

# The Baby.

By MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

No; I didn't want to see the baby—that baby! I couldn't have looked at it even. All that was in my consciousness regarding the baby kept love out of my heart. It had cost the mother's life.

My golden-haired Miriam! My beautiful darling in her shroud, and this unheeding infant wailing continuously. If the child had only been taken and the mother left. Kindness did all that could be done, brought the crying infant to be loved and blessed, but I couldn't love and I couldn't bless it. It was ugly; it was thin; it was hideous.

"Carry it from me as far as you can," was my furious cry. "Never will I see it, never acknowledge it." It was the brutal answer of a man beside himself, and I was brutal, but I was suffering. So they treated me as a man crazed by grief ought to be treated.

The poor little crying babe was cared for, but taken out of my sight, and they left me alone with my troubles.

Along with my beautiful dead, her shining eyes closed forever, her golden hair blazing with light even under the coffin lid.

After the funeral, while my frantic grief made a scene of misery, they bore the child away into the green country. My mother took it to her loving heart.

"It has neither father nor mother," she would say, "but I will be both to it. Honey, they shan't have you," she would whisper to the child, "you are all mine."

I was a stupid fool so to mourn, so to put out of my sight every reminder of my dead wife, but unreasoning man will be stupid and at times a fool. I loved my wife passionately, but not wisely. So elated had I been with my conquest that, like a man who puts a precious coin in hiding, I tormented myself and I tormented my poor wife. She would have seen how jealous I was from the first, but she was like an angel and forgave everything.

Absorbed in my sorrows I still neglected the child. I would not see it. From week to week I sent money for its care, but let it stay where it was, let me stay where I was. My work absorbed me. I had lost Miriam, henceforth nothing could comfort me. I would have died first. Nothing could tempt me to go home and see him. I dreaded the sight of him, as I would have loathed poison.

"He grows so strong and pretty," my mother wrote. "He cries no longer." That was all very well, but when she added, "Come and see him," I rebelled. He might be beautiful; he might be wonderful; but he had lost me my pearl of pearls. There would never be another Miriam for me.

No, I would not even let them send me the boy's picture. I was iconoclast enough to have broken it if they had. Strange that love seemed dead in my heart. I cherished sentimentalism to the extent of feeling that I should never love again, in fact, beast nor bird, woman nor child, and I glorified in my self-occlusion.

The time went on. I neglected my mother, who was wearing out her heart for me; would not even go to see her because I wanted not to see the boy, who had become an image of hatred, as I look at it now. Time hated not the force of my grief, rather exaggerated it. Still the letters came occasionally.

"The boy had teeth, two, three, six, seven, he smiled like an angel, he was beautiful, he was growing fast. Fourteen months old and you have not seen him. And he looks like you."

"Then I'll never see him," I cried, between my teeth, and I knew that in my way I was a handsome man, but for that eternal melancholy.

If she had said he looked like Miriam, or he had her eyes, her hair, her teeth, her smile, I don't know what I might have been tempted to do, but I was stubborn. He had taken my Miriam from me. He had consigned her to the dark grave. No, he was anathema maranatha.

I loathed him. I believe I all but began to loathe my mother for tempting me. When did I want of the boy? Why did I need, who was ever reminded of my loss, which was irreplaceable? So my heart in scriptural language waxed harder and harder and less human.

At last a shock recalled me to my senses. I had been on a long journey. My mail had accumulated. Among the letters which I read on my return home was one announcing my mother's illness. That was dated only a few days after my departure. What might not have happened in the meantime? Then there came a thought of the boy. What had become of him? Suppose my mother should die? For the first time a rill sprang up in my heart, tiny, but of perhaps fatherly affection. The news was weeks old and no letter had come in the interim. I was actually forced to a determination to go home unconscious of what was to most me.

