

Woman's Love

Of say not woman's love is sought
With vain and empty treasure;
Of say not a woman's heart is caught
By every idle pleasure.
When first her gentle bosom knows
Love's flame, it wanders never;
Deep in her heart the passion glows,
She loves, and loves for ever!

Of say not woman's love is sought
That like the bee she ranges;
Still seeking flowers more sweet and rare,
As fickle fancy changes.
Ah, no! the love that first can warm
Will leave her bosom never;
No second passion e'er can charm;
She loves, and loves for ever!

The BOLDNESS of JAMIESON

BY JENNY EDY

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It was mid-afternoon when Tom Jamieson finished the last cigar in his case. Two hours more to New York and nothing in sight to amuse him. He had devoured all the magazines on his trip out. Up to the present moment he had smoked for it but two hours of ennui and that he decided he could better endure from his comfortable seat in the Pullman.

He had not been in since noon, else he might earlier have discovered that there was something on the train which would help the hours to pass with amazing rapidity. He discovered it at once on entering his car, for there in the seat in front of his, which had been vacant out of Chicago, sat quite the most charming girl he had seen since—well, since he acknowledged leader of an exclusive coterie in New York he had repressed all his emotions under the imperturbable exterior which was his ideal of good form. Jamieson noticed with satisfaction that every detail of the girl's equipment was correct; that the elderly person beside her was likewise irreproachable in appearance and manner. Their conversation was distinctly audible to him and he gathered at once from the fat a's and distinct r's that they were from the far west. That was Jamieson's first shock. That any girl bred outside of his own sphere should have such perfect poise and grace was incomprehensible. He pondered the problem while the pair in front bussed themselves reading. At last a low laugh roused him. The older woman looked up at the same time.

"Oh, it is delicious, auntie! Such a situation, and the hero! What splendid nerve! You must read it!"

The girl forced the open magazine into the unwilling hands of her aunt who apparently preferred to finish her own story, Jamieson, leaning forward to raise the shade, glanced down at the book.

"What was that story about, anyhow?" he wondered. "I certainly read it last week. Seems to me that hero with the splendid nerve faked acquaintance with a girl he had never met and she permitted it, knowing the difference all the time. Bad form! Bad form!"

He bought a copy to verify his suspicions, then eagerly awaited the aunt's comments. At last she looked up with a doubtful smile.

"It's very well told, my dear Jessica," she said, "but you know in real life if such a thing ever occurred—I don't suppose it could, of course, but if it did happen by any chance, it would be extremely bad form."

Jessica laughed gleefully.

"Of course it would be bad form, auntie; that's just the point. That's why I admire him. He wanted to meet her so much he couldn't wait for conventions and he simply took charge of events himself. I'd like to meet him—a man with just such stupendous—"

Jessica stopped to select her word. "She wouldn't say brass or cheek, because they're slang, and she speaks well," meditated Jamieson, listening shamelessly. "She has used nerve once, so I'm betting that she will finish out with effrontery."

But Jessica did not finish her sentence. Something in the scenery attracted her attention and the story was stopped.

In the days that followed Jamieson often had visions of a lovely, girlish face turned distractingly away from him and a faintly hooded face which had peeped from under a mass of lace when the owner had disappeared in the shadows of a cab. The initials J. D. seemed transferred from her suit case to his brain. That he should



Quite the most charming girl. meet her again he was perfectly certain. She evidently was somebody, and Tom Jamieson sooner or later met all the celebrities and aristocrats of the social world. It never occurred to his well-bred, conventional mind to inquire her out and force acquaintance. When circumstances brought it about in the regular way he would be

only too glad to know her. But he was not possessed of the "stupendous effrontery" which brings circumstances about and molds them to his will.

It was with a premonition of seeing her again that Jamieson went alone to the Delano ball, the opening event of the New York season. His carriage stopped just short of the steps to allow another to pull away. Jamieson, looking impatiently out of the window, saw a solitary girl emerge. She gave a direction to the coachman and turned to go in. A glimmer of light fell across her face and showed it to be Jessica.

"Good Lord! is the girl crazy?" Jamieson groaned. "Western! Holy Smoke! But she ought to know she can't go about in New York unaccompanied."

He sprang out of his carriage before it stopped, and was beside Jessica when she passed through the great



"Wasn't it effrontery?"

doors. He followed closely up the broad stairs, bowed politely when she entered the dressing room, though she was quite unaware of his presence, and when she emerged a few moments later he was there, waiting. He hardly knew what he was going to do. Only one thing was clear in the riot of invective against those who had allowed her to commit this unpardonable blunder—he should not allow her to walk alone into the reception room with all New York agape.

