

**LOVELY WOMAN.**

Of the new fashioned woman there's much being said.  
Of her wanting to vote and a' that,  
And of her desire to wear man's attire,  
His coat and his vest and a' that,  
And a' that and a' that.  
She may wear trousers and a' that;  
She may even ride a horse astride,  
But a woman's a woman for a' that.

See yonder damsel passing by?  
She's up to date and a' that.  
She wears a man's hat, likewise his cravat,  
His shirt and collar and a' that,  
And a' that and a' that.  
His suspenders and cuffs and a' that,  
But do what she can to imitate man  
A woman's a woman for a' that.

The modern maid, her form arrayed  
In sweater and bloomer and a' that,  
Rides a bike exactly like  
What brother rides and a' that.  
She may wear bloomers for skirts and a' that.

Wear men's collars and shirts and a' that,  
May wear vests if she will, but the fact  
Remains still  
A woman's a woman for a' that.  
—William West in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**HER SECRET.**

Hushed in an awful quiet was the big house, for its mistress lay sick unto death. No longer was it the abode of laughter, for tears had taken its place, and real sorrow had usurped seeming joy. Carriages still drove up, but it was over the straw covered road they came, and their occupants, only carried for inquiry.

The mistress of the house lay sick unto death, she who was so beautiful and so glad. Strange that she should be summoned when there were others, and we marked and stricken in grief, who waited for the call and paced it mightily and quickly, yet waited and prayed in vain. There were others, too, not old nor gray before their time, who might have slipped away into the unknown almost unnoticed, while this woman had so many ties to bind her to earth—her husband, her child, her relations, her legion of friends.

It was hard she should be called away so early from the rich banquet that lay spread before her.

Yet the angel of death was expected. His emissaries had arrived and told of his approach, which may not be said—may, nor even long delayed.

The doctor, who knew too well the signs of those fateful envoys, shook his head gravely in reply to the anxious queries of those who loved her best—her sisters, her mother, her husband—but he gave no gleam of hope, for she lay in a deadly lethargy from which it had been impossible to rouse her. In vain her mother spoke to her as she had done in days long gone by, when she was yet a child. In vain her husband stood by her side and took her hand and called her by every endearment she knew so well. In vain her child clutched her breast and cried for her mother to look at her and talk to her again.

Surely if it were possible to bring her back from the edge of the grave these dear ones could do it. But there she lay, stonily impassive, with her great eyes staring into space, cold and unbedding as the sphinx. She gave no sign of life, and the hours fraught with hope sped slowly on, and each one registered a step nearer the grave.

One by one they withdrew from the chamber of death, the husband being the last to obey the doctor's orders, and now none was left in the room but the physician and the nurse—her old servant, the one upon whose knee she had climbed 20 years and more ago.

How slowly the hours passed for the watchers, and yet surely they passed too quickly—just 60 many hundred mere vibrations of the pendulum, just a few strikings of the hour, and all would be over for her so richly endowed with all that should make life worth living.

The doctor never left her side. He sat there with his keen, observant eye fixed upon her, ready to note any change, but there she lay impassive, and the watcher could scarcely see that she breathed.

Her beauty seemed even more perfect now than he had thought it.

Absolutely faultless was the chiseling of those clear cut features. Her dark hair waved lovely around her Grecian brow and trailed across her shoulders, a firelight for the marvelous whiteness of her face. The great violet eyes—her chief glory—were wide open, staring with terrible fixity into nothingness, or was it into the something beyond? Her lips had lost their vivid color, but this was scarcely a fault; her hands were outside the coverlet, white marble faintly marked with blue, her wedding ring the one dead remnant note.

For long there had been no sound in the room save the crackling of the fire and the faint ticking of the clock.

Suddenly the doctor bent over his patient, and the watchers saw that she had died.

The nurse rose hastily from her seat by the fire. She had only heard a sound.

The doctor raised his hand, and she resumed her seat. Long, long he waited, hoping for another sound of returning consciousness, but none came.

At last he came over to the nurse.  
"Did you hear her?"  
"What did she say, sir?"  
"One word only—'Linsley.'"

The nurse suppressed an involuntary exclamation.

"What did it mean, nurse?"

But the woman only shook her head.  
"Strange," muttered the doctor, as with knitted eyebrows he reflected and strove to catch some clew. Then he returned to the bedside. There she lay as impassive as before.

"Linsley! Linsley!" he kept repeating.

"What did she mean?"

The nurse made no reply, but sat looking into the fire.

"Nurse, tell me," he said at length, "have you an idea what the mistress meant by that word?"

But the nurse did not or would not hear.

"Look here, nurse," continued he, "I must have an answer. You are keeping something back. Your mistress's life may hang upon you. Tell me, do you know to whom or to what she alluded?"

"I do."