The car wheels seemed leaden. The beautiful prospects of my old country home were almost forbidding. Plainly the old well came into sight, then the rose gardens, then the house in whose square outlines nothing seemed to be missing. How brown it looked against the clear blue of the sky, and there seemed to be around it a holiday excitement, an environment of pleasant anticipation. Clearly nothing detrimental had happened. My mother must still be living, and my heart lightened, its tension was gone. I allowed myself to breathe naturally, to feel the light and color of the atmosphere, the fertility and beauty of the surroundings. Of the baby I dared not think. Suddenly the thought impressed me that I had been an unnatural father,

and at that moment of light and inspiration I saw a vision.

Miriam appeared to me. Yes, sitting at the window of the farmhouse where I had first seen her in all the glory of her golden hair, in the glad light of those eyes I had worshipped, that was Miriam looking at me, smiling at me. If there is such a thing as paroxysm of the heart I was attacked with it then and there. I could not breathe nor swallow, only gasp, only look, only tremble. She still smiled as I passed by, the never-to-be-forgotten gleam of her yellow hair, her wonderful eyes, her sweet face pursuing me in her smiles. She never moved, but sat there with my boy in her lap, and our boy resembled her. What was my condition as I stopped at the next farmhouse? Clearly I was stunned, almost annihilated. I could scarcely find strength to struggle down from the carriage, to mount the few steps to our cottage door. Ah, there was my mother, looking years younger and brighter than I had seen her for years, but where was the boy? My heart began to beat unnaturally as I asked myself the question. He had died, perhaps, and was now with his mother. I had seen them together. Strange to say, the thought gave me happiness. Miriam and her son! Miriam and our boy—ours, though I had forfeited all the rights of a father! Ours!

My mother was startled, frightened, though, by the expression in her face, relieved and contented. It was slightly pallid as though she had been ill.

"My dear boy," she cried out, then almost faintly. It was in the old parlor we met, the dear old room, where everything reminded me of my father, who had always been loving and kind to me. Every odd figure in the carpet was familiar. Generations of old pictures preserved the family lineaments. His sword, which my mother had buckled on when he

went to war, stood among other relics, his chair was in the place where he had sat last. My mother chided me gently for leaving the city without inquiring her, then the conversation ran on general topics. I wanted to ask for my boy, but a cowardly fear prevented me. He was every where. I remember I seemed to hear his voice in the air. I seemed to see his face in every illusive picture, but had not the courage to ask for him.

"Would you like to see Edgar?" my mother asked, and I started at the sound of my own name. "They had called him," then, after me. Her voice was very gentle, as if she would not startle me, but she smiled when I said yes, and left the room.

Presently I saw the maid, with sun-bonnet on, go down the drive.

"But where is he?" "Oh, with Jessie, a new friend of his and ours," she said. "She came up here and borrowed him. She is very fond of the little lad. So am I. So we all are, so you will be. Yes, and proud of him, too. While I was sick Jessie was here and she cared for him. I could not bear to think I might die and he need the care of a mother, but I could leave him with Jessie. Yes, I should be well content." Then a mysterious light came into her face. I remember it set me to thinking of Miriam. I know not why.

She bent over, either to whisper or to tell me something strange when the maid came back with my boy in her arms. "How he started me, fifteen months old, just walking, with the magnificent physique of a bronze savage, yet like and white and lithe as a wild creature. And with Miriam's eyes of deep blue, her hair of yellow gold, could anything live and be more beautiful? I choked with the sensations that clamored through my being. He had been taught well. The little chest swelled proudly when he looked at me.

"Edgar, darling, here is your papa. Your name is not unfamiliar to him," my mother said, with a certain pride; "he has heard of you every day of his life. Go to your father, my boy," she added, softly.

