DANIEL'S WIFE.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

AN'T say I believe in superstition myself."

"Nor me. Though I've seen the time when I wouldn't look over my left shoulder for fear of seein' the new moon."

"But you can't change the law of the universe to suit yourselves, an' I for one know that a dog howlin' is a sure sign of death."

"I broke a lookin' glass once and didn't have no luck for a year."

"Now, I don't b'lieve in any of them signs, but if I spill the salt I'm bound to get into a quarrel with a neighbor. Never knew it to fail."

"If a fork drops from your hands and sticks in the floor it's a sure sign that somebody's coming. And you can tell by the way it slants where he's coming from."

"Hush! Here's Daniel's wife comin' in from the kitchen. Don't let her hear you."

They were a company of plain country folk who had assembled at a neighbor's deathbed, that of a decrepit old man, Uncle Abner Field, who had just passed away. He was feeble and childish, but as a relative of their young neighbor, Daniel Field, he commanded some respect. For himself he was covetous, grasping and ill-tempered, and as no one cared to have him about he lived alone in a tumble-down house, when Daniel's wife—pretty Loretta Price, that was—took pity on him and invited him to make his home with them, Daniel agreeing to everything that she suggested.

"It's too dreadful to have the old man living and dying alone there when we have a room to spare and a bite and sup for him. He's your own flesh and blood, Daniel, and we must do as we would be done by," Loretta had said.

Of course the people who attend to everybody's business but their own said that Loretta expected to get something for her goodness, but she laughed at the suggestion that poor old Uncle Abner, who had always been the personification of poverty, had any money. She would have demanded it peremptorily if only to make him more comfortable, for her husband was poor, farming not being his vocation. Like herself, Daniel was educated, and longed to see the world, but she was more practical and did not disdain present opportunities. But she was working beyond her strength before she took Uncle Abner in.

And never once did he try to lighten her labors by any consideration on his part. As long as he was able to be about he spent much of his time in the old house which he owned, as well as the three acres of ground pertaining to it, and this he deeded to Daniel with much formality and many specifications. The whole property was worth a few hundred dollars, if ever a purchaser could be found.

"We'll tear down the house and plant an orchard on the land," Daniel had said, but his wife had no interest in it one way or another. More land was not one of her hobbies; less would have pleased her better.

Now Uncle Abner was dead, but in dying he had evolved a strange and portentous omen from the realms of superstition. He had lain for many hours in an unconscious state, with all the friends and neighbors of the family gathered about him, as the custom obtains in rural districts, and several times he had actually ceased to breathe

"WHAT DOESN'T COME TRUE?" ASKED LORETTA.

—when in one of his returns from the border land, he opened his eyes and looked upon the faces of those about him, then said, in his shrill voice:

"Daniel's wife!"

Loretta stepped hastily to him, and took the cold hard hand in her soft warm palm, but with those words he ceased to breathe. There was no more coming back—Uncle Abner had gone the way of all flesh since Adam, and the only one to shed a tear for him was she whose name was last on his lips, in that form of address customary with him.

But the effect of his words on all gathered there, excepting Loretta herself, was most remarkable. They left the deathbed with precipitate haste, and grouped together in the other room began to talk in hushed tones over Uncle Abner's last words and to discuss their different forms of superstition which had proceeded so far as the spilling of salt, when Loretta herself appeared among them, and immediately became an object of the greatest interest.

"Don't take it to heart," suggested one.

"He just wanted to see you," remarked another.

"It doesn't always come true," said one neighbor in a tone that indicated exactly the opposite of what she expressed.

"What doesn't always come true?" asked Loretta, who did not catch the drift of their vague insinuations.

"Why, you know," stammered an old lady who was rather afraid of Daniel's wife, who was considered very clever, "when folks are a-dying, it is said that the last name on their lips will be the next one to go; it's said to be a sure sign, 'cause the dying have dying knowledge; but I daresay he had forgot something he wanted to say to you, Loretty."

"If that's all, you needn't worry about me," said Loretta, quickly. "I shan't die till my time comes, and that won't be set by Uncle Abner, I'm very sure."

"N—o," said another of the company, "but the dying are often gifted with fore-knowledge. There was my husband's sister's second son; he died out in Californy just the same time to a minute that his mother died here, and he said her name with his last breath—he knew."

