

THE SWAMP SECRET.

A STORY OF THE FRONTIER.

By EDEN E. RENFORD.

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CHAPTER IV. CONTINUED.

"I want to know if you think so," exclaimed Nannie, with a defiant toss of her head. She had felt what was coming, and dreaded it, for she knew that she had been to blame. "I was wrong that I had 'met with a change,' as Deacon Snyder says."

ought to show great disappointment and become dependent; and because he did not feel personally aggrieved. He had altogether too good an appetite for a rejected lover, and he didn't seem inclined to withdraw from society, as it seemed to her he ought to, under the circumstances. She began to think that he hadn't cared as much for her as she had thought he did, and felt offended because of it. He seemed to take a real pleasure in talking with Rhoda Stevens at singing-school, and he went home with her twice a week. Why this should have worried Nannie, since she had refused to receive his attentions, she cannot explain; but she did. She really felt as if she hated Rhoda and never wanted to speak to her again.

"Just hear that!" cried Nannie, to come invisible person. "Hardly speak to you, indeed! I'm sure I've spoken to you as often as you have spoken to me."

"It looks as if both on 'em was playing at the same game," she heard Mrs. Carbutt say to Mrs. South, one night at singing-school. "An' I kinder s'pects Dick's got the start of her. 'Tain't any ways likely as Mr. Wayne'll marry her, an' 'twouldn't be at all 's'p'rits if Dick did marry Phoeby, for he's allus had a kind of likin' for her. Well, if Nannie loses her, she'll have nobody to blame but herself, for Dick 'd 'd her stuck by her if she hadn't played off on him, to begin with."

"Well, yes, that may be," admitted Dick. "But, you see, Nannie, I didn't feel like talking when I didn't know as you wanted me to talk to you. If I could see you'd rather listen to Mr. Wayne."

"It seems that you're a kind of peevish on Mr. Wayne," said Nannie, folding the towel she was ironing with slow and elaborate precision, as if all her energies were concentrated on doing that one thing.

"Granting that it is so, Nannie, haven't I a right to be?"

"Not that I know of," answered Nannie.

"Before he came I supposed it was understood between us that we were to be married, some time," said Dick. "Persons haven't any right to take for granted that anything is understood," responded Nannie, tartly. "You never asked me to marry you, that I remember of."

"Perhaps I was wrong in not saying in so many words what it seemed to me you understood well enough," answered Dick. "It seemed hardly necessary. However, it isn't too late to ask the question now, is it Nannie?"

"I don't know what you're hinting at," said Nannie, beginning to hum a tune, and concentrating her attention on the ruffles of a pillow-case.

"Just this," said Dick. "That I love you and want you to marry me. Will you?"

"Why, Dick, how abrupt you are!" exclaimed Nannie. "I don't want to marry you—sorry one else—yet sorry."

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WOMAN'S WORLD.

WOMEN IN OUTDOOR WORK.

They Are Beginning to Study Forestry With the Idea of Making It a Business.

Women have been invading the lumber field in startling fashion during the last ten years, and proving that they have possibilities for which masculinity had never given them credit. Until very recently, however, women's careers and occupations were such as necessitated a sedentary indoor life, and from out-of-door pursuits women seemed barred. With the rise of the athletic girl the state of things became intelligible, and now each day brings news of some new feminine venture in out-of-door work.

The number of women range ranch owners who manage their ranches in the States, and in California, Arizona and Florida women are going in for furb culture, with great enthusiasm and fair success. A number of girls are studying forestry, and horticultural colleges for women are springing up like mushrooms. Germany, in particular, is enthusiastic over horticulture as a profession for women. Schools have been founded at Charlottenburg, Frieden, Constance and Baden, and last year the Baroness von Barth-Hinzenberg opened a horticultural school for women at Pauen, and guarantees her pupils, after two years' training, a profitable position. She says that she already has more applications for woman gardeners than she will be able to meet.