The boy obeyed, like a little seraph. But he came slowly. A gust of fatherly pride prompted me to lift him to my knee, to smother him with kisses. Never shall I forget his look as he stood well up, his little thumb pressing against my waistcoat, his whole body thrown into an admirable

## THE STORY OF A RURAL REVOLUTIONIST.

It is hard to "bring home" to the readers of printed pages the extent and the full meaning of the work that is going on in the United States to build up rural life—to make farming pay; for this is a kind of work that a man must see to understand it, to measure its value, and to come to know what it will mean in the near future to the people. Here, for example, is a little story from life:

The best small farmer in his neighborhood sent his only son to an agricultural college. When the boy had finished his studies he had a plan to go away and to begin life for himself, but his father was eager to keep him at home. He would stay only if his father would give him complete control of the farm. Since the old man was himself the best farmer in his part of the world, he yielded to the boy's wish with reluctance, but he yielded.

"Now what do you suppose John did?" he asked, as he told the story. "He hitched all three of the mules to one plow. I had never done that, but I pretty soon saw that he was right. Then he spent a lot of time and care in selecting seeds. I had never done that so thoroughly, but I soon saw that he was right; and so on, item after item.

The result was that, although the farm had for years made larger yields than any other in the neighborhood, the yield the first year of the young man's management was thirty per cent. larger than it had ever been before; and the second year, fifty per cent. larger. Within a few years the methods of farming in the neighborhood had become so much better that the farmers receive now \$50,000 more a year, in cash, than they received before John took his father's farm in hand.

Similar changes are taking place in many parts of the country. The difference in the difference between a life of hard struggle and a life of independence, between good roads and bad, between good schools and bad, between a cheerful life and a sad existence, between hard lives for women and comfortable and refined lives, the difference between stolidity and a glad intellectual existence.—From The World's Work.

pose, his head lifted, his eyes looking widely into mine, a subdued dread in the sad blue orbs, and still he pressed my chest with his hand, a strong hand, and regarded me intently. Then he looked backward over his shoulder, and then, with a condescension that was proved in the action, he bent his head and kissed me.

I lavished embraces upon him. He was so noble, so beautiful, so brave, no fear in his manner. I might have been with him all his life and he the frolicsome elf he seemed from day to day. I saw that my mother was satisfied, pleased, delighted. The introduction was complete. There had been no failure on either side. Only perhaps I had been awkward in trying to reproduce the easy graces of fatherhood. Well, the rogue grew into my good will rapidly. We played and romped till exhausted. At least I was, and he fell asleep in my arms while I had hardly spoken to my mother.

There were so many questions to ask, so much to say on both sides, that I could hardly contain myself, but when the boy, breathing lightly, fell asleep, why then would come my opportunity. But, no, he was laid on cushions in one corner, while I was relegated to an old-fashioned couch in another, and then there must be silence.

"I have so much to talk about," said my mother, with a smile of supreme mystery, "when you wake up." So I allowed sleep to come, if that can be called sleep where drowsy intuitions are almost dreams, for my heart was with my boy and I could see him out a corner of my eye, his rosy, dimpled limbs, the outline of his superb figure, the wondrous tinting of his cheeks, and he was mine, all mine. Where had my soul been sleeping all this time that I had not sought him out before?

My couch was placed so that I could see the door. For slight protection from the light my mother had pulled the expansive curtains across over my face, and I suppose I slept.

Suddenly there was a rustle like the flying of wings, and I startled and awakened, was looking drowsily out. There in the open doorway stood Miriam, my angel wife. The yellow, curling aureole of hair surrounded and veiled her face. The laughing eyes, blue as the bluest heaven, her rose-tipped face, her smile, all real, so real that my heart

"Or his father," I put in bitterly. "Oh, that will all come in time. He must first get acquainted with you," my mother said.

Do you wonder that for weeks I was in a brown study almost to the neglect of my boy, the baby, for from the first instant I set eyes on Miriam's sister I loved her. It was a love broken off, but continued, for in Etta, as they had named the girl, every good quality that had graced the character of her twin sister was inherent—her sweetness, grace, intelligence, her vivacity and her innocence. I had no need to learn to love, as she did. I often told her she took the father for the sake of the baby.