Curious eyes were staring when Jessica, surpassingly lovely, glided up to her hostess with Tom Jamieson a step behind.

"My dear Jessica!" said Mrs. Delano with real affectation, "I am so glad you are here, and how sweet you look!"

"Thank you so much. Do you know, I almost missed coming, after all. Mrs. Osgood was called away an hour ago by her sister's illness, and as auntie went away yesterday there was no one to bring me. At first I was afraid I should have to give it up, and then, you know, we Western girls do a great many things that would shock you Easterners. Well, I thought it all over and decided that I couldn't afford to miss the finest ball of the season, so—"

"So she let me bring her," interrupted Jamieson.

"Richard, you remember Al Danforth? This is his daughter Jessica. Miss Danforth, my husband."

Jessica flashed one glance at Jamieson, then dutifully followed her hostess' lead and passed on down the line. She heard the quiet voice behind her saying the proper things to the members of the receiving party. When she had reached the end she felt him gently draw her arm through his and lead her away. For a moment neither spoke. Then she looked at him coldly.

"May I know to whom I have the honor?"

"I suppose my conduct seems unpardonable to you, Miss Danforth. The situation is so unusual—forgive me—but New York is so different from the West." Jamieson stopped, not knowing how to proceed.

"You mean I should not have come alone?"

He nodded.

"And you saw and—came to my rescue?" There was a light in her eyes that was anything but forbidding.

"How can I ever thank you? It would have spoiled my whole season if—"

Jamieson smiled. "You see, I was on the train when you came. Do you remember the story you liked so much—the hero with the splendid nerve? I sat behind you and I couldn't help hearing. I think you said you would like to meet him in real life—the hero with the stupendous—You never finished that sentence, do you remember?"

Jessica laughed. "Yes, I remember. I couldn't find the word I wanted."

"Wasn't it effrontery?" asked Jamieson, with a boldness born of the consciousness that he was getting on.

"Perhaps it was—then," agreed Jessica. "But that was before I met him

the hero with the stupendous—courage."

Their eyes met frankly in a glance of perfect understanding as the orchestra struck up the opening waltz. Jamieson rose and bowed formally.

"I believe this is our waltz, Miss Danforth," he said, and Jessica, rising also, placed her hand in his.

FELT LACK OF HOSPITALITY.

Unfeeling Cruelty and Suspicion Toward a Dog and Some Dost.

Jack Mitten and his Newfoundland dog, Prince, of Skagway, Alaska, appeared at the Sherman house one night, but decided not to stay. Two difficulties stared them in the face. The first was that the gold hunter had run out of cash and had only a bag of yellow dust to offer in return for lodging. The second difficulty was the clerk's refusal to allow the dog to share the miner's room.

"I wouldn't part with the dog for a night," said Mitten. "Either we sleep together or not at all. We've weathered it up on the Skagway for three winters—tenting together and all that, and we ain't going to part company here in God's country. That dog, sir, once saved my life."

He offered the clerk an ounce of gold dust, but received only suspicious looks.

"This is Chicago," said the clerk. "Only the coin of the realm goes here. Go down on Halsted street with your gold bricks."

Mitten, when he arrived, still wore his fur boots and sealskin gloves. His face was weatherbeaten and his collar was turned up about his ears. With his dog he started out to find another hostelry.

To a crowd of curious bystanders who surrounded him Mitten said that his companion was the prototype of Jack London's dog in "The Call of the Wild." "It'll be a hard winter up in Skagway," he declared, "but I'm going to get out of this man's land on the next train."—Chicago Tribune.

Odd Tales Revived.

Senator Depew's Gordon Ear story "off my own tree," was printed in the Worcester Press so long ago as 1878, to this effect: A hearer, passing by, a stranger having asked of the sexton "Who's dead?" and "What complaint?" the sexton replied: "There is no complaint; everybody is satisfied."

It was an old Worcester county story, antedating by generations the story of the two men who went into a drug store and told the proprietor they had made a soda water bet and would have their sodas now, and when the bet was decided the loser would drop in and pay for them, if that would be satisfactory to the drug-gist. He answered that it would, and after the sodas had been enjoyed he asked: "By the way, what was the bet?"

