

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, Her coat and her vest and a' that, And a' that and a' that.

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 still drove up, but it was over the straw covered road they came, and their occupants only tarried 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, sorrow marked and stricken in years, who waited for the call and prayed it might come quickly, yet waited and prayed in vain.

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—nay, nor even long delayed.

The doctor, who knew too well the signs of those fatal envious, 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.

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 30 years and more ago.

How slowly the hours passed for the watchers, and yet surely they passed too quickly—just so many hundred more vibrations of the pendulum, just a few striking of the hour, and all would be over for her so richly endowed with life, that she should never live her life.

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.

"What did she say, nurse?" "One word only—'Lilney.'"

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

A SUBJECT RACE.

They knew not whence the tyrant came; They did not even know his name. Yet he compelled them one and all To bow in bondage to his thrall.

THE MILK WHITE DOE.

The sound was so faint that only the ears of the skilled huntsman might hear it. It came from hundreds of tiny hoofs, muffled by the grass in the mountain park.

"Antelope!" Together we lay face downward, I and my Indian guide, with our long rifles at easy rest, and awaited the coming of the band. It dashed over a hogsback and into full view, a wildly leaping, struggling, maddening mass of red, dish brown, white tufted bodies stretched to the fullest speed.

"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 'Lilney'? Is it a man's name?"

"Yes," said she, "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.'"

"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 come, and the woman breathed her last in her husband's arms.

"Lilney! Lilney!" muttered the doctor on his way home. "I wonder who he is. I should like to let him know his villainy is known, to threaten the life of the scoundrel, to break every bone in his body. Lilney, Lilney. Nurse will have to tell me who he is."

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

There is a little arrangement of my own invention, which many ladies, bicycle riders, have found satisfactory, used to adjust an ordinary skirt to a comfortable riding length. About eight inches from the belt sew on the seams on the under side of the skirt little brass rings, about the size of an old fashioned 5 cent silver piece. Then put the rings between the seams, so they are about six or eight inches apart; then sew on another row diagonally opposite these rings, about six inches lower down on the skirt. Through these rings run a stout, black, smooth cord, the ends coming out into the pocket on the right side.

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B. R. & P. Time Table.

The Short Line from DuBois, Ridgway, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester N. Y., and points in the upper Oil Region.

C. & M. Division.

STATIONS	Read up	Read down
Falls Creek	6:30	6:30
Clearfield	6:40	6:40
Clearfield Junction	6:50	6:50
Clearfield	7:00	7:00
Falls Creek	7:10	7:10

Beech Creek Railroad

STATIONS	Read up	Read down
Falls Creek	6:30	6:30
Clearfield	6:40	6:40
Clearfield Junction	6:50	6:50
Clearfield	7:00	7:00
Falls Creek	7:10	7:10

CONNECTIONS

Through Pullman Sleeping Car between DuBois, Clearfield, all intermediate points, and Philadelphia in both directions daily, except Sunday, on train Nos. 25 and 26.

P. R. R. Time Tables.

In effect May 20th, 1895. Main Line, Leave Crosson—Eastward.

SUNQUERANA EXTENSION

Morning train leaves Cherrytree at 6:25; Barnestown, 6:55; Spangler 7:25; Carrolltown Road, 7:55; and connects with train for Crosson at Bradley Junction at 8:25.

P & N W Railroad.

STATIONS	Read up	Read down
Falls Creek	6:30	6:30
Clearfield	6:40	6:40
Clearfield Junction	6:50	6:50
Clearfield	7:00	7:00
Falls Creek	7:10	7:10

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