"Then in heaven's name, tell me. She must be roused from her lethargy if she is to live. What did she mean?"

"Doctor, I cannot tell you."

"But you must. I insist upon it. Is that life of no consequence to you? Can you see her die and keep back what might save her life?"

"Yes."

"Then you are committing murder."

The nurse's eyes were fixed on the fire. She seemed to be seeking guidance from the flames. At last her courage failed her, and in distress she cried:

"Oh, heaven! What shall I do? I dare not."

The doctor moved up to her.

"Nurse," said he, "one thing you must do. You must tell me what you know. If you do not, your life will be made hideous and unbearable by the memory of tonight. Cannot you trust me? You know she looks upon me as a friend. The secret, if secret there be, is as safe with me as with you. You must tell me. What did she mean by Linsley? Is it a man's name?"

"Yes."

The doctor glanced involuntarily at the bed. No, she could not hear; he need not have lowered his voice.

"Her lover?"

"Yes."

The clock struck, and the woman on the bed was one step nearer the unknown.

"Is this an old affair? I mean is it in the past?"

"No."

The doctor sighed. He had brought the woman into the world, and he loved her as his own child.

"What are we to do, sir?"

"What indeed, nurse?"

He rose and paced the room in his perplexity.

Linsley! Who was he? Behave! what did it matter? The woman would most surely die unless she could be roused from her lethargy—this Linsley might do it, for he was in her mind. He must be sent for if her life was to be saved.

Her life! What would it be worth after that? Better death than dishonor. Let her go down to the grave leaving a spotless name, let her mother sorrow for her, let her child treasure the memory of a good mother, let her husband mourn the loss of his faithful wife. Aye, let her die. Yet dare he take this responsibility upon himself? He could save her. Of this he was confident. What had he to do with others? Saving life was his business. She must be saved. This Linsley, whoever he was, must be sent for, and at once.

"Nurse, we must send for him."

But the nurse only shook her head.

"Or she will die."

"Better so, sir."

And the doctor wavered.

"Better so; aye, better so indeed. The price is too great to pay, even for life, a life of agony and dishonor. To be held in scorn by those who admired her before. To be scoffed at by those whose attentions she had not deigned to accept. To lose her mother, husband and child at one blow, and gain—what? No, a thousand times, no. Let her die."

The doctor wiped great drops of agony from his brow as he signed her death warrant.

"You are right, nurse. It is best she should die."

He threw himself into a chair, and the nurse took his place at the bedside.

"Doctor," she called out at length.

He stood beside her and noted the change.

"Call them, nurse. She will not live the hour out."

Again they stood by the side of the woman, speechless with grief. How beautiful she looked! How utterly lovely! Oh, the pity of it she must die, so young and so loved! Oh, the irony that love which should have chained her to life had been her doom.

The clock struck once again. The visitor was gone, and the woman breathed her last in her husband's arms.

"Linsley! Linsley!" muttered the doctor in his agony. "I wonder who he is. I should like to let him know his villainy is known, to thrust the life out of the scoundrel, to break every bone in his body. Linsley, Linsley. Nurse will have to tell me who he is."

But the nurse kept her secret and did not tell him.

For it was the doctor's own son.—Good Company.

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He bought the place, cleared off the rubbish and the weeds and commenced an analytical study of the character and habits of the plant. He imported also various kinds of oriental seeds from Japan, China, Ceylon, Formosa and other places until he had 20 acres of various varieties of the tea plant, with which he is experimenting to ascertain those most suitable for the climate and the best method for their cultivation.

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In politics he is a Democrat of the old school. Neither greenback nor free silver coinage has any attractions for him. He is a civil service reformer by conviction. He could be depended on at any time to head a forlorn hope when his convictions were at stake. He never lacked the courage of his opinions. Personally there is no more popular man at the bar than he. There is a good fellowship about him that wins and keeps friends, a good humor that keeps even the resolute expression of his views from making enemies. He is never in doubt as to his opinions, and the president himself is not bolder in stating his than is his attorney general in setting forth his. Compromise has little place in his makeup.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Saved by Sherman's March to the Sea.

William T. Commons, colored, who said he hailed from Asheville, N. C., was arrested in a freight car at Long Branch recently, charged with being a tramp. When Commons was arraigned before Judge Slocum, the judge asked him where he came from and what he was doing at Long Branch. He told the judge he came from Asheville and was looking for work. The judge asked him how he got money enough to come from North Carolina. The man said he sang and recited to people along the way. His principal recitation was "Sherman's March to the Sea." The judge told Commons that if he could recite that piece before the court he would let him go free. Commons stood up, and with considerable oratorical effect recited the famous poem from beginning to end. He did it with such grace and feeling that he was loudly applauded, and the judge discharged him.—New York Times.

The syllable "ia," as a termination to the name of a country, is of Celtic origin.

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