THE DEAD GARDENER.

What bloom shall we lay in his fingers cold
Who lieth at length in his shroud,
The blossoms that blazon their beauty bold
Or the shy little wilding that hardly can hold
Its head erect in a crowd?

The lordly lily and queenly rose
He watered and trellised well,
Yet he loved the tiniest flower that blows,
And only the heel trodden daisy knows
Where the dew of his teardrop fell!
—Marion M. Miller in Criterion.

IN MEMORIAM.

For 28 years the house at 23 Bond street—a specimen of a fine New York residence of 50 years ago and long the only private house remaining on what is now a business thoroughfare—has remained closed, except that a caretaker occupies the basement. Above this the blinds are tightly shut, and a pull at the front doorbell awakens no response. The house has a deserted, decaying look, and even the large doorplate has grown so tarnished that one reads with difficulty the name, "H. Ward."

Henry Ward died many years ago, and his son, Henry Hall Ward, then became owner of the house. It is since his death that the upper portion of it has remained closed and, so far as the public knows, unfrequented by any human being. Yet around this decaying residence there clusters one of the most charming romances, one of the most touching real love stories.

One sharer in this romance passed away when Henry Hall Ward died 28 years ago. The other figure in this tender drama, Miss Elizabeth Ann Partridge, is still living, at the age of 84, in a house to which she came on a two weeks' visit to an aunt 40 years ago. There she has remained ever since, surviving all who were occupants of the house at the time when she arrived for a fortnight's visit, which has now lasted twoscore years. The aunt whom she came to visit was Mrs. William G. Ward, a relative of Henry Hall Ward. The romance of their lives dates further back than this, for Miss Partridge lived with Henry Hall Ward and his mother until the latter's death.

The romance of the old Bond street house dates from the death of the man she loved and who loved her; whom she was accustomed to walk half way down town to meet every day on his way home from business, and from whom, on his death, she inherited a life interest in practically all his large estate, but whom, for reasons which all who have known of her romance have puzzled over, she never married. Some say the family opposed the marriage on account of their close relationship, for they were cousins. Be that as it may, Henry Hall Ward and Eliza Ann Partridge furnished New York society with a romance for many years, and even now those who have been in society long enough to remember the circumstances love to dwell upon it and to point to it as a tender shoot springing up in a society in which much is thought to be calculating, frivolous and vain.

When Henry Hall Ward died at Saratoga, in 1872, the executors to whom the bulk of his estate was left in trust for Miss Partridge wondered what disposition she would make of the old Bond street house. Business was already beginning to spring up in its vicinity. It was a valuable piece of real estate, and capable, if improved, of yielding a large income. But Miss Partridge acted promptly and in a way which more than anything else she could have done showed how tenderly she held her lover's memory. There were two servants in the house—Mr. Ward's valet and the latter's wife. To them she gave strict orders that in the floors above the basement not a thing was to be touched. Everything, even to the books and papers, was to remain exactly as Mr. Ward had left them when he went to Saratoga to die. The two people who had so faithfully served her lover during his life were to remain in care of the house.

Further than this, however, Miss Partridge showed an interest in the home of her lover which served to keep the romance of her life fresh in the minds of all who knew her. Every day she walked down from her residence in Thirty-seventh street to the old Bond street house and went through it, satisfying herself that except for the mellowness of added age everything remained exactly the same as her lover had left it. Day after day the lonely figure was seen entering the house, and day after day she came forth as if from the tomb of her hopes. Only one change took place in the interior aspect, and that change was due to her devotion to her lover's memory. To appreciate it one must know something about the house and one of its inmate's hobbies.

This house is an old fashioned brick structure, with a basement, three stories and an attic with dormer windows. The iron posterns at the front steps are unusually ornate, and the front door, with its old colonial columns, supporting a quaint lunette, is a joy to the student of old time architecture. The interior arrangements of the house depart from the usual New York style of residence in that the stairs are placed far back, with a landing and a turn half way up, from which a window looks out on the back yard. This gives unusual spaciousness to the hall. The furniture of the parlor and the dining room back of it was of mahogany, not of the heavy, cumbersome kind, but lighter in style and more ornate. A conspicuous feature in the parlor was a superb leopard skin, which lay in front of the fireplace and mantel, and a little aside from either end of the dining room table were two stands, on which perched parrots, one of which had belonged to Jerome Bonaparte.

