

## OF THE DAYS GONE BY.

ms, come home to my heart again,  
th the memory of the past!  
e, with your pleasure and your pain,  
of your hopes too bright to last!  
e from your hidden graves that lie  
the beautiful realms of the days gone  
by,  
ne, from your glorious graves that lie  
in the realms of the days gone by!

ill welcome ye all again,  
As once in the halls of Edm,  
ecome the pleasure and the pain  
For the beauty your brief lives held!  
eams, come out of your secret graves,  
In the woodland wilds, and the dim sea-  
caves,  
reams, come out of your myriad graves,  
In the wilds and the dim sea-caves!

e through the halls of my heart once  
more,  
With faces sad with pain!  
h, faded ghosts of the dreams of yore,  
The joy comes not again!  
To back to your mournful graves that lie  
In the shadowy realms of the days gone  
by—  
To back to your voiceless graves that lie  
In the realms of the days gone by!

## MILLIE AND MOLLIE.

"I've come to ask you for the hand of your daughter," said young Bromley, stumbling to the seat offered him by the girl's father.

"Which one?" asked old Dimmock, the coal merchant, laying down the newspaper which he had been reading and eying the young man curiously.

"Sometimes I think it is Millie, and again I am sure it is Mollie," replied young Bromley, genuinely perplexed.

The old coal merchant looked sympathetic.

"You can't have both," said he, after an awkward pause.

"They're splendid girls, good enough for anybody!" exclaimed the young man.

"Well, I rather think," said the old man, proudly.

"I could be happy with either of them," went on young Bromley.

"I'm disposed to think," observed old Dimmock, "that you have been happy with both of them."

"So they've told me more than once," said Bromley, with the pleasant light of recollection in his eyes.

"Well, can't you make up your mind which girl you want to marry?"

The old coal merchant looked at the young man with the fresh color and the loyal blue eyes as if he would like to have him for a son-in-law.

Young Bromley did not answer for a moment, and then he said slowly: "Which do you think sounds the better—'Millie Bromley' or 'Mollie Bromley'?" Sometimes I've looked at it in that way.

"I don't think there's much to choose," returned the old coal merchant, weighing the question with every desire to be fair.

"You know," continued the young man, "there have been times when I've gone to bed perfectly charmed with the name 'Millie Bromley,' and in the morning 'Mollie Bromley' has caught my fancy. Millie, Mollie, Mollie—it's an awful puzzle."

"Of course, you've proposed to one of the girls?" inquired their father.

"O, yes, indeed," said young Bromley.

"Then that is the girl you want to marry," exclaimed the old man, triumphantly. "Why, it's simple enough, after all. You've taken quite a load off my mind. Which one was it?"

"It was Millie—I think," answered young Bromley, hesitatingly.

"Think! Don't you know?"

"The young man flushed and looked reproachfully at the coal merchant.

"Mr. Dimmock," said he, "I'll put it to you as man to man: Which is Millie and which is Mollie?"

"Don't cross-examine me, sir," rejoined the old man. "If you want to marry one of the girls it's your business to find out."

"Heaven knows," cried young Bromley in anguish, "I want to marry either Millie or Mollie and have her all to myself. It's trying enough for a fellow to be over head and ears in love with one girl, but when there are two of them it's more than flesh and blood can stand."

"There, there, my boy," said the old coal merchant soothingly, "don't take on so. Either girl is yours with my blessing, but I want to keep one for myself. Let me see if I can help you." And going to the open French window he called:

"Millie, Mollie, Mollie, Millie!"

"Yes, papa, we're coming," sounded two sweet, well-bred voices from the shrubbery.

There was a tripping of light feet along the stony walk under the grape vine, and Millie and Mollie bloomed into the room.

"How do you do, Mr. Bromley?" they said together, with the same intonation and the same merry glint in their eyes.

Millie had auburn hair and brown eyes; so had Mollie. Millie had a cupid's bow of a mouth, little teeth like pearls, and a dimpled chin; so had Mollie. Millie's arms, seen through her muslin sleeves, were round and white; so were Mollie's.

From waist to tips of their little feet the figures of Millie and Mollie were the same, line for line, and both were dressed in white muslin, with lilac bows behind their white necks and lilac sashes at their waists, lilac stockings without a wrinkle, and each wore white satin shoes. Their hair was loose over their fair brows and was braided down their backs, of just the same length, and tied at the end with lilac ribbons. Millie tied Mollie's bows and Mollie tied Millie's.

