Woman's Love

O! say not woman's love is bought
With vain and empty treasure;
O! 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!

O! say not woman's false as fair;
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 EDDY

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 his way back. There seemed nothing 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 as acknowledged leader of an exclusive coterie in New York he had repressed all his emotions under the imperturable 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 flat 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 busied themselves reading. At last a low laugh roused him. The elder 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

Quite the most charming girl.

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 daintily booted foot which had peeped from under a mass of laces 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 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

"Wasn't it effrontery?"

his well-bred, conventional mind to inquire her out and force and 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 its 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 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 affection, "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—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.

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 hears 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 druggist. 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.

Spurned.

They met on another planet
When the thing that men call death
Had freed them of foolish vestments
And given them deeper breath.
There, at the gate of a garden,
He saw her serenely stand;
He eagerly rushed 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, why treat me so?
I swore that I would follow
Wherever you should stray,
And I have hastened, sweet one;
I died but yesterday."

She looked upon him coldly
And then she made reply:
"Hunt out some other darling,'
Good morning and good-by.
You said that you would follow,
But that was long ago—
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 turfmen, 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.

"Missur 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.'

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

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:

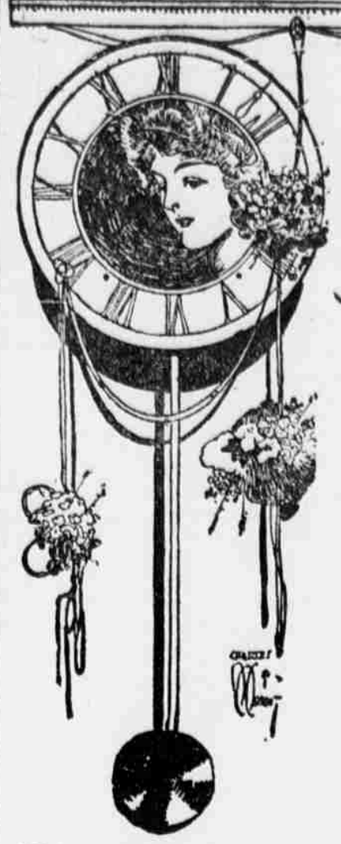
"You are in favor, are you not, of a sane and sensible observance of the Fourth of July? The public, I am sure, would be glad to hear your views on——"

"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

AS THE CLOCK TICKS



ONLY WANTED INFORMATION.

As it is Capt. Frank Conn's business to build trolley roads, he always patronizes them on principle whenever possible and eschews cabs. When he emerged from the Hotel Marie Antoinette the other day a cab driver accosted him with the regulation, "Keb, sir, keb?"

"How much to the Long Island ferry?"

"Two dollars, sir."

"No."

"All right, sir; make it a dollar and a half."

"Is that your lowest?"

"Yes, sir; isn't that cheap enough?"

"Oh, I suppose so."

"All right then. Jump in."

"Oh, I don't want a cab. I only wanted to find out how much I would save by taking a street car."

ORIGIN OF THE "HOOSIERS."

Thomas Taggart, who may be accepted as an authority on the subject, tells a picturesque story of the origin of the word Hoosier.

"When the first settlers," he says, "came to Indiana from the Carolinas and Kentucky they built their little log cabins along a common road, and as the cabins all looked alike, it became the custom for any one seeking friends to go along the road calling out at each cabin: 'Who's here?' From this the original settlers came to be known as Hoosiers."

H-A-Y, HAY—DRIED GRASS.

As might well be expected, the name of the present secretary of state is familiar to nearly all Americans, and evidence of his claim to a place in their memories was furnished recently by a little incident that happened while a farmer, rejoicing in his monosyllable cognomen, was talking over the long distance telephone. "Mr. Hay" was given as an answer to the frequent telephone question, "Who is there?" But Mr. Hay was requested to repeat his name, and his interlocutor, failing to catch it again and 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 manoeuvers 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, disgustedly 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.

"Jim:

;

"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 thing 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 them 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, and 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.'"

