A MODERN MAUD.

Maud Muller carried the plates away,
And swept the cloth with a silver tray.

The Judge looked up from his seventh course,
And paused in the praise of his saddle horse,

To feast his eyes on the blush and charm
Of her girlish face and her snowy arm.

He turned to his host, and he archly said:
"Who is your pretty serving maid?"

And his host, polite as a host should be,
"That is my daughter, Judge," said he.

"Since I went broke in the bucket shop,
She brews my tea and fries my chop,

"She turns the buckwheat cake for me,
And my steak and chicken fricassee,

"Saving the erstwhile plunks I paid
To butler, chef and serving maid."

After cigars and chat were o'er,
The Judge he lingered at the door,

And for a last dessert essayed
To kiss the hand of the serving maid,

Whispering low: "Of the whole repast
The sweetest course was the very last!"

A year went by, and the poor old jay
Who entertained the Judge that day

Was out of the Sheriff's hands for good—
(The neighbors never understood

Just where he gathered the gold that set
Him up again, and out of debt).

Forsooth he knew—for the price he paid
Was the loss of his little serving maid.

The plunks rolled in from his bucket shop;
But the hand that had browned his morning chop

Now turned the leg of lamb to brown,
Poured out the tea and set her down

To feasts of pastry, meat and fudge,
And fine desserts—with the jolly Judge—

Just as the plans had all been laid
By the father of the little maid,

When he told Maud Muller she should play
The serving maid to the Judge that day!

—Aloysius Coll, in Puck.

TRUTHFUL TOMMY

Tommy is the pride of his mother's heart and the bane of everybody else's existence. When his mother invited Miss Perkins to luncheon the latter devoutly hoped that Tommy would be away at school or consigned to some relative for the day.

But the first object that greeted her eyes as she entered the small apartment was Tommy sitting on the piano stool, one leg curled under him and the other swinging back and forth, while both chubby hands were employed in bringing forth discordant sounds from the instrument. "Here, Tommy, take Miss Charlotte's purse and gloves for her," called his mother, her voice raised high in competition with Tommy's musical efforts.

"Oh, I'll just lay them here on the couch," said the visitor, who remembered well that the last time Tommy had performed the gentlemanly task for her a small penknife, a memorandum book, two foreign coins and a stamp book mysteriously disappeared from her purse.

Tommy seemed disappointed as he let himself from the piano stool.

"Have you got a kiss for me, Tommy?" asked Miss Perkins, smiling at him ingratiatingly.

"I don't kiss girls," he said, shortly. Then, seizing a whistle which hung round his neck on a string, he blew a series of long, piercing shrieks.

"Tommy, talk to Miss Charlotte while I go see about luncheon," said his mother. "Now, be mamma's own boy and tell her all about what you saw when Uncle Jack took you to the circus." Then she left the room.

"Won't you sit on my lap, dear?" asked the visitor.

"Git off my elephum," Tommy said, shaking the arm of her chair. "You are sitting on his tail."

Miss Perkins arose hastily. Then she noticed several appendages tied to it by strings—two pieces of cardboard, a long strip of tape and a razor strop.

"Dear me! I hope I haven't hurt your elephant," she said.

"No," returned Tommy, "you're too skinny; he couldn't feel you."

He proceeded to turn the chair forward until the front of it rested on the floor. Then he climbed upon the rung. "Are you going to stay here to eat?" he asked. Then, without waiting for an answer, he brought the whistle into service again.

Here Tommy's mother returned. "Come to luncheon now," she said. "Come, Tommy, and remember that little boys should be seen and not heard."

"Yop!" answered the pride of his mother's heart, turning a somersault.

During the luncheon Tommy applied himself with diligence to the contents of his plate.

"Won't you have an olive, dear?" asked Miss Perkins, passing the dainty cut-glass dish.

Tommy took the dish, looked at it curiously, then put it down. He glanced quickly toward his mother, then at the visitor, who smiled reassuringly. Next he elevated his eyebrows with a peculiarly knowing expression, looked toward the ceiling as if to draw Miss Perkins' attention to something and then gave a deliberate wink. Miss Perkins looked at the ceiling, but saw nothing.

"Drink your chocolate, sweetheart," said his mother.

Tommy took up the tiny, gold-bowled spoon, gazed at it as if fascinated, then plunged it into his chocolate. He took a sip, looked at the spoon, then looked at the visitor, who smiled again. After that he went through the same performance of trying to draw her attention to something above.

"Tell me, Tommy," said Miss Perkins, when his mother had left them alone for a few moments in the parlor after the luncheon, "what did you see on the dining-room ceiling?"

