LOVE FORSAKEN.

that was blithe crewhile, Dreaming the world a lovely lotus isle, for whom the sun hath lost its smile.

There was a garden place berein, methought, there blossomed every grace That man might crave to look upon-her face!

And, ah, the golden store Of heartsease that it brought me! That is o'er Since otherward 'tis turned forevermore.

I shall go down the years, Groping through sterile hopes and crowding fears, To darkling solitude too deep for tears. —Clinton Scollard in Harper's Basar.

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## A Maid to Order.

A Story Touching on the Servant Question.

**\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*** The table was charming. The pearly expanse of damask that infolded it was one of the Misses Dormond's most treasured possessions, saved out of a general wreck of family fortunes.

The old fashioned silver, of those inimitable patterns which no modern shop can supply, gleamed like irregularly shaped planets at intervals across the cloth.

Moreover, a daffodil bulb cherished in window sill warmth had obligingly thrown out a handful of blossoms. This pot, sheathed in yellow tissue paper, made a thoroughly attractive centerplece.

"It is simply lovely," said Winifred, with a little sigh of relief and satisfaction. "I shan't be in the least afraid to have Mrs. Caulkington's eagle eye turned upon it, even though you are a candidate for her secretaryship, Isabel, and so much does depend upon making a good impression."

'The house couldn't fall to make a good impression," Isabel broke in. "It is clean and sweet and old fashioned from top to toe. One can't say that a house has a toe. There's just one thing lacking. I do wish we had a good maid to wait on the table. I hate those embarrassing breaks in a home luncheon where the hostess is obliged to cut off in the middle of a sentence and bolt into the kitchen to bring the broiled squab course to table."

"Yes. That's always wretchedly embarrassing," Isabel agreed. "It's harder on the guests than the hostess too. However, there's no help for it. We don't keep a maid, and this suburb isn't a place where you can find a girl to call in for a day at a time. It's a pity, but it can't be helped."

"What is a pity, but can't be helped?" demanded the youngest Miss Dormond, who pirouetted into the room just in time to hear the last half of the sen-

"Isabel and I were lamenting that we didn't have a maid to serve the luncheon, Gertrude. We were saying how desperately embarrassing it is for a hostess to jump up to remove the plates after a course and to bring the next course to table.'

"I never thought of that," Gertrude acquiesced in a disappointed tone. "Our entertaining has always been so informal we're likely to make the guests change the plates and bring in the courses from the kitchen themselves. But it's true, as you say, that kind of thing won't do when we're entertaining Mrs. Caulkington. She's so critical that her eyes burn holes in anything they fall on. We wouldn't mind her little peculiarities if she were merely an acquaintance, but if Isabel is going to demand a big, fat salary she must make a big, fat impression. I'm sure Mrs. Caulkington would cut her down half if she knew how poor we are and how badly we need that secretaryship. Something must be done."

"Gertrude, dear, you know perfectly well that nothing can be done. There are only two hours left, and in any case you can't secure a girl here in the country to come in for just one day."

"I know that, but whisht, my dear! 'An idea dawns in my brain! Let it mature!

"An idea for what? For getting us a maid?" "Yes, my dear-a ready maid, so to

speak." "Silly! Do you think Isabel and I have time to waste upon your vapor-

ings?" "A ready maid-no, a maid to order! Don't talk to me for three minutes. I feel the idea grow in my cerebrum, and

it really is a good one." The young lady sat down in the little oaken window seat and buried her face

in her hands. Three minutes later she sprang up and pirouetted triumphantly around

the charming table. "Huzza! I've solved the problem," she cried. "And I'll stand for it that you shall have a maid to serve Mrs. Caulkington's luncheon. A stunning maid, well trained, light footed, soft voiced; a maid who will not send so much as one plate of raw oysters down the back of your guest; who will do things without diagrams and will not cause the downfall and destruction of precious willow pattern china. In fact, the maid I propose to offer you will be an explanatory key with copious illus-

trations to the entire servant question." Gertrude's sisters were very far from despising the girl's ready imagination. It had often helped to solve an economic problem which they themselves had abandoned in despair. But this crisis of the maid to order seemed considerably beyond Gertrude even, and they frankly announced themselves skep-

"Do you mean to look for your remarkable maid here in the suburb or

elsewhere?" they demanded. "I shall procure her in the city, or, rather, I shall go on a trip to the city, and I will send the maid to you

in my absence." "But, Gertrude! If you leave now for the city you won't have time, child, | Constitution.

to get back for Mrs. Caulkington's luncheon."

