

THE LOST ATLANTIS.
BY A. R. FULTON.

[Plato, and other writers in the ancient classics, relate the story of Atlantis, as taken from them from the then ancient books of Greece. They say it was an island larger than Asia (Minor) and Libya (Africa) combined, that existed across the Atlantic sea beyond the Pillars of Hercules—the most remote region known to the ancients. At one time three kings reigned in Atlantis with great and marvelous power. With large armies they invaded Europe and Asia, but their invasion was stopped by a defeat which they met with at Athens. After this, in one day and fatal night, there came mighty earthquakes and inundations, which engulfed the whole people, and Atlantis disappeared beneath the sea.]

Beyond the Pillars of Hercules—
So runs the classic story—
Was an island girl by mighty seas,
Where reigned three kings in glory.

These subjects proud and proud had grown
On that far westward island,
For wealth-giving sons of summer home
O'er valley, plain, and highland.

Many a proud city they had built,
With palace grand and temple,
Where the people in devotion kneel,
In pious faith and simple.

But, with their fair island not content,
They dreamed of conquests grander,
And would fain subdue each continent,
Like Grecian Alexander.

So they sailed the seas with armies vast,
And Orient lands invaded;
When exultant to fair Greece they passed,
The dream of conquest faded.

The Athenians 'gainst the stranger host
Their city well defended;
It was then the proud invaders' boast
In dire destruction ended.

But 'twas not alone in distant war
Cause grief to that proud island;
In one day and night 'neath billows far,
Sink cities, vales and highland!

By fierce deluge, and by earthquake shocks,
Were mountains rent asunder;
Broad savannas, with their grazing flocks,
Went down the deep sea under.

Gardens, with their fruits and flowers fair,
Yielded to ocean frants;
The treasure of field and vintage rare,
Claimed insatiate Atlantic.

For three thousand years by Nilus' stream,
Hath Sphynx a language spoken,
To the world, more potent than the gleam
Of history's symbol'd token.

We may with wondering eye behold,
Works of departed glory,
Where the Toltecs wrought in days of old
That we might read their story.

Could man's eye but trace the vast domain,
The deep dark waters under,
The famed monuments on Egypt's plain,
Might cease to move his wonder.

Grandeur than Choluta's pyramid,
The ruins of a nation,
Long centuries by the deep sea hid,
In silent desolation.

heart stilled, won universal admiration and showed "how divine a thing a woman may be made."
Lucretia Rudolph was born in 1735, in Hiram, Portage county, Ohio. Her father, Mr. Zebadiah Rudolph, a quiet, well-to-do farmer, was more than usually intelligent. Her mother, a daughter of Elijah Mason, of Lebanon, Ct., was also a woman of culture and intelligence. Both were members of the Church of Disciples. Lucretia, or "Crete," as she was more familiarly known, was trained as farmers' daughters of forty years ago were trained, in all household arts; to wisely spend and more wisely save; to bake and brew, to darn and mend.

In 1849 Crete, in her young womanhood, entered Geauga Seminary at Chester. During the first year she met young James Garfield, who was then a struggling student. The acquaintance continued but slight, both being quite reserved. Three years later she entered Mr. Garfield's class in Latin and Greek. Her gentle disposition and unusual intelligence won the man to whom heretofore the bitter side of life had been presented, and the esthetic denied. In 1854 Miss Rudolph became Mrs. Garfield. "It was then," said Mr. Garfield, "that the greatest happiness of my life began."

The two years succeeding their marriage were spent at Hiram, he continuing his labors as teacher, she by her modesty, economy and keen intellect, proving an inestimable treasure to him. Of them it is said the students left the college wiser and better men and women for having known them. During the year that intervened, between his leaving college for the battlefield, and their introduction to the world upon the day of inauguration, they were wedded lovers always. They never took a step, even the most trifling, without mutual consultation. Says Jessie Fremont: "They talked with their eyes always. Across the vast mound that witnessed the inauguration, her quiet, loving eyes answered the appeal in his; 'you are doing nobly. I am proud of you.'"