"Yes—maybe," said Loretta, "but we'll eat a warm supper now, and you'll all feel better, and"—with decision—"we won't talk about Uncle Abner's last words any more."

This only added fuel to the suppressed flame, but at least the friends were polite enough not to talk about the matter before Loretta. They carried it to their homes, and discussed it there, and talked of it at the general store on Saturday nights, and it was not long before Daniel's wife was looked upon as a doomed woman.

Did she know it? Yes, Daniel himself told her of the reports, and they laughed over them together. Loretta declared three was not a grain of superstition in her nature, and she would not die any sooner for being "called."

When we say we have no superstitions we deceive ourselves. It may not be in your way—or ours—or yours—but in my own way, I am full of superstition. You laugh at the potency of the new moon seen over your left shoulder, but you will stand an hour on the walk rather than cross between the carriages of a funeral procession. I smile at your superstition, but if I met a black cat on the threshold of a journey I would postpone the journey.

Daniel's wife was not superstitious, but from the hour of old Abner's death she began to pine and fail in flesh and

HER HUSBAND WAVED A PAPER.

spirit. She knew it was foolish, but she heard that rasping voice calling her everywhere, and at all hours: "Daniel's wife!" "Daniel's wife!" and in the night she would rise hurriedly from troubled slumbers and go over the house as if in obedience to the "call," and return pale and trembling, the cold perspiration bathing face and hands, while Daniel slept on undisturbed by her waking idiosyncracies.

But he, too, saw that his wife was affected by the strange happening, and to divert her mind and give her something else to think of, he suggested tearing down the old house, and planting the new orchard.

She assented indifferently. Farming was not to her taste, but she loved her husband and tried with wifely interest to take part in all his schemes. So a couple of neighbors were invited to assist, as the custom is in farming communities, and the old-fashioned window casements and the doors were removed, and soon a sound of ripping and tearing saluted Loretta's ears. It brought back the presence of the old man, and his last cry; she could hear it as distinctly as if he were in the next room. Often in the night when she heard it in dreams she awakened with a glad feeling that she was still alive, a breathing, hoping, loving woman, not a clod out in yonder place where he lay. She loved life even under its present disappointments, for always while there is life there is hope.

"Daniel's wife!" That was no ghostly voice, but a real living cry from warm lips. Other voices took it up, and Loretta hearing the call ran out into the sweet May air and saw her husband waving a paper he had and men running toward her with curious little parcels in their hands, and one and all they shouted: "Daniel's wife."

What could it mean? Daniels had to explain it half a dozen times before she could "sense" it. The poverty-stricken old man, Uncle Abner, had died enormously rich, and the old house was his bank. It was filled between the walls with a lining of gold and silver, and deeds of vast possessions that no one had ever heard of, and there, too, was a will written on a letterback to save paper, but duly signed and attested, and it left everything, silver, gold and lands, to Daniel's wife.

If the bad news of his "call" had flown fast, the good news of his wealth flew faster. More people knew Loretta than Loretta knew. The golden lever moved off the incubus of superstition with material haste. There is nothing supernatural about gold or silver or bank bills.

And Uncle Abner's "call" proved the open sesame to all the joys of the world for Daniel's wife.—Detroit Free Press.

A Hunted Look.

"You are of American tory stock, are you not?"

"Yes. But how ever did you guess it?"

"Oh, I knew your wife was a daughter of the revolution, and you have a hunted look."—Judge.

HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.

A Clever Woman's Way of Sheltering Twenty-Five Songsters.

French and German women keep their bullfinches and canaries in cages that are roomy, decorative little bird houses, built of thin ground glass, wood and wire, provided with siphon water cups, self-cleaning seed boxes and spacious enough to keep the small prisoners content and healthy. Such cages, however, must be specially imported, and whoever may wish to keep a half dozen birds happy, hearty and

A CHARMING CAGE.

sweet of voice, can as easily as not build for them an aviary at small outlay.

A person who proved how easily and inexpensively this might be done devoted to this purpose the space of one very small balcony, jutting outside one of her long drawing-room windows. It extended to the south side of the house, and for a few dollars a carpenter inclosed it in a wooden skeleton frame and he fastened into this a roof and three walls, made of common window glass, set in cheap sash frames and bought from a house about to be pulled down.

