

### THE MAIDS.

Watch her walking down the street,  
Every hair is sleek and neat;  
Cheeks aglow and head held high,  
Glossy boot and manish tie;  
Gown severe, gloves perfect shade—  
She's the typical "tailor maid."

Up at morning with the sun,  
By breakfast time her duties done;  
On the links she plays with zest,  
Rides, wheels, and dances with the best.  
In for anything, she's not staid—  
She's the typical "ready maid."

Hours there are that those who know  
Say she sweeter graces shows  
When she puts aside the whirl  
And becomes just mother's girl;  
This the picture that does not fade,  
Showing her best when she's plain  
"home-made."

—New Orleans Picayune.

### An Old Maid's Love Affair

A CHILD crying down in the swamp—what could it mean? Miss Abigail Drew stopped, and set down the heavy basket of lunch she was carrying to the men in the hayfield. It surely was a child's cry and a baby's, too! How it stirred the chords of her lonely, longing heart. Miss Abigail loved children with a passionate, yearning love, and yet it had been years since she had even heard a baby cry. Living alone with her brother and his occasional help, on that remote farm, all social relationship, all neighborly amenities and delights were almost entirely denied her. And above all things she missed and longed for the sunny presence of children. She felt that, if she only had a child to care for, her barren, empty life would overflow with joy and purpose. The days now so sad and meaningless would be so rich and blessed then! Ah! there is nothing like the infinite aching of the mother heart in a childless breast.

Therefore, that child cry, floating up from the swamp, was heavenly music to the heart of Miss Abigail Drew. She clasped her hands and listened, her whole being absorbed in the associations connected with the sound. Suddenly her heart surged into her throat, and she caught her breath with the thought that rushed across her mind—what if a baby had been left in the swamp deserted! And what if she should be the one to find it and take it home, and oh! what if nobody should come to claim it! The wistful face of the woman paled and flushed, and flushed and paled, in swift succession, as her heart brooded upon this wonderful possibility. At length, with a little cry that was all a prayer, she sprang toward the swamp, leaving the basket of lunch under the blaze of the July sun.

When she emerged from the thicket, low woods at the bottom of the pasture her dress was torn and her face scratched and streaming with perspiration, but the rapture and triumph that shone in her eyes, as she looked down upon a bundle strained to her breast, showed that life, for her, had suddenly been lifted above all ordinary conditions and considerations, and she was conscious of walking upon such roseate air as the old painters limned beneath the feet of their exalted Madonnas. A little face peeped out from the ragged shawl that wrapped Miss Abigail's precious burden, but the plaintive cry had ceased, and the blue eyes of the little foundling were gazing up into those "two springs of limpid love" that shone above them.

Nathan Drew and his two hired men were waiting impatiently under the shadow of a big elm tree, when their breathless provider finally arrived with the basket of lunch and that strange bundle upon her left arm. It was long after noon, and Nathan Drew was fretting and fuming at his sister's unaccountable delay.

"What in 'tarnel kept you so long?" he demanded, as the panting woman dropped the basket under the shadow of the elm. "And for goodness' sake, what ye got in yer arms?"

"A baby, Nathan!" replied his sister, in a voice full of soft, reverential joy. "A poor little baby that was left in the swamp. I heard it crying and went to find it, and that's what made me so late."

"Humph!" said Nathan Drew, taking the covering from the basket and inspecting its contents. "What be ye goin' to do with it?"

A cloud swept across the radiant face of the woman. There was something strictly forbidding in her brother's tone and manner. Evidently, the only question that had entered his mind was how to get rid of the unwelcome encumbrance that had been left upon his land. Their thoughts were traveling in diametrically opposite directions—the woman's toward retaining the child; the man toward disposing of it!

There was something of the protective cunning of love in Abigail's evasive answer to her brother.

"Probably somebody will come along and claim it in a little while," she said.

Nathan Drew laughed derisively. Then he took a huge bite out of one of Abigail's delicious chicken sandwiches and washed it down with a gulp of coffee from the warm can.

"Very likely," he replied at length; "very likely!" Then he laughed again. "Somebody dropped it accidentally in the swamp, eh, boys? Somebody'll be comin' back, most crazy to find it, by 'n' by."

The hired men laughed servilely, though it was plain that their minds were chiefly absorbed by the lunch basket which their employer held between his legs, and was steadily plundering.

"Well, come on, boys. Hitch up here and have something to eat!" cried the farmer. "We can't bother about a

baby all day. There's work to be done."

