

HIRING A SERVANT.

HOW A LITTLE WOMAN WAS MADE TO BLUSH.

Too Much to Expect of the Large Maid and Finally They Failed to Come to an Agreement About Wages—Compromise on a Chinaman.

"You see, there are only two in the family and it's a very little house, so I thought we could get along with just one for awhile, anyway," explained the little woman, anxiously.

"Yes, ma'am," said the big woman, with the air of one accustomed to a butler and dependent on a maid, but not disposed to be pushy on that account.

"We dine at 6:30," she went on. The big woman looked slightly surprised.

"Early dinner, yes, ma'am," was all she said, but the little woman wished she had made it at least 7.

"Yes, early," she said. "Mr.—Mr.—that is, my husband prefers it. He is rather old-fashioned in some ways."

"Yes, ma'am," said the big woman and the little one felt herself forgiven and pitied.

"We breakfast at 8 and my husband doesn't come home to lunch, so you would have time to do most of the sweeping," she went on, more easily.

"Of course you have hardwood floors," said the big woman, graciously.

"Well, no. We have had matting put down. We rather like them better."

"Do you hire a man to beat the rugs?" "Why, there are not very many—just two, I believe—not big ones. It would hardly be worth while," said the little woman apologetically.

"Yes, ma'am," in a tone suggestive of Daghestans in the kitchen and Persian tapestries in the china closet.

"I should expect to have some of the washing done at home," the little woman continued. There was a whole French laundry in the surprised lifting of the other's eyebrows as she asked, deferentially:

"You mean the flannels and stockings?" "Yes, and—well, just a few other things. The laundries are so hard on one's lingerie," with a smile that the big woman politely reflected.

"Would you expect me to wait on the door?" she asked.

"I think you'd have to, when I was out or anything," said the little woman with some hesitation. "If I were right there I wouldn't mind opening it myself occasionally. Of course you would have your evening out."

"Two evenings and Sunday afternoon is what I've been accustomed to," said the big woman, quietly.

"Yes, certainly. That would suit me perfectly well," the little woman hastily agreed. "Tuesday night we always go to our whist club, but we could arrange about any two other nights, and I'm not even sure we are going to keep up the whist club."

"Would you want much rough work done, washing windows, and that?" asked the big woman, glancing down at her neatly gloved hands.

"Well, the windows, of course," admitted the little woman, "but not much else. We buy our kindling all split up, you know."

"Then you don't cook by gas or electricity? Is your range a large one?" "Well, it's a cooking stove; No. 6, I believe."

"No. 6 hasn't much room on it, but I don't suppose you'd want more than five courses for dinner when you hadn't company," said the big woman, considerably. The little one gasped slightly.

"Oh, no; not more than four or five," she agreed. "My husband sometimes likes to have just three. He is fond of simple things."

"Yes, ma'am," said the big woman, with generous compassion.

"Now, about wages," ventured the little woman, wondering if salary or remuneration wouldn't be more appropriate. "I expected—that is, we planned to pay about \$20 a month."

The big woman evidently suppressed a snigger. "I generally get \$30, just for cooking; no washing or housework," she explained.

The little woman flushed, but stood her ground. "I'm afraid I couldn't afford more than \$20," she murmured.

"The other rose." "I'll tell you," she said, in the tone of one uniformly courteous to inferiors. "You don't want a first-class cook like me, but a girl for general housework. There's lots who will take places for \$20, if you don't live with any style. I am afraid I wouldn't suit."

"I'm sorry," said the other. "Good morning," answered the big woman, with a respectful bow. The little woman did not interview any more servants. Her husband went down and hired a Chinaman for her.

THE CLEVER WOMAN

Two Kinds of Cleverness, but Only One That Really Pays.

"I wish I were clever." The woman was charmingly dimpled, wore a French gown, was the mistress of a luxurious establishment and was dispensing tea to afternoon callers in cups of priceless faience, says the New York Herald.

"Women who write," had been the subject on the tapis, and the remark was a delicate compliment to the woman to whom she handed the tea. She was a successful writer—successful to the extent of making a good income as the fruit of unwearied industry. She had never known the delights of diamonds or her own carriage, or a box at the opera. She sometimes spent a hard-earned \$5 for a drive, but there was neither luxury in the carriage, nor swiftness in the steeds, and she was conscious all through the drive that when she went back to the office she would write something about the country in the spring or the flossam of fall foliage and flowers with which the suburban resident could decorate his house and table.

