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### 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 some[illegible] will come along and claim [illegible]hile," [illegible] laughed derisively. [illegible] bite out of one [illegible] chicken sand[illegible] "Very [illegible] every[illegible] with a gulp [illegible]

"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 'bont 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 led 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 starved 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 nature of his. But, although surprised and disturbed, Nathan Drew [illegible]. His heart remained obdurate. To him the thought of a [fou]ndling child in the house was unendurable. Never a lover of children, [he wa]s 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.

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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 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.

### GETTING NEWS FROM MANILA.

**It Makes a Circuitous and Laborious Journey Before Reaching New York.**

News from Manila, which is perused so eagerly nowadays by all Americans—and probably by Spaniards also—has to make a circuitous and laborious journey before it reaches either Madrid, London or New York. It travels about 14,000 miles under sea and overland, and is passed from station to station by more than a dozen operators, almost each one of them in a different country. In consequence of the cutting of the single telegraphic cable which connects the Philippine Islands with China, the news which has recently been received from Manila was carried to Hong Kong by boat. The distance between Hong Kong and Balinao, the cable station of the Philippines, is about 1000 miles. Balinao is 30 miles from Manila.

From Hong Kong, telegraphic news destined for New York is flashed over a second cable under the China sea, to Saigon; thence it goes to Singapore, at the end of the Malay peninsula, where it is taken up by another operator and sent on to Penang; its next objective point is Madras, India, from whence it is sent overland across India to Bombay. From Bombay a cable takes the message under the Indian ocean to Aden; from Aden it passes along under the Red sea to Suez, thence to Port Said and Alexandria successively. Upon leaving Alexandria it goes through the Mediterranean sea to Malta and from Malta to Gibraltar. The operators at Gibraltar may then transmit the message in either one of two ways; they can send it direct to Land's End, the western extremity of Cornwall, England, or they can send it to Lisbon, Portugal. The usual practice is to send cable messages from Gibraltar to Land's End; from the latter point the message goes overland to London. The London operator sends it to Waterville, on the west coast of Ireland, and from there it crosses the Atlantic ocean to Canso, Nova Scotia, and the Canso operator passes it on to New York. All the cables used from Manila to Great Britain are owned and controlled by the Eastern Cable company. Coming across the Atlantic, the cables of the Commercial Cable company, or those controlled by the Western Union and other lines may be used.

Any individual sending a message from Manila to New York would have to pay $2.35 for each word. If the message is sent direct from Hong Kong it costs $1.60 per word. The rates between the Philippines and Hong Kong are higher in proportion than between any of the other points along the route. This fact is explained by old telegraph men on the theory that there is so little cable business done between Manila and Hong Kong that the rates must be pretty high in order to make the cable pay.

Ordinarily the transmission of a message of any length from Manila to New York will actually consume five hours of time. One word could be sent through in a little less than two minutes, but in order to accomplish that feat an operator would have to be on the watch at each station and rush the word along. In the regular order of business, however, delays of a greater or lesser degree are inevitable at each station.

The difference in time between Manila and New York is about 13 hours. While the resident of this city is eating his 9 o'clock breakfast the person of regular habits in Manila is wooing slumber, for it is there 10 o'clock p. m. If a telegraphic message sent from Manila at 10 o'clock in the evening could come through to New York instantaneously, it would reach here at 9 o'clock in the morning of the same day. But allowing for the five hours consumed in transmission, a cablegram sent from Manila at 10 p. m. would reach here at 2 p. m. of the same day. In the ordinary course of business a telegraphic message will come through to New York from Hong Kong in about four hours and a half.

Expert handlers of telegraph cables say that with a properly equipped cable ship a cut cable in the deep sea can be put together in a very few days. The electricians are able to locate the break within a mile of the actual point of separation, and the grappling apparatus of the cable ship is able to pick up the loose ends of a cable very quickly.—New York Times.

**A Nebraska Schoolma'am.**

An editor down in Nebraska visited the schoolma'am and found her "hot stuff." Here's what he swears to: "She is the pride of the town, the star of invention and a jewel of brilliancy. She drew a picture of an iceberg on the blackboard. It was so natural that the thermometer froze up solid. With rare presence of mind she seized a crayon and drew a fireplace on the opposite wall. The prompt action saved the school, but nearly all the pupils caught a severe cold from the sudden changes.—Crookston Times.

