

**BABY'S WISDOM.**

When mother wakes  
Her babe and breaks  
The silence with her speech,  
No word of it,  
Despite my wit,  
Both my awed reason reach.

Choctaw and Greek  
And verbal freak  
Of languages long dead  
Did ne'er before,  
The wide world o'er,  
Such barren nonsense shed.

Yet baby's eyes  
Make glad replies,  
And baby's tiny hands  
A plausive move  
To deftly prove  
How baby understands.

And though my store  
Of lingual lore  
Is my chief boasts among,  
The facts disclose  
That baby knows  
More of the mother tongue.

—Richmond Dispatch.

**An Old Maid's Love Affair.**

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

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 relationships, 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 ever 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 that she was only conscious of walking upon such roseate air as the old painters lianed 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 past 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 distinctly 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 towards retaining the child, the man's towards 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 loosed as their anxiety disappeared, and one of them, a smart little French Canadian, exclaimed:

"Ah guess ah know where dat bebbey come from, me! Dat mans leev in lumber shanty on Coon Hill; he gone, an' heez ol' hooman have 't'ree,

four, five bebbey probly too. Ah bet dat mans left dat bebbey, seh!"

"I shouldn't wonder," replied Nathan Drew. "Shiftless chap! 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 blame brood with him. The young un 'll probly go 'v up jest like the rest of 'em, la y and wutless!"

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

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

Alphonse grinned appreciatively and took no offence. Then silence fell upon the three men until the last crumb and 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 goin' 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 tyrant 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 its suffering! What a clear, white skin; what a little, pointed, dimpled chin; 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—"Clear 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 waif must go.

Towards 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 laces left her by Aunt Judith, an old-fashioned watch and chain, six silver spoons, worn as thin as paper—these, and a few other things, she wrapped in a bundle; and then, taking baby and bundle 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 clear, 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 piny 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 he saw the approaching figure, he rose and called his wife.

A buxom, sweet-faced woman came bustling 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 20 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 for ever."

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 'b'orne 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 they two and the child went home together.—New York Post.

**Elephant Lost a Tusk.**

Hatnee, the Zoo elephant, has broken off one of her tusks, one of those big, long, handsome chunks of ivory that have been her glory and her pride for many and many a year. Nobody knows how it happened. The calamity was discovered shortly after daybreak the other morning, when her keeper arrived to give her her breakfast. He found the tusk lying on the floor, and the great, docile creature was fondling it in a pathetic way with her trunk. It had broken off close to the flesh, and at that point was slightly decayed, but to no serious extent.

The occurrence is a very rare one in captive elephant life, and the only explanation seems to be that Hatnee had a tussle with a team of night-mares and got done up to the extent of losing her left tusk. But the fact that she just as eagerly as ever devoured her breakfast of two big buckets of oats and bran, a 190-pound bale of hay and 18 bucketsful of Ohio river water, showed how little her loss concerned her. The tusk will make as valuable a set of billiard balls as were ever turned out. A new tusk will grow in place of the old one, but considerable time will be required.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**THE REALM OF FASHION.**

**A Tasteful Model.**  
The general preference for full waists shown in all transparent gauze fans hold their own. Hand-gowns makes a marked feature of the season. The tasteful model by Manton here shown, while essentially youthful in effect, is suited to young women and matrons, as well as girls, and to all thin materials. The foundation is a fitted lining. As illustrated it closes invisibly at the centre back, but the opening can be made at the front if preferred. The yoke of lace is faced onto the line of perforations, and there meets the full portion, which is gathered at both the upper and lower edge. Over the joining is arranged a full puff, and below



it falls a frill of lace. At the neck is a high-standing collar surrounded by a frill. The sleeves are no-seamed and wrinkle slightly. The bodice is upon smooth, snug-fitting linings. At the shoulders are deep frills, for epaulettes, and at the wrists are power frills, which fall over the hand.



To make this waist for a woman of medium size two and three-quarter yards of material forty-four inches wide will be required.

**Ladies' Blouse Basque.**  
Few colors are more deliciously cool in their effect than gray and white. The stylish basque shown in the large illustration is of silk, which combines the two in narrow stripes and is itself combined with pure white Liberty in the shirred yoke and plisse frill.