"Well, papa?"

"Young Bromley tells me," began old Mr. Dimmock, after he had taken drafts of their fresh young beauty by looking first at one and then at the other, and then dwelling upon the fea-

tures of both with one eye sweep, "that he proposed to you last night."

"O, not to both, you know, Mr. Dimmock," interjected young Bromley.

"He asked me to be his wife," said Millie demurely.

"He told me that he could not live without me," said Mollie mischievously.

"How is this?" said the old man, turning to young Bromley with a severe look.

The young man blushed furiously and lifted his hands in protest.

"I'm sure," he stammered, "one of you is mistaken. I asked you, Millie, to be my wife in the summer-house—and—and—I kissed you. That was before supper, and later in the evening, when we sat on the front steps, I saw that I couldn't live without you, and that we must get married."

"Before we go any further," interrupted the old coal merchant, "which is Millie and which is Mollie? When your dear mother was alive she could tell the difference sometimes, but I don't know to this day."

"Oh, how dull you are, papa!" said the girls in duet.

"I think that is Millie on the right," spoke up young Bromley.

"Why, Mr. Bromley," said she, "I am Mollie."

"Very good, now let's go on," said their father; "where were we? O, yes, young Bromley says he asked you to be his wife, Millie, and declared he couldn't do without you."

"I beg your pardon, papa," said Mollie, "he told me that he couldn't live without me."

"Well, let's get our bearings," continued the old coal merchant. "Bromley, you asked Millie to marry you down in the summer-house, and you kissed her! That's correct, isn't it?"

"There's no doubt about that, sir," said Bromley eagerly.

"And after supper when you sat together on the stoop you told Mollie that you couldn't live without her?"

"That I deny, sir. O! I beg your pardon, Mollie, you needn't look so angry. I meant no offense."

"Did you kiss Mollie?" went on the old man relentlessly.

"No, sir. I—"

"Yes, you did, Mr. Bromley," flared up Mollie.

"I admit," said the young man, struggling with his emotions, "that I kissed her when I said I couldn't live without her, but it wasn't Mollie."

"O, Mollie!" said Millie, "how could you?"

"Now, Millie, do be reasonable," said Mollie.

Old Mr. Dimmock looked mystified.

"It seems to me," he said, "with a show of impatience, 'that if I were in love with one of those girls I could tell the difference between them. So far as I can make out, young man, you have asked Millie to be your wife, and have tried to make Mollie believe that you could not live without her. Now, to any one who does not know Millie and Mollie your conduct would appear to be perfidious. Of course, as between you and Mollie, I must believe Mollie, for the girl certainly knows whether you kissed her."

The old man eyed both of his daughters hard. Millie was biting her nether lip and so was Mollie; but Mollie was trying to keep from laughing.

Old Mr. Dimmock had an idea.

"I would like to clear up this thing to your satisfaction and my own, Bromley," said he. "Let me ask you whether Mollie kissed you when you told her you couldn't live without her?"

"The young man got very red in the face.

"You mean Millie, of course," he replied, with embarrassment. "Perhaps she wouldn't mind saying that she kissed me in the summer-house. But she didn't kiss me on the stoop. I kissed her."

"How is that, Millie? Mollie?" asked their father.

"Papa," said Mollie decidedly, "I couldn't keep Mr. Bromley from kissing me, but I assure you I didn't kiss him."

Mollie looked her father straight in the eye, and then she shot an indignant shaft at Bromley.

Millie hung her head, and her face was as red as a poppy.

"I think," said the old man dryly, "that it's plain I'll keep Mollie, and we'll have that marriage before you make another mistake, young man."—New York Sun.

**Webster and Clay Raise the Wind.**

The recollections of John Sherman, the tallest and thinnest man in Congress, do not embrace the best story of Webster and Clay. Both were great money-makers, and both were forever in the hardest financial straits. One day Clay went to Webster and said: "Got any money, Dan? I want \$250."

"I was going over to borrow that amount of you," said Webster. "I am dead broke."

"Wonder where we can raise it? We need \$500 between us."

They formed themselves in a committee of ways and means, and after much thought evolved a plan.

"Clay, if you will make a draft on me at thirty days I will endorse it, and we can get the money at the bank."

The draft is in a Washington bank at this day, bearing both signatures. The two "old boys" got the money and the next day were skrimishing around for more.—New York Press.

