A timid contemporary fears that a Spanish fleet will anchor off Coney Island and shell New York. If the Spaniards ever visit Coney Island, they will go there to shoot the chutes.

Nothing is to be gained by belittling the bravery of the Spaniards in Manila bay. It may as well be conceded that they fought valiantly and died bravely; but they were pitted against better ships and better brains.

Now that the English army under Sir Herbert Kitchener is approaching Khartoum, the memory of Gordon's fate returns to English minds, and naturally the thought of giving him a monument in the city has found expression.

Philadelphia public school authorities have been much vexed by the question whether a new school should be named for the late Judge Joseph Allison. Finally local pride has prevailed, and the school is to be known by the name of the judge.

The days of chloroform seem to be numbered. Frederic W. Hewitt, anaesthetist to the London hospital, states in a recent article in the Lancet, that it was administered in only 677 cases out of the 6657 cases anæsthetized at that institution during 1897.

Not long ago a Western orator said that for every foot of military road from Puerto Principe to Havana a Cuban patriot has yielded up his life in battle. The Atchison Globe figures up that the road contains 11,080,000 square feet, and says that such a large number of fatalities out of a total population of less than 2,000,000 is appalling.

The present season is likely to give Canadian seal poachers a harvest. Owing to the war it will be impracticable for United States cruisers to patrol the Pribylov group, for no matter what right the seals have to protection it must yield to the superior right of the American citizen. Some thirty-four Canadian vessels are in the business this year, and these have just returned from a successful sealing trip off the California coast.

Says the Savannah News: An untoward incident of the war is the fact that every amateur poet in the country feels inspired with a divine injunction to write something which, if it should not be adopted as the national battle hymn, would become immortal as a fervid expression of the national spirit in the crisis. Unfortunately, the time has now passed when poetry can be used as gun wadding. The modern gun is a breech loader.

A general rule arrived at is that the modern steel gun should not be fired more than 100 times. After that, it matters not what the emergency may be, it is safer to dismantle the gun and send it back to the shop than to risk firing it, for the explosion of a gun is a decidedly and extensively dangerous occurrence to all in its immediate locality. The firing of a gun causes the steel to crystallize, and thereby become as brittle as a file.

One of the ideas offered by inventors to the Washington authorities is to build tanks to contain crude petroleum at convenient places near the entrances of exposed harbors, so that the surface of the water may be flooded with oil in a few minutes when warning is given of the approach of the fleet of the enemy. Then with rockets this oil may be set on fire in various places, and offer a barrier of flame, which the invader cannot cross without inviting his own destruction.

A feature of the postoffice department display at the Omaha exposition that is expected to attract much attention in these war days will be an exhibit of photographs of soldiers taken during the civil war, which miscarried and landed in the dead-letter division of the postoffice department. There are about 16,000 of these old pictures, and they form a most interesting collection for a variety of reasons. During the civil war it was a common thing for soldiers in the Northern armies who happened to be near a town to have their pictures taken to send to wives, sweethearts, parents, or friends at home. In thousands of cases the addresses were defective in some particular or became entirely separated from the picture in the course of the rough handling to which some of the mails were necessarily subjected at times, and the postoffice authorities were unable to deliver them. They were preserved, however, and have now become a valuable collection from a historical standpoint. There were many thousands of them originally, but large numbers of them were claimed from time to time, and the number has now been reduced to about 15,000.

BABY'S WISDOM.

When mother wakes
Her babe and breaks
The silence with her speech,
No word of it,
Despite my wit,
Doth 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
Applausive 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 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 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 bebby come from, me! Dat mans leev in lumber shanty on Coon Hill; he gone, an' heez ol' hooman have t'ree. four, five bebby prob'ly too. Ah bet dat mans left dat bebby, 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 prob'ly grow up jest like the rest of 'em, lazy and wuthless!"

"Ah heard say," continued the little Frenchman, "dat man's Hinglishman, 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 t'ing as him, bah gosh, if ah get too much bebby!"

"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 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 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—"Cleave to the child. Keep her, cherish her. She is yours, a gift of God, the answer to your life-long prayer."

