

THE OLD GARDEN.

I know of a haunted garden where the old-time flowers grow; There are hollyhocks and lilies in a long and stately row; There are lilac trees by the gateway, and roses white and red And the Southern wood's spicy fragrance follows the careless tread— A memory haunted garden, out of life's busy way, Where the spell of vanished summers lingers the livelong day.

The hands that planted these flowers have moldered back to dust, But their hearts are true and steadfast, and they seem to hold in trust The memories of the old-time, and those whom men forget.

Perhaps for the lilac and lily the dead are living yet, These whom our eyes can see not may tend them still—who knows Of the strange, sweet secrets hidden in the red heart of the rose?

Does grandmother come to gather its pink and its pansies still? From the grave which kind hands made her in the churchyard on the hill? Does she know when the lilacs blossom that she planted long ago? The question that goes unanswered, but I fancy it may be so. And so from the dear old garden not a flower I take away, But leave them all to be gathered by the hands that are dust to-day.

—National Magazine.

"When Tom Proposed."

TOM was wont to declare that his environment had eradicated every vestige of sentiment that he had originally possessed.

"How can a fellow retain any feeling of sacredness in regard to proposal of an engagement after hearing such things canvassed by the girls as I have?" he would say, pathetically. "It's my firm belief that most women have no more sentiment than oyster. If ever I propose it will be in such a way that the girl can't make fun of it afterward among the other girls."

Tom was an only son. He had seven sisters and innumerable girl cousins. Tom was thoroughly conversant with the love affairs of all of them.

There was good ground for his belief that he knew more of the inside facts as to how men propose than any other man living. His presence had never interrupted or postponed any account of a girlish adventure, a flirtation or a proposal.

"It's only Tom," the girls would say. And Tom rather enjoyed the revelations.

From the height of his superior knowledge, Tom occasionally advised his comrades, who were less blessed with sisters and cousins.

"It's no use, Billy," he said to Billy Baxter, who had suggested a proposal by letter as an easy way; "it's no use trying to dodge the inevitable. If there is any particular 'she' in your case, don't try writing, for even if she intends to refuse you she will write asking you to call, and you must go over the whole thing by word of mouth, before she drops you into the depths with a 'no'."

"Besides, it gives the girls an awful chance at a fellow," he continued. "I'm not calling any names, but less than a week ago I heard a letter proposal read by the recipient, and a dozen girls assisted in composing a suitable reply. I furnished the stamps and posted the letter. The poor devil is in Germany. I also cabled my condolences. I now they will be appreciated when that letter reaches him."

Billy groaned dully. "I infer you've already sent your letter," said Tom, cheerfully.

Billy groaned again in reply. "Now, I like the 'Barbils is willin' plan," went on Tom. "You know Bob—Bob Treherne? Well, Bob has what Sam Weller calls the gift of gab very gallopin'." He made elaborate preparations; rehearsed before the glass; left hand in coat front, right used in appropriate gestures, head thrown back, chest expanded—favorite attitude with men who are photographed in dress suits.

Told the story of his love (to his own reflection in the mirror), using the choicest diction and the most beautifully rounded sentences. Make big stock of 'ideals,' 'passionate devotion,' 'life's inspiration,' and all that sort. Pictured to himself Bessie's downcast eyes, softly flushed cheeks and trembling lips.

"Bob confessed all this to me recently. I was about 8 years old, and was in the room when the actual occurrence took place. Bob took my sister's kitten on his lap and said 'Pussy, ask your mistress if she will marry me.' And Bess pulled Kitty's tail, saying, 'Tell him yes, Pussy.' Then she said: 'Tom go tell father and mother that Bob and I are engaged.'"

"I suppose the regulation things happened after I went out. But that goes to show of how little avail are great preparations."

"But such abruptness might displease some girls," suggested Billy.

"So it might," admitted Billy; "for instance, when Silvie was visiting Barbara in western Kansas, a good-looking ranchman whom Silvie had met twice galloped up one day, and when Silvie came to the door he said: 'I just rode over to see if you would marry me.'"

"No, indeed?" gasped Silvie. "Well, the thing's off my mind, anyhow, and he put spurs to his horse and galloped away. I admire that style myself."

