

A TRUE WOMAN.

"It can never be," said Ethel Guffey sadly. "I have no desire to give you pain, but I must tell you, once for all, that I can never be your wife."

Harold McPartland sat silent under the blow for a full moment. Then, heaving a great sigh of despair, he asked:

"What are your objections to me? I want to know so that I may make myself, if possible, the kind of man you could love."

"Oh, I cannot go into details," the girl answered. "You are not at all what—I mean, I cannot, cannot be your wife."

"I do not drink," pleaded the young man.

"I know it," said the girl.

"Or gamble, or go about nights," he continued. "I have no bad habits, I give close attention to my business, and I am rapidly making a fortune."

"That is all true," she replied wearily, "but my decision is made and is unalterable."

Harold McPartland went away in despair. Next day, however, he felt impelled to make a confident of his sister. She listened to his story and gave her opinion with sisterly bluntness.

After receiving instructions Harold hastened to the Guffey residence and sought another interview with Ethel. As soon as she entered the room he began to speak his piece. "I have not come to annoy you further with my attentions," he said. "I just want to ask you to forgive me for saying some things that were not strictly true the other night. My love for you and my desire to win you made me picture myself as a better man than I am, and now I feel remorseful. I told you that I did not drink. The fact is that I have been taking more than is good for me lately, and the liquor habit is gaining a stronger hold on me daily. I also said that I did not gamble. The fact is that I put in two or three nights a week at poker, and have suffered losses that may ruin me. Moreover, I have been neglecting my business, and I fear our house will go under before long. All this is of no interest to you, I know, but I could not rest until I had corrected my misstatement. Now Ethel, say a kind good-bye to me and I will never trouble you again."

"Good-bye! No!" no cried the girl. "I will take back the cruel words I said that night. I will be your wife and make a better man of you. For my sake you will give up drinking, gambling and other bad habits, won't you, dear? Yes, Harold, I will be your wife." And the girl's eyes shone with the light of love and of a noble determination.

"Women are a rum lot," Harold McPartland mused as he walked home that night. "Ethel is going to marry me to make me what I am already"—Welcome.

"Stranger," said the old fellow—a typical Arkansas mountaineer whom I encountered on the rough mountain road—"stranger, I've bin working' up yere fur the last six months without seein' a fellow critter or a newspaper in all that time, and I'd be mighty thankful for the news of the kentry—just the important news."

When we had lighted our pipes and taken a seat on a log by the

roadside I began on the settlement of the Venezuelan dispute' but he interrupted me with:

"Stranger, is any of our boys mixed up in this dispute?"

"Oh, no," I replied with a smile, "you see"—

Wall, I don't keer anythin about it then."

I started on the Cuban trouble, and was giving him, as I thought, some startling news, when he broke in:

"My ole woman wont be in this furse, will she, stranger?"

"Why, certainly not, only"—

"Then I reckon it haint o' much account. What towns have yo' cum through on yo'r trip?"

I named over some of the places I had stopepd in over night and then he asked:

"Wall, when you were in Beebe was ole Perkins still feuding with ole Davis?"

"Not that I heard of," I answered.

"Didn't hear whether the widder Jenkins, in Grayville, was hitched yet, did yo'?"

"No, I didn't."

"Have they hung ole man Hunt, did they tell yo', when you were in Summerville?"

"No, they didn't mention his name to me." He continued his questioning for about five minutes longer, but when I couldn't even tell him if Lim White's dog, in Huntsville, had been licked yet he gave it up, and there was a look of deep disgust on his face as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and said:

"This dawg goned kentry seems to have gone to sleep since I've bin up here, fur if there'd bin anythin' goin' on yo'd certainly have heard of it. Shoof but if this state o' things keeps on the newspapers will bust up fur wan't of news! Wall, a'long, stranger. I'm goin' back to town purty soon, and I'll put a leetle life in these United States if I have to pick a furse with the ole woman herself."

St. Louis Humorist: The lay of one old hen is far more valuable than all they lays of forty poets. When a woman is in great trouble she cries, but when a man is deeply distressed he drinks whisky. It is said that the Tartars take a man by the ear to invite him to drink? In this country, when a tartar takes a man by the ear, it is generally to get him away from drink. A Florida man cut down a bee tree and secured several hundred pounds of honey, and in the top of the tree found a crane's nest containing 140 dozen eggs. He seemed to be greatly disappointed that the tree didn't also pan out a dozen sugarcured hams and a few hundred loaves of bread.

Weyler to Treat for Terms.

Chicago, March 11.—Crittendon Marriott, the Record's correspondent at Havana, declares General Weyler has received positive orders from Madrid to end the Cuban war at once, even going to the extent of selling the island to the insurgents if need be.

Weyler set out to find General Gomez and undertake negotiations. Weyler himself said the war will end within three weeks.

Fear of President McKinley's position is given as the leading cause for the Spanish change of policy.

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