The tongues of the hired men were loosened as their anxiety disappeared, and one of them, smart little French Canadian, exclaimed:

"Ah, guess ah know were dat beebby come from, me! Dat mans leev in lumber shanty on Coon Hill; he gone, an' heeb' o' hooman have free, four, five beebby—probly two. Ah bet dat mans left dat beebby, seb!"

"I shouldn't wonder," replied Nathan Drew. "Shiftless cuss! Camping down on my property, without even asking permission, and using my lumber shanty, stove and wood! I'm glad he's gone, but I wish he'd taken his hull dern brood with him. The young un'll probly grow up jest like the rest of 'em, lazy and worthless!"

"I heard say," continued the little Frenchman, "dat man's Hinglishman, good family, but not ver' strong for work. Los' heeb' health an' bliged to take to de woods. No money—no health—big family. Ah guess ah'll do bout same ting as him, oah gosh, if al get too much beebby!"

"Don't doubt it, Alphonse," rejoined the farmer. "That's jest the sort of a fellow you be, and yer hull Canuck tribe."

Alphonse grinned appreciatively and took no offense. Then silence fell upon the three men until the last drop of their noonday lunch had disappeared.

Abigail tenderly laid the baby down in the grass, while she gathered together the dishes and napkins and repacked them in the basket. Her brother stood over her, watching. He was a spare, hard faced, iron gray man, who showed by every line and feature the absence of sentiment in his make-up. The woman's hands trembled as she worked. She knew he was about to say something concerning the child. Presently he spoke:

"You kin keep that young un jest two days, Abigail. Then, if there don't nobody come to claim it, I am going to take it to the Foundling Hospital."

Having thus delivered himself, he shouldered his pitchfork and walked determinedly away.

Teeth obscured the homeward path of the little woman as she struggled through the shimmering sunlight with the infant on her arm. She knew that her brother would be turned from his purpose neither by argument nor by entreaty. He had spoken, and that was an end of it—the inflexible ultimatum of that old Puritan bred tyranny that survives in so many heads of New England households.

But though the path was blurred, it took her home—the only home she had ever known, the roof under which she had been born and reared, and which had descended to her elder brother when their parents died. Hastening to the pantry she took milk and warmed it for the babe, half stupefied by starvation. Then clumsily, yet with a woman's instinct, she sparingly fed the child with a spoon, a few drops at a time. As life came back to the little body with nourishment, the baby cried weakly, and Abigail strained it to her bosom, while tears of mingled joy and pity ran down upon the little head. What a pretty child it was, despite suffering! What a clear, white skin; what blue, blue eyes; what breadth of forehead and fullness of temple; what dainty little hands; what a soft, sweet neck for nestling mother's lips!

For two days Abigail Drew lived in the awful joy of one who drains the nectar from a cup which, when emptied, must be dashed to earth. She tried to put away the thought that she and that little baby girl must part. She tried to make those two precious days heaven enough for all of life. She tried, with all the dutifulness and reverence of her nature, to bow to her brother's will and be content. But every hour the whisper in her heart grew stronger and more insistent: "Cleave to the child! Keep her, cherish her. She is yours, a gift of God, the answer to your life long prayer."

At last she went to her brother and poured out her heart with an intensity of passion he had never suspected in that quiet, reserved, meekly subservient sister of his. But, although surprised and disturbed, Nathan Drew was not moved. His heart remained obdurate. To him, the thought of a foundling child in the house was unbearable. Never a lover of children, always convinced in his own heart that childlessness was the more blessed state, how could he be expected to look with favor upon an adopted baby, a child concerning whose antecedents and propensities one knew absolutely nothing? No! he would not hear to it. To the Foundling Hospital at Mayfield the little waif must go.

Toward evening of the last day of her probation, Abigail Drew began to gather together certain little treasures of her own—heirlooms. Her mother's Bible; the lace left her by her Aunt Judith; an old-fashioned watch and chain; six silver spoons worn thin as paper—these and a few other things she wrapped in a bundle and then, taking baby in her arms, she went out, closing the kitchen door reverently and softly behind her. Down the road, through the haze of the late afternoon, she walked, as one in a dream, leaving behind her all that she had ever known and loved hitherto.

From the distant meadow came the sound of whetstone on scythe-blade—what a cheery, cheery ring. How could Nathan beat such music, with banishment for the babe—for both of them, did he but know it! in his heart?