"But, Tom," wailed Billy, "you don't know—you were never in love." "Much you know about that," returned Tom promptly. "I've been desperate in love ever since Alice Daffy came to visit Marie."

"Waiting a good chance?" questioned Billy, eagerly.

NURSE OF CIVIL WAR FAME.



"Mother" Bickerdyke, who died recently, was 84 years old. She was in most of the great battles of the Civil War as a nurse, and was with Sherman on his march to the sea. She established various hospitals in the South to care for Union soldiers, and was in charge of field hospitals at the siege of Vicksburg, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge and Chattanooga. She died at Bunker Hill, Kan., and was buried at Galesburg, Ill.

sat watching the unhappy passengers, her face very pale and her lips tightly pressed together. He had a full set of tools for picking locks. On his trial he pleaded guilty.

The old man sat in the prisoners' row in tears, and an aged woman, his only friend, tottered to the bar, and spoke a few words for the prisoner. She meant well, but she knew nothing about the prisoner that would help him.—New York Journal.

Packing of Gold Leaf. "Here is something I wish to inquire about," said a gentleman to a dealer in artists' materials as he held out a tiny booklet for the latter's inspection. "I bought this book of English gold leaf of you a few days ago, and on turning the slats of paper between the leaves I discovered that they contained portions of the Scripture, and seemed to have been cut from various parts of the Bible."

"So they were," answered the dealer, "but there is nothing extraordinary about that fact when you understand it. All English gold leaf, as a regular matter of business, is packed in little books made up of pages of Bible cut to the requisite size and stitched together."

"No desecration is intended, but the practice of packing the material in this way is a well-established custom. The Bible is selected for the purpose because as a general thing the type is more evenly set and the printing finer and better executed than in other books."

"Printed paper has always been in general use for packing the sheets of gold leaf. The slight indentations made by the type serve to keep them more firmly in place. They slip when packed between plain sheets. The Book of Common Prayer is also employed, for the same purpose and the same reason."

"Gold leaf books are made up from the sheets in which they leave the press, and before they are folded."—Washington Star.

People Who Wear the Kilt. The wearing of the kilt is a custom religiously observed in the smartest society in Scotland. Many peers and some wealthy commoners who are chiefs of clans take special pride in the national costume. The Duke of Argyll, and his brother, Lord Archibald Campbell, Lord Kinnoull, and entitled chieftains, such as Cameron of Lochiel or The Mackintosh—all these and many more—wear the Highland dress when in Scotland. A gentleman of high degree dons a kilt of a plainer tartan for morning wear and for shooting, and in the evening, when he dresses for dinner, he puts on his full dress tartan, with sporran and richly jeweled dirk.—London M. A. P.

Modern Advice to Students. An expert tutor declares that the practice of taking strong coffee or of trying the head up with a wet towel in order to keep awake and study is an utter fallacy; that it injures the health and prevents the brain from performing the finer operations involved in learning and memorizing facts. He recommends, when a student grows tired, a little light, vigorous exercise, such as striking a bag or waving the arms around the head, as in club swinging, drinking a cupful of hot water.

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COLLAR OF HIS OWN.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S MUST BE MADE TO ORDER.

Not to Be Obtained in the Shops—A Little Disquisition on the Styles of Neckwear Affected by Our Presidents of Recent Years.

"President Roosevelt is liable to revolutionize the collar business if he doesn't change his style," said a Broadway haberdasher the other day. "Since he became President we have had a number of calls for the Roosevelt collar. Of course, there is no such collar in the market either as to name or style. It is my opinion that the President has his collars made to order. Unquestionably there is more comfort in the kind he wears than in most others, but they are not becoming to everybody any more than the high turnovers would be becoming to President Roosevelt. The Roosevelt collar, if you care to get at its genesis, came in Presidential fashion when Grant was elected the first time. But Grant wore a hownot tie, which gave the collar a different appearance from that worn by President Roosevelt."