It is strange that when the telegraph wires flashed the word from Washington that fatal morning of July 2, 1881, to Lone Branch, that the President had been shot down by an assassin, that her burden seemed greater than she could bear? Enfeebled as she was by recent illness, worn out by added cares, it was feared by her physicians that the blow would prostrate her. 'Twas here that her marvelous strength of character displayed itself. For one moment she faltered, and then stood firmly to the whirlwind. Through all the eighty days of agonizing suspense and ceaseless care, her Christian fortitude never wavered. Even when the surgeons lost all hope, she answered, "gentlemen, go back to him; he cannot die," and her very force of will and courage renewed their hopes. And so on to that last dreaded day at Elberon, her courage seemed almost superhuman. Since that eventful hour her conduct has been that of the strong, noble, womanly woman that she is; a model wife and mother.

By many it has been said she did no more than most women would do. Unquestionably many American women could be as patient, cheerful, self-sacrificing; but few could have been so hopeful, so strong, so brave, so willing to trust in the All-wise. A bond so strong could not be lightly broken. To none is given the secret of her strength—the many battles fought alone with her grief. To no one is known the speechless agony of her heart as she sat by him and held his dying hand—watched the breath grow shorter, all "unconscious of the sliding hour." The future holds for her no joy but in her children and in the positive belief that in the great to be,

"I shall know him when we meet,
And we shall sit at endless feasts
Enjoying each the other's good."

Hunting Wild Turkeys.
In some sections of Pennsylvania the wild turkeys are found in great abundance. Along the borders of the Blue Mountains, in Schuylkill county, is a favorite region. A correspondent of an Eastern journal says: The mode of hunting wild turkeys adopted by these Blue Mountain hunters is to "corn" suitable parts of the woods frequented by the birds—generally in old clearings. Corn is simply the scattering of corn on the ground and making choice feeding-places, that the turkeys, which fly in flocks, are not long in discovering. When a hunter discovers the presence of a flock in his "field" he corns it, and generally feels certain that in time he will have every one of the turkeys bagged. When the clearing is scattered with the corn the hunter takes a position in it from which he has a view of the feeding-places, but where he cannot be seen by the birds. The turkeys crop into the clearing with a great flutter and much gobbling by the males. The hunter picks out the bird he wishes to secure on the ground, and another at which he will shoot when they rise. He shoots the one on the ground and the other in the air. Large shot is used and heavy charges of powder, as the feathers of the bird are very close, and a novice usually sees both taking wing with-out any apparent damage from his charges. It is almost useless to try to get a shot at a flock of turkeys by flushing them, as their hearing and sight are extremely acute, and a flock always gets up and removes itself from harm's way long before the hunter is within gun-shot. But while so wily in that respect they lack all semblance of shrewdness in visiting the "corned" places. No matter how large

a flock is, it will continue being reduced in numbers by regularly visiting the places in the morning where it was shot at the evening before, and in the evening after having been shot into in the morning. This is kept up until only one bird comes to feed where all of its companions were killed. Sometimes, when a pair of turkeys remains, and two will join another flock, and accompany it to the feeding place it had selected. There are many pot hunters among the Blue Mountain people, who trap, snare and net the turkey, and legitimate hunters destroy scores of their traps and nets every season. Hawks and foxes destroy many turkeys. The hawks are of immense size, some that have been killed measuring six feet from tip to tip. Wild turkeys weigh from eight to twenty pounds, and large numbers are sent from the Blue Mountain region to the New York and Philadelphia markets. Sportsmen from the cities visit the region every season, and spend weeks at the cabins of the local hunters, who serve as guides to the hunting grounds. The shooting has not been as good this season as formerly, and in a few years more the wild turkey will, no doubt, be extinct in Pennsylvania.

Pompey's Prescription.
Old Dick Robinson, a wealthy Southern planter before the late unpleasantness, was fond of good apple brandy, and sometimes would take it in such quantities as to give him many miniature views of the party who over-roach, old Mother Eve in the apple business. When he got in that condition, Pompey, his thick-headed but faithful slave, was dispatched for the family physician in great haste.

On one of these occasions Pompey reached Dr. Montague's and breathlessly asked to be ushered into his presence "right away." The doctor had been out all night with a patient, and was enjoying his breakfast and thinking what a nice nap he would take just after it, when Pompey popped his head into the dining room door, with his eyes fairly standing out with fright, and excitement, exclaimed:

"Doctor, ole miss' says she wants you to come see ole marse' right away!"
"What's the matter with your master Pompey?"