Beyond the bridge Abigail turned into the woods and followed the stream westward, for the road ran too near the meadow, where Nathan and his men were having. The child fell to crying, but she nestled it and kept on. Just before sunset she came out of the woods upon another road and followed it

southward. The summer dusk began to deepen, yet she met no traveler and passed no house. What a lonely country it was, that New Hampshire mountain valley! The great hills looked down over the woods like stern faced giants. The night air smelled of swamps and piney glens, and deep buried solitudes. The voices were all those of wild creatures, mysterious and hidden. How the weary, heart-sick woman longed for the sight of roof, a chimney, an open door—especially for the face of one of her own sex. Only the heart of a woman understands a woman's heart!

At last, when the fireflies began to drift across her path like sparks from the crumbling embers of the sunset, Abigail, turning a bend in the road, came suddenly upon the welcome glow of a farmhouse window. She hastened forward, and, turning into the little path between the lilac bushes, approached the open door. A man sat upon the doorstep, smoking, and as he saw the approaching figure he rose and called his wife.

"I heard say," replied Nathan Drew. "Shiftless cuss! Camping down on my property, without even asking permission, and using my lumber shanty, stove and wood! I'm glad he's gone, but I wish he'd taken his hull dern brood with him. The young un'll probly grow up jest like the rest of 'em, lazy and worthless!"

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"Abigail Drew! Be you still living in these parts? I heard, away out in York State, where we just moved from, that you and your brother had gone West twenty years ago. My! and you've been and married and got a baby! Come in—come in! Lorenzo, fetch the rocker out of the settin' room. How glad I am to see you again, Abigail. I thought you and me was parted forever!"

How straight had led her wandering feet! Abigail sank down in the cushioned rocker and marveled at the cheerful firelight playing on the face of the sleeping babe. Welcome—refuge—sympathy! Ah! she had not obeyed the inward voice in vain.

Six weeks was Nathan Drew a searching for the treasure he had lost. He drove east, west, north and south, stopping at every mountain farmhouse to seek news of his sister. Nobody had seen her going or coming. The yawning earth could not have swallowed her more completely.

But at last he found her. She was sitting with her baby on a low chair under the lilac bushes, and he spied her before he had reached the house.

She saw him at the same moment, and, springing up like a hunted creature, made as if she would have fled. But he stopped her with a pleading gesture, and a look on his face such as she had not seen since they were children together.

"You don't know how I've missed you, Abigail," he said, simply, drawing rein in front of the lilac bushes.

The man looked haggard and worn, and there was a pathetic tone in his voice.

"I can't go home with you, Nathan," said Abigail, firmly; and she pressed the rosy child closer to her bosom. Yet there was a yearning look in her eyes that her brother was not slow to interpret.

"I've thought it all over since you left, Abigail," he said, "and it's been borne in upon me that, peraps, I was wrong about the child. Come home, and you shall keep it as long as you like. I won't say another word. It's the only love affair you ever had, Abigail, and I ain't a-goin' to stand by black with white dots.

"Mr. Hayes' collar was a broad, turn-down with long points, but it was not high. It didn't make much difference what sort of tie he wore, as his shirt front was covered by his beard. Garland's collar was rather tasteful, a turn-down with square points. His tie was black satin with a square bow.

"Mr. Arthur was the most correct dresser of recent Presidents. He wore a high collar with points slightly turned out. The fit was always perfect. He was the first President to wear a fancy scarf, which was always set off by a handsome but never loud scarf pin. He had, so I am told, the biggest stock of neckwear of any of the Presidents. He was rather partial to black with white dots.

"Mr. Cleveland's collars and style of neckwear looked as if they had been made from the same patterns as those worn by Andrew Johnson. However, Mr. Cleveland never confined himself to one kind of collar. I saw him at his second inaugural ball, when he wore a plain, wide, turndown, under which was a white string tie.

"President Harrison wore a turn-down collar, broad and simple, and a plain black tie, except on state occasions, when his neckwear was conventional.

"President McKinley usually wore a standup collar with slight flare points. He liked to be at ease, and that's the sort of collar for a man to wear if he wants to feel comfortable in a stand-up. Mr. McKinley's neckwear was in keeping with his character, simple and unaffected.

"There have been a good many changes in Presidential neckwear since 1825, when John Q. Adams wore the high collar which was completely enveloped by the great bundle of material that was the fashion of the statesmen of the early period. I think he was the last President to appear in that style. But for plain, common-sense, unconventional style, the Roosevelt collar is like its wearer, a style of its own."—New York Sun.

