

THE ONE FAIR WOMAN.

BY WM. W. LONG.

The one fair woman of the wide, wide world.
—Browning.

Others for others, but she for me—
—Hay.

I have stood in the merry halls of mirth,
'Mid the clash, and glitter, and glare,
Where jewels flashed and bright eyes
gleamed.

'Neath brows divinely fair,
There were beauties there of every type,
And hearts overflowing with glee;
But 'mid that throng of bright-eyed belles
The one fair woman I could not see.

On the sun-kissed tide of Como's Lake
I have whilst bright hours away,
And from Vesuvius' mount of fire—
Watched the sun die out o'er Naples' Bay.
I have floated away on the Tiber's breast
In a white-sailed shallop light and free,
I have rambled the marble streets of Rome;
But never her face could I see.

I have breathed the air in tropical bower,
And drank from the desert well;
I have stood in the drift of polar snows,
And slept in Titan's Dell.
In every land beneath the heavens
Beautiful women I've seen;
But none ever wore the sweet, sweet face
Of the one fair woman—my queen.

I have mingled at the festal board,
When laugh and song went round,
And drank the health, in sparkling wine,
To the bride with rosebuds crowned.
I have gazed on many a lovely face
Beaming with love-light free;
But to my heart there came no thrill—
The one fair woman I could not see.

I have stood and watched the stars come
out.

Beneath a southern sky,
Fair Lina gliding from the east,
A queen of light on high;
Then, with a longing in my breast,
I've turned again to see,
If 'mid the gems in Beauty's bower
There was one woman for me.

They call me strange, a dreamer wild,
A wander far and wide.
From the eastern skies of the rising sun
To the west, where he sets in pride.
Others may win and take their choice,
But among them are none for me;
My lonely heart must wander on
Till the one fair woman I see.
PALMYRA, VA.

POOR AND PROUD.

"I'm afraid we can't go to Saratoga this summer," said Mrs. Whitby to her eldest daughter, a stylish-looking girl of nineteen. "I have pinched and contrived in every possible way, and yet I can hardly make both ends meet."

"But what will everybody say of us?" answered the daughter.

"Very true," replied the mother.

So they went to Saratoga. By what strategy it was effected we cannot pretend to tell. Some people have a way of cutting down their servants' wages, and of haggling with a seamstress about the price of a day's work; and Mrs. Whitby was one of these. It was by what she called economy, but plain people call meanness, that she saved the money for her summer trip. The day had been fixed for their departure, and the elder daughter had begun to pack her trunk, when Mrs. Whitby came into the room, with an open letter in her hand and dismay written on her countenance.

"You might as well put your things back in your drawers," said the mother. "Here is a letter from your aunt Ellen. She is sick and out of work as well as out of money, she says. I declare, it's too provoking. She has always been a burden to the family. She might have married when she was young, and then your father wouldn't have had to support her, as he has had to, half the time. There was old Mr. Smith was dying for her, when she was young, and still pretty. But with her ridiculous notions about love and similarity of tastes she refused him; and now, without a penny, would starve, if it wasn't for us. And goodness knows, we've enough to do to take care of ourselves."

"But, ma, we can't give up Saratoga," said the daughter. "We should never be able to hold up our heads again, if we do. People will suspect the truth. We've talked too much about it to stay at home. Besides, I told Dr. Burnet we were going; and he said at once that he'd meet us there." And she looked quite conscious. For Dr. Burnet was no antiquated physician with a gray poll and a gold-headed cane, but a handsome young man just entering his profession, and the inheritor of a competent income. All the girls in the Whitby set declared him "a love of a man." He was, in reality, very much more than this silly term implied, having first-rate abilities, a high sense of honor, and a manly character. The pretty face of Miss Whitby had pleased him, and he had been showing her considerable attention.

"That alters the case," said the mother, decidedly. "Your aunt must get somebody else to help her. She's not right, either, to ask us; we've already done enough for her. Besides, she'll get sewing again if she looks out sharp for it. Of course, it won't do to sit with her hands folded. I wonder what would become of us all if I did it?"

So they went to Saratoga. To have seen the Whitbys at Congress Hall, a stranger would have thought they had not a care on earth. Little did people there imagine the shifts to which Mrs. Whitby had been driven in order to raise funds for this expedition. Meantime Dr. Burnet was hurrying through his engagements, so that he might follow a certain pretty face to Saratoga. He was not one to neglect a duty, however; hence, while one or two patients continued so ill, he could not persuade himself that it was right to leave. But one day after watching a little boy through a dangerous illness, he was drawing on his gloves at his final visit, when the mother spoke:

"I wish, Doctor, if you could, you would go up stairs and see a sick lady. She has lodged in our front attic these last two years; you know we let a part of our house out to lodgers. She's a real lady, and has rich relations."