**Siam's King.**

Siam's outspoken monarch is to visit Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle next summer. He will go to Europe in his 2,500-ton steam yacht Maha Chakri, which was built for him in Scotland four years ago.

It is a rare man who does not lose his grip by the time he is 50 years old.

## DROVE A TEAM OF GEESSE.

**The Novel Descent of the Ohio River Falls Many Years Ago.**

Jack Harper was an odd man. He moved to Ohio Falls, Ind., from New Castle, England, and was employed by the J. M. & L. Railroad Company in its shops. He was a good mechanic and fond of his fun. It was in the summer of 1870, and there was to be a grand Fourth of July celebration at Old Camp Jo Holt, in which not only the shop men, but hundreds of others were to take part. The managers of the affair were very anxious to make it a grand success, and for that purpose racked their brains for novelties, but when Jack Harper proposed to tame a team of geese and attach them to a wash tub, in which he proposed to sail down over the rapids of the Ohio, and land just below the picnic ground, they were paralyzed, especially when he insisted that it could easily be done, and to prove his assertion began forthwith to train his proposed team of four geese.

Many of the persons who took interest one way or another in the picnic are still alive, and some of them reside at Indianapolis. These will remember that Harper began to train his odd team on the quiet waters of the Ohio above the falls. He put queer, three-cornered yokes upon the necks of the birds, and by means of these attached them to his frail craft. He guided them by means of reins attached to their bills and a long, straight switch. It took him nearly three months, and much patience before he had his birds in trim, but the geese showed themselves much more intelligent and teachable than they generally get credit for, and the people of Jeffersonville had the satisfaction of knowing that in their city was the only four-geese team in the world.

Long before the Fourth of July the queer outfit was the talk of the three Falls Cities, and when the great day arrived there was a concourse of thousands at the picnic grounds, waiting to see the novel Lohengrin descent of the river. It was near noon when he launched his unwieldy bark from the Indiana shore at the Government dam, and began his descent, the geese swimming proudly ahead and drawing the teetery vessel in which Harper was balancing himself. The falls of the Ohio are not safe for a good well-manned boat, unless the crew understands the currents and knows the rocks, so it can be better imagined than told what a risk Harper ran in his wash tub. But he bravely went on, keeping his geese, who swerved occasionally from the channel in the way they should go by means of his switch. He managed his team admirably in spite of his uncomfortable and delicate position in the tub, and the crowd cheered him as he safely passed one danger point after the other, but as he swung around the bend to the deep and swift waters of the big eddy the wind rose to almost a gale and water began to dash over him and into his tub, and to make matters worse, the geese became unruly and would not obey his guidance.

He must have been a cool-headed man not to have lost his head, but he did not, and with a great effort and much coaxing and whipping he managed to turn his refractory team in shore and reached land safely amid the huzzahs of the crowd. He was completely drenched and worn out. Since then no one has attempted to descend the falls of the Ohio in a tub drawn by a team of geese.

**No "Bakshish" in the Desert.**

R. Talbot Kelly, an English artist who has lived long among the Arabs, writes and illustrates a paper entitled "In the Desert with the Bedouin," which appears in the Century. In discussing Arabian hospitality, Mr. Kelly says: "I had not much time for quiet observation, as one by one all the head men of the tribe called to pay their respects to the 'stranger within their gates.' Taking off his shoes at the entrance, each one advanced with many salaams, and kissing my hand, uttered the single word, 'Mahubbah' ('Welcome!'). They then seated themselves in a long row at the other side of the tent, discussing me in undertones. No one spoke to me unaddressed, and even the sheik himself, whose guest I was, would not sit on the carpet beside me uninvited. Literally, while the guest of the Bedouin your tent is sacred, and all the tribe are your willing servants; and though I have repeatedly paid comparatively long visits to them, I have never yet succeeded in pressing a gift upon my host.

I remember asking the sheik Saoud el Tahoul, chief of the Hanaardi Arabs, if he knew any of the Pyramid Arabs at Gizeh. He replied, splitting upon the ground, 'They are not Bedouin; they take bakshish'—thereby expressing his contempt for mercenary service. On another occasion, while living with the Napharta, the sheik Mansour Abu Nasrullah had attached to me a young Arab whose special duty it was to attend to my various wants while painting. At the end of the month I tried to induce him to accept a sovereign as bakshish. Looking very much alarmed, he exclaimed, 'Oh, my master, I cannot; it is not allowed; the sheik would kill me if he knew I had accepted a gift'—and all my arguments failed to persuade him to take the 'tip.'

