

MEMORIES.

Ghosts of departed better days,
Vague spectres of forgotten scenes,
Peace-messengers whose presence brings
Tranquillity, when twilight flings
Its purple gloom, and night convenses
Her spirits in the amber haze,
Dark-robed magicians by whose art
Forgotten forms are conjured up,
Shrewd alchemists whose cunning hold
Turns recollection's rust to gold,
And pours in fancy's silver cup
The dew of peace to still my heart,

I welcome you this lonely night,
Crowd round my chair and revel free,
Nor mind the storm-king's frictions about
Who holds wild carnival without,
Throw charmed manacles over me,
My restless heart with dreams delight.

Haste, while the deepening shadows steal
A-down the dusky path of night,
Dim harbingers of spirit bands
Who lure the soul to unknown lands,
Haste, while the embers' dying light
Its mystic picture-lore reveals.

What glories in your largess seem!
What grotesque forms your magic
makes,
And in the lights that come and go
Dream-phantoms of the long ago
Its visions of dead days awakes,
And sets thought's smouldering fires a-
glenn.

What strange emotions thrill the heart
As each Elysian shade appears!
Sweet apparitions gliding by
As clouds float o'er a summer sky—
These spirit-forms of bygone years,
These phantasmas of memory's art,
—Youth's Companion.

HEADS OR TAILS.

MARIE," I began awkwardly, for I had never proposed before, "you must know—you must have seen for a long time that—that I love you."
Marie said nothing, but sat looking down at her hands, which were twisting a bit of lace that she called a handkerchief. She was smiling before I began. She now looked distressed.

I do not like for Marie to look distressed, for she then looks as if she were going to cry. And a crying woman is not pretty. So for the minute I laid aside my own affair to comfort Marie.

"Marie," I began, venturing with much trepidation to lay my hand softly upon both of hers, "what's the matter?"
She looked up. Her lips were quivering, and a tear, balanced for the start, stood in each eye.
"I don't know what to do," she whispered brokenly.
"Well?" I said, inquiringly, inviting her to continue.
She hesitated nervously for several seconds. Then she went on almost inaudibly:
"You see, Mr. Transome told me last night what you told me just now."
"Dana Transome?" I said to myself; and to Marie, "Well, Philip Transome is a fine fellow, you know."
"Of course," said Marie, acquiescing a little too readily, I thought.
"And he's good-looking."
"Yes."
"And rich."
"Yes."
This itemizing a rival's good points to comfort the woman you love is rather straining on one's generosity. It isn't so bad if the woman rewards your generosity, as of course she should. But Marie didn't. So I stopped.

"Well, where's the trouble then?" I asked at length.
"I don't know what to do," she replied, repeating her former wail.
"I began to see. It is hard to decide between two lovers. I could sympathize with Marie, for I had once been in a similar predicament myself.
Marie did not notice the sympathy. She merely looked uncomfortable at this bald statement of the difficulty. But she did not deny it.
"You like me, don't you?" I ventured, with some fear in my heart.
Marie nodded. I felt very complacent.
"And you like Philip Transome?" I continued.
She nodded a second time. I believe I swore at Transome again.
"But you can't decide between us. Is that it?"
"That's it," acknowledged Marie, weakly.
"You have tried every way?"
"I have, and I can't—here Marie blushed, but it was a blush I did not like, because it was for Transome as much as it was for me—and I can't tell which of you I like the better."

The person who sits in the seat of the undecided sits not easily. This I knew. And any decision is better than no decision. This also I knew. So out of the sympathy which I had for Marie I made up my mind to help her arrive at some decision, even though I lost by it. But I did not intend losing if I could help it.
I thought for a long time, but nothing came. Then I looked up at Marie. Her eyes were fixed expectantly on me, as though she had instinctively learned of my intention to help her and was awaiting my plan.
"Well," said I, seizing on an idea that just then popped into my head, "since you have tried all other ways, suppose you toss up for us."
"What?" exclaimed Marie, half starting from her chair.
"Toss up for us," I repeated, calmly.
Marie sank back in her chair and gazed at me in amazement.