Its building was the work of two days, and when the woodwork was painted a nice sober green the neighbors concluded that the unoffending addition was to be filled with plants. Instead the proprietor of the glass house had the floor of the one-time balcony covered with zinc and strewn with sand and pebbles. Then she moved in two wooden tubs, containing flourishing little dwarf fir trees, here and there tacked fir boughs against the house wall, swung a couple of big doorless cages from the ceiling, and in one corner hung a wire sponge rack, filled with a mixture of threads, cotton, paper and dried grass. Into this glass inclosed space she turned her three caged canaries, that for two days cowered in fear of the strange freedom allowed them.

Within a week mother nature reasserted herself, and they deserted their cages, first to spend the nights, and then to begin nesting in one of the fir trees. After a bit was added a couple more of these birds to the aviary; then introduced to the canaries were a pair of bullfinches and a pretty chaffinch, a pair of tiny Java parakeets and, lastly, a mocking bird. But this sweetest singer of them all brought discord into the otherwise happy community, and had to be removed. There in the fir trees and boughs nests are regularly built from the bundle of materials in the sponge rack, the gravel is scratched and picked over for tasty seeds, of which a handful is strewed every morning, liberal bathing is enjoyed in an old china jardiniere standing in one corner, juicy worms are uprooted from a long box filled with fresh sods every week, and from the dozen birds turned into this twelve dollar aviary two years ago, there are now some twenty-five vigorous warblers.—N. Y. Advertiser.

CLEANING CLOTHES.

How a Coat and Trousers Can Be Renewed Time and Again.

The chemistry of cleaning clothes is set forth in a scientific magazine, and, while women will care little for the technical part of the operation, the story of the actual process suggests a useful modus operandi. Take, for instance, says the American Analyst, a shiny old coat, vest or pair of trousers of black broadcloth, cassimere or diagonal. The scourer makes a strong, warm soapsuds and plunges the garment into it, souses it up and down, rubs the dirty places, and, if necessary, puts it through a second time, then rinses it through several waters, and hangs it up to dry on the line. When nearly dry he takes it in, rolls it up for an hour or two, and then presses it. An old cotton cloth is laid on the outside of the coat, and the iron is pressed over that until the wrinkles are out, but the iron is removed before the steam ceases to rise from the goods, else they would be shiny.

Wrinkles that are obstinate are removed by laying a wet cloth over them and pressing the iron over that. If any shiny places are seen, they are treated as the wrinkles are—the iron is lifted while the full cloud of steam rises up, and brings the nap with it. Cloths should always have a suds made especially for them, as in that which has been used for white cotton or woolen cloths lint will be left in the water, and will cling to the cloth.

In this manner the same coat and trousers can be renewed time and time again, and have all the look and feel of new garments. Good broadcloth and its fellow cloths will bear many washings, and look better every time because of them.

Dainty Relish for Luncheon.

Delicious cheese sandwiches may be made by cooking in a double boiler half a pound of grated cheese with half a cup of cream or milk, a tiny pinch of mustard, and a little salt; thicken with a teaspoonful of flour; when thoroughly cooked, and just before removing from the fire, add a well-beaten egg. Have ready some thinly-toasted bread or some crackers, and spread while hot. The crackers should be of a sort that will split. These sandwiches must be eaten while hot; they make a very dainty relish for luncheon or tea.

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

THE women of Norway are subscribing money for national defense.

TEN women have been appointed on the list of census enumerators in Boston.

MISS ELLA M. STEWART, of Columbus, O., has been a successful commercial traveler for the last five years.

THE Chicago Women's club has decided to admit colored women. The question will probably be brought up at the next meeting of the Federation of Women's Clubs.

THE empress of Austria, though no longer a young woman, spends a large part of her time in study. She is devoting herself now to the Greek language and literature.

MRS. ELIZABETH H. STICKNEY, of Chicago, after giving a parish house to St. James' Episcopal church, in that city, now has decided to build for the parish a rectory to cost $20,000.

LADY TENNYSON has set to music Tennyson's poem, "Sweet and Low." She used to sing this song to her husband, and he was very fond of it, so she decided to perpetuate it.