"I'm not afraid, but I'm glad of an excuse to absolve myself. I'm in awe of Mrs. Caulkington, and I tremble before the glare of her lorgnettes. You can make my excuses to Mrs. Caulkington and tell her that I was obliged to go into the city on pressing business."

It seemed an injustice that Gertrude should not be there to witness the success of the occasion for which they had all worked so hard.

The older girls reasoned, pleaded, represented, but Gertrude stood firm.

. . . . . . . Mrs. Caulkington's critical eyes were already boring holes in the drawing room furniture, and the luncheon hour was but three minutes in the future.

Isabel, in her prettiest silk waist, was arranging the oyster plates upon the table preliminary to ushering their guest into the dining room.

brushed the silence of the place, and a soft voice sounded in Isabel's ear. "If yo' please, miss," said the voice, "Miss Gertrude done send me. I am

Suddenly a purling of gingham skirts

de maid to ordah." "Good gracious!" shricked Isabel under her breath. She started back, the

oyster plate in her hand narrowly escaping calamity. She said "Good gracious" once more, and very fervently, when she turned, for there, not a yard from her side, waiting to be assigned to her duties.

stood the most desirable of colored

waitresses. She was tall, well poised and, barring her skin, a strikingly handsome young woman. Her pink gingham gown fitted to perfection and closely resembled one worn by Gertrude for mornings on the porch. Her dainty ruffled apron was strikingly like one which Isabel herself wore while sewing. Perched saucily in her black, ripply hair she wore a bit of a cap, which, when examined at close range, seemed to be nothing more than a tuft of white lace cleverly pinned.

Isabel took a second look at her new acquisition and dropped into a chair,

laughing weakly. "Miss Gertrude done send me, miss," the maid repeated softly, "an she said fo' yo' to jest go set in de parlah an leave all de servin to me."

"Oh, Gertrude, Gertrude!" gurgled Isabel. "What nonsense won't that child attempt?"

The luncheon was faultlessly served. Never was waitress quicker, lighter, softer, more all seeing, more graceful. Even the critical Mrs. Caulkington was impressed.

Afterward, when the luncheon party had adjourned to the drawing room, the guest deliberately led around to the subject of domestics. "Do you find it as hard to get good

girls in the suburbs as we do in the city?" she asked. "I imagine not, for that young waitress of yours is perfection itself."

"Well, good girls are very scarce here," answered Isabel, "and I've no doubt we'd have endless trouble if we had to change. But, you see, we have raised Anna ourselves. She knows our own ways and suits us perfectly. We've had her for more than ten years. I know she'll never leave us-unless, of course, she marries and has a home of her own."

"My dear girl, you simply have t treasure," cried the visitor, with warmth. "If I were in your place, I would shiver at the very thought of losing her. And, do you know, since I've seen how perfectly your little table is arranged and served I'm really afraid of what Miss Isabel will think when she comes to me in the city. I hope you will close your eyes to a number of things in my housekeeping, Miss Isa-

"Oh, I am not critical, Mrs. Caulkington," laughed Isabel. "And every one knows how hard it is to get maids like Anna nowadays."-What to Eat.

Neglected Dryden.

Notwithstanding Lowell's high praise of Dryden's prose works and the accusation he brings against literary plunderers of this magnate of letters 200 years ago, few people except scholars now ever open Dryden's essays, though they are well worth careful perusal and study, in spite of Swift's malicious and witty lines:

Read all the prefaces of Dryden, For these our critics much confide in, Though merely writ at first for filling To raise the volume's price a shilling.