Marie's surprise at my suggestion angered me somewhat. Of course I can understand that choosing a husband in such a way may seem a little queer to some girls. But they needn't act as though it were so unusual. Besides, there are worse ways.

"Toss up for us!" Marie managed to grasp out at length.
"Certainly," I replied with some asperity. "Have you anything better to suggest?"
A reluctant "No" came from Marie.
"You'd better toss up, then," I said, decisively, drawing a quarter from one of my pockets and offering it to her.

She took it and gazed at it for a long time. I began to grow impatient, for the coin was like any other of its kind, and I could see no reason why she should study it. Then I saw that her look was the look of one who is thinking. Suddenly she raised her head and gazed steadily at me. And then a smile that I liked strangely well slowly came into her eyes.

"No, you do it," she said, returning the coin. "I don't know how."
We both stood up. "Heads, it is Transome; tails, it is I?" I suggested, briefly.

Marie nodded.
I balanced the coin on my first finger. I felt sure of the result, for the man never lived who is as lucky as I am. I even began to pity poor Transome. But before this feeling had much opportunity to grow I flipped the quarter whirling into the air, and as it struck the floor, placed my foot upon it.

I looked at Marie. "Which shall it be?" I asked, softly.
"You," she whispered.
I slipped my foot aside and we both stopped. The laurel-wreathed head of Liberty was up.

It was Transome!
We both straightened up. I looked at Marie and Marie looked at me. She was pale, and I could not have been otherwise. I had risked all on the turn of a coin—and it had turned the wrong way. Without a word, for I was not wise in the ways of women, I walked out of the room, secured my hat in the hall, and started to open the door and go out into the street.
As my hand was turning the knob something touched my arm. I turned and looked around. There stood Marie, with a little smile—a little beseeching smile—on her face.
"Dick," she whispered, and then was silent. I still held on to the door knob.
"Dick" this time the smile was still more beseeching—"can't you see? It's—it's you, anyhow."
I saw, and my hand left the door knob. And in the little excitement that followed I also may have kissed Marie. Such things have happened.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

QUEER THINGS IN THE MAIL.

Revelations Made by the Man Who Handles Unstamped Matter.
The man in the general delivery window when he had been asked for a letter for a certain man, had made a mysterious sign to a muscular individual who had been shelling peanuts on a near-by bench and who had told the owner of the letter that he was under arrest. The latter had protested and made threats for the "outrage," but had accompanied the man with a detective's star under his coat. The spectator had become excited, but the general delivery man had assured him that it was the regular way of catching criminals, and was evidently much more interested in the actions of the man who handles letters that are received unstamped.

"What is it now, Tom?"
"Horse lung," gasped the clerk who was working on the list of the "miscellaneous list," having entered the score of "bicycle parts." "Had a lot of stuff in the Co's," he added; "cuff buttons, clocks, compass, crosscase and a curling iron. But here is a man that is mailing the lung of a horse! I know what it is, because I attended the autopsy of father's old gray mare during my boyhood."
"I had a canary bird yesterday with a plaintive note from a mother to her son Rufus telling him 'poor little Billie died on the train. Bury him in the back yard.' The postage was omitted, but I forwarded it C. O. D., and this morning it was returned. Rufus dear was 'not going to monkey with the old thing.'"
"The mud turtles, minnows, hornets' nests and ammunition that come through here would stock a museum, but aside from a box containing some cartridges that exploded in the canceling machine we have had no infernal machine worse than the big black spider that was en route to a girl."

