

WOMAN IS THE HIGHEST

Remember I have heard this adage,
And I think it is a true one:
"It takes more to make a lady,
It takes more to make a woman."
Ladies with their studied graces,
Ladies with their snow-white hands,
Delicate and clear-cut faces,
Ladies high and ladies grand,
Clothed in velvet, robed in laces,
Much too fine for common touch,
Crowned and decked with pearls and rubies,
Not true woman, overmuch
Shallow, vain and superficial;
There are thousands simply human
Worthy of the name of lady,
Scarcely worth the name of woman.

Not for them the grand creations
Of a glorious womanhood;
Not for them the high ideals
Only soul hath understood;
Not for them the lofty mountains
Rising o'er life's desert waste;
They have eaten bread Sea Apples,
Let them fall upon their taste,
Woman mounting slowly upward,
Pure and steadfast, modest, sweet
As the violets, which are blooming
In some shaded, cool retreat;
Woman reaching out strong tendrils,
Earnest in the walks of life,
Treading in the path of duty
Through temptation, care and strife;
Woman in the garb of patience
Bending where she tried have stood,
Breaking bread for questioning spirits
Wearing crown of motherhood;
Woman diving, sculpturing, carving,
Making still this adage true one:
"It takes more to make a lady,
It takes more to make a woman."

Let the fires of fate burn higher,
Well, who cares? On downy bed
Sleeps the lady, but the woman
Walks the earth with stronger tread,
Vital are the latent forces
Which are stirred, the pearls lie deep,
And the win stem the courses
And who climb the mountain steep,
Write upon the heart this adage,
For we know it is a true one:
"It takes more to make a lady,
It takes more to make a woman."
Rumors P. Brown, in Woman's Journal.

His Second Wife.

"I must say, Mildred, that everybody
—I mean all your friends—were perfectly
astonished at your marrying
John Vernon," said Miss Lay, as she
tossed her gloves on the little table
before her, and settled herself comfortably
in her chair.

"All my friends. So that includes
you, of course," said Mildred, with a
little nervous laugh that was meant to
hide her annoyance.

"Well," and Miss Lay looked
thoughtfully up at the ceiling, then
down again. "I confess I was astonished!
In the first place your husband is
verging on forty, an age quite unsuited
to your youth and beauty," with a little
complimentary nod toward Mildred,
which the latter affected not to see—
"then you are his second choice, and I
have too often heard you express your
opinion of widowers in general not to
be—"

"One is privileged to change one's
opinion, I suppose," interrupted Mildred,
quickly and defiantly.

"Of course!" said Miss Lay, not at
all abashed at Mildred's look and tone.
"But the question is how you managed
to approve your strong prejudice."

"I don't think it absolutely necessary
for me to relate how the wonderful
change came about," said Mildred, impatiently,
and with a look of sudden
anger in her eyes.

"Now, Milly, there is no need of getting
angry. You know I've always
felt privileged to say what I pleased
without fear of offending you," and
Miss Lay elevated her pretty eyebrows
and regarded Mildred with a look of
amusement. "Knowing your disposition
so well, I can't help wondering at
your choice. Not that I find anything
objectionable in the character of Mr.
Vernon," she added, hastily, seeing
that Mildred was on the point of speaking,
"but it must be mortifying, to say
the least, to a girl of your proud, sensitive
nature, to have the virtues of Mrs.
Vernon Number One continually dinned
into her ears, for, of course, now that
she's dead and gone she had no faults,
poor woman," and the corners of Miss
Lay's rosy mouth came down with a
sudden comical jerk that, under any
other circumstances, would have provoked
a laugh from Mildred.

"If it were any one else but you,
Lizzie, I wouldn't listen to such
nonsense!" exclaimed Mildred, with a look
of lofty scorn, "but knowing your frivolous
nature so well, I can readily excuse you."
"Knowing my good nature so well,"
corrected Miss Lay, with a laugh.
"Now confess that your husband is
forever sounding the praises of Mrs.
Vernon Number One."

"Forever is a long word, and I shall
confess nothing of the kind, because it
is not true," said Mildred, smothering
a strong desire to box Miss Lay's ears.
"It's wagger anything he's called you
Helen's dozen times since you were
married," said Miss Lay, with provoking
perseverance.