"Now, doctor, you know what do matter wid ole marse' 'bout my telling ye. Ole miss' say come right long."
"Has he been drinking again, Pompey?"
"I s'pose he is," was the cautious reply.

"Well you hurry along back and tell your old mistress that the hair of the dog is good for the bite. Tell her that I'll be there pretty soon."
Pompey closed the door, donned his wool hat which he had carefully held under his arm during the interview, in token of his politeness, mounted his horse and was soon at his master's gate.

Seeing him coming dashing down the avenue to the house, and, being overcome with anxiety to have speedy relief for her husband, Mrs. Robinson met him at the gate, and nervously inquired if he had seen the doctor, if he was coming, and what he said.
"Yes, um, I s'posed him. Says he'll be here directly. Says give ole marse' a good big dose o' dog hair. He says dat'll fix him till he come."
"Pompey, you miserable idiot, you know Dr. Montague did not say any such thing."
"Yes, um, he did. I tuck partickler pains to recollect not to forget what he say. An' I s'pose he said dog hair."

The timely arrival of Dr. Montague saved his patient, but Pompey never heard the last about the "dog hair."

A Polsgott Family.
There is living in Middletown, Mass., a family in which nine distinct languages are spoken; namely, English, German, French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Greek, Arabic, and Turkish. Besides any number of dialects connected mostly with Italian and Spanish. The head of the family, who is a native of Zurich, Switzerland, is a musician, who, after extended travel, settled in Tunis, North Africa, where he held the position of musical director for the Bey. He married there a lady who was a native of Arabia, but born of Italian and English parents. Children were born to them there. They settled next at Constantinople, and resided some years at the Turkish capital. There he was the Sultan's chief musician, not only having charge of the bands of all the regiments at the capital, but also of the music of the Sultan's harem. Other children were born to them at Constantinople. He left the Turkish capital to come to America, dwelling a year in Germany and traveling in Italy before coming here. Of fourteen children, several of whom were born in this country, only six are now living, and all but one are residents of Middletown. The oldest of those who is the wife of Mr. Frank De Morville, is by birth an Arabian, and speaks all the languages known to her family, except Portuguese and Arabian. The next younger member of the family, who is a resident of Brooklyn, was born in Constantinople. The eldest son, whose marriage was lately published in the Press, is also by birth a Turk, and the other three—a sister and two brothers—are American born.

He Read the Papers.
Cincinnati Saturday Night.
He was a plain old man from the country; he wore an old style, broad brimmed hat, and his clothes were homespun, but when a slick-looking stranger stepped up to him on Vine street and proposed to know him, and asked all about his wife and family, and wanted to know when he came down and when he was going back, the old man declined the proffered hand, and drawing back, said: "That's all right, young man; never mind the preliminaries; git right into business 'twance. You've got some goods at the depot and want to pay the freight. Hain't got nothin' but a hundred dollar check. Would I hold the check and let you have \$60.43 to pay the freight? Or p'raps you've just drawn a prize in a lottery, and would I jist stop around with you and see you git the money; or p'raps—" but the confidence man had slipped away; the granger was too well posted altogether. As the old man gazed after his retreating figure he chuckled out: "Slipped up that time, Mr. Buniko; I'm posted—I've read the papers."

An Englishman in America.
The Portrait of a Lady.
He had been out in the United States the year before, and she was happy to say she had been able to show him considerable attention. She didn't know how much he had enjoyed it, but she would undertake to say it had done him good; he wasn't the same when he left that he was when he came. It had opened his eyes and shown him that England was not everything. He was very much liked over there, and thought extremely simple—more simple than the English were commonly supposed to be. There were some people thought him affected; she didn't know whether they meant that his simplicity was affectionate; she thought all the chambermaids were farmers' daughters or all the farmers' daughters were chambermaids, she couldn't exactly remember which. He hadn't seemed able to grasp the school system, it seemed really too much for him. On the whole, he had appeared as if they were too much—as if he could only take a small part.—The part he had chosen was the hotel system and the river navigation. He seemed really fascinated with the hotels; he had a photograph of every one he had visited. But the river steamers

