

THE MAIDS.

Watch her walking down the street,
Every hair is sleek and neat;
Cheeks aglow and head held high,
Glossy boots 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 afraid—
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 picture that does not fade,
Showing her best when she's plain
"home-maid."

—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 thick, 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?"

"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 derisively, 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 loosed as their anxiety disappeared, and one of them, a smart little French Canadian, exclaimed:

"Ah, guess ah know were dat bebbey come from, me! Dat mans leev in lumber shanty on Coon Hill; he gone, ah' beez of' hooman have 't'ree, four, five bebbey—prob'ly two. Ah bet dat mans left dat bebbey, seh!"

"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 prob'ly 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' beez health an' 'bliged to take to de woods. No money—no health—big family. Ah guess ah'll do 'bout same t'ing as him, oah gosh, if ah get too much bebbey!"

"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 re-packed 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.

Tears 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 rained 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 a 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: "Give 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 unendurable. 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 walf must go.

Toward evening of the last day of her probation, Abigail Drew began to gather together certain little treasures of her own—beirlooms. 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 haying. 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 a 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 she saw the approaching figure he rose and called his wife.

A buxom, sweet faced woman came hustling to the door, skewer in hand. The moment Abigail's eyes rested upon her face, she cried:

"Lucinda Jones!"

The skewer fell clattering upon the floor, and the two women rushed together, like amicable battering-rams the arms of the larger embracing friend and child in their expansive embrace.

"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 love 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 be'n borne in upon me that, per'aps, I was wrong about the child. Come home, and you shall keep it as long as you live. I won't say another word. It's the only love affair you ever had, Abigail, and I ain't a-goin' to stand any longer between you and your heart."

The tears welled to Abigail's eyes as she came out into the road with her child.

"Put your hand on her head, Nathan," she said, "and swear to me that you will never part us. Then I will go home with you."

Nathan Drew hesitated a moment. Then he touched the child's head with the tips of his horny fingers, and said:

"I swear it, Abigail."

So the two and the child went home together.—Waverley.

Viruses of Stale Bread.

New bread is well known to be less digestible than stale bread, although it need not be so. There can be no question, however, of the vastly superior flavor of the former, and hence the preference of many people for hot rolls for breakfast. So far the palate would appear not to be a safe guide to digestion. Hot rolls, however, when masticated properly should not offer any difficulty to the digestive organs. A slice of stale bread on being broken with the teeth resolves into more or less hard, gritty particles, which, unless they were softened by the saliva, would be almost impossible to swallow. The particles would irritate the throat and the gullet. The fact is, therefore, that man is compelled thoroughly to masticate and to impregnate stale bread with saliva before he swallows it. This act, of course, partially digests the bread and thus makes it in a fit state for digestion and absorption farther on in the alimentary tract. This is why stale bread appears to be more digestible than new bread.

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 pyramin of the saliva. New bread, in other words, is in reality "bolted" 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 collars 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. Unquestionably 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 that 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 wilted 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.

"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. Garfield'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, turn-down, 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.

The Work They Are Doing and What They Mean to Do.

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 Mediocrity 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 Ideals 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 Candee 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 barren of social life.

Of two hundred clubs in New York State half are literary. This spark from the log of statistics shows the popularity of the self-culture club. There

undoubtedly is something in it which appeals to the vanity which shapes our ends. It is gratifying to be considered erudite, to know a little more than your neighbors know. It is like a more sumptuous edition of the teacher's mandate in baby days: "You may step up to the head of the class."

And yet, notwithstanding its popularity, an unquiet longing possesses, to some extent, the club which hangs out its banner for self-culture bearing the name of literature, art, music, or current topics. And this longing illustrates the trend of the day in women's clubs; it is a longing toward practicality. Altruism being the watchword of the day, and brotherly love an increasing passion, women are not long content to serve only themselves. And so the clubs for self-culture are feeling restless stirrings of wishing to do something for the community. Fortunately, there are appropriate objects for them all, and perhaps they will advance toward these.

HEIRESS, SHE DIED A PAUPER.

Woman in a Poorhouse Eight Years, with a Fortune Awaiting Her.

To die a pauper in the poorhouse was Mrs. Mary Minich's lot. Yet for eight years, all the time she was an alms-house charge, she was heir to \$40,000, while a firm of New York bankers were scouring the United States for her. Only to-day did their representative learn about her, and then she had been in her grave at the poorhouse a twelve-month.

The \$40,000 was left by Rudolph Bach, a wealthy bookbinder of Brooklyn. He died Nov. 27, 1893, without having made a will. Ladenburg, Thalman & Co., of 40 Wall street, were made administrators, with orders to turn the money over to Bach's next of kin, his niece, Miss Mary Bach that was.

All the bankers knew was that years ago Mary Bach had been a belle in Wilkes-Barre. She was the daughter of Rudolph Bach's only brother. Her marriage was a fashionable one. She plighted her troth to Dr. William Minich, Wilkes-Barre's foremost physician.

He died thirty years ago, and instead of a fortune, as all thought he had, he left his widow only a legacy of debt. Reared in luxury, Mrs. Minich found herself without a penny, and there was nothing for the one-time belle to do but earn her own living. She found employment with Jacob Matthias, who kept a roadhouse up in the mountains—"Seven-Mile Jake's" it was called.