"Lincoln was the first of our Presidents to discard the old-fashioned stock, which, if worn now, would make a man look as if he had a sore throat. Lincoln's collars when he became President were part and parcel of his shirt 'sewed on,' as a woman would say. I am told that Lincoln was not noticeably tidy in his collars. They had a white neckwear was black silk tied in a careless way, the becoming to him. When Andrew Johnson succeeded to the Presidency the old stock returned to the White House. He wore the wide stand-up collar, which was encircled by a black satin stock with a short, stiff bow."

"Mr. Hayes' collar was a broad, turn-down with long points, but it was not high. It didn't make much difference what sort of tie he wore, as his shirt front was covered by his beard. Garfield's collar was rather tasteful, a turn-down with square points. His tie was black satin with a square bow."

"Mr. Arthur was the most correct dresser of recent Presidents. He wore a high collar with points slightly turned out. The fit was always perfect. He was the first President to wear a fancy scarf, which was always set off by a handsome but never loud scarf pin. He had, so I am told, the biggest stock of neckwear of any of the Presidents. He was rather partial to black with white dots."

"Mr. Cleveland's collars and style of neckwear looked as if they had been made from the same patterns as those worn by Andrew Johnson. However, Mr. Cleveland never confined himself to one kind of collar. I saw him at his second inaugural ball, when he wore a plain, wide, turn-down, under which was a white string tie."

"President Harrison wore a turn-down collar, broad and simple, and a plain black tie, except on state occasions, when his neckwear was conventional."

"President McKinley usually wore a stand-up collar with slight flare points. He liked to be at ease, and that's the sort of collar a man to wear if he wants to feel comfortable in a stand-up. Mr. McKinley's neckwear was in keeping with his character, simple and unaffected."

"There have been a good many changes in Presidential neckwear since 1825, when John Q. Adams wore the high collar which was completely enveloped by the great bundle of material that was the fashion of the statesmen of the early period. I think he was the last President to appear in that style."

"For plain, common-sense, unconvictional style, the Roosevelt collar is, like its wearer, a style of its own."—New York Sun.

ABOUT WOMEN'S CLUBS. The Work They Are Doing and What They Mean to Be.

If any one should doubt the desire of the small remote town to make itself intellectually worthy, let him read the program prepared for the winter work of a club which occupied a prominent social position on the prairies of the Middle West. Here are some of the topics for papers, all to be prepared without the advantages of a library, either public or private, and with no educational advantages beyond a local newspaper.

"Was the Victory of Wellington at Waterloo a Triumph of Mediocrity or of Democracy?" "Is the French Republic or Ours the Best Illustration of the Political Ideas of Rousseau?" "The Race Problem of Southeastern Europe," "The Pessimism of the Russian Novel," "Will the Common Hatred of the Japanese and Chinese for the European Form a Bond Strong Enough to Hold China for the Yellow Man?" "Will Christian Ethical Ideas Be More Easily Grafted on the Cold Selfishness of Confucianism or on the Self-Respecting Ideals of Buddhism?"

Does not this illustrate the idea that when an American woman determines to do a thing she does it, without stopping to inquire if it is among the possibilities? How well she does it is another matter. My recollection suggests, says Helen Churchill Candee in the Century, that in this case she laughingly evaded most of the questions, and that by general cordiality and light refreshments by no means a poor substitute in a border town barren of social life.

Of two hundred clubs in New York State half are literary. This spark from the log of statistics shows the popularity of the self-culture club. There undoubtedly is something in it which appeals to the vanity which shapes our ends. It is gratifying to be considered erudite, to be general cordially and light refreshments by no means a poor substitute in a border town barren of social life.

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LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

Penelope—I think it is silly throwing an apple peel over one's shoulder on Halloween and believing that it will fall in the initial of the person one is going to marry.

Constance—Oh, I don't know. There may be something in it. My apple peel didn't make an initial, but it made a dollar mark as plain as could be.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Didn't Know the Service. Preacher (performing marriage ceremony)—Do you take this woman to be your wedded wife?

Bowery Pete—Aw, say wot's eatin' yer? Did yer 'link me comes here for a divorce?

Detecting a Fraud. Mrs. Bridget—Do you call that a round steak that you sent up this morning? Butcher—Yes'm.