were his principal interest; he wanted to do nothing but sail on big boats. They traveled together from New York to Milwaukee, stopping at the most interesting cities on the route, and whenever they started afresh he wanted to know if they could go by steamer. He seemed to have no idea of geography—he had an impression that Baltimore was a western city, and was perpetually expecting to arrive at the Mississippi, and unprepared to recognize the existence of the Hudson, though he was obliged to confess at last that it was fully equal to the Rhine. They had spent some pleasant hours in the palace cars; he was always ordering ice cream from the colored man. He could never get used to that idea—that you could get ice cream in the cars. Of course you couldn't, nor fans, nor candy, nor anything in the English cars. He found the heat quite overwhelming, and she had told him that she expected it was the greatest he had ever experienced. He was now in England hunting, "hunting round," Henrietta called it. These amusements were those of the American red men; he had left that behind long ago—the pleasure of the chase. It seemed to be generally believed in England that we wore tomahawks and feathers; but such a custom was more in keeping with English habits. From "The Portrait of a Lady."

How the Chinese do at Home.
The chief characteristic of the Chinaman is industry. The Emperor and his court attend to his duties at 5 a. m. The schoolers begin at sunrise, and with a brief intermission continue until 5 p. m. There are no Sundays and holidays there are less than a dozen in a year. The Chinese labor from sunrise until sunset; and in the evenings the streets are deserted; but the Chinaman works moderately and never frisks; he lives frugally, eating little meat and drinking no alcoholic liquors, and hence he has great enduring and recuperating power, and lives to a green old age, unless peradventure he falls a victim to the national vice—opium smoking. He reveres the past, and such is his innate conservatism that he is tilling the soil with the implements that were used 1,000 years ago. He rejects innovations, yet Europeans have successfully introduced glass to take the place of paper, and owing to its cheapness some kinds of keroseene have been accepted as a part of the domestic economy. The wages of labor are low, but in some parts of China a family of six persons may live a month on \$1. The Chinaman is elaborately polite, but he is not a truth teller. He is not aggressive; indeed, he is a peace-maker and has a profound respect for constituted authority, but wants his government to govern him as little as possible. The condition of women in China may be inferred from the fact that Confucius viewed her as a necessary evil. Like the American woman, she is the martyr of fashion, but Chinese philosophers hold that squandering her feet until they are no more than three inches in length is not so injurious as tight lacing. Women in the lowly kingdom are practically nonentities, and yet for twenty years preceding last year, when the Queen Dowager died, two women were regents, and now the regency is held by a woman.

SHERIDAN'S FAMOUS RIDE.
How the Fighting Cavalryman Turned the Tide of Battle at Cedar Creek.
W. F. Mackay in the Philadelphia Times.
In a very short time every thing and everybody was in confusion, each one asking of the other what it was all about. Cavalry calls were heard in every direction, while the long roll of the infantry on our left was plainly audible. It was, indeed, a most complete surprise to everyone, particularly to the infantry camps on the extreme front, many of the men being shot or bayoneted in their beds. No one thought General Early any nearer than Staunton at last. Saddles were hastily packed and horses led into line awaiting the order to mount, while those of our men who had made such elaborate preparations for spending the winter at this camp showed their disgust and disappointment by savage growls and language which is not found in any book of pious nature. As the fog slowly lifted there began a rush, scramble, stampede or by whatever name it may be called. They passed up on the run, singly and in squads, many with only their undergarments on their partly dressed, while very few carried their muskets. Surprise and fear seemed to have monopolized all their faculties. Their one thought was to get to the rear and get there quickly. As daylight increased the firing became louder, and the flash of artillery evoked to the general confusion. Most of the fugitives belonged to the Eighth Corps, and amid the excited and panic-stricken crowd their officers vainly begged, threatened and commanded them to halt and form. Appeals were in vain; every man seemed intent upon securing his own personal safety by flight, and going on the old maxim: "Every fellow for himself, and the devil take the hindmost."