## JACK "RIGS CHURCH."

### HOLDING SUNDAY SERVICES ON A U. S. MAN OF WAR.

**When a Small White Triangular Pennant Bearing a Blue Greek Cross Flies From the Gaff Divine Worship Is Being Held—Duties of the Ship's Chaplain.**

When there is seen flying from the gaff of a United States man-of-war a small, white triangular pennant, bearing on its field a blue Greek cross near the pike or halyard, it is a signal that divine service is being held on board. "Rig church!" is one of the regular naval orders, issued usually at about 10.30 on Sunday morning. Church is "rigged" in various places according to the weather conditions. If the day is fine and not too cold, the quarterdeck will probably be selected, although in some ships it is customary to hold the service on the forward part of the gundeck. In stormy weather the berthdeck below is used, where the men may be under shelter, though they are more cramped for room.

Assuming that the service is to be held on the quarterdeck, the arrangements for it will proceed about like this: When the bugler gives the signal the "church ensign" is hoisted to the gaff, and some of the men, under the direction of an officer, bestir themselves briskly in making the simple preparations which are necessary. A few wardroom chairs are brought up from below and ranged along the starboard side, where the officers are to assemble, and benches, capstan bars resting on buckets, make seats for the crew on the port side. The organ—for every ship that has a chaplain is provided with an instrument of this nature—is put in a convenient place. If there is a band, and its services are desired, a few musicians are selected and stationed near by. Then the ship's bell is tolled for about five minutes, giving the officers and men, wherever they may be on board, sufficient time to assemble, if they are so inclined. The boatswain may call down the hatchways, "Silence, fore and aft, during divine service!" but it is well understood by the entire crew that the ship must be quiet now for about three-quarters of an hour. Finally the bell stops; the captain after a glance around, makes a sign to the chaplain that all is ready, and the service begins.

How it is conducted depends upon the denomination to which the chaplain belongs, and various sects are represented among the naval clergymen. The singing, accompanied by the organ, which is played either by an officer or by some musician among the crew, is generally fine. The men enjoy it, and their voices ring out strong and fresh in the open air. During the prayers they are required to remove their caps, but throughout the rest of the service they may remain covered. When it is over, the order to "Pipe down!" is given, and church is "unrigged." Sometimes an evening service is also held, but this is not the general custom.

Attendance at church on the warships, is, of course, not compulsory, but the officers are expected to attend, by way of furnishing an example, and most of them usually do, accompanied by perhaps about half the crew—sometimes more and sometimes less. But by no means all the ships of the navy are provided with chaplains. For the fifty or sixty war vessels now effective for service, there are twenty-four chaplains, or less than one for every two ships. They are attached to the largest and most important vessels, where their ministrations may reach the greatest number of persons

A queer incident happened a few years ago, when one of the modern cruisers was put into commission. It had been intended that she should carry a chaplain, but when the officers' quarters were completed it was found that his room had been entirely overlooked. No accommodation for him thus being available, the ship put to sea without a chaplain, and did not have one for at least two years. In an action the chaplain's duties are with the sick and wounded. Occasionally, however, his aid has been required at the guns, and in many instances the chaplains have proved themselves heroic fighters as well as good preachers. In the old days of the navy the chaplain wore the full uniform of his rank—lieutenant, lieutenant-commander or commander—but it is now customary for him to wear a suit of black, or the regular costume of whatever church he represents, sometimes with the insignia of his rank upon his sleeve.

**Property in Animals.**

Beasts which have been thoroughly tamed and are used for burden, or husbandry or for food, such as horses, cattle and sheep, are as truly property of intrinsic value, and are entitled to the same protection, as any kind of goods. But dogs and cats, even in a state of domestication, have always been held by the American courts to be entitled to less legal regard and protection than the more harmless and useful domestic animals. Similarly the responsibilities of the owner of them are less. Thus an owner of a dog or cat is not responsible for its trespasses on the lands of another, as he is for the trespasses of his cattle.