A great number of American women of good social position cultivate flowers and fruit for the market. Violet culture, especially, seems to appeal to women, and some of the most successful violet farms in the country are managed by women whose names are in a society's blue book.

Women are taking up general agriculture, as well as flower and fruit culture. A fine course in agriculture has recently been opened to women in Minneapolis, but Russia has a long lead in the water of agriculture for women. Two years ago a Russian baroness undertook the management of her husband's estates while he was absent on Government service. She found the land in bad condition, and set to work studying the possibilities of the soil. Within a few months she had secured the services of a large number of agricultural experts, and she decided that the Russian peasant women ought to learn what she had learned. She opened a practical school of agriculture and horticulture for women in 1889 and made it a success. Last year the Russian Government came to her aid and gave the institution money enough to establish it upon a broad and liberal scale. Courses in theoretical agriculture, drainage, gardening and forestry are offered, and there are practical classes in all kinds of farm work. Several of the women graduates have been intrusted with the management of large estates, and situations are promised to every one who obtains a diploma.

The Cure of Women's Hair.

To keep the hair in good condition it is absolutely necessary not only to brush it with clean brushes and great regularity, but certainly once in two weeks to give it a thorough shampooing so that every particle of dust may be removed from it. The soft, fluffy look of the hair, and its beautiful gloss after being shampooed, shows how grateful it is for the treatment given it. Experience, though, shows that a tireless teacher, had taught me that the best way to cleanse the scalp and the hair is to use very hot water made "soapy-sandy" with soap; use a nail-brush, upon which the soap has been rubbed, to scrub the scalp thoroughly, and every part of the scalp is washed rinse the hair and head with baths of water, the first being the temperature of that used for washing the hair, and the last ordinary cool. The baths between having been gradually graded. To get such a bath for the head it is only necessary to hold one's head over the basin and have the water from a small pail poured over it. Each bath necessarily accompanies the work with a long, soothing brush to which his finger gave a grateful edge.

"See here," cried Dick, with a dangerous fire in his eyes, "I'll stand no more of your insolence! If Nannie Boone sees fit to throw me over for such a fellow as you are, all right; but neither you nor any other fellow will treat me in it, as you have just done, without something happening to me. Do you understand what I mean, Mr. Wayne?"

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

His Endeavor—Ambition Fulfilled.—I never expected to find myself here—A Bold Awakening—Explained at Last—Diplomacy With Tramps. Etc.

When first we met I fell in love, Of favors she was shy, And so I stole her photograph—To get ahead of Mary.

Now we've been married half ten years, I've grown a triple beard, So still I strive with might and main To get ahead of Mary.

Ambition Fulfilled.—Unless We Expect It, Smith—"It is the unexpected that always happens."

Horragan—"Yes, unless you are looking for it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Wonderful Chicago.—Extraordinary alteration in Mr. Winkie's appearance resulting from a small scare.—Life.

Timely Advice.—"Clara is always up-to-date."

THE LITTLE ARMCHAIR.

Nobody sits in the little armchair. It stands in a corner there, But a wretched-looking parrot, sitting there, And yearning for the kind of long ago, Has perch'd on the back of the little armchair, As he looks on the parrot's nest, With a wretched-looking parrot's nest.

They were wonderful days, the dear sweet days, When a child with sunny hair, Was here to play and here to stay, And here to play and here to stay, And here to play and here to stay, And here to play and here to stay.

It may be quite expensive, but it is less trouble to get your brains at the butcher's than at the school teacher's.—Boston Transcript.

Employer—"How is James, that you are late this morning?" Office Boy—"Oh, I don't know you were coming to pay, was it?"—Boston Transcript.

Strenuous—"Why do you thank you will have any more of these?" the employer of a school teacher. "I had to call the boys, didn't I?"—Chicago Journal.

"I don't see what you're talking on me," said Miss Sewall, "I'm dear, but you're not to be taken in by me. I don't think the woman that replied 'Miss Sewall' is the same woman."

