she was carrying to he hayfield. It surely

n that remote farm, all

all neighborly

children. She felt

a childless breast.

nly her heart surged

and she caught her

thought that rushed

-what if a baby had

the swamp deserted-!

e should be the one to

it home, and, oh, what

ild ever come to claim

shed and flushed and

uccession as her heart

this wonderful possibil-

, with a little cry that

yer, she sprang toward aving the basket of lunch the July sun. I from the thick, strom of the pas-

streaming with perspi-rapture and triumph that

yes, as she looked down

strained to her breast,

ife for her had suddenly

ove all ordinary conditions

us of walking upon such

erations and that she was

air as the old painters limned the feet of their exalted Ma-

A little face peeped out from

shawl that wrapped Miss

precious burden, but the cry had ceased, and the blue to little foundling were gaz-

that shone above them.

impatiently under the

rovider finally arrived aket of lunch and that

le upon her left arm. It

on, and Nathan Drew

d fuming at his sister's

nel kept you so long?"

han!" replied his sis-

I heard it crying

the basket and in-

across the radiant

There was some-forbidding in her

od manner. Evident-ation that had entered

w to get rid of the

n his land. Their

traveling in diamet-

da disposing of it. nething of the protec-ove in Abigail's evasive

bome along and claim le," she said.

laughed derisively.

boys? Somebody'll 'most crasy to find it,

n langhed servilely, lain that their minds beorbed by the lunch-sir employer held be-nd was steadily plun-

boys. Hitch up omething to eat!" "We can't bother y. There's work to

aty disappeared, art little French

ons chicken sand

rds retaining the child,

brance that had

directions - the

d ft, and that's what

id Nathan Drew, taking

as the panting woman

torn and her face

face of the woman

Old Maid's Love Affair

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

ng down in the swamp | four, five bebby prob'ly too. Ah

"I shouldn't wonder," replied Na-than Drew. "Shiftless chap! Camp-ing down on my property with-out even asking permission and using nd set down the heavy he hayfield. It surely cry and a baby's, too! the chords of her lonemy lumber shanty, stove and wood! I'm glad he's gone, but I wish he'd taken his hull blame brood with him. rt! Miss Abigail loved ssionate, yearning ad been years since The young un'll prob'ly grow up jest eard a baby cry. Liv-her brother and his oclike the rest of 'em, lazy and wuthloss!"

"Ah heard say," continued the lit-le Frenchman, "dat man's Hinglishtle Frenchman, 'dat man's Hinglish-man, good fambly, but not ver' strong for work. Los' heez health an' 'bliged ips, all neighborly elights were almost er. And above all and longed for the 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 Cannak triba." pty life would overflow arpose. The days, now aningless, would be so od then! Ah! there is the infinite aching of the Cannek tribe."

Alphouse grinned appreciatively and took no offence. Then silence fell upon the three men until the last that child-cry, floating wamp, was heavenly heart of Miss Abigail crumb and drop of their noonday lunch ped her hands and lishad disappeared.

ole being absorbed in sonnected with the Abigail tenderly laid the baby down in the grass while she gathered to-gether 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 con-cerning 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 Hos-pital." Having thus delivered him-self, 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 if—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, a woman's instinct, she sparret with ingly 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! And, for goodness' sake, tle, pointed, dimpled chin; what a lites; what breadth of and fullness of temple; what dainty full of soft, reverential or little baby that was 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 rew 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 un-endurable. Never a lover of children, always convinced in his own heart that childlessness was the more blessed state, how could he be exhed it down with a gulp the warm can. "Very tisd at length; "very he laughed again. copped it accidentally in pected to look with favor upon an adopted baby, a child concerning whose anfecedents and propensities one knew absolutely nothing? No! he ling 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 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.

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

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 having. The child fell to crying, but she nestled it and kept on. Just before sunset she came out 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. night air smelled of swamps and piny gleus and deep-buried solitudes. The gleus and deep-buried solitudes. 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 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 swal-

lowed 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 fied. 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

"I can't go home with you, Nathan," said Abigail, firmly; and she pressed the rosy child closer to her bosom. 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, wrong about the chits.
and you shall keep it as long as you and you shall keep it as long as you live. I won't say another word. It's the only love affair you ever hed, 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 knews 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 slight-

ly 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 de-voured 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 task will grow in place of the old one, but considerable time will be required.— Clacionati Enquirer-



What May Be Looked For

Blue, gray and yellow are among the most prominent colors in the summer Blue with black crossbars appears in sash ribbons by the bundred, 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 elab-orate 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 lines 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 seaves of mint, balm, southernwood, ground ivy, laurel, sweet mar-joram, 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 amber-gris 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 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 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 sis-The Duke of Alba is a nephew ters. of the ex-Empress Eugenie, his mother having been the sister of her The present Duchess of 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 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.