### THE SONG OF DEWEY'S GUNS.

What is this thunder music from the other side of the world,
That pulses through the severing seas and round the planet runs?
'Tis the death song of old Spain floating from the Asian main;
There's a tale of crumbling empire in the song of Dewey's guns!

The hand that held the sceptre once of all the great world seas,
And paved the march with dead men's bones 'neath all the circling suns,
Grew faint with deadly fear when that thunder song drew near,
For the dirge of Spain was sounded by the song of Dewey's guns!

There is music in a cannon, yet, for all Sons of Peace—
Yea, the porthole's belching anthem is soft music to her sons
When the iron thunder song sings the death of ancient wrong—
And a dying wrong was chanted by the song of Dewey's guns.
Sam Walter Foss, in New York Sun.

### HUMOROUS.

Kirby (gloomily)—Wheat went down from $1.05 to 94c today. Mrs. Kirby—I thought men didn't believe in bargain days.

"Do you know Flo's engagement is broken off?" "No. How did it happen?" "He sent her a song called 'When We Were Young.'"

"Dah is some folks," said Uncle Eben, "dat 'ud a heap rather hab a reputation foh bein' unlucky dan er record foh industriousness."

Little Pitcher—I don't think papa loves me as much as he loves my mamma. Mamma says papa tells her fairy stories. He never tells any to me.

Giles—I just heard that Hawkins referred to me as a perfect idiot. Smiles—Oh, don't mind what Hawkins says; he always exaggerates more or less.

"When er man gits de reputation o' bein, able to exuhcise patience," said Uncle Eben, "folks gin'rally don' let 'im run much resk of 'is gettin' outer practice."

He—Have you heard of this new cure for nervous prostration? The patient is not allowed to talk. She—I'd just as soon die from prostration as exasperation.

"Of course," observed the thin wheelman, "water won't run up hill." "Well," replied the fat wheelman, who was still puffing and blowing, "I don't blame it."

Millie—Why do you never speak to Mr. Marples now? He is uncouth, but I feel sure he is a diamond in the rough. Clara—So do I. That's why I'm cutting him.

Watts—Did you know that a piano has been built that can be heard six miles? Potts—That isn't so bad as it sounds. Plenty of guns will carry twice that distance.

Briggs—Was the Boston girl pleased when you proposed? Griggs—Immensely. She said that in twenty minutes' straight talk I didn't make one grammatical error.

There was a time in every man's life when his wife would have believed him if he had reported that the streets were rivers filled with swimming elephants; but how time flies!

Mrs. Quiverful—Do you know, dear, that I think the baby sometimes cries in her sleep? Mr. Quiverful (savagely)—I don't know about that, but I know she often cries in mine.

Singleton—Now that you have been married to the heiress for several months, I want to ask you: Is marriage a failure? Benedick—Well, my wife has suspended payment.

"Ah, there's nothing like the bicycle. I've been unable to sleep for years, and—" "You rode a wheel and it cured you?" "No, but a wheelman ran into me and I was insensible for several minutes."

Housekeeper (to book agent who brings tenth installment of a novel)—I can't take the book; Mr. Meler is dead. Book Agent—Oh, what a shame! It's right in the most exciting part of the story!

Little Edward—Papa, what is an agnostic? Papa—Your mamma is an agnostic, my dear. When I come home at night and tell her what I have been doing she doesn't exactly disbelieve—she just doesn't know.

"What intensely red hair that young man has!" exclaimed Maud. "I'm surprised that you seem to like him so well." "Oh," replied Mamie, "I don't like him very well. I never invite him to anything but pink teas."

Edith—Mrs. Mauve appears to be a regular iconoclast. Bertha—Yes. Edith—You know she used to say that her husband was the idol of her heart. Bertha—I know. Edith—Well, by her extravagance that idol is dead broke.

Judge—The witness says he saw you take the watch out of the pocket of the complainant and hand it to another man. What have you to say to that? Prisoner—Doesn't that prove that I didn't mean anything wrong? I only did it for a pass-time. See?

"Tartly's a mean old joker," declared the fashionable doctor. "What has he been doing now?" "Just met him on the street and asked him how he was. He handed me a $2 bill, said he never felt so well in his life, asked me to mail receipt, and was gone before I realized what he was at."