

**OUR LITTLE COUNTRY MAID.**

We know a little maid  
With tender eyes of gray,  
In gingham gown she comes to town  
On every market day.  
With butter sweet in parcel neat,  
With eggs but newly laid,  
Oh, fair is she, we all agree,  
Our little country maid.

We know a little maid  
Who has no thought of style,  
And yet we write, or paint, each night  
The glory of her smile.  
The merry glance while dimples dance,  
The flowing locks of brown,  
The trustful face, that so doth grace  
The simple gingham gown.

We know a little maid  
Whose home is far away  
Where maples bend and rivers wind  
Their ocean-seeking way.  
Her presence brings the whisperings  
Of forest, mead and glade,  
And so we mask in every task,  
Our little country maid.  
—Lalla Mitchell, in The Farm Journal.

**CONSOLATION.**

**M**RS. JEFFERSON was not more than thirty-five years of age, and she had spent fourteen years of married life in India. She had seen two of her children buried in an unhealthy station, and had been to England once, seven years before, to take two little girls home to be educated. It was on her return voyage from visiting her children that I met her.

She was so much less aggressive than most of the women on board, and demanded so much less attention, that it was restful to a lazy man like myself just to sit quietly by her deck chair, share my books and newspapers with her, and enjoy my evening cigar by her side. Mrs. Jefferson did not object to smoking, she seemed indeed so diffident, so humble and unassuming that I found myself wondering what the man must be like who was her husband, and hoping that he was not a selfish brute who sat upon the little woman. She was not communicative, and I found out very little about her during our long chats. Perhaps I am egotistical and talk a good deal about myself when I get a patient listener. Be that as it may, I gleaned nothing of Mrs. Jefferson's own history from her, and at last I determined to ask the captain of the ship if he knew anything about her.

"It is odd that you should ask me," said Captain Hargreaves, "for it was only to-day that I began to recall Mrs. Jefferson to my recollection. She told me her maiden name this morning, and said she had traveled out with me once before, and I recollect the circumstances immediately.

"She was going out to India to be married to this man Jefferson, and a very pretty girl she was in those days, though one would hardly guess it now to look at her—one gets accustomed to that sort of thing on board these P. and O. vessels—she was a pretty girl with pink cheeks and her lover's photograph on her cabin table, going out to be married and to be happy ever afterward, and a few years later, the same girl with all the roses washed out of her cheeks, bringing home a little boy or girl to say good-by to them in England, and to go back to some plantation in the hills where perhaps her husband's is the only white face she sees for most days in the year."

"Yet they'll continue to go while the world lasts," said I. "I hope Jefferson was the right sort of a man?"

"So far as I can hear," said Captain Hargreaves, "he is very much the reverse! He got into some trouble over a business affair, and lost a goodly bill down in Calcutta; then he came into a little money, and bought a tea plantation somewhere in the back of beyond. But he was always something of a bouncer, I fancy, and his misfortune, as men of Jefferson's type always call their misdoings, soured him. He took to drink, I believe, and this little woman doesn't have the best of times with him. She has got children at home and has lost several others out in India."

Naturally one avoided the subject of Mr. Jefferson ever after when talking to his wife, and I heard nothing about him till the very last day of the voyage.

It was horribly hot weather—quite exhausting for ladies. Mrs. Jefferson had been confined to her cabin for some days with a bad attack of fever and headache. She looked pathetically small and weak when she came on deck again and curled herself up in my big deck chair which I had prepared with cushions for her, giving me at the same time a look so full of gratitude that it was enough to make any decent man feel ashamed of himself.

The rest of the passengers began to go below, card tables were put away, the principal electric lights were put out, but still Mrs. Jefferson sat in the deck chair, looking small and weak among the pillows, and I took it into my head suddenly that she wanted to say something to me, but that speech was difficult to her, and in a flash I knew intuitively that she had learned the silence which so many women have to learn.

"I want to thank you," she said at last, "for all your goodness to me on this voyage." Her voice was so low and gentle that I had to lean forward to catch exactly what she said, and as I did so she laid her hand in mine. "Perhaps you don't know," she said slowly, "quite what your friendship has been to me."

I stumbled and said something bald and stupid in response, and Mrs. Jefferson went on:

"For seven years I have lived for nothing but this visit home to England. When anything in my life was a little disappointing, I always said to myself, 'I have the children to go back to.' And every week I had their precious, foolish little letters, which told me so little and kept me hungering to see them."

"It must have been awful to leave them again," I said, and in the dark I took again the little hand which had laid in mine.

