A MAN'S WOMAN.

he is not sweet, the woman that I love.

I Nor is she fair,
for wise in any love that books can tell,
And yet she knows the secret of a spell
From feet to hair.

Ah, no, not wise, the woman that I love.

She is not fair, the woman that I love,
Nor is she wise.
Nor sweet, and yet, she sp aks from feet to
bair.
With turn of waist, or throat, and I am there,
Held in hor eyes.
Ah, no, not fair, the woman that I love.

She is not wise, the woman that I love,
Nor is she aweet.
Nor fair The spell she whaves, is it of sense?
'Tis undefined and subtle, yet intense—
Flame without heat.
Als, no, not sweet, the woman that I love.

Not fair, nor swest, nor was beyond a name. Beyond a name. Incarnate mystery of negatives Unsolved, unsolved it a spell tant lives! Elus.ve flame. That which she is, the woman that I love.—Old English Poem. Not fair, nor sweet, nor wise is she I love,

THE LETTER TO ROSE.

Night had fallen on the banks of the Chippaloga, and the fight was over. It had been het and flerce while it lastand the battered remnant of Southern troops, though at last they had been forced to fight, leaving one-third their force on the field, had thinned

the numbers of their conquerors. To Roland Pearse, monotonously, tramping on sentry duty along the track worn by his own feet in the snow at a tantalizing distance from the nearest of the small watch-fires which gleamed around the central one, where the officers were sunk in sleep, it seemed as if the dawn would never come. A year's hard campaigning had toughened him to all accidents of war, and the coldest and longest night's watch after the hardest day's fighting or marching came to him, as a rule, naturally enough. But he had been wounded in the fight, though not seriously, yet painfully, and between the consequent loss of blood and the bitcold was weary well nigh to death. In the dead stillness of the night the monotonous chant of the river near at hand combined with weakness and weariness to stupely his senses, and for minutes together he shuffled along the track he had worn in the snow. with a quite unconscious persistence, awakening at the end of his beat with a nerve-shattering start, and falling asleep again ere he had well turned to retrace his steps. At last, a deeper doze was terminated by his falling at full length in the snow. He gathered his stiff, cold limbs together, and limped along shivering, swearing at the snow which had penetrated dif-ferent loopholes of his ragged uniform, and, slowly melted by contact with his scarce warmer skin, served at least to keep him awake. He drew from his pocket a flask containing a modicum of whiskey. It was little enough-he could have gratefully drunk twice the amount: but, with a self-denial taught by many bitter experiences, he took only a mouthful and reserved the rest for future needs. With a vague idea that a new beat

would somewhat relieve the monotony of his watch, he struck into another track and trudged resolutely at right angles with his former course, the two lines of footsteps making a girantic cross upon the snow. His form r las-situde was again beginning to conquer him, when it was suddenly dissipated by a voice which rang out on the stillness with startling suddenness, instinct with anguish:

"If you have the heart of a man in your breast, for God's sake, help me!" Twenty feet from where he stood Roland beheld the figure of a man raised feebly on one elbow above the level of the snow. There was only just light enough to distinguish it. He approached it cautiously, with his rifle advanced and shooting rapid glances from the prostrate figure to every clump of snow-covered herbage or inequality of ground which might afford shelter for an ambuscade. "I am alone," the man said.

He spoke each word upon a separate sob of pain and weakness. He wore the Southern uniform, and Roland saw that one arm and one leg dragged from his body, helpless and distorted. An old sabre cut traversed his face from the cheek-bone to the temple. He looked the very genius of defeat.

"I am dying!" he panted to Roland. The young man pulled his beard as he looked down at him, and shrugged his shoulders with a scarce perceptible

"I know," said the Southerner, "I don't growl at that. I've let daylight in a few of your fellows in my time, and would again if I got the chance. Now it's my turn, and I'm going to take it quiet. But I want to say something-to write something to my wife in Charleston. Will you do that for me? It isn't much for a man to ask of another. I don't want to die and rot in this cursed wilderness without saying good-by to her.'

You must look sharp, then," said Roland, kneeling beside him, "for I shall be called into camp in a few

He took an old letter from his pocket and with numbed fingers began to write, at the wounded man's dictation, on its blank side.

"My darling Rose," he began.
Roland started as if stung by a snake, and bent a sudden look of questioning anger on his companion's face. The Southerner looked back at him for a moment with a look of surprise. Then his face changed.

"Jim Vickers!" said Roland.
"Roland Pearse!" cried the other,
and for a moment there was silence

between them. "Last time your name passed my lips," said Roland, slowly, "I swore to put a bullet in you on sight."

"I guess you needn't," said Vickers; "Twe got two already. Not that I'm particular to a bullet or so, only you might finish the letter first, anyhow. For God's sake, Pearse," he continued, sudden emotion conquering his dare-devil cynicism, "write the letter! It's for Rose. She won't have a cent in the world if I can't send her the news I want you to write, and she and the child will starve. I got her by a trick, I know, and a nasty trick, too; but I'd have done murder to get her. She was the one woman I ever cared a straw for really. And she loves me, too. Shoot me, if you like; but for God's sake write the letter."