Henry Hall Ward had been very fond of birds. The fence of the backyard was unusually high, was covered with vines and lined with dovecote. The parrots and doves were great pets of Mr. Ward's. After his death Miss Partridge had them most carefully tended. As one by one they died she had them stuffed and placed in a front hall room on the second floor. This is the only particular in which the interior aspect of the house was changed from the exact condition in which Mr. Ward, or "Mr. Harry," as Miss Partridge would call him in speaking of him to his old servants, left it.

For many years she continued her solitary visits and wandered through the house which had so many tender memories for her—for she herself had lived there until the death of her lover's mother, but with the lapse of years, doubtless owing to the fact that not a ray of sun could find its way through the tightly closed shutters, the house became musty, and the books, the papers, the stuffed birds and the many pictures and objects of taste began to show signs of decay.

Then Miss Partridge took a step which must have given her heart a great wrench. Except for the caretaker's quarters, she had the entire interior of the house stripped and everything taken to her residence, and from that time her visits to the house have ceased, but even when the house was being stripped the shutters were not opened, and it is a fact that for 28 years they have remained tightly closed.

Henry Hall Ward, to whom Miss Partridge has remained so faithful for so many years, was one of the leaders of the New York society of his day and in which the Ward family is still represented by his cousins—General William G. Ward, who was an officer in the United States volunteer service during the civil war, and Mr. Charles H. Ward; Mr. Francis E. Ward, the latter's son, is secretary of the Seabright Golf club, and another son, Henry Ward, is with Troop A in Porto Rico.

Henry Hall Ward was president of the New York club in its early days, when it had delightful quarters in the old Haight house, at Fifth avenue and Fifteenth street. He was also a prominent member of the Union club and of the Society of the Cincinnati, of which he was also treasurer. The Ward family owes its membership in this society to Colonel Samuel Ward, an officer of the Revolutionary army, who was Henry Hall Ward's grandfather. The portrait of another ancestor, Governor Richard Ward of Rhode Island, is now the property of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Henry Hall Ward's father was a brother of Samuel Ward, whose son, Samuel, was the Sam Ward, famous as a wit, scholar and bon vivant. Other cousins of Henry Hall Ward were Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Mrs. Crawford, the wife of the sculptor and the mother of F. Marion Crawford. It seems a wonder that the novelist should not have woven this romance, which he found ready to hand in his own family, into a novel.

Henry Hall Wards' social position may be judged from the fact that among the pallbearers at his funeral in Grace church were John Jacob Astor, Walter L. Cutting, Johnston Livingston and James Francis Ruggles.

Eliza Ann Partridge's relationship to Henry Hall Ward arose from the fact that their mothers were sisters. They were members of the Hall family of Pomfret, Conn. J. Prescott Hall, her uncle, was William M. Evart's first law partner. Those who knew Miss Partridge as a girl, so many years ago, describe her as charming. She was of medium height, had brown eyes and an abundance of strikingly dark hair. She is said, even now, at the age of 84, to preserve much of her youthful beauty.

When Henry Hall Ward died, one of his friends penned these lines in his memory:

Honored and loved, he passed away
As sinks a summer's day to rest;
The brightest when the radiant clouds
Of silent evening gem the west.

Does the woman who still treasures his memory think of these lines as she gazes into the sunset?—New York Herald.

The Little Things Great Men Do.

I like to hear stories of the littleness of great men. I like to think that Shakespeare was fond of his glass. I even cling to the tale of that disgraceful final orgy with friend Ben Jonson. Possibly the story may not be true, but I hope it was. I like to think of him as poacher, as village ne'er do well, denounced by the local grammar school master, preached at by the local J. P. of the period.

I like to reflect that Cromwell had a wart on his nose. The thought makes me more contented with my own features. I like to think that he put sweets upon the chairs, to see finely dressed ladies spoil their frocks; to tell myself that he roared with laughter at the silly jest, like any east end 'Arry with his bank holiday squirt of dirty water.

I like to read that Carlyle threw bacon at his wife and occasionally made himself highly ridiculous over small annoyances that would have been smiled at by a man of well balanced mind. I think of the 50 foolish things a week I do and say to myself, "I, too, am a literary man."—"Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," by Jerome K. Jerome.

Mineral Wool.

Mineral wool looks very much like cotton batting with little bits or glass scattered through it. It is made in this way: There are two streams of slag (which is the scum from iron), one in each side, and a jet of steam in between, and as the two streams of slag meet the steam the mineral wool is formed.