"They were so fond of me," said Mrs. Jefferson, still in the same halting fashion, like one who speaks an unfamiliar language. "I mean when they were little things. I do not think quite tiny children could ever have been more fond of their mother. And"—she hesitated for a moment, and said, with so much difficulty that it seemed almost like cruelty to allow her to proceed—"I always thought they would remember me, although they were so little." She paused again, and went on: "You mustn't think that I was silly about them, or that I expected too much. I always thought at first they might be a little bit shy of me. But they didn't even know me, and they were certainly disappointed in me. One of them was five years old when I said good-bye to her. Now she is a school girl of thirteen. Her only photograph of me was taken long ago, so it is no wonder that she didn't know me."

I did not fill in the pause by any banal remark.

"They have been brought up in a very prim household," went on the gentle voice, "in which love, I fear, is not a thing that is reckoned with or encouraged. They rather despised me for laughing and crying over them when we met, and—it is only natural, of course—all their little confidences were for the people who brought them up, and all their ways of thinking are their ways and not mine. One of my little girls, I found, is not a very truthful child, and the other, when I asked her what she would like best to do seemed more content at home."

"But you made friends and got over all that before you left?" I said encouragingly.

"If only I had had a little more time!" said Mrs. Jefferson.

It would have been so much better for her if she could have wept. She looked her thin hands together, and said with a sort of wail in her voice—"If only I had had a little more time!"

After a while she went on quite quietly, and told me that her husband had sent for her to return to him, and she had been obliged to leave the children.

"Of course a man wants his wife in a solitary life like ours," she went on, excusingly. "And so I said good-bye to them. I don't think any one was very sorry when I came away."

The decks were quite deserted now. To-morrow they would be alive with passengers preparing to leave the ship, and friends meeting friends from Bombay, and ship's officials, and hurrying agents and perspiring stewards. To-night they were quite deserted save for Mrs. Jefferson and me.

"We live quite an isolated life at the tea garden," she said presently, "but I left a little dog there of which I am very fond. I am afraid you will think me very morbid and imaginative," she added in her deprecatory little way, "but I think I have based all my possibilities of bearing things upon the question of whether or not my dog knows me again and is glad to see me."

I still held Mrs. Jefferson's hand in mine, and now I raised it to my lips and kissed it. "You will let me know," I said huskily, and found to my surprise that I could say no more.

"Yes, I will let you know," said Mrs. Jefferson.

And one day I got a little note from her which said: "The dog knew me," and that was all.—S. Macnaughton, in Temple Bar.

**Horse Chief's Graft.**

The Indian Department has put a stop to a graft which has been worked by the head chief of the Ponca tribe for centuries, and which has been followed by Horse Chief, the present chief of the tribe. Every time a girl baby was born in the tribe it has been the custom to take the child into Horse Chief's tent, where he would bless it and tattoo a figure on the child's forehead, which would remain there until death, and in this way make the child a daughter of the chief, a high honor. In many instances this would disfigure the face of the woman for life and the Chillico Indian School called the attention of the Government to the matter. It was promptly stopped. Horse Chief got twenty ponies for so designating each "daughter of the chief."—Kansas City Journal.

A theatre in the open air will be established at Champigny, near Paris.

**FACTS ABOUT YOUNG WIVES, OLD HUSBANDS.**

Girl Brides Rejuvenate Antique Chaps and Make Them Dress, Talk and Feel Younger.

"Strange statistics," said an insurance agent, "are collected in my business."

"I have found that the more times a man marries the younger in comparison with himself he wants his wife to be. For instance, his first wife on the average is four years younger than he. His second is ten. His third is twenty or thirty."

"What do these statistics prove? Do they prove that as a man gains in years and experience he finds that it is best for many reasons to be almost as old as his wife's father, or do they only prove that as men approach old age they are more foolish than they were in youth?"

"Old X., aged seventy, with a third wife of twenty-three, said on this head the other day:

"You can't marry a girl too young. The younger she is the longer she'll keep her health and strength and beauty. Furthermore, the older you are the more respect she'll have for you. She'll reverence you and obey you as she would her own father or grandfather."

"Young wives rejuvenate old husbands," the insurance agent ended. "They make these old fellows dress younger, talk younger, act younger and feel younger. Youth is contagious, like the croup."

"A young wife is believed to prolong an old husband's life. If a man of seventy insured in my company should marry a girl of twenty I'd consider him a better risk by eight per cent. than he had been before."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

**Strong on Discretion.**

Discretion is a beautiful thing, and here is a story about an Irish tailor who had a heap of it.

One morning, Mrs. Murphy, a customer, came into the shop and found him busy with pencil and paper. She asked him what he was doing.

"O'm makin' a list av the min in this block who O' kin lek."

"Hev yez got Murphy's name down?" asked she.

"Murphy heads the list."

Home flew Mrs. Murphy and broke the news to her man. He was in the tailor shop in a jiffy.

"Me woman tells me that ye're afther making a memorial tablet uv the min that yez can lek, and that ye've got me at the head of it. Is that true?"