"Indeed, he has not, and if he should,
I wouldn't mind it in the least," said
Mildred, telling a deliberate falsehood
with a placid face.

"And that picture," remarked Miss
Lay, indicating with a sweep of her
hand the portrait on the opposite wall,
of a fair-haired, blue-eyed woman, "I
don't see how you can have it always
before you. Let me see, what is that
verse about 'black eyes and blue?'"
Oh I have it now:

The black eye may say:
Come and worship my ray,
By adoring perhaps you may move me,
But the blue eye half hid,
Says under its lid,
"I love and am yours if you'll love me."
"Why not have your picture under-
neath by way of contrast and label it
"Mrs. John Vernon Number Two?"
"It was my own request that the
picture should not be removed," said
Mildred, utterly ignoring the last
question, while the sudden ominous
sparkle in her dark eyes warned Miss
Lay that she was venturing too far.
"Don't mind my nonsense, Milly.
You know I was never serious in my
life, and I really couldn't resist the
temptation to tease you a little this
morning. I am sure I meant no
offense. Now, Mildred, please don't
assume that high and mighty air with
me, it never did have the least effect."
Well! seeing that Mildred still looked

annoyed, "just attribute my remarks
to jealousy, sheer jealousy. The fact
is," rising and drawing on her gloves
"we all envy you. I wore my sweetest
smile for John Vernon in vain for
more than a year, and Belle Hunter
gave up the only chance she had to go
abroad, thinking that he would surely
ask her to marry him, but he didn't.
Well, I must be going. I suppose it is
quite useless to ask you to come and
see me soon, for now that you've got
home you'll be too utterly happy to
care for the society of your old
friends."

"I shall never be too busy nor too
happy to see my old friends," said
Mildred warmly, though her face still
wore a troubled look. "Tell me, Lizzie,
"she added, suddenly, do all my
old friends predict that I shall not be
happy?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Miss Lay.
"Didn't I say we were all full of envy
and jealousy? You are not really vexed
with me, are you, Milly? You still
count me as your best friend?"

"Until you prove an enemy," said
Mildred, lightly, not answering the
first question.

Miss Lay was a little vain, a little
shallow, and yet not bad at heart, and
when she parted with Mildred that
morning she had not the smallest idea
of the sting her thoughtless words had
left behind.

Alone, Mildred asked herself for the
first time in her life how it was possible
that she had ever tolerated the
young girl who had just left. In her
present state of mind it seemed prepos-
terous that she should have entertained
even the slightest feeling of friendship
for such a creature. She remembered
with a feeling of self-contempt that until
now she had looked upon Lizzie Lay
as her warmest and truest friend. "Yet
why should I worry over the senseless
chatter of a silly, frivolous girl?" she
asked herself, as she went back to her
pretty room, and taking a book, sat
down by the window to read, and the
first thing her eyes fell upon was the
words "From John to Helen," written
in her husband's bold hand on the fly-
leaf.

"Her book!" she said, feeling a sudden
pang of jealous pain for which she
could hardly have accounted, and al-
most unanimously she laid the book
aside.

They had been school-mates, Mildred
Lawson and Lizzie Lay; had spent their
common vacation together, either at
Mildred's home, or in the pretty little
western town where Lizzie resided. It
was at the latter's home that Mildred
had formed the acquaintance of John
Vernon, and after a short courtship
consented to become his wife. It was
a matter of much surprise to Mildred's
friends when it became a settled fact
that she was to marry Mr. Vernon.
Knowing her strong aversion to wid-
owers, and her rather eccentric notions
upon the subject of marriage, it is not
strange that many wondered at her
choice, though it is quite probable that
envy was at the bottom of much of the
gossip. For years mothers had schemed
and planned, and daughters had worn
their sweetest smiles, in order to
captivate John Vernon, but he had
been proof against all until he met Mildred
Lawson. Then those who had con-
cluded that he would never marry
again were obliged to acknowledge
that, however faithful he had seemed
to be to the memory of his dead wife,
he was certainly deeply in love with
Mildred.

