'd do it. He seems confused and hesitating, and heaves to without knowing whether he's right or wrong. Chaps, I've been here before! I don't believe the ship Switzerland is out of the English channel yet!'

The gale presently blew much harder, fairly beating down the sea, and causing the ship to lie over at a fearful steep angle.

At length, sure enough, we all had to spring into the weather rigging, and, in a moment, over she went, with her great yards swashing in the foam.

In this position she remained half an hour, when the air to leeward becoming a little clearer, we saw in that direction a line of tall, gray cliffs, upon which the spray was flying fifty feet hight. At this sight the mate lost all presence of mind.

'Cut away the rigging with your knives!' he sang out. 'We must get rid of the masts to light the ship. Cut away the mizzen shrouds and the main topmast backstays! Let the fore-rigging stand!'

The idea was preposterous; yet some of the sailors had already snatchd their heavy sheath-knives, when Dick shouted with a voice that no tempest could drown: 'Avast, every one of you! Don't cut a spunyarn! Nothing can save us if you do that! The gale lulls a little and the ship is trying to right. You chaps there, I say!—you, Davy! you, big Jack!—don't you cut one of those lanyards, whatever Mr. Yule says! I'll shoulder the blame of this mutiny!'

The wind had indeed slackened for the moment, and the ship righted, pitching and rolling prodigiously.

But the mate seemed strangely confused, and incapable of any coherent plan of action.

'Mr. Yule!' cried Dick, 'we must have the three topsails and the foresail on this ship—and quick, too, or she'll be on the rocks! These are the Scilly Islands, and we must get past them before our leeway takes us on.'

His directions were followed, and the ship was enabled just to clear the outermost point of the rocks, as she shot westwardly into the Atlantic, with no land under her lee nearer than the coast of Ireland—a hundred miles off.

But although no longer in peril from a lee-shore, she labored very heavily, and one of the young English girls, terrified by an unusually deep lurch and careen, started out of the cabin just as the crest of a roaring sea broke over the quarter.

It swept her from her feet, and in an instant would have carried her far astee of the ship, had not Dick, letting go the life-rail by the mainmast, caught her in his arms.

We shortened sail immediately, and the Switzerland now went easily along, the wind continuing to lull as the night came on.

Next morning the weather had become pleasant, and early in the forenoon Mr. Yule called Dick to the quarter-deck.

'I wish to say,' he remarked, 'that you were right and I was wrong. You have saved the ship and every soul on board of her. I do not know how I ever happened to make such a terrible mistake; but I was half drowned, I suppose. And now, as I shall have to take the captain's place for the rest of the passage, with Mr. Drummond in my place as mate, I want you to take the starboard watch as second mate, in his stead.'

'I will do that,' said Dick.

'And one of the ladies in the cabin—mother of the girl you saved—wants to see you,' continued Mr. Yule. 'Come in and let her have a look at you.'

'Dick hesitated; for his character had nothing in it of vanity, and he was abashed at the thought of receiving thanks for so natural a service.

But just then a feminine voice was heard at the cabin door, and there stepped out on deck a woman of some forty-eight years, but still very fresh, with the 'mantling crimson of the island blood.'

She began speaking to Mr. Yule, then glancing towards Dick, started and looked at him steadfastly.

The young sailor started no less than she, and upon both sides there was a joyful astonishment.

'Richard—Richard Oswald!' I heard. 'Oh, heaven be praised!'

'Mother—oh, my mother!'

The mother and her truant boy were for a moment locked in each others arms, unable to say more.

They presently retired into the cabin, and when Richard again appeared he told me that not only his mother was on board, but his sisters also, whom he had not seen since they were children, and one of whom was the young lady he had saved from drowning.

His father was already in the United States, where he had provided for the family a comfortable home, and whither they were now going.

It was no wonder that among sixteen busy sailors on the forward part of the deck, the blue-shirted tar should not have been recognized by his mother, even if, which was very doubtful, she had observed him at all.

'I shall never taste liquor again,' said the new second mate, on the day we made the land and 'run down' the Long Island shore.

And he has kept his word, rising thereby in four years to the command of a fine ship.

Woman's Headaches.

The New York *Herald*, which devotes most of its space to news, has published a brief editorial on woman's headaches, which is certainly more suggestive than many of the articles in that paper. One principal reason why women suffer more than men with headache, is the fact that their life is largely indoors, and they are not able to take so much physical exercise. There is very little complaint of headache at summer resorts, where the windows are always open, and games and excursions constantly tempt people into the open air. Girls who ride, row, sail, and shoot, seldom have headache, and the same is true of those who work in fields, as women in many countries do. Headaches might be almost banished from civilized society by a wise and careful system of physical training and a rational system of diet. We ought to be ashamed of having a headache as of being unable to read or write or speak our language correctly.