**An Orang-Utan and a Watch.**

An orang-utan which rejoices in the name of Joe, and is as docile and affectionate as any of the more ordinary domesticated pets, was lately on exhibition in Philadelphia. It chanced that on the very day on which a member of the Inquirer's staff paid Joe a visit, Joe's master, Mr. Forster, presented his favorite with a Waterbury watch. The new plaything was banded to the animal without a word, and Joe set his wits at work upon it. First he looked it over carefully; then he began

to pound the arm of his chair with it, in the laudable attempt to find out its properties by direct experiment.

"Stop, Joe! That is not intended to be used as a hammer," said Mr. Forster, in a stern voice.

The experimenter paused, considered a moment, and then laid the watch on the floor. But the gift was of no value to Joe unless he could find out how to use it. After further consideration he picked it up and put it in his mouth.

"Hold on, old fellow! It was not made to be eaten," said his master.

Thereupon Joe took the watch from his mouth, hesitated, and came to a decision. He handed the watch back to the giver.

Mr. Forster turned the cap once or twice, partially winding it, and then put it into his vest pocket. These acts he from time to time repeated, and ended by giving the watch back to Joe. The animal was no longer at a loss. His watch was of some use to him now. He took it, twisted the cap round gravely, and then dropped the watch into the pocket of his blue sweater.

At this time Joe was preparing to start for New Orleans with his master—literally preparing, for already he had himself packed his wardrobe in a new yellow leather dress-suit case. He was a very well-dressed animal, for he wore a dark-blue overcoat, set off by brass buttons, and he is an exceedingly accomplished one.

He can play on the violin, as well as pack up his belongings, and he appears to understand the English language fairly well. He will do almost anything he is told to do. When he has done wrong he comes and purses up his lower lip, whimpering like a child. But when his master says, "Joe, kiss, and I'll forgive you," he puts up his face and seems as happy as a child that has escaped a scolding.

Joe is not renowned for his bravery. He is terribly afraid of dogs, and is in mortal terror of small monkeys. When frightened, he utters little cooling cries. Joe is four years old, and is about as large as a child of seven.

**Learned, but Eccentric.**

Professor Lincoln, of Brown University, whose death occurred a few years ago, used to tell amusing anecdotes of Neander, the great professor and historian of the Christian Church of the Berlin University, under whom he studied for some time.

Neander was accustomed when lecturing to stand behind a curious, high desk, with an open framework, and with holes and pegs for letting it up and down. His costume was a very long coat, coming down to the tops of his great jack-boots, and with a collar which reached almost as high as his head as he bent over his desk, and with arms extended forward, twined in his fingers a quill pen. If this quill dropped, there was a hiatus in the lecture until some one would pick it up and place it in his hands, and then the wonderful flow of learned discourse would proceed.

It is said that when Neander went to Berlin he happened, in going from his home to the university for the first time, to be with a friend who, for the sake of some errand, took a most circuitous route; Neander pursued this roundabout course for years, and only by accident discovered that there was a shorter way.

On one occasion, being jostled on a crowded sidewalk, in order to pass by the crowd, he stepped off into the gutter with one foot, keeping the other foot on the curbstone. When the crowd was passed, he continued absent-mindedly to walk on in this curious fashion, and when he reached home he complained of being fatigued from the disordered condition of the streets. An acquaintance, who had followed him, was able to explain his fatigue.

**Duty First.**

Gen. Francis A. Walker, the President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who died a few months ago, was one of the best known and most highly honored citizens of the United States. His reputation as an economist was world-wide, and it is said that he had received more honorary degrees, and been elected an honorary member of more learned societies, than any other American.

General Walker went into the army a year after he graduated from Amherst College. A pleasant story which he used to tell illustrates the temper of the time, and shows of what stuff mothers were then made.

He obtained a leave of absence to go home to Massachusetts, and arrived there without having notified his mother that he was coming. When he approached the house it was evening. He peered through a window, and saw his mother sitting alone, knitting.

Then he stepped softly into the room, and standing before her said, suddenly: "Mother!"

Mrs. Walker started and looked up at her son, but did not rise.

"Francis," she said, severely, "have you left the army?"

"No, mother, only on leave. I'm going back next week."

"Then," General Walker used to say, "she jumped from her chair and came and kissed me. I have always wondered what she would have done if I had left the army."

**Just the Thing.**

Watts—I want to get a picture to send as a gift to a friend of mine in Kentucky.