Roland bent his head over the scrap

of paper again.
"Go on," he said, hoarsely, and Vick-

ers went on, panting out the words with an eagerness which proved the incerity of his affection. The letter nad regard to the disposition of certain sums of money for which the roucher had been destroyed by fire Juring the siege of Philadelphia two days previously. It was scarcely ended when a bugle sounded from the

"That's the sentinel's recall," said Roland. "I must get in. I'll forward

the letter the first chance I get."

He rose, Vickers, with a dumb agony of grateful entreaty in his face, feebly held up his left hand-the right arm was shattered. After a moment's hesitation Roland bent and took it.

"Here," he said, "take this," He dropped his flask beside him. "Keep your heart up; perhaps you ain't as bad as you think. I'll see if I can get help for you."

Tears started to the wounded

wretch's eyes. "Rose had better have taken you, I

guess," he said. Renald turned sharply away "I'll be back as quickly as I can," he said, and ploughed his way back into camp without a single backward glance. Coming to a large tent, the

only one in the camp, roughly run up as a temporary hospital, he passed between two rows of prostrate figures, sunk in the sleep of exhaustion or tossing in agony, to where a man in the uniform of an army surgeon was bending, pipe in mouth, over the body of a patient. "I want to speak to you when you've finished, Ned."

The surgeon nodded without raising his eyes, completed his task, ran his blood-stained fingers wearily through his hair and turned to Roland with a yawn and a shiver.

That's the last of 'em," he said. "I've been at it since nightfall, and I'm dead beat. Cut it short, old man; we start in an hour, and I meant to get a wink of sleep.

'I'm afraid you'll have to do without said Roland. "Do you remember Jim Vickers?"

"Jim Vickers," repeated the surgeon. 'Oh, yee! The man who married Rose

Roland winced and nodded. "He's out there, shot in the arm and leg. Says he's dying. He didn't know me, and asked me to write a word for him to Rose-to his wife. I want you

The surgeon shrugged, with a half yawn. "He's a reb, I suppose? Haven't seen

to come and have a look at him."

him in our crowd."
"Yes," said Roland, "but one man is pretty much the same to you as another, I reckon, and-you know Rose.

You might save him.' Ned shrugged again, tossed some lint and other necessaries into a bag on the table, and they set out together. They found Vickers asleep, with the empty whiskey flask lying on the snow beside him.

There was a ruined shed at a hundred yards' distance, to which they carried the wounded man, who woke and groaned as he was raised. Arrived under shelter, Ned silently be-took himself to examining Vickers' wounds. Arm and leg were both shattered, and three of his ribs were broken by a horse's hoof. Roland watched his friend's face, but it wore the aspect of even gravity common to the faces of men of his profession en-gaged at their work, and nothing was to be learned from it. His task finished, he patted his patient's shoulder, collected his tools and left the shed Roland followed him to the door. "What do you think? Can he pull

"He would with proper nursing and

good food; not without."

"No, the colonel wouldn't hear of We have to join Meade at Petersburg in two days, and we can't afford to be bothered with lame prisoner. Leave him some biscuit and a bottle of whiskey, and let him take his

"I can't leave him," said Roland.
"You've got mighty fond of him all
of a sudden," said Ned, with something of a sneer."

"I'm as fond of him as I always was," answered Roland. "It's Rose." 'Well," said the other, after a moment's silence, and with the air he might have worn had he found him-self forced to apply the knife to the flesh of his own child, "if you want my opinion you shall have it. You'll do a long sight better business for Rose if you let the fellow die. And, besides, you can't save him. He'd take months to heal up in hospital, with every care and attention."

'I might take it," said Roland. "And be shot for desertion?"

"That's as may be. The chances are shouldn't be missed till you were too far away to send back for me. I must go and answer to my name, and then see if I can't drop behind."

Ned held his head in his hands as if

it would else burst with the folly of his friend's ideas.

"I can't stay here all day talking nonsense," he said angrily. "I'm off into camp." He strode away, and Roland kept pace with him. He did not need his friend's assurance of the folly of the act he meditated. He quite recognized that, but it was only in the back-ground of his thoughts, which were filled with the memory of a woman's How could he leave the man Rose loved to die, while any possible

effort of his might suffice to save him? "Somebody might come along and give me a hand to get him to the nearest town," said Roland, vaguely,

but tenaciously. "The nearest town is thirty miles away. How would you get him there? It's impossible. Besides, look at this." He pointed to the sky, an even blank of thick gray cloud. "That'll be fall-ing in another hour. You'd be snowed And then-hang it all, man, I must be as mad as you are to discuss the thing at all. You don't suppose you're going to get leave of absence to

nurse a Johnny Reb?"