"Rich relations?" said the Doctor, "and she living in a garret?"

"Well, they live in good style and pretend to be somebody. But they let her starve almost. She's been out of work for a long time; the sewing machines, you know, make it hard for people that live by the needle; and now, I fear, she is really sick."

"Have these relations been applied to?"

"Yet they had money, it seems, to go to Saratoga."

"That's just it. If they were starving themselves there might be some excuse. But people that can afford to go to Saratoga can surely afford to help a relation."

"I don't believe Miss Whitby has had anything to eat for a week, except what I've sent up to her."

"What name did you say?" asked the Doctor, a strange feeling coming over him.

"Whitby. She's an own sister to Lawyer Whitby, who has the pretty daughter."

"I will go up," said the Doctor. "As you say, I may do some good."

"Good heavens!" said the Doctor to himself, as he rode away, "what an escape I have made. To think that there should be such people in the world. Poor and proud! Poor and proud! That, I suppose, is the whole story. To keep up appearances they let their own flesh and blood die of starvation. The last time I made a morning call at the Whitbys, Miss Clara was sitting in the drawing-room, in costly slippers and morning dress, dawdling over a novel. What shams they are! It is clear, too, that the heartless indifference of her relations is hastening this poor old creature's death."

"Oh, yes. She sent, I know, just before they went off to Saratoga. She was too sick to go herself, so she wrote a note and got my eldest boy to take it. But her sister-in-law wrote word back that they'd enough to do to take care of themselves."

Dr. Burnet did not go to Saratoga. The Whitbys wondered why, and still hoped he would come, till, at last, their time was up, and they were forced to go home. But, when there, the mystery was explained. A note was found on the table, which had been left there that day, announcing the death of their aunt. The note was in the handwriting of Dr. Burnet. A little inquiry revealed to the Whitbys that the Doctor had supported the invalid during the last month of her existence, and even made arrangements for her burial "unless," as the note said in conclusion, "Mr. Whitby, as the nearest relative, would prefer assuming direction of the said ceremonies."

They saw that no explanation that could be made would satisfy the Doctor. So they did not attempt it. But Mr. Whitby paid the undertaker's bill, and forwarded a check to Dr. Burnet, in a formal note, for "professional services." The check was returned in a blank envelope.

Dr. Burnet is now married. He first met his wife, we happen to know, in the house of a poor family, where the same common humanity had led them both. He met her there several times, and had fallen in love with her before he knew her name. At last she passed him one day in one of the stateliest equipages of the city. But he married Helen Wakefield, not for her fortune, but for her accomplishments and work.

It's Tail in the Air.

Yes, a tree is an underground creature, with its tail in the air. All its intelligence is in its roots. Think what sagacity it shows in its search after food and drink. Somehow or other, the rootlets, which are its tentacles, find out that there is a brook at a moderate distance from the trunk of the tree, and they make for it with all their might. They find every crack in the rocks where there are a few grains of the nourishing substance they care for and insinuate themselves into its deepest recesses. When spring and summer come they let their tails grow, and delight in whisking them about in the wind, or letting them be whisked about by it; for these tails are poor, passive things, with very little will of their own and bend in whatever direction the wind chooses to make them.

The leaves make a good deal of noise whispering. I have sometimes thought I could understand them as they talked with each other, and that they seemed to think they made the wind as they wagged forward and back. Remember what I say. The next time you see a tree waving in the wind, remember that it is the tail of a great underground many-armed, polypus-like creature which is as proud of its caudal appendage, especially in summer time, as a peacock of his gorgeous expanse of plumage.

Do you think there is anything so very odd about this idea? Once get it well into your heads and you will find it renders the landscape wonderfully interesting. There are as many kinds of tree tails as there are of tails to dogs and other quadrupeds. Study them as Daddy Gilpin studied them in his "Forest Scenery," but don't forget that they are only the appendage of the underground vegetable polypus, the true organism to which they belong.—Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the Atlantic.

The Potato Crop and Starch.