Clerk in art store—Yes, sir, here is just the thing; picture of still life.—Up-to-Date.

**Eloped in Her Stocking Feet.**

A young woman in Virginia got out of a second-story window in her home and walked three miles in her stocking feet in the snow to join a young man. They eloped to Hagerstown, Md., and were married.



## WOMAN'S REALM

**DOMESTIC LIFE.**

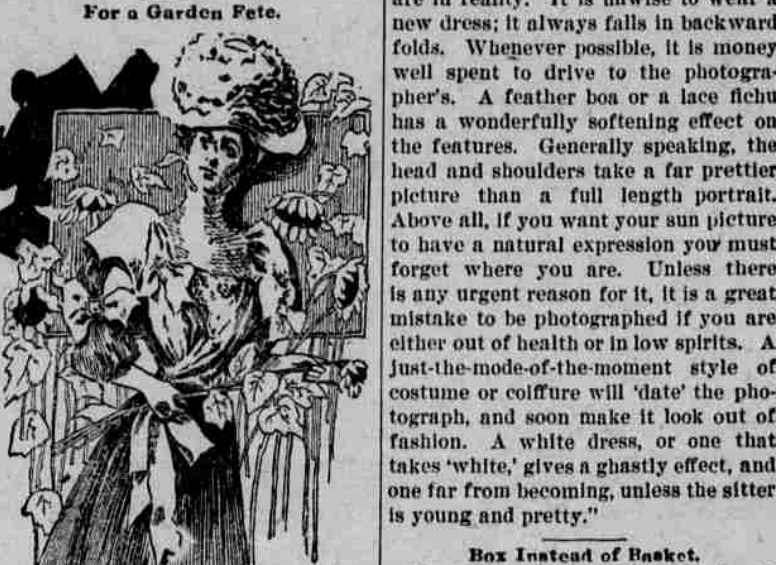
**H**OUSEKEEPING has its trials, no doubt; but systematic work, and a determination not to fret over little things, will go far toward lightening them. Every woman should make it the aim and purpose of her life to attain perfection in her home. A day for mending, a day for washing, another for ironing, for sewing, and so on, and at once the work becomes simplified and less of a hardship. "Oh, dear me, to-morrow is washing day! How I hate it!" This is a common saying, and there is nothing very wrong about it, for no one will assert that washing is an agreeable pastime. Yet it must be done, so it is worse than useless to fret over it; as a consequence every sensible woman should determine to look on the bright side of the washtub and soap suds. Make a few good rules and keep them. Determine not to put the whole house in disorder and to make everyone else miserable, because the clothes must be washed, the bread baked, etc. Suppose dinner is to be served at a certain hour, and dear husband forgets all about it and arrives in the best of humor when everything is cold. Don't cry and scold, but make the best of it. He will enjoy his cold meat if hot words are not served with it. We all know women who are constantly finding fault with something or other, and who are never happy unless there is something to scold about. But every such little worry, every harsh word, every disagreeable look, makes life harder, and but deepens the lines of trouble about the eyes and mouth. There are plenty of real troubles to be met with, without allowing household cares to become a source of torment.

**Cared by Divorce.**

After a San Diego man procured a divorce from his wife the other day, he went home and found her there. She asked him to sit down to dinner, after which she asked him how he liked the new arrangement. "First-rate," he replied, "but I can't understand it." "Oh, that's all right," said she; "we can live this way in contentment. The other way we quarrel. Now, then, suppose you retain me as housekeeper! Twenty dollars per month and board is all I ask." This struck the ex-husband favorably, and the bargain was closed on the spot. The couple have not had a sign of trouble since, although they were in hot water for thirty-two years, fretting under the marital yoke. They dare not quarrel much now, for fear one will leave the other in a lurch. He must have his meals cooked, and she must have a place to stay. Together they are happy now, and the bargain promises to last to the end.—Tribune.

**Getting a Good Photograph.**

A local authority on photography says: "A veil imparts a patchy appearance to the face. Gloves make the hands appear much larger than they are in reality. It is unwise to wear a new dress; it always falls in backward folds. Whenever possible, it is money well spent to drive to the photographer's. A feather boa or a lace fichu has a wonderfully softening effect on the features. Generally speaking, the head and shoulders take a far prettier picture than a full length portrait. Above all, if you want your sun picture to have a natural expression you must forget where you are. Unless there is any urgent reason for it, it is a great mistake to be photographed if you are either out of health or in low spirits. A just-the-mode-of-the-moment style of costume or coiffure will 'date' the photograph, and soon make it look out of fashion. A white dress, or one that takes 'white,' gives a ghastly effect, and one far from becoming, unless the sitter is young and pretty."



