

THE DAYS GONE BY.

O the days gone by! O the days gone by!
The apples in the orchard and the path-
way in the rye;
The chirrup of the robin, and the whistle
of the quail,
As he piped across the meadow sweet as
any nightingale;
When the bloom was on the clover, and
the blue was in the sky,
And my happy heart brimmed over—in
the days gone by.

In the days gone by, when my naked feet
were tripped
By the honeysuckle tangles where the
water lilies dipped,
And the ripples of the river lipped the
moss along the brink,
Where the placid-eyed and lazy-footed
cattle came to drink,
And the tilting snipe stood fearless of
the truant's wayward cry,
And the splashing of the swimmer, in
the days gone by.

O the days gone by! O the days gone by!
The music of the laughing lip, the luster
of the eye;
The childish faith in fairies and Alad-
din's magic ring—
The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in
everything.
For life was like a story, holding neither
sorrow nor sigh
In the golden, olden glory of the days
gone by.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

ON A PARK BENCH.

TOM CHAPMAN sat on a bench
in Lincoln Park, a picture of de-
pendency. Only a few days be-
fore he had been discharged from the
hospital after being invalidated home
from the Philippines. His brief soldier
career was over, but he could not re-
turn to his beloved profession, for his
right sleeve hung empty at his side.
Never more could he wield brush or



"WHY, TOM," SHE CRIED.

pencil. He had hoped to do great
things, and others had prophesied them
of him, for he had no little talent, and
before he enlisted his clever sketches
had attracted wide attention. Original
and spirited as they were, he and his
brother artists had regarded them as
only the earnest of what was to come.
"Nothing will come now," he said to
himself, bitterly. "All is ended. At 30
I have practically lived my life. I shall
drag out a miserable existence on a
beggarly pension. Yet were it not for
that pension I should starve. Perhaps
it would be better not to have it,
though. I had rather die than live a
dog's life, with no work to do—nothing
to look forward to."
Tom eyed the passers-by as though in
a dream. He saw weary-looking moth-
ers carrying babies, or trundling baby
carts, with other tots, hardly more than
infants, clinging to their skirts. Bronzed
young men and sunburned
girls sped by on their bicycles; lovers
strolled along, oblivious of everything
but their own happiness; and innum-
erable other people, in quest of fresh air
and coolness, sauntered idly past.

Presently a young woman, quite dif-
ferent from all the rest, came into
view. She was tall, distinguished-look-
ing, and faultlessly dressed. She started
as she caught sight of the drooping
figure on the bench and turned quickly,
coming impulsively toward him.

"Why, Tom!" she cried, holding out
her hand, "I am so glad to see you.
You have made all your friends proud
of you. How long have you been
home? Why haven't you been to see
us? You know mother never leaves
town in August. It's one of her hob-
bies that home is the best place in sum-
mer."

Tom had risen awkwardly and taken
her extended hand. He had not yet
learned to use his left arm gracefully.
He could not speak, although he felt
that she was talking to cover his con-
fusion.

Miss Hunt sat down on the bench, as
naturally as though she had come there
for that purpose, and Tom resumed his
seat.

"I must congratulate you, Miss Hunt,
on your good fortune," he said at last.
"I know of no one who deserves wealth
more than you."

The girl blushed. "Thank you, Tom!
but you didn't answer my question.
Why haven't you been to see us?"