"Do not put your feet on the cushions," it is an injunction occasionally in a railway carriage, "for you will dirty your boots." It is found added the other day by a cynical traveler,—"Sit down."

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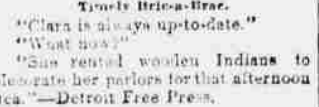
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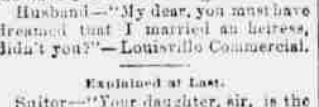
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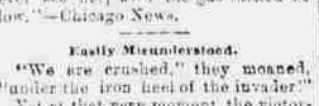
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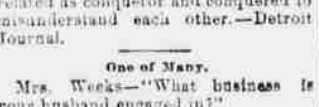
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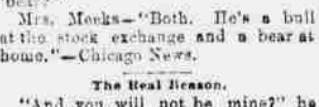
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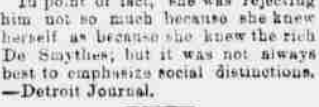
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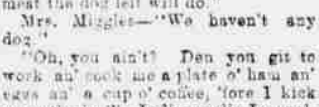
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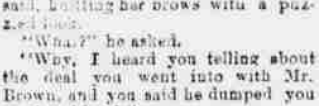
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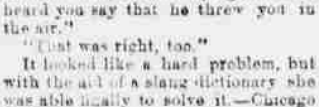
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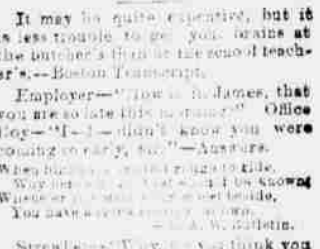
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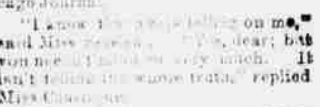
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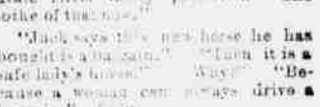
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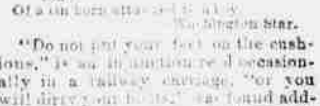
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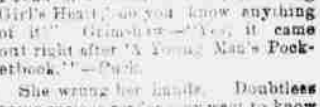
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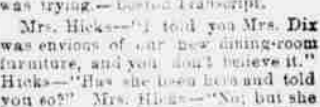
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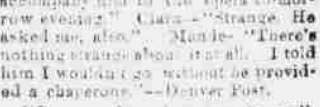
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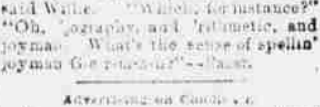
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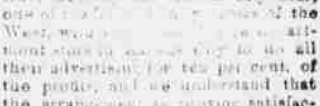
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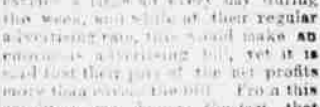
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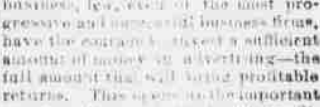
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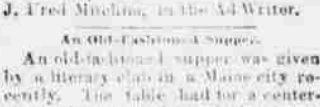
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A Remarkable Bargain.—Judge.

THE LEGS AS DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

Chomel knew what he was talking about when he said that a man succeeds as much with his legs as with his stomach, for we know that exercise facilitates nutrition, increases the elimination of waste products, promotes appetite and under proper conditions is an aid to digestion.—Journal of Medicine.

When Florence Nightingale Came.

When Florence Nightingale came, instantly a new intelligence, instinct with pity, affluence with energy, fertile with womanly invention, swept through the Soutari hospital. Glimpy male devices were dismissed, almost with a gesture, into space. Dirt became a crime, fresh air and clean linen, sweet food, and soft hands a piety. A great kitchen was organized which provided well cooked food for a thousand men. Washing was a lost art in the hospital; but this band of womanhood, as with a breath, a great laundry, and a strange cleanliness

A dull remark shines in the shadow of a great name.