Mildred had been a wife four months
—quite long enough to begin to realize
that marriage meant something more
than a beautiful home over which no
shadow would ever fall, and a husband
who would always be blind to her
faults; and perhaps she would have
realized it sooner had it not been that
immediately after her marriage she had
been hurried into a vortex of gaiety,
visiting and sight-seeing, which left her
no time for reflection. So she had con-
tinued to view life, married life at least,
through rose-colored spectacles, until
Miss Lay's visit, two days after the
home-coming. Then it seemed that her
eyes were suddenly opened to the fact,
that, as John Vernon's wife, she would
be constantly reminded in a hundred
different ways, that not only was she
her husband's second choice, but that
she occupied the second place in his
heart.

"I should have thought of all this
before I consented to marry him," she
told herself bitterly, her eyes wander-
ing, in spite of herself, to the portrait
on the wall. "And yet he might have
spared me the pain of finding some-
thing every day to remind me of her,"
she added, with childish unreasonableness,
forgetting that only a little while
ago she had protested that it was her
wish that nothing should be changed
about the house. "John should not
have married such a foolish, jealous,
hearted girl," she mused, with a sudden
revelation of feeling, as she drummed
disually on the window-pane, against
which a heavy rain had commenced to
patter. The day was dark and gloomy,
quite in keeping with her dismal
thoughts, though only this morning
she had called herself the happiest
woman in the world! How true it is that
the veriest trifles make up the sum of
human happiness or woe! Because of
a few careless words, spoken in half
jest, Mildred wandered aimlessly from
room to room, torturing herself with a
hundred perplexing questions, until
brain and heart alike ached, and she
was at last forced to lie down and sob
herself to sleep.

She woke with a sudden start when
the door opened two hours later and
her husband came in.

"Have you a headache, Helen?" he
asked, with much concern, coming over
to the sofa and seating himself beside
her.

"I thought it would please you to
have them, and—and—I—I—imagined
I wouldn't care," stammered Mildred,
on the verge of tears again.

"But you find that you care; is it
not so?" Vernon asked, gently. Then
without waiting for an answer, he said:
"It pains me to see you unhappy, so
soon after our coming home. Has any-
thing happened to vex you to-day,
dear?"

"If you only wouldn't forget and call
me Helen," sobbed Mildred.

"I will be more careful in future,"
promised Vernon, as he took her in his
arms and kissed away her tears.

"I know I am a silly, jealous crea-
ture, John," and Mildred's arms were
around his neck, and her hot cheek
laid close to his, "but I do want to
think that you never loved anyone as
you love me!"

"You know I love you fondly and
truly, above all other women," said her
husband, drawing her to his heart.

"That is not answering my question
properly," said Mildred, her jealous
heart prompting her to claim a stronger
statement.

"Then what is it you do wish me to
say?" asked Vernon a little impatiently,
it must be confessed, for he was
both surprised and annoyed at this sudden
and unlooked-for display of jealousy.

"You should say that I am the only
woman you ever really loved," said
foolish Mildred, as if any man ever
reached the age of forty without hav-
ing a love affair of some sort.

"It would be wrong for me to make
such an assertion, since it would be
telling you an untruth," said Vernon,
gravely. "Mildred, do you want me to
say that I didn't love Helen?" he asked,
in a low, pained voice.

Mildred was stubbornly silent.

"Because, if you do you are not the
sensible woman I have believed you to
be, he said, his dark, handsome face
growing pale and stern.

"One can love but once. There can
be no second love!" said Mildred, hotly.

If this is your belief, you should have
remembered it when I asked you to
marry me," said Vernon, coldly, pacing
the floor.

A spirit of perversity prompted Mildred
to say:

"It would have saved me much pain
and perhaps a lifetime of regret had I
remembered it."

"Mildred," and Vernon stopped in
his rapid walk and took her hands in
a close clasp, "you can't mean what
you have just said! Say you were not
in earnest unless you want to make me
miserable!"

"You can't be more miserable than
I am!" said Mildred, with a little sob.

"I have been the happiest man in the
world for four months—until to-day,"
said Vernon, quickly.

"I suppose the home-coming has given
you unpleasant thoughts," said
Mildred, who was in a perfect passion
of unreasonable jealousy and anger.

"You have given me unpleasant
thoughts," retorted Vernon, losing patience,
and speaking in a quick, angry
voice. "Mildred answer me truly, are
you sorry you married me?"

"I am simply what it is to be a second
wife!" said Mildred, bitterly.