Township of But One House.
Undoubtedly the most extraordinary township in England is that of Skildaw, in Cumberland. It contains but one house, the occupier of which is unable to exercise the Briton's privilege of voting, because there is no overseer to prepare a voters' list and no church or other place of worship or assembly in which to publish one. The most remote village in England is that of Farleycum-Pitton. This rural spot is thirty and one-half miles from the nearest railway station. As a contrast to this may be mentioned the hamlet of A'tard, about ten miles from Cardiff. This tiny settlement possesses two important main roads, two railroads and two large rivers.

Quicker than They Dreamed.
In 1830 Goethe wrote to a friend that it seemed almost inconceivable that now that the Gothard wagon road had been opened it was possible to go from Frankfurt to Milan in a single week. It is now done in a day.—Exchange.

A man is seldom disappointed in love until after he gets married.
Some men grieve two dollars' worth over every dollar they lose

WOMAN'S REALM

CAPTAIN OF A STEAMBOAT.

MRS. IDA MOORE LACHMUND, captain of the steamer Robert Dodds, is the only woman in the log-rafting business. Her home is in Clinton, Iowa. She is a Colonial Dame, a Daughter of the Revolution and a relative of the Patterson family of Philadelphia. She is justly proud of her success in timber towing on the Mississippi. Six years since Mrs. Lachmund purchased the Robert Dodds and fitted it up for towing the great log rafts from the big waters of the Mississippi to the head



MRS. IDA M. LACHMUND.

mills at points as far as 500 miles southward. She handles more than \$500,000 worth of logs each season, and in transit they are entirely at her own risk. This is no small responsibility, as the rafts are kept lying in hundreds of bays and sheltered places along the river, in order to keep the mills in material. In an emergency the steamer makes a run to one of these bays and drops a raft at the mill's dock. Mrs. Lachmund brings rafts of a million feet down the river, and she plans her trips so that the mills she supplies are never idle. The value of the rafts ranges from \$10,000 to \$12,000 each. An ordinary raft covers a surface area of five acres. All the details of the business and the management of the boat and crew are under Mrs. Lachmund's supervision. She buys her stores and fuel and hires her own hands, and she is as familiar with the steamer and the rafting as any man on the boat. The crew of the Robert Dodds consists of twenty-one picked men. The river men, from master to roustabout, treat Mrs. Lachmund with the utmost deference, and her crew is one of the best on the Mississippi. Mrs. Lachmund's home is in Clinton, Iowa, where her husband is in business. They have three sons, the eldest of whom is a sophomore in the University of Chicago. The two younger ones are in a preparatory school in Clinton. Their home is one of comfort and refinement. Mrs. Lachmund is a handsome woman, sensitive and refined. She is an accomplished musician and fond of literature and society.

Successful Woman Lecturer.

Greek archaeology is the specialty of Miss A. Gordon Dunlop, who has won fame in this branch of science and is now in America delivering lectures illustrated by 600 stereopticon views. She is a young Englishwoman, a protégée of the famous English authority, Percy Gardner, and the friend of Burne-Jones, Halman Hunt and others of the pre-Raphaelite school of art. Miss Dunlop has achieved great success as a lecturer on the history and philosophy of pottery, sculpture and painting.



MISS DUNLOP.

Paper Published by Women.
There has just been launched in Paris a daily paper devoted solely to the interests of the fair sex. It is produced entirely by women, and not only are the editors, the managers and the staff of reporters women, but the type is set by female compositors, and it is reported that even the printers' devils are feminine members of the genus "gamin." The name of the paper is La Fronde. Used as a noun, this means the implement of ancient warfare with which David slew Goliath, while to the verb "fronder" the translation to sling, to censure, to blame, to criticize and to oppose all equally apply, and judging from the first number, are singularly appropriate, since it is full of abuse of everything that can be possibly construed as the handwork of man.