MISS MINNIE GERTRUDE KELLY has been appointed secretary and stenographer at the police headquarters in New York. She fills the places of two men formerly employed, and receives $1,700 a year, thus saving the city $1,200 annually.

MRS. MARIE ROBINSON-WRIGHT, the Mexican traveler and writer, received the highest price ever paid for a newspaper article—$20,000 in gold; a sum which the Mexican government paid her for an illustrated article on Mexico in the New York World.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

A WISCONSIN sheep breeder advocates feeding grain to sheep ten months in the year.

THE man who sticks to raising first-class cattle and hogs, and does it with good judgment, will find it reasonably profitable.

AN Iowa swine breeder says that a pig that has recovered from a genuine attack of thumps is about worthless for breeding purposes.

THE New York experiment station has been making some practical tests with cows as to the amount of water they drink. It was found that during lactation, or the milk-giving period, the average per month was one thousand six hundred and sixty pounds.

WOOD ashes make the best fertilizer for crimson clover. Although this clover thrives on land that has been used until but little fertility remains, yet it needs plant food and gives the best results when manure or ashes (or both) are applied.

IF the pasture is scant it can be made to go further by herding and allowing the stock to eat down a portion of the field at the time. Even with hogs and sheep this plan can be followed without much extra labor. Movable fences sometimes meet the purpose.

CHURCH STATISTICS.

THE Independent Churches of Christ in Christian Union number 294 organizations, with 183 churches and 18,214 members.

THE United Brethren Church in Christ number 292,474, and own property valued at $4,292,643. They have 3,836 churches and 780 halls.

THE Disciples of Christ claim 7,246 organizations, with a membership of 641,051. Their churches number 5,324, valued at $12,206,038.

THE Christian church, south, has a membership of 13,004, divided into 143 societies and owning 135 churches, valued at $137,000.

THE Evangelical Adventists have a membership of 1,147. They claim 22 churches and have church property valued at $61,400.

THE reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints claims 21,773 members and owns 122 churches, valued at $220,285.

THE Reformed Presbyterian church in the United States and Canada has one society, one church, valued at $75,000 and 600 members.

COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY.

GEORGIA'S fruit crop this year is estimated to be worth $3,000,000.

A CANARY seed trust has been formed in Marklane to control the price in England.

THERE are 200,000 factory girls in London, one twenty-second of the whole population.

CALIFORNIA'S peach crop, in the central and northern parts of the state, promises this year to be the largest ever raised.

THIS will be a very successful beet sugar year in Nebraska. The crop is unprecedentedly large and fine in quality, and there are twice the number of growers there were last year.

CALIFORNIA raises some big and notable crops other than peaches and pears. A hundred car loads of red onions, each car containing 24,000 pounds, have lately been shipped from Stockton alone at the rate of ten or a dozen car loads a day.

ARMY AND NAVY GOSSIP.

A NEW magazine rifle, invented by an Italian officer, Capt. Cei, fires twenty shots in two seconds.

THE Legion of Honor was founded by Napoleon in 1802, while first consul, as a reward for military and civil services.

LIEUT. BERSIER, of the French navy, has invented a compass which steers the vessel automatically in a course set by the navigator.

THE pith from cornstalks is now thought to give promise of a satisfactory material for use in war ships to allow shot to pass through it, and then close to exclude water.

MRS. ROBERT ANDERSON, widow of Fort Sumter's hero, possesses probably the most precious relic of the American people — the veritable flag against which the first shot of the civil war was fired by the confederate South Carolina battery.

FOR THE LITTLE MAID.

How to Dress Her So as to Make Her a Veritable Summer Fairy.

How to dress the little maid from four to eight? What she shall wear and how to make it? is not the question that perplexes mamma, as does the gowning of her elder sister. The little maid looks so charming, and each wee frock takes such a scrap for its construction, it is hard to resist making just one more of the many pretty designs shown in the shops. Simplicity and comfort are the points considered in the little maid's toilets this season. The short full skirts, big sleeves, wide-brimmed hats and sunbonnets will insure her many happy hours of play.