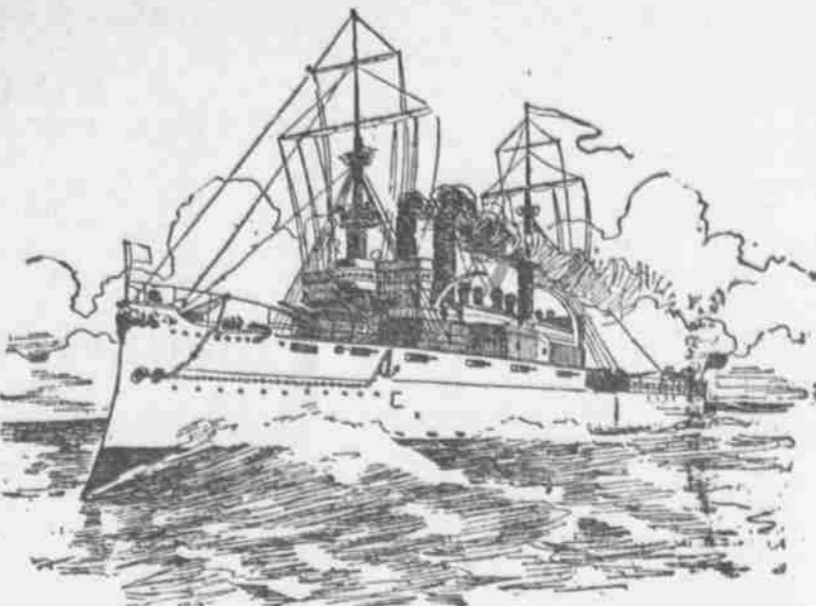
"O, I'm a back number. I had better
learn to keep in the background."

"You, a hero!" exclaimed Elizabeth,
with a shy glance at the empty sleeve.
"I, a useless man, Miss Hunt; without
a profession and almost a beggar."

There was a long silence. Tom looked
out from the ground, ashamed of the words
almost wrung from him. Elizabeth
stared fixedly before her, keeping back
tears.

"Tom," she said, with great effort,
"Do you remember what you asked me
before you went away?"
"Elizabeth!"

BATTLESHIP ALABAMA, QUEEN OF THE AMERICAN NAVY.



The Alabama is the fastest ship of its
class in the United States navy. Dur-
ing its trial trip off the harbor of Bos-
ton it maintained a speed of seventeen
knots an hour for four continuous
hours.
Length at water line, 368 feet; beam,
23 feet 6 inches.

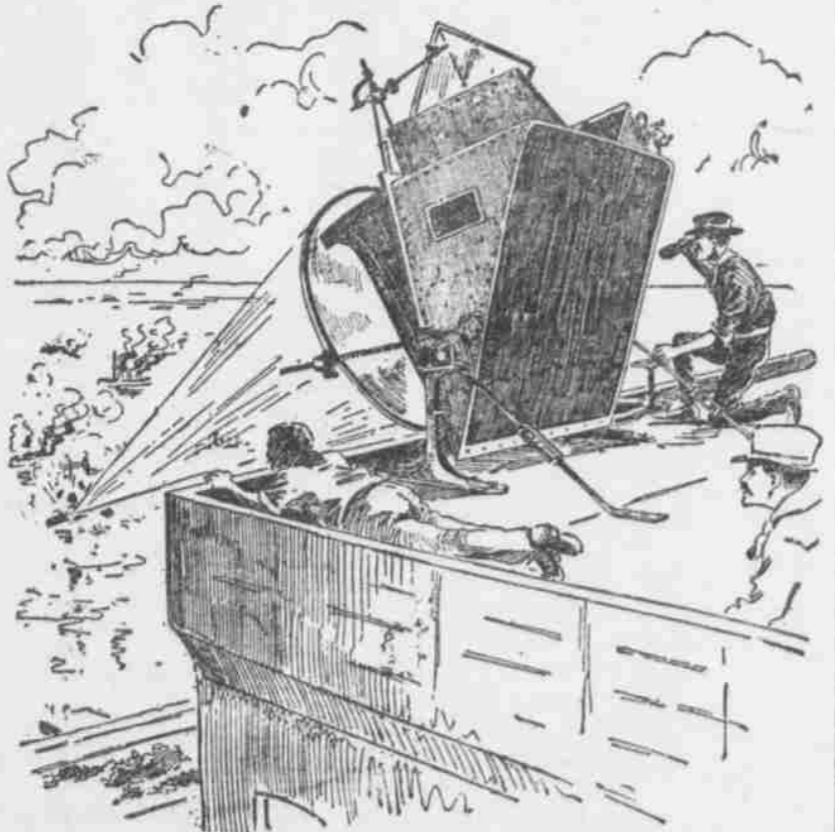
Displacement, 11,825 tons; indicated
horse power, 10,000.
Armor, nickel steel 4 to 16.5 inches
thick.
Armament, four 13-inch and fourteen
6-inch guns.
Speed developed on trial, 17 knots
continuously for four hours.
Complement, 400 men.