THE HIGHEST RANK.—Made from harmless materials, and adapted to the needs of fading and falling hair, Parker's Hair Balsam has taken the highest rank as an elegant and reliable hair restorative.

Won at Last.

'Do you wish to marry my daughter?'

These words were uttered by a man who fairly hissed them through his teeth, as he stood, with a cruel sneer on his lips, in front of a young man, the nervous twitchings of whose clear-cut features told more plainly than could any words, however freely interspersed with adjectives, the torture he was suffering.

'Yes, sir,' said Herbert McIntosh, looking up into the face of him who had spoken. 'I love Myrtle with a rich, warm, tempestuous love that recks not of obstacles, but sweeps away like a mighty avalanche the difference in social position that exists between us. My passion is a deathless one, that, like the mighty simoon of the desert, gathers force with every instant of its existence, and stills alike with its hot breath the life of man and beast. I know that appearances are against me. I am poor and honest, and last Saturday night I had a king-full beaten at the Owl Club, but I cannot conceal my love. You are rich and successful, and I can see from the wind w of my little room in which I work, the high walls of your packing house, and hear the plaintive cry of the stricken pig who has his interior scooped out and is cut into hams and clear sides, before the echo of the death shriek has ceased to linger in the musk-laden air of stock yards. You are living under torquoise-tinted skies, while I am in great luck to have a sky at all. It is not my fault that you are rich; I love your daughter, and she returns my love;' and saying this Herbert looked anxiously in the direction of the window, his breast giving a great throb of joy as he saw that the blinds were closed, and the old man could not throw him out.

'Hark ye, my lad,' said the pork packer, with a cold, skating-rink smile hovering o'er his face, 'you say you love my daughter, and would win her for your bride. So be it. I have naught against thee save thy poverty. Come to me within a month with $1000 gained by thine own industry and skill, and Myrtle shall be your wife. If you fail in this her hand is given to a friend of mine who owns a glucose factory.'

'But you would not force her to marry against her will,' said Herbert. 'She has plighted her troth to me.'

'I know not of your childish vagaries,' replied the old man. 'I have said my say. In three minutes I shall untie the bulldog.'

* * * *

Midnight on Wabash avenue.

Five men are seated around a table with a hole in the centre of it. Herbert is in the party, and opposite him sits his hated rival, the man who owns an interest in a glucose factory. Herbert is dealing. Herbert looks at his cards and bets $100.

'Five hundred,' says the glucose man.

'A thousand,' says Herbert, reaching into his pocket as if for money.

'Oh, never mind getting your roll until the hands are played,' said the glucose man. 'I will be easy with you, and only call. I have four aces.'

'Straight flush,' said Herbert, in low-bitter tones, as he laid the cards on the table and pocketed the $1000 bill which his adversary threw across to him.

The next night Herbert and Myrtle occupied one chair in the parlor of the pork packer's residence.

'We will be married in the fall, my sweet,' she said, in soft, low tones, kissing him passionately as she spoke.

'Yes, Tootie,' he murmured; 'in the fall. We can live with your folks next winter.

"Lives of great men always remind us that we are all subject to die," says an exchange, but never cough yourself away as long as you can raise 25 cents for a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

A Good One.

One of the best and most appropriate things we have heard in a long time, occurred last month in a neighboring town. It was court week, the last day of the term, the court was the last in the district, the Christmas holidays were near at hand and everybody, judge, jury and officers were all in a hurry to get away. Just previous to the adjournment of the court, Capt. Swift Galloway, the solicitor for the district, arose in his place, his tall figure overlooking those around him, pointing his long forefinger in the air, and in that deep sepulchral voice which he sometimes affects, he said, 'May it please your Honor, I move that the clerk of this court be placed under a bond of $1000 and here the speaker turned his head and pointing his finger meaningly at Mr. B., added, 'to get married before the next term of this court.' There was a general laugh all round, and then Judge Shipp pointing his finger at Mr. B. said, 'I have already taken judgment *nisi* on him. He must either get married in thirty days or go to jail.' There was an increase of laughter which amounted to an immense shout, in which everybody joined, when Mr. B., who, by the way, is a gallant gentleman and an immense favorite everywhere, pulling his tall figure out of his chair, made a very profound bow to the court and replied, 'May it please your Honor, I believe I'll go to jail.'—*Wilmington Review.*

Do'st thou love life?—Then do not squander valuable time,—for that is the stuff life is made of;—but procure at once a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for your Cough and be cured. Your druggist keeps it.

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