It was at this time, when everyone felt sure our army would be either captured or cut to pieces, that Sheridan himself appeared on the field. Mounted on a large black horse, he came on a gallop, with his hat in his hand, his every appearance denoting anger and excitement. As he passed us he shouted: "Steady, lads, we'll give 'em a—l—yet! This wouldn't have happened if I had been there." As he continued the men gave him cheer after cheer. Every

A MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCE.
Charles Warren, a Deaf Mute, After a Half-Century Silence, is Restored to His Speech and Hearing.
Merceda, Ill., Enterprise.
This remarkable case of the recovery of the hearing, as will be seen below, occurred at the residence of Asa F. Stephens, at Blackwell Station, Mo. Mr. D. Lollis, of this place furnished us the facts and papers in manuscript, which he obtained from Mr. Isaac Hale, living near Merceda, and who is a relative of Charles Warren. Mr. Warren is said to be a very pious and devout man, and we let him speak for himself, which is as follows:

I have been a deaf mute from my youth, but on the 17th day of October, 1881, I suddenly came to my hearing and gradually received my speech also. On that day I was shaving hoops for Mr. J. G. Berry, when I suddenly heard the sound of my drawing-knife as I cut through a knot on the hoop-pole. This was indeed strange to me, but I being in no way superstitious, I commenced an experiment of striking my knife on the floor, and to my astonishment this produced to me such a ringing that I ran out of the shop, and felt so tremulous that I could scarcely maintain my feet. I then quit work for that week and did nothing but seek information from different sounds, and learning to pronounce the names of beasts and fowls, the crowing of a rooster being to me what the roaring of a lion would be to one who had always heard the sound of everything around him.

Reference can be had in regard to this statement by any one who will take the trouble to address Asa F. Stephens, Blackwell Station, St. Francois County, Mo. This (the recovery of hearing and speech) may be attributed to various causes, but, as God rules, and since He works by instrumentality, I and all others are forced to acknowledge the hand of God in this, my happy deliverance from a yoke which had almost fifty years bound me on a parallel with dumb animals. But whatever may be the cause or causes, it is certain that I now hear as plain and speak as distinctly as the majority of my fellow-men.

Such is the narrative of Mr. Warren himself. An additional fact is produced that his mother, who was a pious woman, told him that he would recover his hearing in twenty years after her death, which actually occurred on the very day and hour, she having been dead twenty years on the 17th day of October, 1881. After the mysterious occurrence he made the facts known to Mr. Stephens' family, where he was at the time. They were astonished and amazed, and now the happy man praises God aloud for answering his continual silent prayers and giving him favor to hear and speak his holy name; for he cannot account for it in any other way than a direct answer to his earnest prayers.

Deterioration of the Eye.
By the law of development man progresses to physical perfection. But by the accidents of civilization the eye, which is the light of the whole body, is in imminent danger of deterioration, and after being evoked by the brute, it is being ruined by man. Already the increase of shortsightedness and color blindness is attracting considerable attention, and even when these defects are not present the eye of civilization is much inferior to that of many birds and beasts and savages. Not to speak of the cat's ability to see in the dark, what eye can compare for range with that of the condor of the Andes, or for keenness with that of the Indian on the trail of his enemy? Mr. Brudenell Carter, whose address at the Health Congress at Brighton is one of the most interesting and suggestive of recent contributions to popular science, insists upon the importance of checking this gradual deterioration of the organ of vision. School boards, he says, should educate the eyes as well as the tongue, volunteers should institute tests of distant vision, and tradesmen should strike against every employer whose factory is badly lighted. Even the most short-sighted people can see the importance of Mr. Brudenell Carter's warning and as the spectacle makers are not a very powerful corporation there is some possibility that "science, common sense and humanity" may succeed in arresting the further deterioration of the eye.

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one felt the inspiration of his presence and we all felt that somehow or other it would bring us safely through. Army trains were turned into the fields parked, and many stragglers ran back voluntarily to the front. Sheridan's staff, unable to keep up with him, came galloping by one by one. Firing gradually ceased altogether, our lines were withdrawn a short distance and reformed, while the cavalry were massed in a took position on the flanks. Custer, the right and Merritt on the left. Fore sundown our victory was complete.