There is truth as well as wit in this characterization, for Dryden was in some respects but a literary back, although a man of genius. But, being a genius, it was impossible for him to write anything, however carelessly and slipshod, without something finding its way in that will arrest the reader's attention even yet, after the lapse of two centuries. Unlike the other and smaller literary hacks of his time, whatever Dryden wrote he wrote freely, and there is an absence of cramped formulas and of pedantic utterances, as a rule, which is interesting. Even in his shilling prefaces to which Swift alludes the reader will have no difficulty in discovering a man of genius, one of many lovable traits and great characteristics, and at least Dryden's own likings and judgments are set forth pleasantly and frequently in a convincing manner. He is one of the old writers that weary moderns given up to novel reading could profitably turn back to and peruse to their own great advantage.—Exchange.

Brother Dickey's Sayings. Ef dis worl' is a howlin wilderness,

it's man dat do de howlin. Job wuz a pashunt man, but he never had ter wait fer a railroad train. Solomon wuz a mighty much mar-

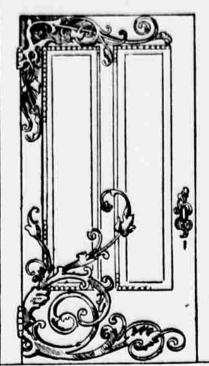
ried man, en yit dey calls him de wisest man!

Ananias wuz kilt fer lyin. In dese days men git a prize fer it.-Atlanta DOOR DECORATION.

Arought Iron Work Becoming Very Popular For This Purpose.

Special interest usually attaches to the entrance of a house, and the popu- lowing story: iar demand for all kinds of decorative wrought iron shows to what an extent this interest has grown in America, according to a writer in The Ladies' World, who discourses on artistic door In her life. trimming of this description as follows

and in wealthy homes all over the



ARTISTIC DOOR TRIMMINGS. country. In the rapid spread of decorative ideas the door, as presenting a smooth, even surface, is one of the places on which decoration in wrought iron shows to splendid advantage. Provided the ornamentation is kept within reasonable limits and so as not to interfere with its usefulness, there seems to be no end to the manner in which wrought iron may be applied with advantage to the doorway. The ornamentation of a door should be intrusted to none but a competent workman. Otherwise the whole general appearance of the house may be spoiled.

The first thought in the decoration of a door should be due regard for the general aspect of the house it is designed to adorn. It will be readily seen that what would be suitable for a semidetached or country house would be out of place in a city block. The design accompanying this article conveys a definite idea of what is meant by artistic door trimming.

The hinges, being the main feature of the door, should be strong, in accordance with the weight and thickness of the door. The trimming may or screws, the whole finished in dull do her good.

ioned effect is desired, have the manu- be well taken care of." facturer finish the fronwork with a The lady, furnished with the letter, Germans are very proficient at this fidant: cated by workmen in this country.

Warm Sleeping Socks For Winter. warm and comfortable sleeping socks, She opened the letter and read: skeins of four ply wool and two bone send her back again.

or wooden needles, No. 5. Cast on 68

KNITTED SLEEPING SOCKS.

stitches-this is for the sole of the sock-and increase one stitch by picking up and knitting the stitch immediately below the second stitch for four rows, thus making 72 stitches on the needle. Knit plain for 16 rows. You now begin to decrease for the instep and ankle in the following manner: Knit 84 stitches, knit the thirty-fifth and thirty-sixth together, knit the thirty-seventh and thirty-eighth together, knit 34. In the next row knit 33, knit the thirty-fourth and thirtyfifth together, knit the thirty-sixth and the thirty-seventh together, knit 83. Decrease thus in every row, twice exactly in the middle, until there are 32 stitches left. Knit 24 rows plain without any decrease. Work about an inch in a rib of two plain, two purl. Cast off very loosely and sew up. This number of stitches makes a full sized sock.

Who Should Give Wedding Presents? Who should and who should not send presents? It is expected that none but relatives and intimate friends of the bride and groom and members of the two families shall send wedding presents, and the mere social acquaintance who violates this rule shows a woeful lack of knowledge, according to one authority on the polite convenances. As a rule, jewels are presented only it."-Chicago Tribune. by relatives or the very closest friends. and the same thing may be said of small silver and furniture. During the last few years the custom of presenting objects of art in rare porcelains, ceramics and various metals, in- called Tranchell early in the nineteenth stead of pieces of table silver, has greatly increased.