And so my bitter loss was made good and my beautiful wife was spared, and I pray she may be spared for years for my sake and that of The Baby.—From Good Literature.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Cold hand and warm heart.—German.

It is easy enough to tell where love is. You love those, and only those, whom it makes you glad to serve.—A. G. Singsen.

By doing nothing we learn to do ill.—Watts.

The heart is a small thing, but desirous great matters. It is not sufficient for a kite's dinner, yet the whole world is not sufficient for it.—Quarles.

Grit is the grain of character. It may generally be described as heroism materialized—spirit and will thrust into heart, brain and backbone, so as to form part of the physical substance of the man.—Whipple.

Some women are just naturally homely, and others wear big pompadours all the way around.—Nashville American.

As the moon and earth light each other because they face a common sun, so shall thou give God's reflected light to other souls in present need, and they shall see God's light in their face when comes thy hour of darkness.—W. E. Barton, D. D.

Your daily duties are a part of your religious life just as much of your devotion. . . . In this world it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.—T. W. Beecher.

French Martial Spirit.

General Langlois, an officer of the French army, has aroused much uneasiness among his countrymen by asserting that the morale and discipline of the military forces of France are in an alarming state of degeneration. All the military enthusiasm of Napoleon's day, he remarks, has evaporated, patriotism is rapidly becoming a thing of the past and the military organization of the republic controlled, even in the minutest details, by politics and politicians. Promotions, furloughs, permits to men in the lowest ranks of the army to marry, says General Langlois, are all subject to the control of civil magistrates in each prefecture, the result being complete disorganization in the army.

New York's Great Houses.

The list of great buildings in New York now numbers over 100 office buildings more than ten stories high, of which eighteen are over twenty stories in height. The roofs of fifty-five of these buildings are more than 210 feet above the street. At least reach the elevation of 300 feet, while the remainder carry the elevation all the way up to 700 feet.—National Magazine.

A Mascot Ring.

A new mascot ring has just been introduced. It is a bar of gold in which is set the tooth of a wolf or that of a badger, which, when highly polished, looks like a piece of ivory or white coral.

Imported Coats.

Vagueness of outline is perhaps the most impressive feature of imported coats.

Buttons For Jackets.

The backs of the jackets are not made plain; buttons of the same color as the jacket, not as the facings, seem to part the basques at the sides and at the back, indicating that these are separated, and might perhaps be buttoned up. Some jackets, braided all over, are worn with finely-pleated skirts in light tulle and trimmed.

Butterflies For Hair.

Hair ornaments are returning to favor, and many of the evening coiffures support huge butterflies in violet and gold. Jet insects, too, are much worn, and they add grace to a Psyche knot. Violet ribbon is arranged in the hair with a flat bow at the side.

Decorative Hatpins.

Huge hatpins are still in vogue, and there are some new ones of pearl, which are stuck through the hair at the side, just above the ear, and this gives the effect of a rather barbarous adornment. Some of these large pins are very handsome, for they are made of cut jade, ivory or finest jet.

Fancy Tucked Blouse.

The blouse that is made with a fancy yoke is the favorite one of the season and allows so many possibilities for the exercise of individual taste that it is especially well liked by the women who plan their own wardrobe. This one is made with a prettily shaped yoke which allows exceptionally successful use of medallions and insertion, while it also can be made from any all-over material or can be embroidered or treated in any similar way that may suggest itself to the individual. In this

The blouse is made in one piece and the box plait is applied over the front edge. The sleeve portions are gathered into straight cuffs and the neck is finished with a neck-band over which can be worn any stock or collar preferred. If made from striped material the backs can be joined at the centre, when the fashionable chevron effect will be produced.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and three-eighths yards twenty-one or twenty-four, three and one-eighth yards thirty-two or two and one-eighth yards forty-four inches wide.