Diana of the Sierras.
Forty-five deer have fallen before the rifle of Miss Coraie Chittendon, of Cummings, Cal., in six years. Miss Chittendon possesses the keenest instincts of a sportswoman. Since babyhood she has been accustomed to live an outdoor, self-reliant life. Her parents, with whom she has been brought up, own a sheep ranch of some 400 acres, part of it having been pretty rough country, and over this and the surrounding forests and hills Miss Chittendon has been accustomed to roam at will almost since she was first able to toddle. When quite a little girl she was taught how to handle a gun, and very soon became so expert in its use that she could hit a bird on the wing three times out of five. Her father's ranch is hung around with the antlers of deer and the tusks of wild animals, while the floors are covered

with the furs of foxes, bears and wildcats that have fallen before the deadly aim of this modern Diana.

Women Not as Neat as Men.

Women in the opinion of a writer in Godey's Magazine, are very neglectful of the minor details of their dress. In comparing the fair sex with men in matters of neatness the writer says:

"Women are endowed with strange vagaries, and while extremely fastidious in many ways are very neglectful in others. Even the swiftest society girl is not as particular as to the freshness of her collar and cuffs as the plain, everyday man of business; to change his linen at least once a day is a sort of religion with most men. With women it is different. They will inspect their collars and cuffs after a hard day's wear, and decide that they will do, not recognizing the fact that if any doubt exists on the matter they should be consigned to the laundry without a demur. Again, a man is much more concerned as to the state of his shoes than a woman; even the poor clerk on his meager salary spends his nickel a day for a shine without grudging, and if it be imperative that the nickel be saved he gets up earlier in the morning and wields the blacking brush himself. The woman will gown herself in Worth's or Pugini's latest creation and forget to look at her shoes; she is willing to condone the loss of one or two buttons and the consequent baggy appearance of her extremities; like the peacock, she trusts to the gorgeousness of her plumage, and hopes that her skirts will cover all defects."

Girl Runs an Engine.

California has a young girl who has solved the mysteries of the locomotive throttle. The curves and grades of the roads are not obscure to her. She is Miss Lola M. Coulter, a fair-haired



CALIFORNIA'S GIRL ENGINEER.

girl of 14, and when she met her first railroad train a few weeks ago it was only a few days before she was in the cab. She lives in Tuolumne County, where railroad trains have been unknown until recently.

She immediately made the acquaintance of Engineer Brown, and after three or four lessons she could manage the throttle, set the brakes, round up toward the turns and put on more speed for the steep grades. Engineer Brown says she learned how to handle the engine much quicker than any fireman he ever had in a cab with him, and that he never had to repeat any instructions. It appeared to be second nature with her to operate machinery, for she mastered the most difficult details almost instantly. The more intricate the mechanism the easier she learned its use and just how it was affected by adjacent pieces. Her cool head and steady nerves never fail her and she always has her hands on the throttle and air brake lever to bring the train to a standstill at a moment's notice.

Conducts a Grocery Store.

Another Denver girl has come to the fore by striking out in business for herself. She is Miss Elizabeth Collins, and is a true type of American womanhood. Bessie, as she is known among her girl friends and customers, runs a grocery store and is meeting with excellent success.

Miss Collins is a pretty blonde of 19 summers. She graduated with honors last year at the North Denver high school. When the fall term of school commenced she grew restless, with nothing to do, her school days being over, and while chatting with a friend one day, telling that she hardly knew what business to choose, her companion suggested that she adopt the grocery business. She made up her mind to embark in that line, and with some capital furnished by her father soon had the place in readiness for customers, and these came in gratifying numbers.

Novelty in Bridesmaids.

It was something of an innovation at a wedding lately to have the bridesmaids enter four by the right and four by the left door of the church. It was such a surprise, says the Philadelphia Times, that the wedding party should thus separate that the audience did not at first notice that two processions were simultaneously making their way to the altar. The bride, on her father's arm, entered by the middle aisle, when her attendants had accomplished about half the distance up the right and left aisles. She was preceded by two ushers and her maid of honor walking alone, another pair of ushers closing the procession. As the bridesmaids reached the chancel they formed a lane through which the bride slowly passed, to be met at the altar steps by the groom.

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