Tommy climbed up on his elephant and clutched his whistle. "I didn't see nothing," he said, twisting his limbs into seemingly impossible positions. "Didn't you catch on?"

"I'm afraid I didn't, Tommy."

Tommy untied the knots in his legs and arms and went over to Miss Perkins' chair. He glanced furtively out in the other room.

"Well, did you like the dish with the olives in it?" he asked.

"Why, yes, Tommy, didn't you?"

"And did you like the little spoons with the gold on 'em?"

"They were very pretty. I suppose they were presents to mamma?"

Tommy looked at the visitor quizzically for a moment, then stuck out his under lip. "They ain't ours," he said. "They belong to the lady upstairs. Say, what's an old maid? Mamma said you were one."—Hartford Courier.

CLASS IN MANNERS

Instruction for the Shy and Awkward in Old Time Southern Schools.

The father of Alexander H. Stephens, the vice-president of the Confederate States, was an "old field" teacher, and one of his schoolroom exercises, which the pupils called "learning manners," evidently made a deep impression on little Alexander, writes Louis Pendleton in his biography of the statesman. The plan was no less admirable than quaint.

It is related that about once a month on a Friday afternoon, after the spelling classes had got through their tasks, the boys and girls were directed to take seats in rows facing each other. Then the boy at the head of his row would rise and walk toward the centre of the room and the girl at the head of her row would do likewise.

As they approached the boy would bow and the girl drop a courtesy, the established feminine salutation of those days, and they would pass on.

At other times they were taught to stop and exchange verbal salutations and the usual formulas of polite inquiry.

These exercises were varied by meetings in an imaginary parlor, the entrance, introduction and reception of visitors, with practice in "commonplace chat."

Then came the ceremony of introductions. The parties in this case would walk from opposite sides of the room in pairs, and upon meeting, after salutations of the two agreed upon, would begin making known to each other the friends accompanying them, the boy saying, "Allow me, Miss Mary, to present to you my friend, Mr Smith. Mr. Smith, Miss Jones." After Miss Mary had spoken to Mr. Smith she would in turn introduce her friend.

These exercises, trivial as the description may seem, the vice-president of the Confederacy says, "were of great use to raw country boys and girls, removing their awkwardness and consequent shyness and the painful sense of being at a disadvantage or the dread of appearing ridiculous."—Youth's Companion.

NEW SPORT AT TUXEDO.

Carp, With Which the Lake is Stocked, Speared by Torchlight.

A new form of sport for this part of the country has been introduced at Tuxedo this spring with much success. It is the spearing of carp by torchlight.

Carp were introduced a dozen or more years ago from Germany and many lakes and rivers have been stocked with them. They are more or less a nuisance, have multiplied exceedingly and have destroyed many smaller edible fish.

In Germany and France, says Town and Country, the carp are considered excellent eating, but even there they are served with sauces which disguise their flat, rank flavor. They have made their appearance in this city as articles of food in the smaller restaurants, principally in those on the east side. The carp at Tuxedo are said to be very large and quite gamy.

In the bayous of Louisiana a favorite sport is to spear the saculait, a species of trout which abound there and which cannot be taken by fly or bait. These bayous are sluggish, narrow streams running through cypress swamps and half submerged forests. The fishermen paddle about in pirogues or dugout canoes.

Some manage with extreme dexterity to hold pine torches in one hand and flash the flame on the water. The fish rise to the light and they are speared by others of the party. The Acadian—as the native in the adopted land of Evangeline is called—serves these fish baked in claret and covered with spices and flavored with a little onion and the small green pepper with a tomato sauce.

MINERS AND TUBERCULOSIS.

Number of Cases Among Coal Miners Below the Average.

A mining journal published at Scranton has been calling attention to the curious fact that in coal mining communities there is a marked deficiency in the mortality from tuberculosis as compared with that of other localities. This is a phenomenon that has also been observed in Great Britain and attention has been drawn to it by B. H. Thwaite.

According to Mr. Thwaite the effects noted may be due to the physiological effects of carbon monoxide, for he finds that men engaged about blast furnaces and gas producers are peculiarly free from tuberculosis trouble.

It is suggested in Mines and Minerals that the presence of carbon dust in the lungs may be a cause of production of CO, and that this will serve to explain the immunity of miners from the disease.

The tubercle bacillus is a creature of extreme tenacity of life. It is encased in a waxy integument and is proof against even nitric acid, but gases are so penetrating in their powers of diffusion that it can well be considered that carbonic oxide might reach the tissues of a creature in a subtle manner, for the gas cannot be perceived.

CONCRETE JACKETS ON LEVEES.

New Method of River Protection Promises to Be Successful.

