

## DEPARTED.

JAMES A. GARFIELD, OBIT SEPTEMBER 19, 1881.

Whither no human eye can follow him,  
Nor vaxing sounds from any earthly shore,  
Into a distant country, vast and dim,  
He hath departed hence forevermore.

From human honours fleet as human breath  
To higher glories his brave soul hath fled,  
And, in the wide mysterious realms of death,  
He takes his place beside the world's great dead.

Unfinished lies the work he had begun—  
To cleanse the land, to heal a mighty wrong—  
But still we know, from that which he hath done,  
How masterful his spirit was and strong.

Let in the presence of death's mystery  
Hushed are the mocking voices and bitter sneer,  
While now, through rifted clouds, at last we see  
How calm his loyal manhood shone and clear.

So as a people that is without hope  
We cannot mourn; for, like a beacon light,  
Blazing the dense gloom in which we grope,  
His lofty faith shines out across the night.

And though the master sleep the final sleep,  
And sounds of menace swell upon the breeze,  
Some careful hand, along the troubled deep,  
Shall guide the ship of state through perilous seas.

JAMES B. KENYON.

## HOW JERRY SAVED THE MILL.

The dull, cold day was at its close; but the heavy rain and the strong south wind which had swept the town since early dawn still continued with undiminished fury. The gale shrieked as it tore about the corners and lashed the faces of the few hurrying foot passengers; while the driving rain penetrated everywhere, drenching the streets, flooding the gutters, and collecting in deep, treacherous pools at the corner crossings. The bare trees moaned and writhed and wept; the swinging sign-boards in front of small taverns creaked and groaned dismally; the tall chimney of the Dumbarton Knife Works rocked threateningly; and in the midst of all the tumult, the great river was swelling and straining at its wintry bonds, while a sharp crackling sounded ever and anon from the broad field of ice that stretched from shore to shore and little streams of water began to appear here and there, running swiftly along the frozen plain.

March had come in like a lamb; it was departing like a lion; and, shrouded by wind and rain and heavy mist, the last night of the month came thickly down.

It was past supper time, past closing time for the mills and factories, past trading time for the stores, and, except for an occasional light here and there in some saloon or corner grocery, the windows along the business streets of the town were dark and the rain beat unheeded against their black panes. Few people were abroad, and even those few seemed to have been forced upon unwelcome journeys, for they hastened through the sloppy streets with bent heads, shivering as the sharp winds tore at their wrappings or the gusts of rain beat upon them.

One such man, clad in a heavy oil-cloth coat, was walking rapidly up State street, when, just at a particularly windy corner, he came in sudden contact with a lad who was crouching in front of a baker's window, where a single lamp still burned, eyeing with hungry gaze the dainties within.

"Hallo!" cried the man, starting back. "I almost ran over you, my boy." Then, looking more sharply at the dripping figure before him, he continued: "Why, Jerry, is that you?"

"Yes, sir," replied the other, half-pulling his tattered cap from his head. "If you please, sir, it's me."

"What's wrong?" said Mr. Watterson, the proprietor of the great mills that skirted the river, for it was he. "What's wrong? Why are you not at home? The mills closed two hours ago."

"I know it, sir; for sister Nellie's sick, an' I've been a-nussin' of her up at our boardin' house. You see, sir, since mother died, an' our house was sold, Nellie and me has stopped at Mrs. Crawford's boardin' house; but my money's give out, an' Mrs. Crawford she told me this mornin'—the boy stopped abruptly.

"What! Come, Jerry, speak out. You're not afraid of me. Tell me what she said."

"Well, sir, she did say as how I must pay our board in advance every week now; for, if Nellie was a-goin' to be sick, an' I was a-goin' to quit work to nuss her, she didn't see how she'd get her money. An' our week ran out to-day, sir, an' my money, too; all but twenty cents, an' that I spent for oranges for Nellie. An' Mrs. Crawford, she said as how I couldn't eat at her table, 'thout I paid first. So I jest slips out into the street at meal-times, for fear Nellie'd know I wasn't eatin', an' I'd would worry her, she bein' sick. An' that's how I came here, sir."

The boy finished, half frightened at his own long speech to "the master," and again pulled at his ragged cap, while the wild March wind tossed his yellow hair about his wet face and the cold rain beat upon his scantily-clad shoulders.