The foundation is a fitted lining that closes at the centre front. The yoke is first shirred and is then faced on to the required depth and closes at the left shoulder seam, but the basque proper which consists of black, side-back and under-arm gores and full fronts, closes invisibly at the left side beneath a strip of band trimming which finishes the edge. The circular frill of the silk is edged with Liberty plisse and finished with a band and is seamed to the foundation at the edge of the yoke. The sleeves are two-seamed and fit snugly and the basque portion is seamed to the body at the waist line. At the neck is a high collar of shirred Liberty supplemented by a frill. At the wrists are bands of the trimming with frills that simulate cuffs.

To make this basque for a lady of medium size four and a half yards of material twenty-two inches wide will be required.

**Breeze-Giving Fans the Fashion.**  
Fashion says our fans are growing larger, and in the very near future the old-time immense fans will be the proper thing. For several years the pretty soft ostrich fans have been hidden away as out-of-date, but they may now bring them out as being quite the latest and newest thing, and air them on the very swellest occasions with the greatest assurance of being correct. Gauze fans of black with white lace, and white ones with black

**The Youngest Woman Lawyer.**  
Although but nineteen years old, Marie W. Hanus, of Chicago, has been admitted to the bar, and has had charge of cases before justices. She must wait, however, until she is twenty-one, just as if she were a young man, before she can practice in the higher court. Miss Hanus speaks several languages, including Bohemian.

**Charlotte Yonge Scholarships.**  
Miss Charlotte Yonge, the writer, is seventy-five years of age and has written more than eighty books. Her admirers, headed by the Princess of Wales, are collecting money to endow three free scholarships to be known by her name. They will be for girls.

**A Woman Woodchopper.**  
Mrs. Daniel Downey, of Vineland, N. J., supports her family by chopping wood. Her husband is an invalid, and so she cuts the trees, saws the wood and earns \$2 a day.

**Child's Empire Gown.**  
No model is more generally popular for small girls' gowns than the Empire with its graceful folds and admirable lines. The design shown in the illustration is well suited to all



summer material. India silks in the charming patterns but here are patterned lawn trimmed with bows and finished with bows of pink ribbon.

The long skirt is full and is attached to the yoke which is a band of needlework covered by a tiny frill. The sleeves are finished with a tiny frill, and are finished with a tiny frill that falls over the graceful bretelles and edged with narrow frill.



bon being placed at the waist. To make this gown for a child of years of age four yards of material thirty inches wide will be required.

**Latest Novelty in Menu Cards.**  
One of the latest novelties in menu cards is an exact imitation in coloring and ornamentation of Wedgwood ware.

**A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.**

**THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.**

**Satan's Sawmills—Youth is the Form!**  
Time of Habits and These, Unless Carefully Watched, Will Grow Until They Bind Like Handcuffs.

The sawmills of Satan, the slum and saloon where villains and felons are made, Daylight and twilight, midnight and noon driving their devilish trade.

Up with the gates! How they haul them! As they jam and jostle and crash! Soaked and sodden and slimy with sin To these terrible teeth they rush.

Lads and lasses, the freckled and fair, Robbed of their beauty and bloom; The child of vice and the child of prayer Drawn to the drunkard's doom.

Oh, horrible change! From the mill it comes All scarred and seathed and cursed; A raging wreck flung out of the slums, The demon has done his worst.

Boys from the schoolhouse, college and co. Seized and sawn and slain, A license for this he bargained and bought To keep up the old refrain.

Who licensed this ruffian to capture and kill The lad that was loved so well; To cut him up in his murder mill To fuel the flames of hell?

Oh, freedom of your God and love of your boy, Oh, freedom, we plead and implore, These sawmills of Satan denounce and destroy.

To hear them or fear them no more, Let them buzz, buzz, buzz, hum, hum, hum, Or use our youth by selling them rum.