"Shure and it's true. What of it?" said the tailor.

"Ye good for nothin' little grasshopper, I could commit suicide on yez with me little finger. I could wipe up the flure wid yez wid me hands tied behind me."

"Are ye sure of that?" asked the tailor.

"Shure? I'm shure about it."

"Well, then," said the tailor, "if ye're shure of it, I'll scratch ye off the list."—Portland Oregonian.

**Lending a Hand.**

The occasions on which Professor Faraway was invited to speak in public were times of great anxiety to his wife. If she succeeded in starting him for the platform properly clothed, and with his notes in his hand, part of her cares vanished, but not all of them.

One evening her husband was one of seven distinguished professional men who were to speak before a scientific society consisting of men from all parts of the country.

His speech was clear that night, free from the absent-minded murmurs which sometimes interspersed his discourse, and as he seated himself Mrs. Faraway felt that he had fully earned the burst of applause—and then her cheeks crimsoned.

"Did you see anything amusing about the close of my address, my dear?" asked the professor, as they started for home. "It seemed as if I heard sounds suggestive of merriment about me."

"I don't wonder," said Mrs. Faraway, who up to that time had maintained the silence of despair, "for of all the people who applauded your address you, with your head in the air and your chair tilted sidewise, clapped the loudest and longest!"

**'Sdeath!**

The doughty buccaneer has boarded the private yacht. Now, the private yacht carries no great treasure, whereat the doughty buccaneer is wroth. He goes from stem to stern and from hatch to hold in search of plunder. As he rushes into the cabin he is confronted by a pale young girl, whose patrician lips curl with scorn. Taken aback, he essays a courtly bow, such as was practised by Captain Kill and others; but the unfamiliar surface of the heavy carpet proves too much for his feet and he stumbles ungracefully. "Ho, ha," comes in a high treble from between the patrician lips.

"Why do you 'ha, ha'?" demands the angry buccaneer.

"You claim to be a freebooter, but you are only a carpet slipper." And she walked the plank like the lady she was.—Judge

**THE CHEMISTRY OF PAINTING AND THE PRESERVATION OF CANVASES ::::**

By Geheimer Hofrat Prof. Dr. W. Ostwald, of Leipzig.

**L**ITTLE improvement has been made in the technique of oil painting since Pettenkofer, forty years ago, explained its scientific principles and exposed the antiquated character of current knowledge and practice. The temperature and humidity of picture galleries is now regulated in accordance with Pettenkofer's recommendations, and his method of renovating paintings has been adopted and developed, but the important question, how to produce durable paintings, is still neglected, even by the best technicians, as is shown by the proportion of obviously short-lived works in every collection. What is still more remarkable, picture buyers, both governmental and private, pay no attention to the expectation of life in their dearly bought treasures.

Know a very costly Makart which, though little more than twenty years old, is already a scabby wreck. Its brilliant colors have become muddy, all detail is gone from the shadows, and the whole picture is faded, cracked and wrinkled. A celebrated Knauts in the Leipzig museum has become so covered with cracks that it has been taken down, and some of Menzel's early works are in little better condition.

So our art treasures are perishing before our eyes. Has the same condition always existed, and must it continue to exist? Neither the one or the other. When we look at the splendid Van Eycks in the Berlin museum, which have retained their brilliant hues almost unchanged for nearly five centuries, we infer that the swift decay of modern works is not an organic necessity. It may be objected that the method by which these durable old paintings were produced is irrevocably lost. True; but it is as surely possible to make permanent pictures now as it was then.

The first requisite is a certain amount of scientific research; the second and more important is that artists and purchasers should pay the same conscientious regard to permanence that was paid in Albrecht Durer's time.

We require of the architect, as a matter of course, that his artistic creations shall not crumble in a few years; but the genius of the painter, it is assumed, must not be fettered by chemical laws or petty technical considerations. Yet so great an artist as Boecklin devoted his life to technical experiments, and he might have carried them further and given freer scope to his genius if he had also known a little chemistry. For example, he used pure vermilion with startling and unpleasant effect, because he fancied that vermilion is permanent when used alone but is affected by other pigments.

The truth is that some varieties of vermilion withstand the action of light very well, while others turn gray or brown, whether used alone or with other colors. If one speaks to a painter of these things, he retorts that chemistry is the root of the whole evil; the Van Eycks knew nothing of it, and made durable pictures, but the modern aniline colors fade. This is unjust, for nineteenth century artists painted fugitive pictures before aniline colors came into use. The fault is not in the colors, but in the medium. Now, as formerly, the palette of the oil painter consists chiefly of pigments of unquestioned permanence. All the yellow and red ochers, most blacks and browns, ultramarine, cadmium yellow, chrome green, and some other colors remain unchanged for thousands of years; indigo, madder and Prussian blue endure for centuries. The former are the pigments of thirteenth century and fourteenth century frescoes; the latter are found well preserved in still older miniatures.