Breakfast Jackets.

Every one is aware of the blessings of a dainty little coat to slip on in the morning, and the cool, fresh touch it gives to one's toilet at that all important meal—breakfast. They are exceedingly simple for the home dressmaker to contrive, also to laundry, for muslin is the most appropriate material to choose; spotted Swiss muslin is very suitable and not expensive, so allowing for the investment of two or three.

The Pony Coat.

A new and odd notion in the latest pony coat is the appearance of a row of large buttons, on one side only, about two inches to the left of the front closing, the real fastening being effected by invisible hooks. This gives a strange one-sided effect, but it is fashion's decree.

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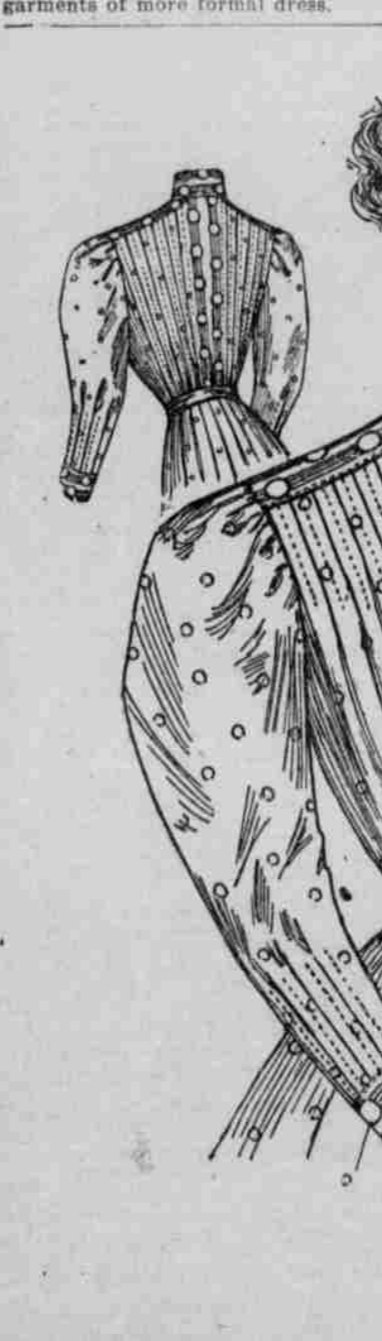
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# Fashion Notes

New York City.—Every fresh development of the one-piece feature is met with enthusiasm, and this blouse is one of the prettiest yet to have appeared. It is absolutely simple, involving very little labor



In the making and absolutely none in the fitting, while it is adapted to all reasonable waistings, and both to the gown and to wear with the odd skirt. In this case it is made of pongee stitched with beading silk, and pongee is being extensively used this season for shirt waists as well as for garments of more formal dress.



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Breakfast Jackets.

Every one is aware of the blessings of a dainty little coat to slip on in the morning, and the cool, fresh touch it gives to one's toilet at that all important meal—breakfast. They are exceedingly simple for the home dressmaker to contrive, also to laundry, for muslin is the most appropriate material to choose; spotted Swiss muslin is very suitable and not expensive, so allowing for the investment of two or three.

The pony coat is the appearance of a row of large buttons, on one side only, about two inches to the left of the front closing, the real fastening being effected by invisible hooks. This gives a strange one-sided effect, but it is fashion's decree.

# Household Matters.

Bride's Cake Icing.

Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, then add gradually one pound confectioner's sugar, beating all the time. Beat until the mixture will not run when spread and then add flavoring and a few drops of ultramarine or indigo blue. Mix carefully so it will not streak. This blue is harmless and not only makes the bride's cake a snowy white, but keeps it from taking on that yellowish tinge that frosting is apt to get in time.—New York Telegram.

Fruit Cake Hint.