A new use for concrete is in the protection of levees on the lower Mississippi. The usual way of protecting these levees from damage by wave wash is by a wooden revetment, consisting of planks placed vertically at the base or toe of the riverward slope of the levee.

They are fastened firmly between two rails near their top and to one near their bottom. This makes a sort of tight board fence from six to nine feet high. It is braced by stringers which are anchored in the crown of the levee.

As a substitute, writes a United States engineer in the Manufacturers' Record, it was decided to try a concrete jacket extending from near the top of the levee to the toe of the slope and thence vertically two feet into the berme. The curbing at the toe of the slope was to prevent any wash taking place which would undermine the revetment, and also to prevent burrowing animals from making holes through the base of the levee.

The concrete consisted of one part of cement to five parts of sand and eight parts of gravel and was placed four inches thick. A re-enforcement of wire fabric was used for the purpose of holding the concrete together in the event that the earthen embankment would shrink away from the revetment and also to serve as a barrier to drift logs and timber that would be likely to wear down the concrete surface in places by pounding against it. After this spring's high water had been against the concrete jacket forty days no weakness or defect was noticed.

GOLF DRIVE OF 395 YARDS.

James Braid Made It In 1905, But the Ground Was Frozen.

In an autobiographical sketch at the end of his new book on golf James Braid tells of his longest drive.

"So far as I can recollect," he writes, "it was in 1905, when playing a round at Walton Heath with Mr. Riddell. The course was frostbound and the wind was at our backs when we were playing the fifteenth hole, and I hit my tee shot a distance of 395 yards, carefully calculated afterward.

"Of coursce you can drive a ball wonderful distances when the turf is frozen, and such a feat as this is no test of one's general capacity, but on the other hand, it was so cold that I could scarcely grip my club, and I feel sure that if I could have held it properly I should that day have driven very much further.

"At the eighteenth hole in the same round I drove to the bunker guarding the green, which was another drive of nearly the same length. As to what distances I have driven under normal conditions I really do not know.

"Once when I was playing a match against Harry Vardon at Hythe I made a carry which was generally remarked upon at the time as being something very much out of the ordinary, but I do not remember what was the exact length of it."—New York Sun.

The Wolf Slayer.

Dmitri Kosztian, of Bistricza, known as the wolf slayer, dispatched 285 of these animals in thirty years. Two months ago he disappeared and recently his skeleton was discovered on the Bistricza hills.

Household Notes

SOUTHERN RECIPES.

The following collection of fine old southern recipes happened to fall into my hands, says Elizabeth Pyewell in the New York Press. Many of these are heirlooms and have been in use for a century. They are of especial value on account of their being within the capacity of amateur cooks.

CREAM PUDDING.

Two tablespoonfuls of flour, one large cupful of powdered sugar, two tablespoonfuls of cream, three eggs. Beat the sugar and cream into the yolks, beat the whites separately, mix all together, then sift in the flour gradually, turn into heated pans, buttered; bake twenty minutes.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING.

One pint breadcrumbs, one quart milk, yolks of four eggs, two or three squares of chocolate, season with essence of vanilla. When cold, beat the whites of the eggs light with four tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar. Put this over the top, and place in the oven until brown.

WASHINGTON BREAKFAST CAKES.

Three eggs, one pint milk, one pint flour, one teaspoonful of butter. Beat all well together and add two tablespoonfuls of yeast. Set to rise in a warm place. Put in greased tins and bake in a quick oven. Beat the eggs light before adding them to the other ingredients.

BEATEN BISCUIT.

One quart flour, put in thoroughly, one tablespoonful of lard, one teacupful milk, one-third teacupful of water. Mix it up stiff and beat until the dough is soft and covered with blisters. Roll out the dough on the board and cut out the biscuits. Stick them with a fork, bake in a quick oven. Let them be slightly browned. One tablespoonful of butter is an improvement.

KOSSUTH CAKE.

Take sponge cakes that have been baked in small round tins, hollow out the flat side with a knife, be careful not to break the outside, put two of these cakes together, and fill the part hollowed out with whipped or beaten cream. Melt some sweet vanilla chocolate in a little milk, stir until perfectly smooth, and when cool pour it over the top part of the cake. The cake should be eaten while fresh.

LEMON JELLY FOR CAKE.

Take the yolks of three eggs, the juice and rind of one lemon, quarter of a pound of butter, half pound granulated sugar. Put into a skillet on the fire and stir until it becomes thicker than custard, then stir in the whites beaten to a froth. As soon as this comes to a boil, take it off and stir until cold. When quite cold put it between layers of cake instead of jelly. It is excellent also in puff paste. Cover the custard with the paste.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Chicken salad is delicious if mixed with small pieces of green pepper and mayonnaise. Press the meat into pepper cases.