But these are not oil paintings. The medium is carbonate of lime in the frescoes, gelatine or albumen in the miniatures. Nor are the Van Eycks above mentioned oil paintings in the modern sense. The method employed in their production is not recorded, but it could be ascertained by micro-chemical examination. Many technical questions might be solved by such examination of minute fragments, which could be taken from the edges of pictures without material injury.

Still, some genuine oil paintings are very permanent; for example, Raphael's "Sistine Madonna" in the Dresden gallery. Now, a comparative study of old oil paintings shows that those which are best preserved are very thinly painted. This is not a mere coincidence. The evils of oil increase with the thickness of the layer of paint, and are further intensified by applying one color over another. Hence the works of Rubens, painted thinly and rapidly, are so much better preserved than Rembrandt's; and, for the same reason, Knauts' pictures, painted apparently on an asphaltum ground, have decayed so soon. In short, though it is possible to make perma-

nent oil paintings, conditions fatal to permanence are very apt to occur. One such condition is the use of thick masses of color, or impasting.

In spite of these obvious disadvantages, oil has practically displaced all other media, because it permits the artist to judge the effect of his work at once, as oil colors do not change appreciably in drying. Water colors alter perceptibly, and gouache still more, and the painter must make allowance for the alteration. But though the oil painting does not change in drying, or in weeks or months, it changes inevitably in decades and centuries, and always in the same way, by assuming a general yellowish brown cast, called the "gallery tone."

Is there no remedy? I know of none for the yellowing of oil with age, but we may take a broader view, and seek a method which shall retain the chief advantages of oil painting and yet avoid its defects. Such a method is pastel.

Pastels show no trace of "gallery tone," but remain bright and fresh for centuries. They are executed with dry colored crayons, which adhere loosely to the ground, and must therefore be protected with glass. Pastel allows the greatest freedom of treatment, and unsatisfactory parts can be wiped off and done over as necessary. When I recommend this method to painters, they say: "Very true, if one could only fix the pastel." Even this is possible. In my "Notes on Paintings," I have given the formula of a fixative which enables a pastel picture to be rolled, dusted and cleaned with bread crumbs without injury. This brings us back to a medium, but one which is used in very small quantity and does not darken with age, but at the worst only disappears, when it may be reapplied. When I add that pastel is suitable for pictures of every size and character, that it is the cheapest of all methods, and that it enables the artist once more to prepare his own colors and assure himself of their purity, it will be understood why I regard it as the method of the future.

—Scientific American.

**"Royal Maundy."**

Sixty-four old men and sixty-four old women (the number corresponding with the years of the king's age) received the royal Maundy gifts at Westminster Abbey yesterday.

There was an exceptionally large congregation, among them being the Prince of Wales's two sons, Prince Edward and Prince Albert.

After an impressive procession the Maundy gifts were placed on a table at the foot of the steps leading to the sacristium. Each man received \$12.50 for clothing, \$5 for food, \$5 for "Maundy gold" and \$2.50 for "Maundy silver," and each woman \$18.50 for the same items. In each case part of the gift was specially minted "silver Maundy" of four-penny, three-penny, two-penny and penny pieces, and most of the recipients sold the coins at a handsome profit.

At the Roman Catholic Cathedral a large congregation attended the service for Maundy Thursday. A pontifical high mass was sung, and in the afternoon "the washing of feet" was performed by Archbishop Bourne. Twelve boys, representing the apostles, sat on a raised bench, and the Archbishop knelt before each and washed and kissed his feet.—London Express.

**Shooting Mountain Sheep.**

The mountain sheep will stand more punishment than any big game animal I have ever hunted. I could give many instances of sheep having traveled long distances under frightful conditions, but it would not make pleasant reading.

I have seen the large brown bear of the Bering Sea lie down from wounds that would have only helped to increase a sheep's speed.

Two prospectors on the Stikine headwaters had an unusual experience with a large Stone ram. They saw it feeding on a grassy plateau and made a careful stalk. When within easy rifle range one of the men shot it with a 45.90. It paid no attention to the shot, and stood quietly looking at them as they approached. On examination they found that the heavy bullet had struck at the base of the horn. The ram behaved in a perfectly natural way, except that it showed no fear. After tying a pack-strap to its horns they led it to their camp, where, being in need of meat, they shot it.—B. H. Brown, in Recreation.

**Getting Solid.**

A young married man of Higginsville ingratiated himself with his newly acquired relatives last week by knocking his father-in-law down with a brickbat, and the justice of the peace, before whom he was tried for the offense—possibly the one who married him—handed down a verdict of not guilty.—Kansas City Journal.