Cross Words Kill a Bird. A bird which receives a scolding is made as miserable and unhappy there-

by as a child would be. To illustrate

this Our Dumb Animals tells the fol-

A Massachusetts woman had a few years ago a beautiful canary bird which she dearly loved and to which she had never spoken an unkind word

One day the church organist was Beautiful examples of wrought iron away, and she stopped after church to may be found on our public buildings play the organ for the Sunday school. In consequence of this the dinner had to be put off an hour, and when she got home her good husband was very an-

gry, and he spoke to her unkindly. The things were put on, and they sat down in silence at the table, and presently the bird began to chirp at her as It always had to attract her attention. To shame her husband for having spoken so she turned to the bird and for the first time in her life spoke to it in a most violent and angry tone. In less than five minutes there was a fluttering in the cage. She sprang to the cage. The bird was dead.

Mrs. Hendricks, the wife of the late vice president of the United States, said that she once killed a mocking bird in the same way. It annoyed her by loud singing. To stop it she spoke in a violent tone and pretended to throw something at it, and within five minutes it was dead.

Unnatural History.

The Bottle of Hair Tonic was in self congratulatory mood. "Well," It boasted, "I think I can tell 'hair raising' ghost stories if any one can."

The coy Peach was very angry as well as "stirred up" when the housekeeper ladled her into the preserve jar. "Now, wouldn't that jar you!" she exclaimed, rather slangy.

The False Tooth spoke with fev hauteur: "I belong to the 'upper set.' ' "Possibly," retorted the bobtailed Kite incisively, "but let it be distinctly understood that I myself move in the highest circles."

The cracked piece of psuedo antique China spoke frankly: "Of course I'm not what I'm 'eracked up' to be"-Then her femininity asserted itself, and she finished coyly, "But I'm not nearly as old as I look."

The angry Stick of Glant Powder stormed at the proud patrician Tack. "You have a 'big head' because you have laid a few carpets low." The Tack was silent. "I'm supreme," boasted the Powder, waxing bold. "No one can 'hold a candle' to me, and every one is afraid to 'blow me up.' " "Well," retorted the Tack pointedly, at the same time striking a match, "nobody can walk over a member of the Tack family with impunity."-Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Doctor's Letter.

A well known M. P. tells an amusing be flat or rounded up, as individual story of an old aunt of his. Being on taste may suggest, and be attached to one occasion very nervous, she told the door with large wrought iron nails her physician she thought Bath would

"It's very odd," said Dr. W., "but The handle, as here shown, is smooth that's the very thing that I was going and of an oblong shape, as being to recommend to you. I will write the and those inside can see out without preferable to the fanciful articles so particulars of your case to a very clevmuch in use. If a quaint, old fash- er man there, in whose hands you will

rough, uneven surface and show all set off. On arriving at Bath, feeling, as the hammer marks or hand work. The usual, very nervous, she said to a conkind of work, good imitations of their "Long as Dr. Walter has attended

old fashioned knockers, knobs, lamps, me he has never explained to me what etc., having been successfully dupli- alls me. I have a great mind to open his letter and see what he has stated of my case to the Bath physician." In vain her friend represented to her

The following instructions are for the breach of confidence this would be. which are very easily knitted: Two Dear Davis-Keep the old lady three weeks and

-London Tit-Bits.

A Profitable Deposit. I remember the case of an old lady at E. who usually had from £13,000 to £15,000 standing to her credit, and, needless to say, as she did not ask for any interest thereupon, none was allowed her. The manager whenever she entered the office was always most particular to step forward and inquire most tenderly concerning the state of her health, and if she replied that she was suffering from a slight cold the expression upon the man's face grew quite sad. No wonder, when he remembered that even a slight cold might carry off an old lady who was handing his company at least £300 a year .-"How to Deal With Your Banker," by Henry Warren.

Draughts as an Education. There is no game extant which so admirably combines educational and recreative features or which is in every way so well adapted for a popular and profitable amusement among refined and appreciative classes as draughts. Its influences are of an elevating character. It not only teaches, but practically enforces, the necessity of patience and perseverance, courage and courtesy, self reliance and self control. The game is also peculiarly and self evidently worthy of paternal encouragement, as a knowledge of its incomparable beauties will destroy the taste for demoralizing games of chance,-Scottish American.