Mr. Watterson stood an instant in deep thought. It was hard for him to realize such poverty as this, and among his own hands too. Jerry was a "bobbin-boy" in the mills, whom he had known for a year or more by sight, the only support of a widowed mother and a sister—now of the sister only, it seemed; but the lad

had always been bright-faced and cherry, and the great proprietor remembered him as one of the happiest among his boys. That this child could actually suffer for food while striving to care for his little charge (the orphan Nellie) seemed to the gentleman too terrible to be true.

And yet there just before him, his honest blue eyes telling the same story which his lips had repeated, stood Jerry—dinnerless, supperless, and almost homeless, upon this the wildest night of all the year.

Mr. Watterson forgot the rising flood, which even now was threatening his mills; he forgot the urgent errand which had driven him out into the storm; he forgot the wide social gulf between his servant and himself; and, remembering only that he was a Christian man, answerable to his Father in Heaven for the welfare of this child before him, he seized the boy by the arm, pushed open the door of the little bakery before which they stood, and fairly dragged him within.

"Here!" he cried to the baker's wife, who came, bowing and smiling, to execute the great man's commands. "See! Give this lad the best supper you can cook and all the provisions he can carry, and send the bill to me." Then, hurriedly drawing some money from his pocket-book, he thrust it into Jerry's hand, and said: "When you have eaten, go back to Mrs. Crawford's and pay her for a month in advance. Then find a doctor for Nellie, and stay with her yourself until she is well. After that, come back to me at the mills. If they are standing, you shall have work. No. Not a word!" he continued, as the astonished boy would have spoken. "The money is a present to you and Nellie from me." And before Jerry could recover from his surprise Mr. Watterson had gone.

Supper! money! and a doctor for Nellie! Could it be true? The boy unclasped his hand and looked at the precious bills. Yes, it was true!

As he ate the bountiful meal prepared for him by the baker's good wife, the bobbin-boy pictured Nellie's delight when he should return and tell her of what happened him; and, later, when he faced the dreary storm, homeward bound, with a great basket, heaped with buns and cakes and oranges from the baker's shelves, upon his arm, his heart was light and his laugh rang merrily out across the darkness and the rain, as he thought of how boldly he would meet "Mrs. Crawford," and how astonished she would be when he paid her not a week but a month in advance!

"It's just like a fairy story!" said he half aloud, as he climbed the sloppy steps of his boarding-house—"just like a fairy story, with a great big, splendid, rich man fairy!"

It was almost morning. Already the black curtain of night, rent here and there by the furious wind, was slowly lifting toward the east and the dull gray dawn appearing, forming a sombre background, upon which the leafless trees that fringed the far-away hills were painted in waving silhouette.

Since ever the sun had gone down the wild storm had continued, and even now the rain, driven by the mighty wind, fell in long, slanting lanes upon the town and the frothing river, that, filled with great masses of broken ice and debris from all the up-country, roared and plunged between its banks and shook with giant hands the foundations of the mills beneath which it ran.

At the head of the dam, where the channel was the narrowest, and directly opposite the lower Watterson mill, was an ice jam.

Piled block upon block, until it towered high in the air, pressing with terrible force against the mills, upon the one hand, and the natural wall of rock upon the other, the broken ice had formed a great, white barricade, growing each moment, which checked the mad rush of the water and sent it whirling backward in eddying waves, which beat furiously upon the mills and threatened each instant to engulf them.

Along the higher shore the townspeople had gathered, powerless to aid, but simply awaiting the catastrophe; and among them, pale and haggard, was the proprietor, himself, already a ruined man.

As he passed to and fro, intent upon the scene before him, hoping against hope that the jam might even yet give way in time to save his buildings, many a watcher turned aside with pitying word and look, for Mr. Watterson was a man beloved by all of his employees.

Suddenly there was a movement in the crowd—a hastening toward a common centre—and, with eager faces, both men and women gathered about a newcomer, who was speaking earnestly.

"Yes. If that timber could be cut, it would break the jam! It lies just so that it holds."

The owner of the mills burst through the little crowd.

"What timber? Where? Quick! Tell me! Can the jam be broken?"

"Yes, sir," returned the other, respectfully touching his hat. "It can; but it's dangerous work. I have just been below, and from there I saw that a great log which has lodged at the very crown of the dam is all that holds the ice. If that could be cut, the jam would be broken."

"But how can it be reached?" queried Mr. Watterson, anxiously. "Can any one get at it to cut it?"