**Only a Glass in the Morning.**  
Youth is the forming time of habits, and these, unless carefully watched, will grow until they bind like ropes and handcuffs. There are few young men who are awakened to the evils of a bad habit in time to conquer as did a certain young man who had thoughtlessly formed the habit of taking a glass of liquor every morning before breakfast. An older friend advised him to quit before the habit should grow too strong. "Oh, there's no danger. It's a mere notion. I can quit at any time," replied the drinker.

"Suppose you try it to-morrow morning," suggested the friend.

"I assure you there's no cause for alarm." A week later the young man met his friend again. "You are not looking well," observed the latter. "Have you been ill?"

"Hardly," replied the other. "But I am trying to escape it. I feel a dreadful danger, and I fear that it will be before I have conquered. My eyes were opened to an imminent peril when I gave you that prompt question. I thank you for your timely question."

"How did it affect you?" inquired the friend.

"The first trial utterly deprived me of appetite for food. I could eat no breakfast and was nervous and trembling all day. I was alarmed when I realized how insidiously the habit had fastened to me, and resolved to turn square about and never touch another drop. This has paid me dear severely, but I am gaining, and I mean to keep the upper hand after this. Strong drink will never catch me in its net again."

**Business Bars the Drunkard.**  
"Drunkenness to-day is deemed disreputable in its very quarters where only a little while ago it was looked upon simply as a misfortune," writes Edward W. Bok in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Every line of business shuts its doors absolutely to the drunkard. It has no use for him. Business competition has become so keen that only the men of the steepest habits can find employment. This fact the habitual indulger in alcoholics has found out, and the different 'cure' establishments for drunkenness—and Godsend they are, too, to humanity—are to-day filled with men who have come to a realization of the changed condition. The man of steady habits is the man of the hour, and the drunkard realizes this. In the social world the same thing is true. The excessive indulgence of even a few years ago would not be tolerated at any dinner to-day. Society has become intolerant of the behavior which inevitably results from excessive indulgence in drinking, and men realize this. It is bad manners to-day to drink to excess. Good taste is spreading, and moderation is necessarily following."

**Saint Gambrinus.**  
This is the name of the patron saint of the beer drinkers. According to the story told of how he came to fill this niche, it seems it was a shallow-pated fellow who was so distressed at being filled by a girl, that he proposed to commit suicide. While he sat upon the limb of the tree with a slip-noose around his neck, Satan came to him and offered to reveal to him an art which should bring him riches and rank, and make the girl chagrined and leaving refused him, and at the end of thirty years he was to give up his soul to the devil. The bargain was made and the art taught was beer brewing. Men liked his beer so much that by his sale he became a millionaire. The Emperor Charlemagne liked it so much that he gave him rank, but Gambrinus became so tricky that when the emperors came for his soul he made them a drunk on his beer.

What became of him at last the story does not say, but it is a most suggestive comment on beer, an invention of the devil, costing the beer-seller his soul, and so intoxicating as to make even the devils drunk.

**Gladstone on Drunkenness.**  
"Let us all carry with us, deeply stamped upon our hearts, a sense of shame for the great plague of drunkenness which goes through the land sapping and undermining character, breaking up the happiness of families, oftentimes choosing for its victims not the worst, but the most susceptible. Surely there is hardly one amongst us to which this habit lends. We should carry with us a deep and adequate sense of the mischief, and an earnest intention to do what in us lies to remove it."—Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, in a speech in Liverpool, 1892.

**Music Better Than Whisky.**  
If the men in America who imagine that their brains need prodding would substitute music for whisky as a prodder, they would be amazed at results. Unless a man has the mind and nerves of a satyr there is more stimulus for his brain in an hour's good—or moderately bad—music than in the whisky from the corn of two mules' plowing. The man who wrote the Declaration of Independence played upon the violin. He played very often and very well. He did not drink whisky. Who knows what this nation owes to the old fiddle of Monticello?—New York Journal.

**Temperance News and Notes.**  
Liquor bills are often paid at the lunatic asylum. Money spent in liquor is money taken from legitimate trade.

The saloon is on trial for its life. Reader, are the juror. What will your verdict be?

A malignity of Satan could not match drink traffic for breaking up the home, the morals of the people and sealing the doom of a Republic. It is silently but surely sifting the people into two classes—home and saloon defenders. There are three classes.