"My friend here," said one of the men, "bets that when Bunker Hill monument falls it will fall toward the north, and I bet it won't."—New York Sun.

Spurred.

They met on another planet
When the thing that men call death
Had freed them of foolish vestments
And given them their deepest breath.
There, at the gate of a garden,
He saw her serenely stand;
His eager heart to kiss her,
She merely held out a hand.

"But, darling," he said, "we promised
Ere we parted there, you know,
That our love should last forever—
Dear heart, how could you do so?"
I swore that I would follow
Wherever you should stray,
And I have hastened to kiss her,
You didn't pine and dwindle
And die for me—ah, no!"

—Chicago News.

Coal of No Benefit to Him.

"Andy" Welch, one of the best-known harness turpins, and owner of Charter Oak park, in Hartford, and Oakley park, in Cincinnati, returned to Kentucky to visit his old friend Madden after the close of the harness-racing season at Memphis. Madden has the most beautiful estate in Kentucky, and Welch always visits him at this season of the year. While Welch and his host were riding along they came across an old negro, bent with age and shaking with the early cold.

"Which would you rather have, a quart of whisky or a ton of coal?" asked Welch, seeking to jolly Uncle Jasper.

"Missus Welch, de Lord knows as ah allus burns wood," replied the quaking darky.—New York Times.

A Bad Pen.

Senator Pettus of Alabama was writing with a noisy, spluttering pen. Laying the pen down, he smiled and said:

"Once I was spending the evening with a friend of mine in Selma. We sat in the dining room, and from the kitchen came a dreadful scratching sound."

"Martha," said my friend to the maid, "what is that scratching in the kitchen? It must be the dog trying to get in."

"Hub," said Martha, "dat's no dawg scratchin' de do'. Dat's de cook a-writin' a love letter to her honey-suckle."

Refused to Talk.

In a town in Pennsylvania last summer a meeting was held by several prominent gentlemen, the object being to use their combined influence to stop the deafening noise they usually had on the Fourth of July. Imagine their surprise when a reporter asked a doctor, one of their number and a very influential man, the following question:

"You are in favor, are you not, of a sane and sensible observance of the Fourth of July? The public, I am sure, would be glad to hear your views on—"

"Young man," interrupted the doctor, "do you think that is a proper question to ask a surgeon?"

Station for Lieut. Grant.

Lieut. U. S. Grant III, grandson of the late President Grant, has been detailed to the white house as military aid to President Roosevelt and will be stationed at Washington barracks

HARDY'S IDEA FOR "TESS."

Tragic Incident Lingered Long in Author's Memory.

A rather striking story of the origin of Hardy's "Tess" has just been told by Nell Munro, author of "John Splendid," who is one of Mr. Hardy's intimate friends. It seems that when Hardy was a boy he used to go into Dorchester to school, and he made the acquaintance of a woman there, who, with her husband, kept an inn. She was beautiful, good and kind, but married to a dissipated scoundrel who was unfaithful to her. One day she discovered her husband under circumstances which so roused her passion that she stabbed him with a knife and killed him. She was tried, convicted and condemned to execution. Young Hardy, with another boy, witnessed the execution from a tree that overlooked the yard in which the gallows was placed. He never forgot the rustle of the thin black gown the woman was wearing as she was led forth by the warders. A penetrating rain was falling; the white cap was no sooner over the woman's head than it clung to her features, and the noose was put round the neck of what looked like a marble statue. Hardy looked at the scene with a strange illusion of its being unreal, and was brought to his complete senses when the drop fell with a thud and his companion on a lower branch of the tree fell fainting to the ground. The tragedy haunted Hardy, and at last provided the emotional inspiration and some of the matter for "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

NO LONGER HER DOG.

Blonde Woman Had Forever Lost Claim on "Goldie."

A big blonde woman descended viciously upon a less pretentious but determined woman she met walking in Park avenue, holding a handsome setter dog by a leather leash.

"What are you doing with my dog?" she shouted. "Come here, Goldie."

Goldie established ownership by appearing overjoyed at the meeting.

"It may have been your dog once," retorted the little woman, "but it has been mine for four weeks."

From a wrist-bag she took a document signed by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledging the receipt of \$3 and giving her ownership of the dog. Cards were exchanged, and the case was subsequently investigated by an attorney representing the blonde woman. But she had to give up her dog.