The following little gowns shown by a celebrated house will illustrate the favorites for summer. If she is a blonde, light wood-brown, with touches of green silk and cream lace will transform her into a veritable summer fairy. It is made of wafile crepon, with a double box plait front and back, caught only at the neck, and has a deep cape of green silk, with cream lace ruffle. The full sleeves are gathered at the wrist. Two rows of narrow green ribbon and one row of cream inserting give a pretty finish to the skirt. A close cap of green silk, with band of inserting, lace frill and wide silk strings complete this costume. A pair of hook kid gloves and a parasol will make the little maid perfectly happy.

The next little frock is suitable for church or for "best" on cool summer days. Dull blue flecked with brown is used in this model. The little skirt has few gathers in front, the fullness being well bunched at the back. A scant ruffle of brown silk, stiffly lined to stand out crisply, and a second ruffle of heavy lace points, form a "V" neck on the skirt, the leg-o'-mutton sleeves and for belt and rosettes. With this gown is worn a flat-crowned sailor of fine, light brown straw, trimmed with a

THE LITTLE MAID.

smartly tied bow of blue and brown checked ribbon.

A cloak that will go on easily and not crush the frills and sleeves will delight the little maid who is inclined to look upon wraps as a nuisance. Lightweight cloth in a medium shade of old rose, or a pretty broken plaid in old rose, white and black, makes a pretty and serviceable cloak. The skirt is gathered very full on a shallow, square yoke, which fits easily and has big granny sleeves. A detachable cape formed by three ruffles ties with black ribbon streamers three inches wide, concealing the yoke. Each ruffle is edged with three rows of Tom Thumb velvet ribbon. A shirred black silk hat with double frill of black chiffon embroidered in old rose gives protection from sun and wind.

In wash dresses the array is even more tempting, and surely the choice among cotton stuffs was never less limited. Ginghams for morning and pretty striped or plain batistes or flowered muslins for evening, with perhaps a white china silk and a white mull for extra occasions, are the selection of sensible mothers, leaving the stiff hamburgs, rustling with starch, and the beribboned swisses over colored cambrics to the woman with gaudy taste, who thinks them "real elegant," poor thing. This is the woman who puts red embroidery around the legs of her little boy's white duck "pants."

Sheer lawn in pink and white stripes is the material employed in another design. This dainty gown is made in one piece. A deep ruffle of the lawn and a narrower one of fine nainsook embroidery are gathered very full around the puffed yoke, and a frill of the embroidery finishes the neck and sleeves, which are a coat sleeve, with a large puff forming upper part. Two rows of inserting give the short-waisted effect.

The sixth model will probably prove the favorite, as it is dainty, yet easily laundered. It is made up in white, scarlet and blue gingham. The skirt is laid in fine cluster plaits, and forms a slip. A deep round cape of plain scarlet or blue, with rows of white braid, is put on without fullness around the neck of the slip, which is well rounded, and fits snugly over the shoulders. The ruffle sleeves are the same depth as the neck frill. The guimpe may be white or a solid color. This is a model play dress, and can be admirably developed in galatea cloth or any of the wash materials. The china silk will be charming if adapted to this style. Have the skirt accordion-plaited, the guimpe of silk and the neck frill of deep valenciennes lace.

Hand-Painted Novelties.

Hand-painted satins are one of the latest novelties, and they are used for bodices, parasols and capes, and hand-painted ribbons are already imported for various purposes of trimming.

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Just What She Needed.

Kate—Yes, I am going to the masquerade after all. I have taken the part of a goddess of cards, but I cannot decide what headdress to wear with it.

Jack—Why not wear a chip hat?—Truth.

The Sport in Oklahoma.

Cayuse Pete—Say, Blizzard, we're going to have a game of baseball, and we want you to be the umpire.

Blizzard Bill—I'd like awfully to oblige you, but I can't do it. I got my trigger finger hurt yesterday.—Puck.

Sarcastic.

Cholly—They say that excessive coffee drinking induces softening of the brain.

Birdie McGinnis—I suppose you regret now that you had been such a slave to the habit.—Texas Siftings.

Well, Why Not?

Mrs. Newera's Husband (as the curtain goes down on the second act)—Where are you going, Alvira?

Mrs. Newera—I am only going out to see a woman. Be back in a moment, dear.—Chicago Tribune.

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