English mourning, considered by smart mantnamakers 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 vears "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. 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 cards at the door with their condol-ences 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 re-turn 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 mak-ing 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 consid-

When crape is laid aside black bordered paper goes with it. This paper has regular numbers; that used 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 o imported in robe patterns, are greatly in evidence among summer dress ma-

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

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

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.

fashionable women.

In the new materials shown are changeable and plain poplius, 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 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 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 con-tour 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 th trimmings upon the hat for different ap people quickly transform its outlines ill to the effect desired.

ACRICULTURAL TOPICS,

Ornamental Plants From Seed.

The castor oil bean (ricinus) is one of the best of ornamental leaved plants which may be grown from seed and bloom the first year. They grow rapidly and make a fine hedge or screen if planted in open rich soil in a dry situation. As the young plants do not bear transplanting well the seed should be planted directly where the plant is to remain, in the open ground, when the weather becomes warm. The when the weather becomes warm. The richer the soil the more rapid the growth of the plant and the more brilliant the color of folinge and stalk. According to variety the plants grow from six to eight feet high, and have foliage of shades of green, red and purple. Nicotina affinis is also readily grown from and purple. Nicotina affinis is also readily grown from seed. The plant grows to a height of three or four feet, its broad green leaves and blossoms of white being very attractive. The soil should be rich and well-drained. A packet of seeds of each variety, or rather class, costing ten cents for the best variety, will furnish a display availing processors. a display equalling more costly palms and foliage plants.

Heredity in Stock Breeding.

The attention of the stock breeder who is striving for improvement in the character and quality of his stock must be directed to the study of the individual characteristics of his breeding animals, with a view to ascertaining not only their merits and defects, but the causes of such discernible in dividual characteristics, whether they are hereditary or acquired. Also he must apply himself to the study of the indications of invisible qualities, and to testing for such characteristics to learn if the invisible qualities are present as indicated or not. In producing high-class stock to be used for further purposes of improvement attention of the breeder must be directed to a study of abcestry to ascertain what latent qualities his stock is likely to possess that the undesirable latent qualities may be overcome and the best may be

brought into activity and usefulness. A study of the formation of any breed brings us to the conclusion that the value of the breed is due to selection, the breeding of blood lines and feeding conditions. To maintain and strengthen the present degree of excellence it is necessary to bring to bear equal method and system. This can only be accomplished by working along with nature and building on strong foundations .- C. H. Elmendorf, in Nebraska Farmer.

Care of Young Pigs.

If young pigs have plenty of exercise and the right kind of food there is no danger of over-feeding. A small quantity of corn ground with wheat or rye and middlings, and the whole mixed with milk, is a first-class food for young pigs. The common field varieties of peas are also an excellent food for pigs, young or old. Sow at food for pigs, young or old. Sow at the rate of two bushels per acre and cover four inches deep, sowing after the peas are planted three pecks of oats per acre, well harrowed in, to serve as a support for the peas.

The food for pigs of all ages when not being fatted should be that which has bulk. Middlings, milk, ground barley and swill for pigs, and for shoats and breeding stock, fed in addition beets or other roots cooked and mixed with cut clover hay. For young pigs, ground oats with the hulls sifted out is an excellent food. Have part of the feeding pen so arranged that a portion of the grain food may be scattered over it broadcast to give the pigs exercises in feeding it. A run of liberal dimensions should be provided for young pigs if they are kept in confinement, in order to get the amount of growth from the feed given to be profitable, otherwise lib-eral feeding will only result in an excess of fat before the formation of the desired amount of bone and muscle.

Colle in Horses

It is stated on good authority that seventy-five per cent. of the horses that die each year are victims of colic. During the spring the trouble is frequent among farm horses, although it is usually wind colic, but this may turn into the nervous colic so generally fatal unless prompt and intelli-gent treatment is given. The stomach of the horse is peculiarly susceptible to the changes of food that are frequently made in the spring, and that invariably causes an attack of indigestion more or less violent. Any change in food should be brought about gradually, and so also should radical changes in the work required of the animal. It stands to reason that a horse lightly fed for two or three months of winter with but little work to do is not in fit condition to put into the field for ten hours' work at heavy plowing. Give horses whole-some food regularly and according to the work done by them. Keep them from exposure to draughts of cold air. especially when very warm; give only pure water to drink, and they are practically insured against colic.

Should the colic attack the horse,

the following treatment will give relief in most cases. An injection of clear water of the same temperature of the stable should first be given, followed by a pill made of five drams of powered Barbadoes aloes, one dram mercurious chloride and enough lin-seed meal to make a stiff pill with the addition of a little water. Rub belly and flanks with coarse cloth or sacking if the animal is chilled. After this treatment the horse should not be worked or violently exercised for a least twenty-four hours. If the at tack does not succumb to this treat ment it is sufficiently severe and dan gerous to need the immediate services of a skilled veterinarian.

In Mexico every thing and every oody pays a direct tax, from the stree porter to the largest mercantile estal lishment, old the stamp tax for door ments is qually lucrative.