Always steam fruit cake; you will not have to worry about your oven being too hot or there being a hard crust on your cake. Put on your boiler, being sure there is a good fire; put bricks in the bottom, so as to bring your cake about the centre of the boiler. Invert a tin on the bricks, set your cake on this, cover with another tin, so the steam can not drip on the cake. Keep the water at boiling point and steam three hours. Set in a slow oven one-half hour.—New York Telegram.

Potato Kiosse.

Mix with three-fourths pound mashed potatoes one pound bread soaked in milk, a few finely minced chives and one tablespoonful flour. Season with salt and a small quantity grated nutmeg and stir in three well beaten eggs. Work the mixture until quite smooth, then divide into portions with a tablespoon, making the mark of the spoon on each as finished. Have ready a saucpan of boiling water, throw in the balls and cook ten minutes. Cut two or three slices of bacon into small pieces and fry crisp and brown. Put the potato balls on a hot dish, garnished with the bacon; pour the hot fat over them and serve very hot.—New York Telegram.

Green Pea Purée.

Simmer gently for one hour and a half a pound of lean lamb and a slice of bacon in one quart and a half of water. Add a sprig of mint, a teaspoonful of minced onion, salt and pepper to taste, and a quart of green peas. Simmer one-half hour, then press through colander. Make a rich white sauce, using a tablespoonful of flour and a heaping tablespoonful of butter, with one cup and a half of hot milk. Add salt, pepper and sugar to taste, then the prepared peas; gently bring to a boil and serve hot. Dried or split peas may be soaked over night then cooked until tender (it may take several hours), then pressed through a colander and treated like the fresh peas.—New York Telegram.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

If a cork is too large for a bottle, soak it in boiling water for half an hour; this will make it so soft and supple that it can easily be pressed into the bottle.

Dirty finger marks on light paint may be quickly taken off by rubbing them with a bit of clean flannel dipped in paraffin and then with a clean soft cloth.

Egg cups or dishes stained with eggs should not be washed in hot soda water, as it makes the stain harder. If placed in cold water, the stains will come off quite easily.

Common alum melted in an iron spoon over hot coals forms a strong cement for joining glass and metals together. It is a good thing for holding glass lamps to their stands.

Squares of cheese that are left over should be dried and grated. A delicious flavor is given to soups, salads and vegetables by sprinkling a little cheese on the top just before the concoction is taken from the fire.

To iron table linen dampen very thoroughly and evenly, then fold and wrap in a heavy cloth. Use heavy irons, first on the wrong side until partly dry, then on the right side until dry.

Glasses which have held milk should never be washed in warm water while the dress of the milk still clings round the edges. If the glass is first rinsed out in cold water it can safely be washed in warm water.

To remove grass stains from white material rub the spots thoroughly with soft soap and baking powder. Let this remain on for twenty minutes, then wash well and put in the sun to bleach.

If tynare is so badly stained that whitening will not clean it, make a weak solution of oxalic acid and water, dip a bit of soft rag in it, rub the article with it, and dry it with whitening on a cloth.

When you have occasion to use plaster of Paris, wet it with vinegar instead of water; then it will be like putty and can be smoothed better, as it will not "set" for half an hour, while plaster set with water hardens at once.

Fuller's earth is effective in removing spots from cloth and carpets. Moisten the earth to a soft paste, and spread a thin layer over the soiled places. Mix the earth with a little turpentine if the spot is greasy. Allow the paste to remain for two days, and then brush off.

Cheese wrapped in a cloth previously steeped in vinegar and water will keep fresh for a considerably longer time than if kept in the store-room in the ordinary way. A dry cloth should be kept wrapped around the saturated one, and the latter re-steeped in vinegar and water from time to time.

To clean bronzes wash with putty-sized white or powdered saffron until the surface is smoothed. Then rub with paste of lumbago and saffron; then heat the articles before a slow wood fire. Large articles which cannot be removed may be washed with a weak solution of alkali and soap water.



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