"Yes, sir," replied the man; "in one way."

"And that is—"

"Over the ice itself!"

A shudder ran through the listeners, and even

the proprietor's face grew more pale. Who would venture upon such a bridge on such an errand?

With a common impulse, the crowd, led by the workman who first discovered the log, turned hurriedly away from the river's brink, ran through a side street, and gained a position lower down the stream, from whence the dam could be plainly seen.

The report was true. The jam was held in place by a single timber—a great square stick, doubtless torn by the angry waters from some bridge far up the country. If that could be cut, the blockade would be broken, the ice would no longer clog the stream, and the mills would be saved.

For a moment silence fell upon all; then, suddenly, Mr. Watterson's voice, hoarse and thin, rang out above the noise of the storm and the war of the waters.

"A thousand dollars to the man who will cut that timber!"

The women in the little group looked at each other and shuddered; the men fixed their eyes upon the dam; but no one replied. The roar of the angry stream increased and the waters deepened beneath the mill walls.

"Two thousand dollars!"

The proprietor's voice was hoarser than before; but the men closed their lips firmly and shook their heads. They moved a little uneasily, and one drew his hand across his mouth, as if he would have spoken; but still no one replied; and the white foam from the imprisoned river was tossed by the wind against the lower windows of the mills, while the corners of the buildings were already beginning to crumble and waste away by the grinding ice.

"Three thou—"

"I will go!"

The two voices sounded so closely together that it was not until the crowd turned their eyes upward and saw the one who had answered, that they fairly understood the reply.

Running from a third story window of the lower mill directly across the river, above the dam, was a long endless chain, used to convey power from the mighty water-wheel of the mills to the machinery of a little box factory, located upon the opposite bluff. This chain was at rest now, and there appeared at the window near it the figure of a boy, in a blue blouse, carrying in his hand an axe. He it was who had said "I will go!"

When the people saw him, and realized what he was about to attempt (for already he had fastened a rope around his body and was passing the end over the chain, evidently with the intention of sliding along the same until he found a point from which he could lower himself within reach of the timber); when they realized this, a great murmur went up from the crowd, and the women cried out in terror, while many turned to Mr. Watterson and urged him to order the boy back.

"Who is he?" asked the proprietor, in a dazed manner.

"It's Jerry, sir. Jerry the bobbin-boy," said a man, stepping forward. "An orphan, sir, an' starvin' to care for his sick sister."

"Jerry! Is it Jerry?" cried Mr. Watterson, turning quickly. "Then he shall not go," and he waived his hand, and shouted toward the window; "Go back! Go back!"

But already it was too late, for, with a little cry, the boy dropped from his perch and hung swinging above the roaring, grinding ice, the rope which supported him sliding slowly downward along the chain toward the centre of the dam. The breathless crowd, the terror-stricken proprietor, could only watch and wait now.

Slowly and unevenly the looped rope from which Jerry was suspended slipped, link by link, down the sagging chain; slowly his feet neared the great mass of ragged ice beneath. At length when he was directly over the centre of the dam, and just above the long beam which held the jam allowing the rope to slide quickly through his hands, he dropped lightly upon the timber he had come to cut.

At the sight the sympathetic crowd broke into a wild cheer, both men and women; but Jerry wasted no time listening. A moment, half a moment lost might mean destruction to the mills, and before the echo of shouting had ceased he was plying his axe with vigorous strokes, that rang sharp and clear above the voice of crumbling ice and gathering waters.

It was not a long task. The strain upon the timber already was enormous, and ere the lad had dealt half a score of blows an ominous crackling sound warned him that his errand was accomplished and that he must be gone. Dropping the axe he turned, seized the dangling rope, and began to climb toward the chain above, when, with a shock like the report of a cannon, the beam gave way, and in an instant, in the twinkling of an eye, the air was filled with a horrible roaring, as the imprisoned waters burst the bounds which had confined them, and in one impetuous, boiling flood rushed over the dam, tossing the great cakes of ice that had formed the barrier high on the frothing waves—a high that they hid from sight the form of the poor child and there went up from all the people a single cry: "The boy is lost!"

But the dam was broken! The mills were saved!