It appeared the woman who was leading the dog found him wandering on the street. He was not regularly licensed and had no collar. She advertised once for the owner and then took the dog to the Animal Shelter. She was told that all lost dogs were killed there if not claimed within forty-eight hours. She asked to be notified by telephone if the dog was claimed within that time. If not, she would pay the usual fee and take him away. No owner appeared and she got the dog. Goldie was lost to the blonde woman forever.—New York Press.

Mint Refuse Worth \$30,000.

"The United States government as they say the old mint at Denver recently," said R. W. Burchard of that city, "and got \$30,000 in the clean up. That sounds like a peculiar statement, but it is the truth."

"The new coinage mint, which had been in course of construction there for about seven years, was completed recently, and the government moved from the old mint, which had been occupied for about thirty years."

"When they got ready to clean out the old place every particle of dust and dirt was carefully saved. This was run through the assay furnace and it was found that the tiny particles of gold which had accumulated about the building in all those years had amounted to the snug sum I have mentioned."

"The particles had been carried through the air during the refining processes, and were so minute that they had not affected the weight of the metal as yet to any appreciable extent. It was all velvet for Uncle Sam and more than paid the expenses of moving to the new mint."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Explanation.

A captain in the regular army made a gallant reputation during the late war, but at home he resigns command. He was at home for a few weeks awaiting orders, and his linen was consigned to his wife's bureau, usually occupied by her own things solely, but at this time jointly. The captain is not a patient man, and when he wanted a clean shirt and went to the bureau for it he formed a plan of pulling the drawers out, tipping them over on the floor till he got what he was searching for. Of course, his wife remonstrated, and then there were some "scenes."

One warm, clear day when we were all sitting on the piazza, the wife read the heading in a newspaper:

"Trouble in the President's Bureau."
"Well," said she, "I wonder what that means?"

"Oh, replied the captain, "I suppose the president wants a clean shirt."

At Half-Past Nine P. M.
At half-past Nine P. M. when Jack breathes low a last good night,
I wish my heart but had the knack
To hide its silly plight;
But, ah! it flutters so, my will
Is powerless to stem
Its tide of love, its boyish thrill,
At half-past Nine P. M.

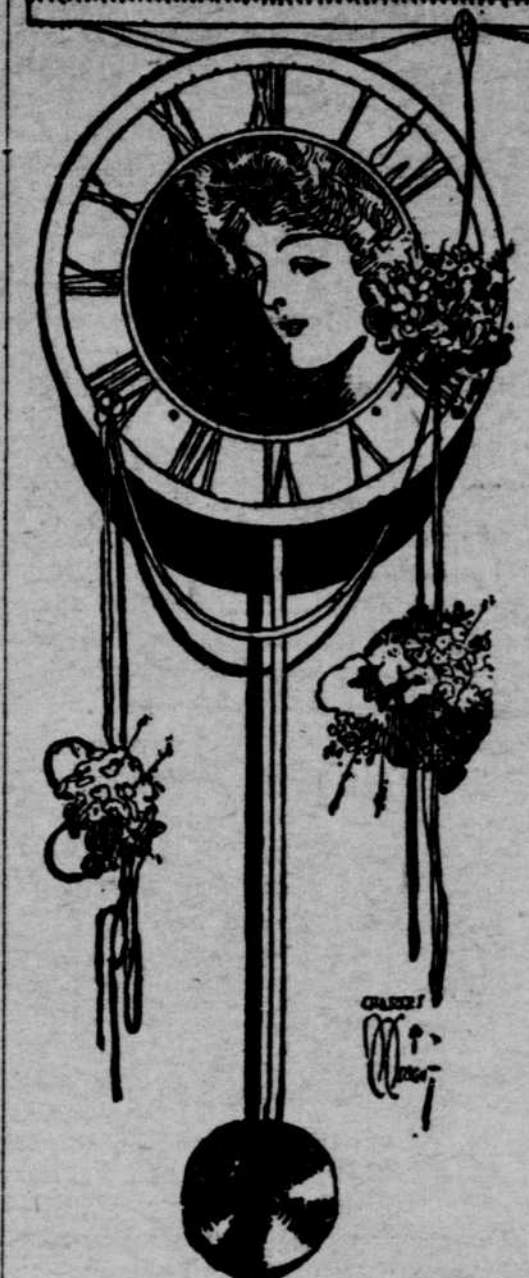
The evening through, I'm frank to state
My heart betrays no sign
Rebellious; calm it is at eight,
Eight-thirty, yet, and nine,
A woman's will guards it to go—
Decorum's walk, it's true,
Until Jack takes his hat to do.
At half-past Nine P. M.