If she took a \$2 seat in the opera house she rarely lost herself completely in the music, as she would have liked to do, because skeletons of paragraphs on theater hats and theater manners, on lovers who make love in the stalls as well as on the stage and a thousand other things for the next day's paper flitted through her mind. She never had a French gown; on the contrary, she walked ten blocks and climbed seven stories to find a dressmaker who would make, though at the same time mar, her one gown for \$10. Her modest house was pretty and she was even quite famous for her petites soupers, at which one sometimes met eminent and always delightful people, but only herself and her one maid knew at what cost of perspiring brow and smutched fingers and aching back those dainty little dishes were evolved.

So there was almost reverence in her tones as she replied:

"My dear, you are the clever woman; you are far more clever than George Elbot. The really smart woman is not the one who makes her own daily bread, even though there be a Neapolitan pudding thrown in now and then. It is she who, without raising her hand, can cause all this luxury to be laid at her pretty satin-shod feet. It is like eating a Delmonico dinner and lamenting that you are not the chef who cooked it. Not the woman who works but she who gets all there is in life without working, is the really clever woman."

"May there not be two kinds of cleverness?" said the woman who came to make her adieux.

ONLY ONE LOVED HIM.

Napoleon's Foster-Mother Had a True Affection for Him.

Masson states in his memoirs of Napoleon that the "Little Corporal" bitterly regretted that no woman had ever really loved him. Even Mme. Walewska married as soon as Napoleon was sent to St. Helena, proving conclusively that her course of action was prompted by the love of her country, and not for any tenderness that she may have felt for the great general. Nevertheless, if Napoleon was a failure as a "lover and husband," according to Masson he succeeded in retaining the affection of his foster-mother to the end. The deepest affection existed between Mammuccia Caterina and her nursing. She came to Paris to see him crowned emperor, and when told by Napoleon to ask him for any favor, begged that she might be introduced to the pope. The old lady so amused his holiness with accounts of her "garçon," as she was wont to call the emperor, that he forgot in her society the difficulties of the situation. Mammuccia Caterina nearly died of grief when she heard of her garçon's downfall. And nothing could be more forcible than the terms with which she denounced Marie Louise for not following Napoleon into exile. Mammuccia Caterina, despite her great age, was preparing to go and comfort her garçon at St. Helena when she died. During his prosperity Napoleon heaped favors upon her and her family. Today her descendants bear the title of barons and are received in the best society of Paris. Their family name is Saveria.

Not Likely to Pay the Debt.

An east ender, who has a six-year-old boy, was surprised by a somewhat remarkable question which the youngster fired at him a few evenings ago.

"Papa," he said, "do you think this has been a good winter for ice down in the bad place?"

The father looked at the serious little face and checked the impulse to laugh.

"My dear boy," he gravely remarked, "why do you want to know?"

"Cause," the youngster replied, "'cause Johnnie White said that when they cut this winter's ice down there he'd pay me that nickel he borrowed last week."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Legislation.

Brass is not made gold by gilding it. Reform by legislation is a dream. Legislative decrees cannot make men other than they are. The need is to make men, and to make men brothers. Social happiness without brotherhood is impossible. Brotherhood is not a product of the law. It is a product of love.—Rev. S. G. Nelson.

Ought to Fetch 'Em.

A north Missouri paper has adopted the plan of running the name of delinquent subscribers upside down in the paper whenever it has occasion to refer to them.—Ex.

A harsh word to a child may destroy an angel.

MEMORIAL DAY



AFTER MANY YEARS.

By H. Luqueer.

"OW, Miss Jinney, you is alus a want-in' a story about dem tryin' times in Ole Caroliney, an' I's jes don' tole ye all I knowed ober ober agin."

And our own colored cook, Tilda Jackson, knocked the ashes out of her pipe on the hearth of the kitchen range, which to us children was a preliminary sign that old Tilda held in reserve one of her reminiscences of her life on the Old Carter plantation, near the city of Charleston, and of the civil war.

We children, my sister and I, used to love to steal down to her especial domain in the gloaming, and tease for a story of that enchanted land of flowers, and especially of those battles fought near the Carter place, and of which the old negress was an eye witness.

Refilling her pipe, and settling herself in her easy chair, she continued:

"I jes' done remember one moah' ob dem yarns, but it's ebout how my ole missus kep' Decoration Day all by her lone self, an' how she done put poses on one grave fur fifteen long years afore she found out who de poah young fella was."