The poor potato yield this year will have a disastrous effect on the wearers of linen shirts. Why? No potatoes, no starch; no starch, no white shirts. Therefore, some enterprising citizen might make a fortune by purchasing all the flannel shirts which now sell at such tempting figures and secure a "corner" on them. The fact that the crop is so small that there will hardly be enough potatoes for table use, let alone for starch factories, will make the individual who can boast of a generous array of flannel shirts a person to be envied. Potatoes now sell at 75 cents to \$1 a bushel, while last year they could be had at from 15 cents to 25 cents. Therefore, merchants feel as though the demand could hardly be supplied. The first crop was a failure, and hopes are centered on a later crop. If that turns out poorly, potatoes will be classed with such luxuries as ice and coal.

How to Walk.

Square your shoulders, expand your chest and look out for your chin. That is the pivot upon which depends the poise of the machine. Step out easily and firmly, letting the ball of the foot strike the ground, first so that you get the benefit of that beneficial spring which Dame Nature built into your instinct to save the rattle and jar to the whole system which people who will persist in walking on their heels inflict on their anatomy.

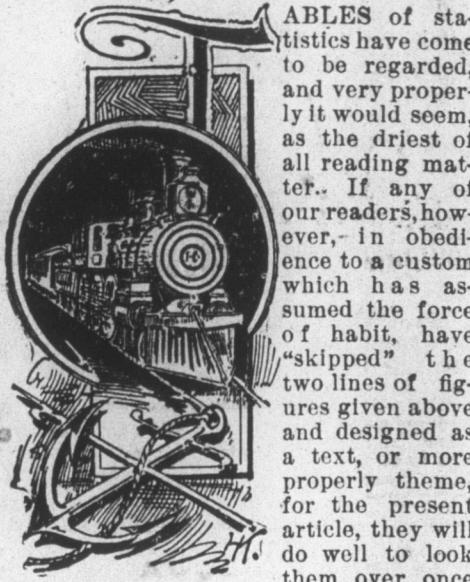
1840 - 4,479.



IT READS LIKE FICTION.

MARVELS SUGGESTED BY THE CENSUS REPORT.

The Phenomenal Growth of Chicago—Population Which Increases by Multiplication, Not Addition—Doubling Eight Times in Fifty Years—Living Chicagoans Hunted Wolves in the Present City Limits—The Great Fire, and the Wonderful City Which Resulted from It—Many Things in Which the World's Fair City Leads the Universe.



ABLES of statistics have come to be regarded, and very properly it would seem, as the driest of all reading matter. If, any of our readers, however, in obedience to a custom which has assumed the force of habit, have "skipped" the two lines of figures given above and designed as a text, or more properly the theme, for the present article, they will do well to look them over once more and read them attentively. They are the footings—the last unofficial—of the population of the city of Chicago, taken from the United States Census Reports of the years 1840 and 1890, respectively. Between them lies an interval of only one half century—a half century of such marvelous growth and wonderful development as to well nigh make one doubt the evidences of his own senses, and imagine it a section of that long, past age when genii waved magic wands and palaces like that of Aladdin rose to perfection in a single night.

Chicago is at present, and for three years and more to come will be, for that matter, a cynosure for the eyes of the entire civilized world. In 1893 the World's Columbian Fair will be held there, and all previous international expositions completely eclipsed.

But amid the brilliancy and wonders of it all, the city will stand out as the greatest of all "exhibits." Many pens are writing accounts of the rise and progress of the famous city, and many pencils depicting the magnificent work of her architects and engineers, yet there seems no danger of the matter

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As the great civil war is used as a point of time from which most of our people date and antedate events, so the Chicago fire has provided the residents of the city with a starting point from which all historical occurrences and private experiences are reckoned.

Great in her successes and triumphs, Chicago is not to be outdone even in her misfortunes.

On the night of Oct. 8th, 1871, the kicking of a cow overturned a lamp in a stable in the West Division not far from the river, and kindled the most disastrous conflagration of which the annals of history make mention.

The preceding day the greatest fire in the history of the city had swept away several blocks in the West Division, but this had been lost sight of and forgotten in the awful holocaust which ensued on the 8th and 9th.

At midnight of that dreadful day the flames leaped across the river and assailed the commercial quarter of the great metropolis. Despite the frantic

efforts of the brave firemen, its course could not be stayed. It soon burst all attempted bonds of restraint, and, like an insatiate demon, swept on, through blocks devoted to squalor, vice, and poverty, to the briar and marble palaces beyond.