Burning oil is spread by water. To extinguish it throw down flour, sand or earth. The idea is to prevent the oil spreading.

To take berry stains out, let boiling water run through stains until entirely taken out.

A fine flaky crust is made as follows: One and one-half cups flour, two-thirds cup lard. Mix with as little cold water as possible, roll out, then spread lard on, and roll again; repeat the process several times. You can use it for crusts in patties or in pans.

In camp or at home, when the fire is slow of starting because of lack of shavings or otherwise cut into some of the kindlings, making little slivers without separating the latter from the sticks. If the kindlings happen to be damp on the outside, the cuts will expose little dry places to the flame.

Warm your discolored earthenware or granite baking dishes well, then rub them with damp corn meal. It cleans without scratching.

In putting on the bands to skirts, make them long enough to turn in about an inch. Make the buttonhole in this and being doubly strong it will not pull out.

Salt thrown on a coal fire when broiling steak will prevent blazing from the dripping fat.

Salt as a gargle will cure soreness of the throat.

Salt in the water is the best thing to clean willow ware and matting.

Salt in whitewash makes it stick.

Salt thrown on a coal fire when low will revive it.

Salt used in sweeping carpets keeps out moths.

Salt thrown on soot which has fallen on a carpet will prevent stain.

Salt put on ink when freshly spilled on a carpet will help in removing the spot.

Salt in the oven under baking tins will prevent scorching.

In addition to the canned speeches, remarks the Indianapolis News, there are the indiscreet ones which are jarred.

A GRITTY FIGHT FOR LIFE.

Comfort reigned around the little campfire that evening; pipes were smoked and tea brewed, material accompaniments to chat and cheer. Then some one asked a question; just what, is immaterial; only the answer matters.

"Boys," said Puffie seriously, "I thought that last winter I was all out of it. Close call, you ask? Well, pretty close, I had started out from Revelstroke with the usual outfit, a twenty-five foot Peterboro loaded down to about the six hundred pound limit with all my traps. I went away up Canoe River and had been having pretty good luck, when, boys, I played the fool. I got in a hurry. I took overlong hikes and ate cold grub to save time. We fellows don't dare do that. No man in the winter woods can stand cold grub; he must cook well and take his rest. Then it doesn't matter if he has to wade creeks and sleep wet and live wet days at a time; he can resist it, he's got the fuel in him. We have a rule that when we get in a hurry, we must camp a whole day and think it over. When I found myself going, I did camp and think it over, but I guess I was a bit late about it. I dug Oregon grape and princess pine and boiled them down for blood tonic and was lucky enough to find some foxglove for my heart, which had begun to kick too hard when I climbed. Then I hurt my foot before the roots had put me in shape, and when I found a toe black one morning I knew I must pull down river. I cached my stuff and started. I had to hurry then.

All day I snowshoed, biting hard on a bit of pine to forget the pain. Nights I'd find a hollow cedar log, cut holes in it about ten feet apart for draft, kindle a fire at the end and lie down on the log. When the fire had burned up to the draft hole at my foot I moved up another hole. When I couldn't find a log I'd dig a pit down in the snow, kindle a brush fire in it and sleep at the edge of the ashes. I reached Smith Creek all right, and by then my whole foot was black. Boys—may I live to forget it—I fell in crossing that creek; fell in over head and ears in ice water, and nothing between me and Revelstoke to help me. If I stopped, besides the certainty of freezing, I knew my hurt would never let me start again, and I didn't think I could keep going. I felt I was gone, but I resolved I'd die hard and play the game through. Off I hiked on the raquettes; awful going it was, the pain killing me by inches and every rag on me frozen solid. Night came; I kept on like a madman, for I dared not stop a second. If I drowsed an instant I was dead. I reached White's cabin; all nature urged me to go in for a rest. I had reason enough to know it would be my last rest, so I hit the trail steady with an awful limp. I prayed Kelly might be in his cabin, but it was cold and shut.

When I reached Mosquito Landing I was dying, but the thought of only six miles more kept me going. When I had been hiking steady for over forty-two hours I fell into my own door and things swam and went dark. It was three months even to crutches. The sawbones all said I'd die, but didn't I fool 'em? Going out again next winter? Sure. I've got to go back for that cache. A man must live, you know.—B. W. Mitchell, in the Outing Magazine.

THIS MIGHT STICK.

"Have you made your campaign contribution yet?"

"What's the use?" sighed the poet. "All my contributions are returned, with thanks."—Washington Herald.

It is said that the use of an oil or gas engine on the farm results in a saving of from twenty to fifty per cent. as compared with horses.