"You are angry and unreasonable
just now," said Vernon, quietly, though
he had grown white to his lips. "When
you are calmer, perhaps, you will take
a more sensible view of the matter,"
and dropping her hand, he abruptly
quitted the room.

When they met at dinner both were
moody and reserved, yet frigidly polite,
though beyond a few commonplace re-
marks no words were exchanged.

The meal over, without a glance at
her husband's face, Mildred retired to
her room, while Vernon, making no ef-
fort to follow her, lit a cigar and left
the house.

Days and weeks passed thus, Mildred
too angry and stubborn to confess her-
self in the wrong, Vernon too proud
to intrude where he believed he would
be unwelcome. Either purposely or
through neglect, the picture and books
were not removed, and Mildred with-
out consulting her husband, quietly
took possession of a room in the south
wing of the house, and made no further
allusions to her wrongs whether fancied
or real.

Vernon spent the evenings in the
room his wife had vacated, and it was
small comfort to Mildred to know that
if he was alone he was constantly sur-
rounded with mementoes of his lost
Helen. "Even her picture is dearer to
him than I can ever hope to be!" she
old herself, bitterly, when on crossing
the hall, one evening, she saw her hus-
band standing before the portrait, his
face wearing a strange, absent look.

Vernon was too deeply hurt at his
wife's coldness to notice that she was
fairly growing thinner, and that her
eyes were constantly dim with unshed
tears. Pride, anger, and bitter resent-
ment were raging in his heart, and he
stubbornly refused to believe that Mildred
was longing for a reconciliation.

With the obstinacy of one who believes
himself deeply injured, he determined
that Mildred should be the one to break
down the barrier her own hand had
raised.

In these long days and weeks Mildred
was fast learning the sad truth that
each added hour of coldness and
silence was drifting them further
apart, and she shuddered at the
thought of what the end might be. "Our
marriage was a wretched mistake!"
she said to herself, one night, when
Vernon with a careless kiss and "good
night," had gone out, and she realized
that another long, lonely evening was
before her.

"What a miserable farce it is!"
she exclaimed aloud, "this ex-
change of polite greetings, these cold
caresses that mean nothing! Why
should we trouble ourselves to blind
the world to the bitter truth? Sooner
or later it will be found out, and I am
miserable in this house. Why should I
stay here lonely and unhappy night af-

ter night, when they want and miss me
so at home? I will not bear it another
day!" she added, passionately, a sudden
determination coming to her,
born of her anger and loneliness.
Throwing aside the book she had been
pretending to read, she donned cloak
and hat, and, notwithstanding the late-
ness of the hour, hurriedly left the
house.

"Is Mr. Vernon out of town that you
have condescended to pay me a visit?
Surely you didn't walk and it raining,
and almost dark?" and Miss Lay
tended to remove Mildred's wet cloak.

"Why, Milly! with a glance at the
white, set face, 'have you been crying?'
Is anything wrong?" and her face that,
at sight of Mildred had dimpled all
over with smiles, instantly grew sober.

Mildred sank into a chair before the
cosy fire while Miss Lay established
herself on a low stool.

"Have you had news from home?"
she continued, as Mildred held her
hands in the warmth of the fire
without speaking.

"No; it's about John. We quarreled,
and—and, oh, Lizzie, I am so un-
happy!" and, laying her head in Miss Lay's
lap, Mildred sobbed out the whole mis-
erable story.

"You foolish child!" exclaimed Miss
Lay. "I don't wonder that John was
angry!"

"So you think I was wholly to
blame?" said Mildred, with flashing
eyes; "and after saying what you did
about marrying a widower, too."

"I understand now; it was my foolish
words that caused all the trouble.
My silly tongue is forever getting me
into a scrape," said Miss Lay, in a tone
of genuine regret.

"It would have been the same if you
hadn't said a word," exclaimed Mildred,
passionately. "Sooner or later I
would have found out what a terrible
mistake I have made!"

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried Miss Lay,
with a sniff. "I have always thought
you a sensible girl, Mildred, but I con-
fess that you are acting very foolishly
now."

"I suppose I have no right to com-
plain, as I was not forced into this mar-
riage, but I certainly expected some
sympathy from you," said Mildred, in
an injured tone. "As it seems quite
useless to explain matters I will not
trouble you further," and she rose as if
to go.