THE VIRGINIAN AND THE CLOCK.

At the luncheon following the launching of the submarine torpedo boat Simon Lake X. Mr. Foster M. Voorhees, former governor of New Jersey, told this story on a distinguished Virginian:

The son of the Old Dominion had been out with the boys. As he softly opened the hall door the melodious voice of his better half greeted him with the query:

"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!"

WOES OF A STAGE MANAGER.

"While we all felt that we had troubles of our own in the recent disastrous production of 'Bird Center,' in New York," said George Richards, who had a leading part in the play, "the stage manager's troubles eclipsed all the rest. Everything seemed to go wrong for him.

"One of the many slips that happened was when the piano heirloom, fifty years in the family was brought out. It proved to be a new upright of the most modern style. Then, in making the Welsh rabbit with baking powder it was supposed to swell up and lift the lid. To get this effect a cream colored toy rubber balloon was to be used and blown up at the proper moment. They could only find red balloons, and so for the first time in the history of cooking a red Welsh rabbit was evolved from the chafing dish.

"Then water would not come from the pump; but, to crown all, when the brandy was poured into the glasses (it was really ginger ale and had become warm) it foamed up. Imagine foaming brandy! After that we lost all hope."

HOW TO TREAT A SPRAIN.

Insist on Perfect Rest Before Arrival of Doctor.

The question of how to treat a sprain is often raised. Everybody understands the nature of a sprain; that wrenching of a joint whereby some of the ligaments (those very useful bands which unite the bones forming the joint) are violently stretched, or perhaps even ruptured.

This kind of injury is rarely, except through unusual complications, dangerous in its nature, but it is certainly very painful, and when of a serious nature, may result in the permanent impairment of the joint. Such an injury, if at all severe, is immediately followed by marked swelling of the parts, and prompt attention should be given anticipating the surgeon's coming.

The very first item in the treatment of a sprain is perfect rest of the limb until a doctor can be summoned. Reduce the swelling by applications of hot fomentations, as hot as can be endured, change about once in every three hours. If a piece of oilskin be not at hand, use common newspaper.

Wind it carefully outside the hot cloth; this will prevent the escape of the steam, and prevent the cloth from cooling. A good way to save the hands from being scalded is to place the hot, dripping flannel in a towel, then, taking hold of each end of the towel, to wring it until the flannel is dry enough to apply.

Mexican Journals.

Mexico is credited with being at the head of the Latin-American countries in the matter of letters. Besides possessing the oldest organs of Spanish-American journalism, it is said to have in active existence the first library established in America, which is now at least 300 years old. In Chile, Argentina and Peru there are papers that have been published for fifty years and more. One is the El Comercio, of Lima, which has had a career of sixty years of uninterrupted daily issue.

Really Weak Soup.

Sir Percy Sanderson, the British consul general in New York, was talking on the Etruria about weak soup.

"As good a description of weak soup as I know," he said, "came from the lowly lips of a poor woman in the east end of London. She was destitute last winter, and a parish visitor advised her to apply for soup at a neighboring soup kitchen.

"She got some soup, but she did not like it. This is what she said of it to the visitor when he called next day:

"'Do you call that stuff soup? Why, all they do is to get a quart of water and boil it down to a pint to make it strong.'"

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 joyous 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 walks to and fro—
Decorum's guard pro tem,—
Until Jack takes his hat to go,
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 what may happen yet
At half-past Nine P. M.?

—Roy Farrell Greene in New York [illegible]

Find Skeletons of Missing Me[illegible]

The skeletons of four men who [illegible]terously disappeared there, [illegible] two days, twenty years ago, have [illegible] discovered in an old water hole [illegible] Quartzite, Ariz. They were on [illegible] way to California and no doubt [illegible] murdered for their money.

Cigars for Russian Soldiers

A Prussian firm has receiv[illegible] order from the Russian gover[illegible] for 4,000,000 cigars for the arm[illegible] Manchuria. They are to cost $[illegible] hundred.

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 [illegible] the dog. Goldi[illegible] woman forev[illegible]