At last she went to her brother and poured out her heart with an intensity of passion he had never suspected in that quiet, reserved, meekly subservient sister of his. But, although surprised and disturbed, Nathan Drew was not moved. His heart remained obdurate. To him the thought of a foundling child in the house was 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 sence you left, Abigail," he said; "and it's b'en 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 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 nightmares 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 bucketfuls of oats and bran, a 190-pound bale of hay and 18 bucketfuls 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.

What May Be Looked For.

Blue, gray and yellow are among the most prominent colors in the summer goods. Blue with black crossbars appears in sash ribbons by the hundred, and the ribbons are made to go with blue muslin gowns.

Tilt of the Hat.

The tilt of the hat counts more than the hat itself at present. Every elaborate piece of millinery is meant to be worn in a particular way, and it is seldom that a woman gets anything like the intended effect without competent instruction. Be sure you know how or else stick to the pretty, straight brimmed shapes trimmed with ribbon and clusters of flowers.

Sweet Bags for Scenting Linen.

Every self-respecting housewife likes to have her table and house linen smelling of sweet aromatic odors, so I am giving a recipe for making these scent bags economically. Take equal quantities of powdered cloves, mace, nutmeg and cinnamon. Powder the dried leaves of mint, balm, southernwood, ground ivy, laurel, sweet marjoram, hyssop and rosemary, so that they form an equal weight with the above. Then add half as much of chips of cassia, juniper, sandalwood and rosewood, also powdered root of angelica orris. The mixture will be completed by quarter as much ambergris and musk. All these things should be well mixed and then put up in little bags of sateen, which should be placed between the clothes in the clothes press.

Sashes in High Favor.

Sashes are in high favor this season. Nothing adds more grace to an already graceful, slender figure than a sash tied around the waist, with long ends at the side or back. The handsomest ones are made of magnificent moire ribbon, with a brocaded stripe running through the centre, and are from 12 to 18 inches in width. The ends are finished with long silk fringe. Other moire sashes have insertions of lace set in straight up and down, straight across or zig zag, and are finished with accordion plated chiffon. White surah sashes with ends of Roman stripes are also much used, and so are those of taffeta in delicate shades. A surah sash has one distinct advantage over all others—it washes beautifully and takes dye better than any other silk.

The Princesses of Spain.

The daughters of the Queen Regent of Spain are brought up much more simply than was formerly thought right for Spanish infantas, and they are allowed more liberty. Their royal highnesses are often to be met walking on the public promenade in Madrid, with their attendants, among the other frequenters of that favorite walk. The princesses are almost always accompanied by their greatest friend, the Donna Sol, the only daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Alba. The duke and duchess, who have precedence of all Spanish nobles, take their place immediately behind the princes and princesses of the blood royal, and their children have always been the favorite companions of the little king of Spain and his sisters. The Duke of Alba is a nephew of the ex-Empress Eugenie, his mother having been the sister of her majesty. The present Duchess of Alba, who is a great sportswoman, has the reputation of being the proudest woman in Spain. She holds the post of lady of the palace to the Queen Regent, and has unbounded influence with her royal mistress.

Selecting Kid Gloves.

In selecting a kid glove for wear choose a fine, but not too fine kid. Examine the inside of a glove. It is important that the glove be dyed on the outside only. Wherever the color of the dye has struck through the leather there the glove will be found tender. This is because the strength of the dye necessary to color leather is always strong enough to make it tender if it strikes through it to the inside. Sometimes the leather will only show the color at the seam on the inside. Such a glove will pull out at this seam. It is wise to select a glove of neutral dark tint. Black gloves as a rule do not wear as well as dark colors. Browns wear well; so do dark grays and the pretty putty and ecru tints now so fashionable.

In mending a glove, avoid using silk except to darn down a piece of dress silk the color of the glove on the inside of the glove to hold a rent together. In this case, darn the parts together with invisible stitches on the outside. Always sew over ripped seams with cotton the color of the thread used in making the gloves. Do not use silk to sew ripped seams or to darn with except when it is stronger than cotton.