"Sit down, you unreasonable child,
and tell me what you want me to do,"
said Miss Lay, drawing her stool nearer
the fire. "I am sorry you're so un-
happy, though I don't see that you
have any cause to be so wretched and
heart-broken. You have it in your
power to be the happiest woman in
town," she continued as Mildred, with
a heavy sigh, resumed her seat.

Certainly Miss Lay was displaying
more forethought and wisdom than one
would have expected from so shallow
and frivolous a creature.

"What can I do for you, Mildred?"
she asked, after a little silence.

"You can let me stay with you till
morning," said Mildred, with sudden
eagerness. "I—I—am—going home
to-morrow," her voice faltering a little.
"I couldn't bear to stay another night
in that house!"

"Mildred, you are not in earnest?"
and Miss Lay's blue eyes opened wide
with astonishment.

"But I am in earnest, very much in
earnest," returned Mildred, quickly,
her voice growing firm again. "I see
no reason why I should stay here and
be miserable when they want me so at
home, the boys especially. Jack writes
that father mopes all day, and Tom has
broken his arm, and things are getting
topsy turvy, and—"

"A pure fabrication of Jack's," in-
terrupted Miss Lay, "just written to
fill up space. And you want to leave
your beautiful home and a husband that
worships the very ground that you walk
on; don't shake your head in that
sorrowful way, for it's true—to go back
to those horrid troublesome boys! Well,
I only wish John Vernon had asked me
to marry him!"

Mildred laughed in spite of herself
at the owl-like gravity of Miss Lay's
look and tone.

"That's better, and goes to prove
that you're not half as wretched as you
imagine. Now, Mildred, the right way
to manage a man is to make him be-
lieve he's the only man in the world
worth looking at."

"Is that all?" asked Mildred, dryly.

"Yes."

"Then I'm afraid I'll never learn how
to manage a man," said Mildred, with
a little curl of the lip.

"See here, Mildred, you know you're
in the wrong, and it's your business to
set matters right again," said Miss
Lay, beginning to lose patience and to
realize that she had a rather difficult
task before her. "I know John Vernon
better than you do, if he is your hus-
band, and I know just how sensitive he
is, and how easily you have made him
believe that he is too old and quiet for
you, and that he is tired you with his
simple, commonplace ways. I know,
too, that he's just miserable over this
little—what shall I call it?—misunder-
standing."

"Do you really think he is?" asked
Mildred, unobtrusively.

"I am certain he is. How can he be
anything else?" "Now, Mildred, go
home, like a good girl and make your
peace with him."

Mildred burst into tears, and taking
her silence as a good sign, Miss Lay
hastened to follow up her advantage.

"I'll send you home in the carriage,"
she said, as she helped Mildred on with
her cloak and hat. Tell John you felt
lonely and ran over to spend an hour
or two with me," she added, as she
kissed Mildred good-by.

"Lizzie, I believe I was mad a little
while ago," whispered Mildred. "You
have saved me from a life-time of mis-
ery and regret! And you will keep my
secret!" she added, pleadingly.

A pressure of the hand was her only
answer, and looking back Mildred saw
that the blue eyes were full of tears.

At half past eight o'clock, contrary
to his custom, Vernon returned home.
Could it have been the memory of Mildred's
sad, wistful face that spoiled his
evening's pleasure and hurried him
home? If two or three hours of aimless
lounging in the club rooms could be
called pleasure.

The truth was he was getting tired
and restless over this cold silence and

JUMBO'S OLD CHUM.

He Won't Return to England Because
Jumbo's Carcass Is Here.

Animal trainers are a queer lot as a
rule, and show-managers have to put
up with many vagaries from them.
They form strong attachments for their
big and sometimes ungainly pets; at-
tachments such as one would hardly
expect to exist between a human being
and a wild beast. A case in point re-
cently came under the notice of Mr.
James L. Hutchinson, of the Barnum
show, which serves well to illustrate
what seems to be one of the chief traits
in an animal-trainer's character. When
the Barnum people bought Jumbo in
England they brought over to this coun-
try with him Matthew Scott, who for
some twenty years had been the trainer
and keeper of the huge, homely but
good-natured beast. Scott was Jumbo's
guardian and constant companion
during the pachyderm's brief but bril-
liant career in this country. When
Jumbo met his death as a result of too
much monkeying with a railroad train
up in Canada, Scott was "all broke up,"
to use the vernacular. He was a rest-
less, dissatisfied, pretty well broken-up
individual while the skin of his elephantine
bodifellow was being stuffed and his
skeleton cleaned and mounted for
exhibition purposes. When the re-
mains of Jumbo were added to the
Barnum aggregation Scott was put on
exhibition with them. He seemed to
have recovered some of his happiness
then, and never tired of telling of the
peaceful disposition, the kindly nature,
and the altogether commendable habits
of his late chum.