Hera old Tilda stopped and lighted her pipe, puffed away with a retrospective glance at us two girls, as we crept closer to this oracle in ebony, and, having stimulated our curiosity, she continued:

"Wal, jes' a couple o' days after dat

"Den he kept looking at his poah ragged clothes, dat was a hangin' whar he could see 'em, till missus takes de hint from his appealin' eyes, and goes and hunts through de pockets. She dun found nothin' but a little bible, an' when she bring it to him his eyes jes shine, lake de stars in de night, an' missus opened it an' a leetle tintype of a putty young thing a holdin' a little baby er about a year old draped out, an' then he looked so glad, Missus axed him ef dat war his wife an' baby, an' he nodded yas, an' den missus say: 'I kin find dem by 'vertisin' in de newspapers, an' I tink I dun know what ye want me to tell dem, an' den she see dat he was satisfied, an' his poor eyes was loosin' deir light. She dun took his han' in hers, an' sang take an' angel dat pretty hymn about:

"'All my trus' on de is staid,' 'Dar was two or three verses, but I disremember 'em. Anyway while she was singin' de gates ob glory opened and tuk dat poah boy in.

"Ef he war fightin' on de wrong side he dident dun know it. He just did his duty as he had learned it from older hades. So de missus had him laid to rest' up in de grove back of de house, an' ebry Decoration Day she dun put poses on dat lone grave, rain or shine, sick or well."

"Did she ever advertise?" asked Jennie, wiping the tears out of her eyes.

"Deed she did! an' fur years she war tryin' to fine dem folks ob hisen, till it went on fur nigh on ter fifteen years. De wah was dun, de niggars all free, Massah Carter loss an arm a fightin' agin it, an' his only chile, young Massa John, war growed up to be a man, an' like his ma, as putty as a plecter, an' dat smart dat he run de plantation his own self. He hired de niggars to work dat war good fur anything, an' let de triffin' ones go.

"Wal, der used to be lots of company allus a comin' up from Charleston, an' one day in May dar war Massa John's cousin, Miss Liddy Carter, dun come out to de plantation ter make a visit, an' she brung erlong a young

right up an' made Lige an' ole Minkie, de coachman go and brung dat poah fella to de house. She an' me a fixin' up a bed fur him while dey is gone.

"Byenby dey toats him in an' tiys him in it. He was outen his hade lake, an' missus send right off fur a doctor, and he foun' he was shot in de side, de ball goin' roun' by de spine, an' he say dat air poah boy dun got he death blow, and de doctor reem' he was elder shot while on picket duty or had dropped behind when he dun got hurt, while de army marched on an' let' him. Anyway, dar he was, an' he doant know nobody ner nothing, an' de doctor say he was parlied, so he couldent even move his poah tounge.

"Wall, missus an' me nussed him till we both pretty nigh dun drop in our tracks fur a week. Den at last he dun went home to glory, as de sun was settin' lake in a sea of fish.

But jis afore he breaved his las' he kinda com'd to his senses, an' kep' a lookin' at missus—an' he try'd so mighty hard to speak an' was dat distressed case he couldnt, de big tears roll outen his handsome black eyes an' roll down his cheeks dat was as white as de sheet, an' de sweat lay so cole an' thick on his hands dat his pretty dark curls looked like dey were don't got dipped in de rain water barrel.

"De Missus take his han' an' say: 'Nebber mine, de lovin' Jesus knows jes what ye want to say,' an' would help him ter make her on stan', anyway she would dun find out who his folks war an' write 'em all about how he fit an' died durin' his duty, or what he thought war his duty.

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school frien', Nellie Munson, an' she was as putty as a plecter, with eyes as black as de night when de moon don't shine, an' de color ob her cheeks war like de roses in de garden.

"Wal, such time as dem young critters had, Day was boatin' an' fishin', an' hossback ridin' ebry day ob der lives. Wal, one sweet, putty mornin' my ole missus say, dis is Decoration Day; ef you young ladies want to go wid me to put flowers on my grave, I would like yer company. Miss Liddy she jes' dun stretch herself outen de hammock on de veranda, an' she say: 'Sense me, aunty, I'm awful tired of dat grave; ebry since I was a baby I recollectmember it.'

But Miss Nellie she dun jump up an' say:

"Please let me go, I've dun hear how good you war to dat poah soffer an' I know some day you will git yer reward." So she an' missus walked off in de bright sunshine, de bees war a hummin' and de birds a singin', and de carried a great basket of poses—de hunney suckle an' roses, an' Jasmine, an' Miss Nellie de prettiest flower of all in her white frock and sky blue sash.