And Jerry was saved too. Bruised and stunned and bleeding, hanging half-insensible above the black waters that swept with swift curve toward the fall, when the ice that had buffeted him had passed away, the watchers saw that the boy still lived; and quicker than it can be told, a boat was procured and manned, a long line

made fast to it, and, dropping down the stream until they were close to him, tender hands were upraised, loving voices called, and, with a long, sobbing cry, the little hero loosened his grasp upon the rope which held him and dropped fainting into the waiting arms below.

To-day the great mills still stand by the great river's brink, and the rumble of the machinery is heard all day long, as of yore; but it does not reach the ears of the "bobbin-boy," nor yet those of sister Nellie. For the one is at college and the other at school, both foster children of that most pleasant of all old bachelors, the proprietor himself; and it is only at vacation time now, when his days are brightened by the presence of both his loved ones, that Mr. Watterson's memory turns back to that spring-time, long gone by, when his son Jerry, in simple soulful gratitude, risked his life to save the mills.

## HEARTH AND HOME.

REPENTANCE is not so much remorse for what we have done as the fear of consequences. —*La Rochefoucauld.*

ONE of the most effectual ways of pleasing and of making one's self loved is to be cheerful; joy softens more hearts than tears. —*Martine De Sartory.*

WOMEN are the happiest beings of the creation; in compensation for our services they reward us with a happiness of which they retain more than half. —*De Varennes.*

To abstain from pleasure for a time, in order the better to enjoy in the future, is the philosophy of the sage; it is the epicureanism of reason. —*J. J. Rousseau.*

DR. MARCH says the best cure for hysterics is to discharge the servant girl. In his opinion there is nothing like brisk exercise and useful occupation to keep the nervous system from becoming unstrung. Some women think they want a physician, he says, when they only need a scrubbing-brush.

A WOMAN at middle age retains nothing of the prettiness of youth; she is a friend who gives you all the feminine delicacies, who displays all the graces, all the prepossessions which nature has given to woman to please man, but who no longer sells these qualities. She is hateful or loveable, according to her pretensions to youth, whether they exist under the epidermis or whether they are dead. —*Balzac.*

WOMEN AND MEN.—Women, and especially young women, either believe falsely or judge harshly of men in one thing. You, young loving creature, who dream of your lover by night and by day—you fancy that he does the same of you! He does not, he cannot; nor is it right he should. One hour, perhaps, your presence has captivated him, subdued him even to weakness; the next he will be in the world, working his way as a man among them, forgetting for the time being your very existence. Possibly if you saw him, his outer self hard and stern, so different to the self you know, would strike you with pain. Or else his inner and diviner self, higher than you dream of, would turn coldly from your insignificant love. Yet all this must be; you have no right to murmur. You cannot rule a man's soul—no woman ever did—except by holding unworthy sway over unworthy passions. Be content if you lie in his heart, as that heart lies in his bosom—deep and calm, its beatings unseen, uncounted, oftentimes unfelt; but still giving life to his whole being.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

VICTOR MASSE has finished a new opera, "La Nuit de Cleopatre."

MR. FRED GODFREY, many years bandmaster of the Coldstream Guards, is seriously ill.

MADAME PATTI has not, it is believed, engaged to sing at Drury Lane in Wagner's *Lohengrin*.

THE composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen"—Nicholas Crouch—is now seventy-three years old, and in poverty.

RUBINSTEIN contemplates composing a new opera. It will be heard with regret that this great virtuoso's sight is in an unsatisfactory state.

THE first white elephant—in the flesh,—ever landed in Europe, has been recently added to Saenger's Menagerie.

THE Three Choirs' Festival, held this year at Worcester, opened by a special service in the cathedral on Sunday afternoon, Sept. 4th.

HAZEL KIRKE, the play which has enjoyed the largest run of any piece in New York, is to be produced in London.

THE death is announced of the Italian dramatist Pietro Cossa; also that of M. Xavier Cornille, one of the last representatives of the family of the great Cornille.

SARAH BERNHARDT is now starring in the French provinces. Three performances at Lille brought her in 30,000 francs.

HEINRICH FRANKKE, who died a few days ago at Weimar, in his eighty-first year, was one of the last survivors of the company of actors who were personally trained by Goethe.

It is said that Mr. Augustus Harris has given his collaborator, Mr. Paul Merritt, £3,000 for his share in "Youth," the sensational drama which is now filling Drury Lane nightly.

MISS ADA CAVENDISH will commence a series of performances in comedy and drama at the Haymarket Theatre in November. Her first appearance on the London stage since her return from the States.