Mrs. Bridget—Well, I have tried it with a pair of compasses, and I wish to tell you, sir, that it is very far from being correct in shape. I shall favor some other stand with my trade hereafter.—Baltimore American.

Value Received. "Remember," said the friend, "it is dangerous to try to deceive the people. You cannot get something for nothing."

"I know that perfectly well," answered Senator Sorghum rather indignantly. "Nobody can accuse me of trying to get votes by making speeches instead of producing cash."—Washington Star.

Convincing. "The proofreader says he's sure his girl loves him."

"What makes him so sure?" "Why, he has read the proof in her eyes."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Surprising News. Minnick—Well, there was one thing I remarked about your wife the first time I saw her; she was undoubtedly outspoken.

Henpeck—You don't say! By whom?

Won't Be It's paler. "They say that golf is a cure for consumption," said Cawker.

"Remedy's worse than the disease," chirped Cuzmo.—Philadelphia North American.

Go to the Limit. Wigg—Bjones is fond of studying out the puzzles in the newspapers, isn't he?

Wagg—Yes, it's a perfect craze with him. He even reads magazine poetry.—Philadelphia Record.

Almost Startling. "It seems strange that such an old man should be in love with me."

"Yes, doesn't it? Usually they are after some young girl."—Detroit Free Press.

Natural Mistake. Desk Editor—Well, that's rough. Desk Editor's Wife—What's the matter?

Desk Editor—Oh, I wrote "A Scene of Rare Beauty" for a headline over the story of a ball, and the proof reader has let it go "A Scene of Bare Beauty."—Sommerville Journal.

Too Well Known. Dobson—Lend you \$10? Why, man, I don't know you!

Borrower—That's the reason I asked you. No one that knows me will lend me a cent.—Detroit Free Press.

Yazoo Delta the Negroes' Mecca. In speaking of Mississippi as showing a larger increase of negroes than whites, it would be better to say that this is true only of a part of the State. The Yazoo delta has become the greater Mecca of the negroes, and there they have flocked not only from the hill counties, but from the neighboring States—Alabama, Georgia and the Carolinas. They have been pouring in for the last dozen or twenty years, ever since the protection of the delta from overflow has been assured. There have been several exoduses from the hills to the bottoms of such great proportions as to alarm the farmers in the hill country, lest they might be left with out sufficient labor for their crops. If this movement of population keeps on, it will have a tendency in time to whiten the rest of Mississippi by concentrating the bulk of the negroes in the Yazoo delta.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

This is the season of the year when you can buy a lot of things you don't need at much less than cost.

THREE VIEWS OF LIFE.

Disturbed Dream.

Reginald—Darling, I could float out here forever and ever and—

Voice from Shore—Say, young fellow, don't forget that boat is a dollar per hour and you owe for two hours now.

Reginald (to his companion)—Here, for the love of goodness, take this oar and help me pull ashore.—Chicago News.

Almost Incredible. Blobs—Wigwag must be making an awful lot of money.

Slobbs—I should say he is. I actually believe he is making more than his wife can spend.—Philadelphia Record.

A Recommendation. You'll like dis dog, mister. Why, only yesterday he bit me mother-in-law and it took us four hours to git him off.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Very Thing. "We'll have a little supper after the horse show," said Mr. Hunker to Miss Bickett.

"Good," replied the young lady. "I speak for saddle-rock oysters with horse-r-dish."—Philadelphia North American.

"Work" Queered It. "Yes," said Patterson Ruggles, "I admit that it is a sure enough good graft, but, Tinley, it can never be of no use to us."

"Why?" "Cause, if you make a graft a winin' proposition youse has got to work it!"—San Francisco Bulletin.

Some Madness There. "Why did you kill the dog?" they asked.

"He bit me," the man replied. "But he wasn't mad," they urged.

"Perhaps not, but I was."—Philadelphia North American.

Cheated Again. Optimist—Well, old man, did you enjoy Europe?

Pessimist—No; I wasn't disappointed in half as many things as I expected to be disappointed in.—Detroit Free Press.

Ill-Timed Pleasantries. "Cheerfulness is riches."

"Oh, no; if you can't pay a bill, being cheerful about it makes the other man madder."—Detroit Free Press.