ABOUT WOMEN'S CLUBS.

**Virtues of Stale Bread.**

If any one should doubt the desire of the small remote town to make itself intellectually worthy, let him read the program prepared for the winter work of a club which occupied a prominent social position on the prairies of the Middle West. Here are some of the topics for papers, all to be prepared without the advantages of a library, either public or private, and with no educational advantages beyond a local newspaper: "Was the Victory of Wellington at Waterloo a Triumph of Medievalism or of Democracy?" "Is the French Republic or Ours the Best Illustration of the Political Ideas of Rousseau?" "The Race Problem of Southeastern Europe," "The Pessimism of the Russian Novel," "Will the Common Hatred of the Japanese and Chinese for the European Form a Bond Strong Enough to Hold China for the Yellow Man?" "Will Christian Ethical Ideas Be More Easily Grafted on the Cold Selfishness of Confucianism or on the Self-Respecting Ideas of Buddhism?"

Does not this illustrate the idea that when an American woman determines to do a thing she does it, without stopping to inquire if it is among the possibilities? How well she does it is another matter. My recollection suggests, says Helen Churchill Canjee in the Century, that in this case she laughingly evaded most of the questions, and made up by general cordiality and light refreshments by no means a poor substitute in a border town barred of social life.

New bread, on the contrary, is soft, doughy or plastic, and there appears to be no necessity to soften it with saliva, hence it escapes the preliminary digestive action of the pituitin of the saliva. New bread, in other words, is really "bolited" and "bolting" accounts for many of the ills arising from dyspepsia.—London Lancet.

A hearty laugh is more desirable for mental health than any exercise of the reasoning faculties.

Beware of the man who carries his small change in a pocket book.

### COLLAR OF HIS OWN.

#### PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S MUST BE MADE TO ORDER.

Not to Be Obtained in the Shops—A Little Disquisition on the Styles of Neckwear Affected by our Presidents of Recent Years.

"President Roosevelt is liable to revolutionize the collar business if he doesn't change his style," said a Broadway haberdasher the other day. "Since he became President we have had a number of calls for the Roosevelt collar. Of course, there is no such collar in the market either as to name or style. It is my opinion that the President has his collars made to order. Undoubtedly there is more comfort in the kind he wears than in most others, but they are not becoming to everybody any more than the high turnovers would be becoming to President Roosevelt. The Roosevelt collar, if you care to get at its genesis, came in Presidential favor when Grant was elected the first time. But Grant wore a bowknot tie, which gave the collar a different appearance from worn by President Roosevelt.

"Lincoln was the first of our Presidents to discard the old-fashioned stock, which, if worn now, would make a man look as if he had a sore throat. Lincoln's collars when he became President were part and parcel of his shirt 'sewed on,' as a woman would say. I am told that Lincoln was not noticeably tidy in his collars. They had a wavy look always. His favorite neckwear was black silk tied in a careless way quite becoming to him. When Andrew Johnson succeeded to the Presidency the old stock returned to the White House. He wore the wide stand-up collar, which was encircled by a black satin stock with a short, stiff bow.

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He was the last President to appear in that style. But for plain, common-sense, unconventional style, the Roosevelt collar is like its wearer, a style of its own."

SEVEN WAS HIS FATE.

Mystic Figure Pursued Franklin Johnson Through Life and to Death.

In the long life of Franklin Johnson, who died, after a week's illness of pneumonia, at his residence, 61 West 49th street, New York, recently, the figure of 7 or a combination of 7s occurred so surprisingly in connection with every event of importance that befell him that it was only fulfilling a presentiment he had frequently expressed when his death occurred in his 77th year.

Mr. Johnson was born in 1825, which, by a process of subtraction and addition, easily resolves itself into a combination of 7s. His wife was born on the 7th of a month and their marriage also occurred on a 7th. Their only child, a daughter, was born on a 14th and died on the 21st of a month, in her 14th year.

Previous to living at 61 West 49th street Mr. Johnson had resided at 77 West 52d street, and finally, yesterday was the seventh day since he was taken with a chill, which developed into pneumonia and caused his death.

At one time Mr. Johnson feared that he would die in his 67th year, but when he passed that period in his life he had the utmost confidence that he would live until he reached his 77th year. Beyond that period, however, he had no expectation of living.

Mr. Johnson was the last of one of New York's oldest families, says the New York Herald. His