The blast that is used to send the slag over the steam comes with such force that it sends the wool formed from the slag flying to all parts of the building, and some getting outside of the building makes it look as though it were covered with snow.

As the wool flies around the little particles of glass separate from it, and as the slag was redhot the pieces of glass are on fire, and they look like little stars flying around.

It is used for packing around registers and between walls. It is a nonconductor of heat, therefore it will not burn.

Business Partnership of Matrimony.

The time to begin to learn from each other is when people are first married, when life is still a playground to them, and when romantic love condones what in later years might seem nagging or carping criticism. We are all creatures of habit. If we get used to the business partnership of matrimony in our youth it becomes second nature, and not a hardship nor a disillusionment. If people would take time to understand each other, and to cultivate mutual confidence, how much easier married life would become—in fact, all life! To be sure, we only hear of the unhappy marriages, while great numbers of people are plodding on together silently and happily. But there is enough friction, to warrant this kind of consideration, because even those who are to all appearances contented might make more of life if they looked upon marriage as an equal partnership.—Frances Evans in the January Ladies' Home Journal.

Suffrage in the New Territories.

The question of suffrage, under the limitations of the fifteenth amendment, is not a source of difficulty. The provision is; "The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." Assuming citizenship of the civilized inhabitants of annexed territory, it by no means follows that Congress is bound to extend to them at once niversal suffrage at all. The first territorial government of the Territory of Orleans (the settled part of the Louisiana Purchase, in which was the city of New Orleans) including a governor, judges, and a legislative council, all appointed by the President of the United States. Suffrage restricted by an educational or property qualification does not come under the inhibition of the amendment. These possibilities afford ample room for a frame of government suitable to such territories as the Philippines.—From "Our Federal Constitution and the Government of Tropical Territories," by Harry Pratt Judson, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for January.

The Practical Side of "Expansion."

We are not under the slightest obligation to make haste in propounding a theory of the nature of the new relations between the Philippines and the United States, nor yet to elaborate any comprehensive scheme of government. We must drop the French model and at this point take up English methods. We need not make definitions at all about the status of the Philippines, but simply proceed to do any particular work that may require to be done, and otherwise do nothing at all. First, if the treaty should be ratified we must make a contract with private shipping companies for taking the Spanish soldiers back home at our expense. That will involve our persuading the insurgents to give up their Spanish prisoners. General Otis and Admiral Dewey would seem to be of the opinion that they can arrange that item of business without trouble. After the prisoners are yielded up and are all packed off for Spain the insurgents will have to be persuaded to disband. Gentlemen in Boston will not be able to lend much assistance at that point, but it is highly probable that men now in the Philippines or that general part of the world—such as Admiral Dewey, Consul Wildman, or Hong Kong, General Otis, and others who might be named—can arrange very satisfactorily with Aguinaldo and his people. There is little reason to suppose that we should need for any length of time to retain in the Philippines the services of more than a quarter of the American troops who are now there. There are plenty of men who have in times past served in the native regiments with the Spanish army—many of whom have also subsequently served in the insurgent ranks—who can be readily formed into an excellent body of military police. And since the people are quite certain to be very peaceably inclined and are ready to believe in the mission of the United States, the maintenance of order is not going to be seriously difficult. It will not be a very baffling task to improve the administration of justice as between man and man, nor to simplify the existing system of taxation—removeing needless burdens from agriculture and business and replacing the corrupt and rapacious methods of the Spaniards with honest and fair Anglo-Saxon methods. These matters, with the policing, are the principal ones that for some little time to come will have to be attended to. They are matters of precisely the same nature as those which without any fuss whatever Gen. Leonard Wood has been arranging at Santiago. Every one in this country will be delighted to give the people of the Philippines the largest possible control of their own affairs.—From "The Progress of the World," in the American Monthly Reviews for January.

Smarter Than He Looked.

A Boston broker boasts of rather a bright office boy. One of his friends dropping in at the office dispatched the lad for some cigars, giving him a $1 bill to pay for them. The boy returned with four cigars. The caller commended him for purchasing such good ones, and passed them around. Shortly after the broker was left alone in the office, when the shrewd urchin handed him six cigars with the remark, "'Ere's the rest of them cigars, Mr. Margin."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Horticulture at Home.

Expectant Father—Well, is it a little peach?

Excited Nurse—No, sir. It's a little pair.—Yonkers Statesman.

In Olden Times.

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