The Egyptian Idea of Immortality.
In Egypt, from the earliest time, the tomb was of the greatest significance for sculpture. Of temple ruins on the Nile from that earliest past between the first and eleventh dynasties, there is scarcely a trace. How vivid the witness borne to the sepulchral art on the plains of Memphis the capital of oldest Egypt! Along the margin of the desert stretches the vast Necropolis, with a hidden population of statues, sentinelled by those stupendous royal tombs, the Pyramids. Where else have such preparations been made for the final rest of the dead as in this great camp santo of the ancient empire? Though mingled with much that was naive and material, how vivid were the conceptions of that ancient people concerning the future world! They believed this life but an episode in an eternal existence. Death to them was the real life, only evil spirits being spoken of as dead. The coffin was called the "chest of the living." But to the ancient Egyptian the immortal part even after death, was in some mysterious way dependent for its continued existence upon the preservation of the body; hence, the importance of embalming, the care taken to keep a body as lifelike as possible and secure from harm during the long period of the soul's probation. The "eternal dwellings hewn in the solid rock, high above the floods, were in strong contrast to the ghodes of the living, built within reach of the swelling Nile, and of which hardly a vestige remains.

The massive chamber of this tomb where lies the mummy pictureless, and its entrance is closed by solid masonry. From it a shaft leads up, which was at many places thirty meters deep and was filled with a dense mass of earth and stone, making more inviolate the mummy's rest. Over the concealed entrance of this shaft there rises that ever essential part of the tomb, the sacred chapel of equally solid construction. In a dark recess aside from this chapel, are found many statues walked up. These are usually twenty or more in number, and represent the deceased with great diversity. To what purpose are they here? Singular beliefs, prevalent among the Egyptians and read from the hieroglyphics by Maspero, furnish the key to this problem. An immortal second self, ka, somewhat resembling the "double" of the Greeks and the shade of the Romans, was believed to spring into being with every mortal, grow with his growth, and accompany him after death. So close was the relationship of this strange double ka to man's proper being, that it was of the greatest importance to provide it with a material and imperishable body which it should occupy after death, sharing with the mummy the security of the "eternal dwelling." It was believed that the shade ka could come out of this statue and perambulate among men in truly ghostly fashion, returning to it at will. This stony body for the dead man's ka was naturally made in his exact likeness, and also bore an inscription stating his name and qualities. But a single statue might perish and future happiness be thus forfeited. Hence that most unique feature of Egyptian statuary, the multiplication of the portraits of the deceased in his tomb.

Helping a Constable.
One day a Michigan Constable who had long been trying to collect a claim of \$10 against a sharp citizen, went to a worthy burgher and said:
"See here, Jones, I've got a plan to collect \$40 of that sharper Perkins. All I want is a little help from you, and if you'll grant it I won't forget the favor."
"I'm willing—what's your plan?" replied Jones.
"Why, I want you to bet him that he doesn't weigh 120 pounds. If you'll do that I can fix the rest."
"Oh, I'll do anything to help you out," said Jones, and the two walked around to the grocery where Perkins was known to hang out. After a little talk, the constable keeping in the shade, Jones began bluffing, and when he stated his flimsy desire to bet \$20 that Perkins wouldn't tip the beam at 120 pounds his greenbacks were covered before a mule could kick three times. As the money was put up the Constable slipped out for a garishnee, and was back in time to serve it on the stakeholder. Perkins weighed 148 pound, and the \$40 in the hands of the stakeholder eventually paid a claim against him, but it has never been made plain to Jones how he made anything out of it. It has always seemed to him that he was \$20 out, and for fifteen long years he has refused to walk on the same side of the street with that Constable.

CRANBERRY ROLL.—Stew a quart of cranberries in just water enough to keep them from burning. Make very sweet, strain and cool. Make a paste, and when the cranberry is cold spread it on the paste about an inch thick. Roll it, tie it close in a flannel cloth, boil two hours, and serve with sweet sauce. Stewed apples or other fruit may be used in the same way.

That the subject of this sketch is the embodiment of the poet's ideal, one glance at the quiet face assures us. Small in stature, yet gracefully proportioned, all appearance of diminutiveness relieved by perfect dignity; a well poised head, upon erect shoulders, crowned with a wealth of nut-brown hair; the eyes, those "windows of the soul," large brown and full of intelligence; a full prominent brow, almost man-like in its manliness, but relieved of manliness by delicate features, the firm, yet sensitive mouth and womanly chin; a face possessed of no startling beauty, yet with such a charm one turns for a second glance and longs for a nearer knowledge of the life of which it is but the index—and this is Lucretia Rudolph Garfield, a woman whose grandeur of character and noble fortitude, during times of such overwhelming trial that even the Nation's head was bowed, its great