I bless the fate that keeps me cold
And prim the evening through,
But when a heart rebels so bold,
Pray, what's a girl to do?
'Gainst saying "Yes" I'm firmly set,
And kissing I condemn—
But who knows who may happen yet?
At half-past Nine P. M.
—Roy Farrell-Greene in New York Press.

British Arms.

Sir Charles Dilke, in a paper read to the Young Liberals' league recently, said that while all other countries had rearméd their forces, there was not, with the exception of fifteen imperfect batteries hurriedly purchased in Germany during the Boer war, a single quick-firing gun in the possession of the British regular field artillery.

AS THE CLOCK TICKS



again, shouted rather impatiently: "Speak up, I cannot hear you." Mr. Hay, Mr. Hay. "Mr. what?" "Mr. Hay—h-a-y, hay, dried grass—Secretary Hay. Do you hear me now?" And he said he did.

GLORIES OF WAR.

Major General Corbin commanding the department of the east, tells the following with reference to a member of the militia of a northern state taking part in the recent manoeuvres at Manassas:

The guardsman was one day making heroic efforts to get away with his first ration of army beef. A fellow soldier walking near him stopped to watch, with some amusement, the attempt of the northerner to masticate the meat. "What's the matter, Bill?" asked he.

"Oh, nothin' much," was the sullen reply. Then, disgustfully regarding a piece of the beef that he held in his hand, the Yankee added:

"Now I know what people mean when they talk about the sinews of war."

A BRIEF CORRESPONDENCE.

A West Virginia coal operator who is represented in New York by his son recently wrote the following letter concerning a shipment of bituminous coal:

October 16, 1904.

"DAD."

In a few days the following answer was sent:

New York, October 23, 1904.

"DAD."

"JIM."

Translated into the vernacular this reads: "Jim, see my coal on Dad."

"Dad, coal on Jim."

ENGLISH HUMOR.

Charles M. Pepper, the newspaper man who was appointed a commissioner on the Intercontinental railway commission, tells an amusing story in which the main figure is Henry Norman, the British Journalist. Norman visited Washington a few years ago.

One evening just before the departure of the Britisher it was determined to put up a joke on him at the Press club. A Mr. Decker was selected to be the perpetrator. This gentleman arose in his seat and, taking a small bell from his pocket, addressed Mr. Norman as follows:

"Sir, I have been designated by my fellow members to convey to you an expression of our pleasure. On behalf of the National Press club of Washington I am instructed to give you this ring."

As he uttered the word "ring" Mr. Decker rapped the bell smartly and placed it upon the table.

It was plainly to be seen that the Englishman was taken aback. After a good deal of hemming and hawing he replied:

"Mr. Decker and members of the National Press club, words fail me. I am overwhelmed. With respect to this gift, which I am pleased to receive, I suppose that Mr. Decker, as was only natural in the embarrassment of the moment, for we newspaper men are notoriously poor speakers, has made a mistake, for he has, as you see, given me a bell instead of a ring!"

OUR ENGLISH COUSINS.

"Whenever reference is made to the liking entertained for Americans by our English cousins and of the courtesies shown us by them," says Bliss Carman, the poet, "I recall with amusement the experience of certain ladies of my acquaintance who on arriving at Southampton were embarrassed by the fact that a friend whom they were expecting to meet there had failed to put in an appearance. While they were casting about in their minds what course to pursue a nice looking Britisher of advanced age, observing that the party were in some doubt as to their movements, approached and politely inquired whether he might be of service to them."

"Thank you so much!" exclaimed one of the ladies, explaining the situation, an adding:

"You see, we are quite ignorant of the best way to get to our destination, having just arrived from America."

"Indeed!" replied the elderly Britisher. "Just from America? We have quite a number of your countrymen in jail here, madam."

"How can you say so," exclaimed his spouse, "when the clock has just struck two?"

"All right," said the Virginian, his voice indicating virtuous indignation. "All right! If you choose to take the word of a d—d Yankee clock against that of a Virginian gentleman you may do so; but I have my opinion of you!"

"What time is it?"

"It is early, my dear," responded the Virginian.

"How can you say so," exclaimed his spouse, "when the clock has just struck two?"

"All right," said the Virginian, his voice indicating virtuous indignation. "All right! If you choose to take the word of a d—d Yankee clock against that of a Virginian gentleman you may do so; but I have my opinion of you!"

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