So rapid was the march of the fire that within two hours long lines of magnificent "fire-proof" buildings had gone up in flame and smoke, and down in twisted iron and broken fragments of brick and stone. At 3 o'clock the Court House, with its invaluable records, succumbed to the enemy, the great bell pealing what seemed a parting knell as it went crashing down.

From this moment the city was doomed. The fire swept on, crossed the river to the northward, and devastated the section lying along the lake for a distance of two and a half miles.

As a spectacle, it was, beyond doubt, the grandest as well as the most appalling ever presented to the eyes of mortal. From an elevated position the appear-

ance was that of a huge sea of flame, sweeping in vast breakers and billows over the doomed city. A square of substantial buildings would be submerged like a child's tiny heap of sand upon the beach of the ocean. Often the devouring element seemed to the horrified spectators to take personal form, and sweep mockingly down upon piles of massive marble, which seemed to disappear in the twinkling of an eye.

Including streets, an area of three and a third square miles was burned over. The number of buildings destroyed was more than 17,000, while 100,000 people were rendered homeless. About 200 persons lost their lives. It is estimated that the actual property loss, not including depreciation of real estate or delaying of business, amounted to nearly \$200,000,000, upon which comparatively little insurance was recovered.

So remarkable is the energy of the people of the Garden City, that business was not long interrupted. Residences were turned into stores, wooden buildings were extemporized, and before the first snow of winter had fallen, trade began to assume something of its wonted proportions. About three years later, July 14, 1874, another great fire swept

WOMAN'S RIGHT VERSUS WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY ANNA CERES FRITSCH.

ET those among our sisters who are dissatisfied because we are not permitted to cast the ballot, and who think that we are not enjoying a measure of rights because we are debarred from holding public offices of all kinds, stop to reflect. Are we not now enjoying all the rights we can possibly exercise, without burdening ourselves with political cares and worry?

We have so many rights that God, custom, and nature give us that most truly womanly women would not know what to do with rights that now belong to the male citizen only.

We have the right to cultivate the talents and gifts that God has measured out to us; we have the right to make a careful study of our own mental and moral peculiarities, faults and weaknesses of disposition; the right to nourish and develop all that is good and beautiful within us; and to weed out those qualities which tend to make us unhappy and to darken the lives of those with whom we come in contact. We have the right to comfort the afflicted, and to carry sunshine into hearts darkened by sorrow.

In most homes the mother yields a greater influence over the children than does the father, and here we find a golden opportunity for exercising woman's rights—the right to train up our children to true manhood and womanhood.

And we have the right to be "the power behind the throne," that is, by virtue of coaxing, teasing, and pouting, to induce our husbands and fathers to let us follow "our own sweet will."

We have the right to bear trials and misfortune with patience and fortitude, and we have the right to order our lives so that our children "shall rise up and call us blessed."

And the very men who now grasp the ballot tightly, and would prevent feminine hands from casting it, are among those who would willingly and gladly accord woman a degree of power of which she may well be proud.

Let a woman step into an assembly of men given to degraded habits, uncouth manners and coarse language. She need have no fear of having her fastidious taste offended by rude conduct, or that unseemly language will jar upon her ear. Why is it that this one refined woman can hold all these men in check during her presence among them? Simply because they willingly and spontaneously accord her the right and power that belong to womanhood.

In view of all these rights, dear to every feminine heart, can we afford to take upon ourselves still more, and with them the duties they impose?

And there is more to be considered in connection with the suffrage question.

It is unquestionably true that a woman has the legal right to do a great many things that are usually expected of the male only. It is also true that a sense of fitness and womanly dignity prevents most of us from attempting them. But to those women who groan because they are not permitted to fill public offices which they could not grace, and which would be no honor to them, we quote the words of Dr. Holland: "A woman certainly has the right to raise a mustache and sing bass if she wants to, but while I confess that every woman has a right to sing bass, I should not care to see it exercised to any great extent, for I think treble is by all odds the finer and more attractive part of music. Bass would be a bad thing for a cradle song, and could only silence the baby by scaring it. I will admit all the political rights that any woman claims, if she will only let me alone and keep her distance from me; she may sing bass, but I do not wish to hear her."

Dr. Holland expresses our view exactly. Verily, if we properly exercise the rights we have now, we shall have our hearts, hands, and brains so full that we shall not find time to wish for more.

THE ASSESSED VALUATION OF THE GOAT.

McCorkle (the newly appointed real estate assessor on his "rounds")—There, Misthur O'Toole, Oi've put in the premises at \$20 a front and the goat at \$10.

O'Toole—