For years Mrs. Minich lived on the mountain-top. One day Matthias was found murdered in his bed. The mystery was never solved. The woman who had kept house so long for him declared she was his widow, and put in a claim for a third of his estate. The legal battle that followed was long and wordy and she lost.

Sinking lower and lower in poverty's scale, the woman in 1893—she was then 79—was sent to the poorhouse just at the time that Rudolph Bach died intestate. The bankers sought strenuously for Mrs. Minich, but she was then known as Mrs. Matthias, and her identity was swallowed up.

So it was that year after year the old woman lived on at the poorhouse, just outside of Wilkes-Barre, not knowing that \$40,000 was only waiting to be claimed to be hers.

To-day Poor Director Tisch, says a Wilkes-Barre special to the New York World, led the bankers' representative to the lonely grave on the hillside.

"She has been lying there since last autumn," said she. "She died at the age of 86, never knowing of this good fortune."

He furnished legal proof of the death, and now the \$40,000, unclaimed for eight years, will go to some cousins of the name of Bach, who live here.

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 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 87th 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 grandfather served under Gen. Washington, and his father was for many years one of the best-known contractors in the city. His mother was a cousin of Ethan Allen. Of his ten brothers and sisters there are no male descendants known to the family here, and Mr. Johnson leaves no children, his wife alone surviving him. He had not been in active business for many years.

WHAT IT COSTS TO MARRY.

Only a \$5 Bill Is Needed to Defray the Necessary Expenses.

Marriage is one of the cheapest of luxuries if one reckons only the outlay required for the payment of the preacher or magistrate who performs the ceremony and the cost of the license. In such States as require licenses. Any minister, priest or preacher of the gospel in the United States may solemnize marriages, and in many States judges for one or more classes of courts may officiate. In all save half a dozen States, too, justices of the peace have the privilege of officiating at the highly important function.

In some parts of the United States the person performing a marriage ceremony must have personal knowledge of the parties, and inasmuch as such laws are enforced in some of the Western States where young people frequently drive long distances to be married, the stipulation has on occasion caused more or less inconvenience. In most of the States two witnesses are required to be present at the solemnization of a marriage, although in some States a single witness is sufficient. There is still in force in Pennsylvania an old law which prescribes that twelve witnesses shall be present, but this enactment is seldom if ever enforced. Perhaps the strangest stipulation of all is that which appears in the laws of Tennessee, and is to the effect that the validity of a marriage shall be in no wise affected by the omission of the baptismal name of either party in the license and the use of a nickname instead, provided the parties can be identified. Any person conversant with the conditions prevailing in the mountain districts of Tennessee will appreciate the wisdom of this unique proviso.

Common supposition is to the effect that the fee for performing the marriage ceremony is dependent entirely upon the generosity of the bridegroom, and it will doubtless, therefore, surprise many persons to learn that in several States the law has a hand in the matter. In the old dominion, for instance, there is a statute which provides that the person solemnizing a marriage is entitled to a fee of one dollar, and that "any person exacting a greater fee shall forfeit to the party aggrieved \$50." In West Virginia it is stipulated that the fee be "at least one dollar," and the Idaho law says that "the fee shall be \$5, or any other greater sum voluntarily given by the parties to such marriage." In sixteen States of the Union a wedded couple may obtain a more or less elaborate certificate of their marriage.

MISS GOULD AN OFFICIAL OF THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.



Miss Helen Gould, who has accepted her appointment as member of the Board of Lady Managers of the St. Louis World's Fair, is the most distinguished member of the family of the late Jay Gould.

People Who Wear the Kilt.

The wearing of the kilt is a custom religiously observed in the smartest society in Scotland. Many peers and some wealthy commoners who are chiefs of clans take special pride in the national costume. The Duke of Sutherland and his sons, the Duke of Argyll, and his brother, Lord Archibald Campbell, Lord Kinross, and entitled chieftains, such as Cameron of Lochiel or The Mackintosh—all these and many more—wear the Highland dress when in Scotland. A gentleman of high degree dons a kilt of a plainer tartan for morning wear and for shooting, and in the evening, when he dresses for dinner, he puts on his full dress tartan, with sporran and richly jeweled dirk.—London M. A. P.

Sweet Revenge.

While the British matron moans as each successive British youth is led captive to the altar by American girls, her Canadian niece is avenging the English cousin. She has swept across the boundary line and descended upon the professional young woman of the United States. While the Canadian girl is now prominent in all professions in the States, her greatest distinction has been won in trained nursing. In the most noted training schools and the finest hospitals the Canadian trained nurse is in places of responsibility.—Newcastle (Eng.) Chronicle.

State of Portugal.

Among European nations Portugal ranks most decidedly as one which has fallen from power and high estate and conspicuously degenerated. Emigration at an alarming rate robs the country of its best and strongest young men. Whole districts in Portugal are deserted and stand in need of colonization, while the peasants who remain in the land are illiterate to the extent of 80 per cent.

No man ever arrived suddenly at the summit of pure cussedness.