When the Barnum show closed its
season last October Mr. Hutchinson
told Scott that he would have no fur-
ther use for him, and advised him to
go back to England and accept the position
at the London zoological garden that
was waiting for him. Scott said he
would do so. On Oct. 23 in Lynch-
burg, Va., Mr. Hutchinson paid Scott
the nearly \$2,000 which had accumu-
lated in his hands as the old trainer's
wages. Scott also received money to
pay his passage back to Europe, in ac-
cordance with his agreement with the
Barnum people. He bade everyone
good-bye, left the show, and started for
his city in time to take the steamer he
had selected for Liverpool. That was
the last that was seen or heard of him
by the proprietors of the Barnum show
until last week.

Mr. Hutchinson went up to the
Bridgeport winter quarters then to see
how things were progressing for the
removal of the show's truck to this
city. He was astonished shortly after
leaving his train to meet Scott.

"Hallo, Scott, what are you doing
here? Thought you were in England
with your friends? Glad to see you,
any way." Thus spoke the cheery
manager.

Scott stumbled in his words considera-
bly and explained that he'd made lots
of friends in this country, rather liked it,
and thought he'd stay here for a while
for rest as he had a good pile of money
for him. He appeared to be a trifle
ashamed of something, as if caught in
a disreputable sort of proceeding. Mr.
Hutchinson left him and went to the
big barns and sheds of the company.
But he could not forget Scott.

"Seen anything of Jumbo Scott
around here lately?" he inquired casu-
ally of the people in the office. No,
they hadn't. He determined to pursue
his inquiries further, and solve the mys-
tery of this man Scott's being in Bridge-
port. So he went down to the elephant
house. Yes, they had seen Scott; seen
him frequently; almost daily in fact.
Mr. Hutchinson followed the crier qui-
etly and successfully, and then it turned
out that nearly every day since the
show had been in winter quarters Scott
had prowled about the barn, chatted
with the elephant men, and invariably
wound up his call by a visit to the spot
where the stuffed Jumbo and chained
skeleton are stored. After a short, and
so far as is known, silent communion
with his dead friend, Scott would leave
the place satisfied and go to his humble
lodgings in Bridgeport. If the de-
ceased Jumbo travels this season Scott
will want to, even if he isn't on the salary
list.—New York Times.

He Wud Know Him.

"Would you recognize him?" asked
the keeper of the morgue to a man who
had called to identify the remains of a
person who had been found floating
in the river.

"Faith, and I wud."

"And could you identify his body to
a certainty?"

"Indade I could."

"Well, sir, come in and look around?"
With that Pat moved hurriedly
around, first going to the extreme left
of the building.

"Why do you go way over in that
part of the building first?" asked the
morgue keeper.

"Faith, an' I dunno, 'cept it be that
I wud find him there."

I don't believe you would know him
if you would see his body, said the
keeper, who had begun to believe that
it was nothing more than morbid curi-
osity that had brought Pat to the
morgue.

"Know him—dade, an' I wud, for
sure. Wasn't he left-handed?"—Pre-
zel's Weekly.

Kind Friends.

Friend—'I have brought you a few
slices of ham."

Poor Neighbor—"Ah! How kind you
are."

"Don't mention it. It is really a
pleasure for me to show you any little
attention."

"Well, I appreciate your kindness. I
can assure you of that."

"As I said before, I am only too glad
to be able to accommodate you. The
slices are cut from a ham that was
given us. By the way, if you discover
any symptoms of trichina in your
family, after you have tried the ham,
you will let us know please. We are
not going to eat it until we hear from
you."—Texas Siftings.

In Boston, "early June peas" are already
advertised. This shows that the season is
really advancing.—Albany Argus.

Harmer is the name of one Congressman.
The appellation would do service for most
of the rest.—Philadelphia North American.