Why He Read It. "Have you read Borus' latest book, Boiled Brains?"

"Yes." "I thought you didn't like Borus' style."

"I don't." "What did you read his book for?" "Because I knew some blamed fool would be sure to ask me if I had read

The record for Ceylon snipe shooting still remains that of the muzzle loader, 100 couples in one day. This record was made by a Ceylon civil servant century. Average gunners get 30 to 40 couples a day.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.

Two Recipes From an Excellent Household Authority.

To fulfill its mission as a tempting relish a pickle should be not too large, but firm, crisp and well flavored. For the realization of this condition the cucumbers must be well selected and a good formula for their preparation carefully followed out. In Table Talk, Cornelia C. Bedford gives two pickling recipes. The first is for "sweet pickled green cucumbers," as follows:

For one-balf of a bushel of small cucumbers allow one half of a pound of white mustard seed, one-half of a pound of black mustard seed, one-half of an ounce of whole alispice, one-half of an ounce of peppercorns, one-half of an ounce of mace, one ounce of freshly grated horse radish, one-half of an ounce of celery seed, one-half of an ounce of stick clanamon, one dozen red peppers and one-half of a pint of white button onions. Pour boiling water over the cucumbers and let them stand until cold, then drain. Sprinkle them with salt, one-half of a pint to each 100 cucumbers, and again cover with boiling water. Let stand in this brine for 24 hours, drain and cover with fresh, cold brine of the same strength. Drain daily for six days and cover with fresh brine. On the seventh day drain and wash in fresh water, cover with weak vinegar, heat slowly and keep at a very slow simmer for five or six hours until the cucumbers look plump. Drain them, wipe dry and pack in jars, adding to them the mixed spices. Cover with boiling hot cider vinegar, to which is added for each quart one-half of a pound of brown sugar.

Recipe No. 2 rends thus: Select the smallest cucumbers possible. To each 100 allow one ounce of whole cloves, one ounce of white mustard seed, one large tablespoonful of salt one cupful of sugar and two small red poppers. Put the spices in thin muslin bags, lay them in a kettle with the washed cucumbers and add sufficient vinegar to cover. Heat slowly to the scalding point, take from the fire and bottle. Examine them every week or ten days after they are first put up to make sure that they remain firm and solid. If some soften, remove them and drain the vinegar from the remainder. Add one-half of a cupful of sugar to each 200 pickles, scald the vinegar and pour it boiling hot over the pickles.

Summer Curtains and Awnings.

Thin white curtains in a window always suggest daintiness and refinement, but where the sun shines strong they make too glaring an effect inside. For this reason, says Harper's Bazar, the softer, sheerer muslins, those with less reflective surface, are to be preferred. Yellows and pinks in soft shades and sheer materials are in use. When the eye of the neighbor has to be considered, a pretty fashion is to have a thin curtain next the window, this curtain to be drawn back or looped or so arranged as to look well from the street, a sheer transparent color being hung straight, inside, next the room, No one from outside can see through, being deprived of any light. Heavy curtains are used inside of these when required and are generally of silk or chintz in a bedroom, of silk, tapestry or rich stuff in a drawing room or library. In summer, when awnings are used, these thick curtains are taken down. Green or white awnings, by the way, should be used instead of the blue or the red and white.

A Smart and Practical Little Costume.

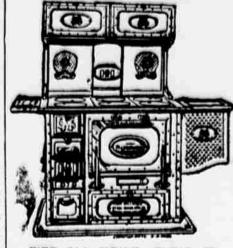
The skirt of the boating costume here shown is of royal blue serge, trimmed with graduated bands of white braid and a circle of embroidered anchors applique. The jacket is in white flannel, summer cloth or pique, set off with blue braid, and coat revers of



A VERY NATTY BOATING DRESS. dark linen or satin, outlined with white braid. With it is worn a frilled chemisette, with turned down collar in white

The panama hat is trimmed with blue ribbon, black amazon feather and a ring gilt buckle. By a little change in the braiding pattern this costume, originally intended for boating and yachting, becomes suitable to all sorts of serviceable country and seaside wear, being at once sensible, becoming and smart.

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