Miss Liddy she lay dar swingin' in de hammak, and Massa John, after a little, gits up and starts for de grove, too. Den Miss Liddy laffs and sais kinder scornful lake: 'Is it Miss Nell or de grave that takes you out dar dis hot mornin'?"

He jes laugh back at her an' say: 'Ob course it's de grave, dat's my 'ligence duty, ye know, 'specially when dar's a lovely young lady in de bargain.'

De ole missus allus like to habe us all come up dar, too, so I war dar jes' as Mr. John got dar, an' as usual, my missus opened dat soffer's Bible an'

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Massa John walked erway wipin' his eyes, an' ole missus read a comfortin' varse or two outen dat little Bible, an' we uns sang a hymn, and de decoration was ober fur dat day, an' missus said to all ob us:

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faith. Do your duty, no matter how long de way is, or how dark de cloudda."

Wal, chill'en, it is time ye were in yer beds. Ha jes ebout true, dis yar. Ebry word is as true as de gospel, Yas, Miss Jinney, dat air grave is decorated ebry year when dis day comes aroun', though de ole massa and missus is lyin' down beside dat young soffer boy, an' it's Miss Nellie's grave now, for she den gon' an' marr'd Massa John, an' he jus' tabs de ground she walks on. De ole missus lubed her, too, and you ought to a seen what care Miss Nellie dun took ob de ole missus in her las' sickness, fur months afore she dun went to her reward, and she say ober and ober agin:

"No kind act is overlooked by de Master; an', honey, I'm gittin' my pay now for honorin' de dead by a few flowers on a lonely grave upon de day de nation set apart to 'memorate deas dat fell."

TWO HOLIDAYS.

The Little Relation Maintained Between May 30 and July 4.

There is far too little relation maintained between Independence Day and Memorial Day. One is the natural sequence of the other, and the celebration of both should be observed with due solemnity as well as with comely and becoming rejoicing. A sacred service to begin the day, a service of thanksgiving, of grand and appropriate music, then with the congregation pouring out into the highways and byways of the earth, the spirit of peace and good-will might be merged into a feeling of joyousness and a giving way to all forms of hilarious sport and innocent amusement. We have in one of these days honored our forefathers through whose wise and determined efforts the country was established, and in the other we have remembered those who rescued us from danger and saved us for a great and glorious future. These days are the red-letter days in the American calendar—impressive because they are reminders of great struggles, because they made our present condition of existence possible; happy because we know by them, and what they typify, that the spirit of patriotism, self-sacrifice and the great and all-comprehensive spirit of divinity that was originally planted in the hearts of men has neither been dimmed nor extinguished. It has only slumbered and smoldered; the living fire is there, and needs but the breath of treason or the slightest blow from an assaulting hand to bring it full-grown to its feet, a stalwart young giant able to cope with any adversary that threatens the life and the union of the states.

AT THE SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

GAIN, GOOD friends, we gather here, Each with his grateful offering. The earliest blossoms of the Year, And greenest laurels of the Spring.

To deck anew the turf that rests Above our patriot comrades' breasts.

Roses and lilies, all are fair, With bays to grace each soldier's grave, But they grow fadner resting there, If, with the odoriferous blooms we gave, A love as strong and sanctified, As theirs who for our Union died.

When on the battle field they fell, It was not in a sordid cause, But in their Country's, loved so well, For her dear Homes and Freedom's laws, And so, at need, their love was shown— To save her life they gave their own.

O, that was love of precious worth, Allied to love that is divine; From Heaven alone it came to Earth, In human hearts to live and shine, And fill them with the high desires, That light and foster Freedom's fires.

How well it is with them who sleep About us here—old friends of ours! Comrades, for them we do not weep, But on their graves place May's sweet flowers, While brave "Old Glory" floats above, Proud of their deeds—proud of their love!

And in this Home of Liberty— Her birthplace and most sacred spot— Her loving children, happy, free, Come forth from mansion and from cot, With fragrant blossoms of the May, To help us keep Memorial Day.

And they and theirs in time will stand Beside our graves and here relate How we had fought to save the land, Now grown so powerful and great, That Kings and Czars beyond the sea, Quake at the name of Liberty.

We know not, Comrades, what's ahead— If for our land waits good or ill, But not till faith in God is dead, Shall evil trifle with the will That nerved our brothers' arms to fight, And win for Freedom, Truth and Right.

So here, among the memories, That round these graves responsive start, Let us anew the moment seize, And pledge again each Union heart Shall be, though helpless else to do, To Flag and Country always true! —D. Brainerd Williamson, in Philadelphia Inquirer.

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