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For the ninety-ninth week, 1 cent

For the hundredth week, 1 cent

The Late George L. Stearns.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

He has done the work of a true man.

Went over him, tears of woman.

Shop maid's tears above him!

Only mother and daughter.

Up in the mountain, and down by the water.

Lift up your voices and weep for him!

Take up the burden, O Cretan.

Mourn for thy free provider!

At thy feet by the warrenton beaten.

Drop thy tears of sorrow, O Ida!

For the warmest of hearts is frozen.

The frost of hands is still!

And the gray in our cheeks and chosen.

The long years may not fill.

No duty could overtake him.

No need his will return;

Or even our lips could ask him.

His hands the work had done.

He forgot his own and for others.

Himself to his neighbor lending.

He found the land in his suffering brother.

And in the clouds descending.

So he had to wait to die.

Where he saw the deep wide swing.

Against whose bolts he died.

The strength of his life was strong.

And he saw his eye was darkened.

The leaves of the harvest-bringing.

And know while his ear yet heard.

The voice of the reaper's singing.

Ah, well! The world is drearier.

There are plenty to pause and wait.

But here was a man who had feet

Sometimes in advance of fate.

Flunked of the old book when the inner

Woe was in his heart.

And put to the land's furthest shore.

When white clouds to die.

Never rest to the wrong's redoubting

A worthy paladin.

Still he had the living.

"Good and faithful, enter in!"

—*Adapted from the poem by John G. Whittier.*

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"There they are right," I said, willingly

to propitiate Mrs. Pottle—"you

might as well pass for fifty and a young

looking woman at that; but, however,

what sort of people do you, mostly get

here—young men like I am, in mer-

chant's offices, or something of that

kind."

"Well, yes, sir; first and last, I've

had some scores of clerks and junior

partners; but still, 'tisn't always so but

there was one young man—nearly the

first I ever had—"

"I did not exactly want a twenty years'

list of lodgers, so I interrupted the

worthy soul by saying, 'But who have

you had lately?'—who was the last

now, before I came?"

"A courteous old couple, sir, as ever

you cast eyes on."

"Old!" I gasped. "I suppose,"

Mrs. Pottle did not, I suppose, notice

my agitation, but replied, 'Yes, sir, the

gentleman about seventy-five, I should

think, and the lady might be a year old

or younger—not much difference be-

tween them. But I beg your pardon—

that's your bus, sir." And Mrs. Pottle

disappeared with the tray just as the

horn and the rattling wheels were dis-

tinctly heard, leaving the terrace. I put

on my hat mechanically, and went down

stairs, vexed with the abrupt termination

to her recital. As I rode along the

thought struck me that the whole affair

was a trick, and that Mrs. Pottle wanted

to bind me to the spot, or make me in-

terested in her house, or invigilant in

some foolish love affair. This decided

me to take no notice of her attempts at

conversation for the future, and not even

to permit her to finish the story begun in

the morning.

Just then the omnibus stopped, and

an old maid lady, whom I had known

through her acquaintance with a much

respected aunt of mine, similarly circum-

stances as to age and matrimony, entered

it. I politely handed her to a seat for

my aunt's sake, and commenced a con-

versation which I strove to render inter-

esting, though my mind was certainly

very absent that day; so absent, that in

one of the pauses of my discourse I in-

cautiously drew out my pocket handker-

chief to wipe my forehead, and with it

—horror of horrors!—the little bronze-

colored slipper, with its blue rosette.

I shook it hastily from my lap into the

straw beneath, but the old lady had seen

it, I felt almost as I remembered that

the story of the little slipper for the left

of my pretty Cinderella would probably