Good in Theory. "Did you hear of Carper's latest experiment on his amateur farm?"

"No; what was it?" "He had a sour apple tree and he tried to sweeten the fruit by grafting it with a twig from a sugar maple."—Philadelphia North American.

A Frank Analysis.

"Who is your favorite composer?" inquired the visitor. "I s'pose you mean classical," responded Mr. Cumrox.

"Certainly." "Wagner" was the answer. "Gimme Wagner. Some of those other music writers start in with a tune, but as soon as you get your foot going steady, in time to it they break it off in a way that pretty near sprains your ankle. But Wagner never fools you. He plays fair. You know from the beginning that you ain't going to find anything, and you might as well go to sleep or read the advertisements in the program."—Washington Star.

A "Go to Cerberus. Mrs. McCall—How bright your little boy is, and what is his name?

Mrs. Swellman—Patrick McGlathery Swellman. Mrs. McCall—O! ah—

Mrs. Swellman—It does sound odd, doesn't it? You see, we were living in a flat when he was born, and we weren't prepared to move out. Mr. McGlathery, you know, was the janitor.—Philadelphia Press.

Friendly Interest. Grace—Why do you persist in repeating that awful scandal about Lucy?

May—I'm trying to find out if there is any truth in it.—The Smart Set.

Forgot His Cares. "Ain't Sam Thompson jes' swell?" "Ain't he? To look at him on Sunday yo'd nebba' 'link he had to go wuck on Monday!"—Puck.

What It Means. Willie—Pa, what is a burglar-proof safe?

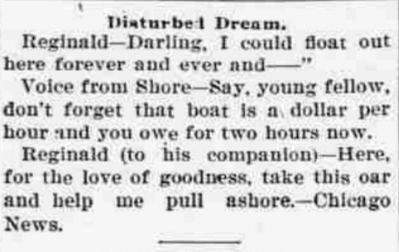
Pa—That merely means that when you find the safe blown open and robbed it's proof that burglars have been at it.—Philadelphia Record.

What He Smelled. "I smell something burning," said the husband after he had lighted his pipe and settled back in the easy chair for a comfortable smoke.

"Isn't it delicious?" exclaimed his wife joyously; "I emptied a whole lot of rose leaves in your tobacco jar!"—Ohio State Journal.



There is gladness in her gladness when she's glad; And there's sadness in her sadness when she's sad; But the gladness of her gladness, nor the sadness of her sadness is nothing to her mad—Aly Sloper.



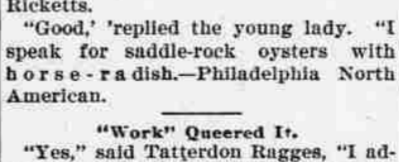
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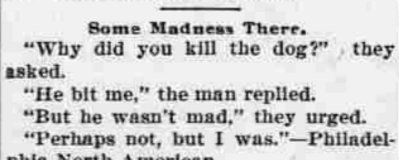
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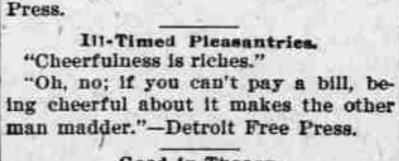
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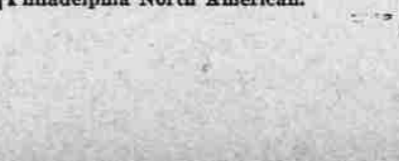
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VETERAN WRITER OF BOYS' STORIES.

GEORGE ALFRED HENTY of London, is the most popular author of boys' books on either side of the Atlantic. Every year of his life he writes at least three long historical novels for boys, and no Christmas would seem quite complete without its gifts of "Henty books." He has written about eighty of these juvenile novels in all, besides enough other books to make a total of nearly a hundred volumes. Mr. Henty now is 69 years of age, but his marvelous powers of literary production continue unabated. In his youth he left Cambridge University to enter the Crimean war, and he has been a correspondent from the battlefield during most of the important European wars since then. This experience has fitted him for writing tales of military adventures, and there seems to be no end to his resources.



GEORGE A. HENTY.