The first flakes of the coming snowstorm fell as the detachment started. It marched in very loose order, for the road was rough, the snow deep, most of the men more or less broken with wounds and fatigue, and it was known that no enemy was within sixty miles Roland fell, little by little, to the rear. where the clumsy country wagons lumbered along full of the wounded under Ned's charge.

"You'll take care of the letter," he whispered, and thrust it into his

friend's hand. "Good-bye. I shall fall in with the next detachment if I pull through long enough. If not-

He nodded, and at a sudden turn of the road, here quickly surounded by maple and hemlock, darted among the trees, and listened, with his heart in his ears, to the jungle and clatter of arms as his comrades marched on. It died away upon the snow-laden air, and he retraced his steps to the shed with an armful of dry leaves and twigs, with which, by the sacrifice of one of his few remaining cartridges, he speedily made a blazing fire. Vickers lay quiet, watching him through half-shut lids.

"Say, Roland," he said, presently, "what sort of game is this?"
"I'm going to see if I can pull you through," said Roland, with an af-fectation of cheerfulness.

"You can't," said Vickers; "I heard what Ned said just now. I'm booked for the journey through, I know it. Don't be a feel. Follow the boys and leave me here. I'm beyond any man's help. You won't? Well, you always were a nutmeg-headed sort of creature. I never knew you to have more than one idea at a time, and that one wasn't worth much, as a general thing. But this is madness, sheer, stark mad-Look at the snow! Another hour or two and we shall be snowed up. It's just chucking a good life after bad one. I know you ain't doing it for me. It's for Rose. Well, if it was any use, I wouldn't say no. But it isn't. I shall be a dead man in twenty-four hours at most. Nothing can save me."

"I'm just going to the wood," said Roland, taking up his gun, and speaking in a quite casual tone. "If there's any game about, this weather will drive it under cover. I'll be back

presently, anyhow."
He flung some of the broken timber of the shed upon the fire and went

He had not taken six paces through the blinding flakes when Vicker's voice rang out with startling loudness and auddenness. "Good-by, Roland!" and a loud report seemed to shake the

crazy old hut to its foundation. Roland ran lack. Vickers was lying dead, with firelight playing brightly on the barrel of a revolver clinched in his left hand.

Ten minutes later he was lying in a deep snow drift, and Roland tramping through the snow on the track of his detachment.

Slept and Died in a Coffin. An interesting and original person, named Vaszary Rovacs, died in Hungary recently. He had been a Honved in 1848, and then became a popular comic actor. When too old to go on the boards he discovered a strange occupation, which harmonized with the hobbies he entertained all his life. For a small fee he carried the wooden cross customary in Hungary in all the funeral processions of the capital. The last time he was noticed in this part, which (our correspondent says) played like a true actor, was at Kossuth's funeral. With his snow-white beard and ficwing white hair, the wooden cross in his right hand, and the left on his sword, he was a con-spicuous and dramatic figure. For the last twenty years of his life he slept in his coffin, which, with his own hand, he had painted in the national colors of Hungary. He died in the coffin, and his last wish was that the lid should be merely nailed over him, and that no one should touch his dead

Who is the Owner?

body.-London Daily News.

The law of finding is not generally anderstood, but it was declared many years ago, and it is well to note the case and the decision. A visitor to a store found a wallet containing a sum of money. He handed the wallet with its contents to the merchant, to be returned to the owner. After three years the owner having failed to appear, the finder demanded the wallet and the money from the merchant. The latter refused to deliver them on the ground that they were found on his premises. The finder then sued the shopkeeper. It was decided that, against all the world but the owner, the title of the finder is perfect. The receiver of an article found is only a trustee, first of the owner, then of the finder, if the owner does not appear. The receiver has no right to keep an article against the finder any more than the finder has to keep it against the owner.-Buffalo

"Hell-Fire Dick."

Gen. Sir William Olpherts, V. C., is the possessor of a unique sobriquet. The manner in which he obtained it shows the kind of metal of which the fine old hero is made. At the time he was serving before Lucknow he was a dashing, daring captain. He was told that one of his guns would burst if it were served with another shell like the last. But another shell was necessary, and Olpherts was determined it should be fired. His gunners hesitated, and without another word the captain seated himself astride the gun.
"Arrah, ye devils," said he, "will ye fire now?" They did; the gun did not burst; and the captain dismounted amid the cheers of his men. This is how the general is known unto this day as "Hell-fire Dick." But why, "Dick" instead of "Bill?" That, however, must be asked the soldiers.— London Leader.

The Khedive's Amusements. Although the youthful khedive of Egypt does not smoke and is strictly obedient to the koran's injunction not to use strong drink, he finds various ways of amusing himself. One is in his yachts, of which he has four, the largest being about as big as an ocean liner. Under his rule woman's position is fast improving in Egypt and harem life is disappearing. Mohammedan law an Egyptian is permitted to have four wives, but at present it is considered bad form for a man to have more than one.

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"I took to smoking again. That allayed the craving right off."-Texas Siftings.

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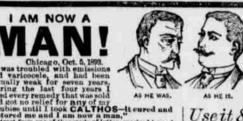
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