Etiquette of Mourning.

English mourning, considered by smart mantuamakers to be in the best taste, is heavier than before, but is worn for a shorter time. A widow should wear her crape, henrietta cloth or bombazine and her widow's cap for one year. After that time she will assume all black without crape or cap, and at the end of the second year put on whatever color she may desire.

A daughter wears "crape mourning" for six months, all black for six more, and then, if she wishes, put on colors. The same rule applies to a sister, while a distant relative or friend wears "complimentary mourning," all black, for three months.

The stiffly crimped net which at one time was worn at the neck and wrists by widows is no longer used. In its stead fine lawn cuffs and collars, quite deep, the cuffs having hems measuring half an inch, while the hem of the collar is a little less, are basted in the sleeves and neck after the fashion of old "turnover" collars and cuffs. These, it must be remembered, are worn exclusively by widows, and the three-cornered cap is made to match.

Of course, the friends and acquaintances of the bereaved should leave cards at the door with their condolences written upon them, but only those connected by ties of blood or the most intimate friends should ever ask to see those in grief. They are at home, and many women, restrained by their scruples of truth and courtesy, are forced to see thoughtless callers, when it is far from pleasant, if not absolutely painful.

All cards of inquiry are recognized by a return card, black bordered, and should be sent within ten days after the reception of the card of inquiry. Letters of condolence have almost entirely given way to personal cards, and those in grief are not expected to answer such letters, except by the return of pasteboard. English custom requires a special black bordered card for this purpose, engraved somewhat as follows: "Mrs. Blank wishes to thank you for your kindness in making inquiries about her." The name, of course, is to be filled in. The envelope used should be black bordered and fit the card.

While crape is worn formal visits are never paid, invitations never accepted. A woman cannot give evidence of worse taste than by wearing a long crape veil to a place of amusement, while crape on the dancing floor is an abomination too great to be considered.

When crape is laid aside black bordered paper goes with it. This paper has regular numbers; that used by daughters and sisters is known to the stationers as No. 1, by a mother that known as No. 3, while a widow uses No. 4. All jewelry is out of taste in mourning.

Fashion Fancies.

Chiffon straw hats are worn with new costumes.

Dainty ribbons with gauze borders come in all the pretty colors.

Checks appear to be the leading style for dress silks, as well as for necktie silks.

Bordered fabrics, by the yard or imported in robe patterns, are greatly in evidence among summer dress materials.

Plaids in clannish colors and Roman striped ginghams are greatly used for shirt waists, especially for golfing and cycling.

Bayadere stripes and plaids in ribbons are shown in large quantities, the former for gowns and the latter for children's hats.

Corduroy and uncut velvets in gray are fashionable, this color seeming to have won its way into the hearts of fashionable women.

Over a third of all the goods ordered from wholesale firms is in plain fabrics, which fact augurs well for the supremacy of the tailor made suit. Every well dressed woman feels the need of such a costume, and is glad to find new materials of suitable color, texture and pattern.

In the new materials shown are changeable and plain poplins, whipcords, plain armure effects, drap d'ete, drap de Paris and plain jacquards. In extreme novelties are plaids, bayadere goods, plain silk and wool cloths, with raised silk and braidwork, and others with a crinkled face of fine overshot silk mixtures.

Shaded, striped and figured taffetas are still leading silks for linings, the bayadere and raye stripes being almost too new to be called popular as yet. The secret of the delightful frou frou that proclaims without a doubt the silken lining and underskirt can never be obtained, however, from any of these. Only a plain, one-shade taffeta, with plenty of dressing for both lining and petticoat, will produce the desired effect.

The chapeau par excellence is the English walking hat. The sailor model, in its new, improved outlines, is not deposed by this very popular hat, however, nor will it hold a less important position later on; but for the present the English shape has the innings of the milliners. This hat is sufficiently varied in its style and contour to adapt itself to all types of faces, for while the difference in the brim and crown is not at all pronounced, the manner of arranging the trimmings upon the hat for different people quickly transform its outlines to the effect desired.