**For a Garden Fete.**

There is no better chance to show a beautiful gown in all its daintiness and grace than at a garden party. The girl among the sunflowers wears a costume of golden brown, ivory and yellow. The skirt is accordion plaited silk of the first mentioned color; the corsage is soft and ivory satin, with yoke of net and impievements of lace over canary-colored satin. Yellow ribbon and amber buckles further decorate the bodice, and the hat, a broad, picture affair, is trimmed with folds of yellow chiffon.

**Hairpins.**

Until the year 1878 hairpins were brought to this country from England or France. There are now several large factories in the United States that turn out an article equal, if not superior, to the best finished foreign made pin. The trade is such a large one that it takes 50,000 packages, each containing from twelve to twenty pins, to supply the wholesale demand daily in New York. The machinery used is of a delicate and intricate character, as the small prices at which the pins are at present sold necessitate the most rapid and cheapest process. The wire is made expressly for the purpose, and is put up in large coils, which are placed on reels. The end of the wire is put into a clamp, which carries it to a machine while straightening it. There it is run through a machine which cuts, binds and, by a delicate and instantaneous process, sharpens the pins. These machines will turn out from 300 to 350 hairpins every minute. The most difficult part of the work is the enameling, which is done by dipping the pin in a preparation and baking it in an oven. Here is where the most constant attention is required, as the pin must be perfectly smooth and the enamel have a faultless finish. The slightest particles of dust cause imperfections and roughness.

**Making Lemon Flavor.**

An old housekeeper says it is by far the best plan to make one's own lemon flavoring for cakes and puddings. Before cutting a lemon to extract the juice, wash and wipe it with a soft cloth; then grate off all the delicate yellow skin, not taking any of the white bitter part. Place the grated peel in a wide-mouthed bottle and cover it thickly with granulated sugar. Keep the bottle tightly corked. The sugar becomes saturated with the oil from the peel, and when used in place of extracts gives a most delicious flavor.

**Marriage Customs in Alaska.**

Wooling and wedding in Alaska among the natives are interesting and peculiar rites. When a young man is of a suitable age to marry, his mother, his aunt or his sister looks up a wife for him. He seldom marries a woman younger than himself; she is much older, and sometimes is double his age, and even more. She is selected from a family whose position equals his or is even higher. When a suitable woman is found the young man is asked how many blankets and animal skins he is willing to pay for her. When that important question is settled a feast is arranged at the home of the bride, and the friends of both families are invited. When the company is assembled the woman's people extol the greatness of their family. The young man's marriage gifts are spread out where they will make a fine show, and then his family sound their praises. The ceremony lasts from one to two days, and finally the young bridegroom takes his wife to his own abode.

**Home Notes.**

The wife has troubles of her own, remember.

We did it, wife and I, made the money, if any has been made.

Make the best of your surroundings. Nothing is gained by fretting.

The telephone in the country greatly lightens the life of the women and children.

The church has no stronger supporters than the women and children of our rural homes.

Encourage the child to assert its individuality and independence, within limits, of course.



**ABOUT THE BABY.**

A teaspoonful of aromatic syrup of rhubarb given every three hours is a good remedy for hives in children.

Cinnamon bark is said to be an excellent remedy for toothache. Let the children chew the pleasant-tasting wood if they want it rather than resort to the injurious clove oil or other strong medicines to destroy the sensibility of the teeth and the lining of the stomach at one and the same time.

The baby in his second summer requires more variety in food than his bottle can supply, but the diet must be carefully selected and simple. Watch the effect of the new food offered and choose the one proved best by the results. Broths with rice boiled in the rice flour gruel and thoroughly cooked meal; and then, occasionally, soft-boiled egg or a little milk to eat.

A nursery table is an excellent substitute for baby's dressing basket. Get a well-made pine table, provided with a commodious drawer, paint it with white enamel and set down the legs so it will stand twelve or fifteen inches from the floor. At this height it makes a safe support for the child's bath-tub; if a chair is lowered in proportion mamma or nurse may give the morning bath seated. The drawer, which will be divided into compartments, will hold brushes, sponges, powder, soap and all the necessary adjuncts to baby's toilet.