CONTROLLING THE SUN'S RAYS.

**Seattle Genius Has Patented a Wonder-
ful Device.**

Julius Tantrove is a genius who lives
in Seattle, Wash. The people there call
him professor, because he has patented
a device which he claims will do many
startling things. A few things that the
professor claims his machine is capable
of achieving are the blowing up of war-
ships at unheard-of distances, or the melting
of them while they are fleeing
in desperation for safety, the destroy-
ing of forts and powder magazines
without coming within rifle range of
the place, the burning of a city at any
distance less than nine miles and the
storage of solar heat for domestic and
mechanical uses. The professor makes
no mystery of his methods. All he
uses is a scientific application of the
old burning glass with which small
boys set fire to newspapers. The secret
of his patent lies in the arrangement
of pieces of plate glass so as to concen-
trate the sun's rays in the most effec-
tive manner. He does not use an ordi-
nary lens. His device consists of several
immense sheets of plate glass so
arranged as to catch a great number
of sun's rays and concentrate them at
a distance. The professor has found a
financial backer in J. C. Sharp, of Salt
Lake City, who is said to be enthusias-
tic over the possibilities of the inven-
tion.

The problem of storing or controlling
solar heat has been worked on by sci-
entists for years and although "Prof."
Tantrove is the subject of much skepti-
cism and ridicule he may have solved
the first step in the intricate problem.
There must be something individual
and novel about the device or the "pro-
fessor" could not have secured a patent



BRINGS OLD SOL TO AID IN DEFENSE.

into tears, regardless of a hundred spec-
tators.

Utterly aghast, Tom sat down and
endeavored to comfort her. In ten
minutes' time he was her abject slave,
and they had pledged their troth.

As they left the park Elizabeth de-
scended from the heights. "O, Tom!"
she cried suddenly, "what must all
those people have thought of me?"

"Darling," said her happy lover, "did
you never bear of being alone in a
crowd? Each little group was busy
with its own tragedy or comedy."—Chi-
cago Tribune.

Newspapers in the British Museum.

In the British Museum there are
16,000 volumes of London newspapers.
There are 47,000 volumes of provincial
newspapers from England and Wales,
and about 9,000 volumes of Scotch
newspapers, with something slightly
less for Ireland. Last year's accessions
were 600 volumes of London news-
papers, 920 volumes of provincial papers
from England and Wales, 127 volumes
from Scotland, and something less
from Ireland.

When some people shake hands their
hand is as cold and motionless as a
dead fish's tail.

on it. Should it do one-half what the
"professor" claims, the methods of
modern warfare, transportation, manu-
facturing and heating would be revolu-
tionized.

The Pastor's Strategy.

"In order that everybody may see
these stereopticon pictures," said the
Rev. Mr. Goodman, who had announc-
ed an illustrated lecture on Palestine
in lieu of the regular evening service,
"I will ask all the ladies and gentlemen
present to remove their hats."
He took off his glasses, wiped them,
put them on again and looked over his
congregation.

"The gentlemen," he observed, pleas-
antly, "have removed theirs, I see."

He busied himself a moment with
his notes, and when he looked at the
audience again all the other hats were
off.

Whereupon the lights were turned
out, and with a subdued ring of tri-
umph in his voice he began his lecture.
—Chicago Tribune.

One Word.

"Llanfairpwllgwyngyll" is a village
in Wales that enjoys the privilege of
being counted as one word in tele-
grams.

A FAR-SEEING CHARITY.

**How the Mothers of the Next Gener-
ation Among the Poor Will Profit.**

"Probably the oldest philanthropic
establishment in New York City, and
yet one of the most practical here or
elsewhere, is a 'School for Little Mothers.'
This C. Montgomery McGovern
makes the subject of an article in the
Woman's Home Companion, saying:
"The object of this institution is to
teach little girls to become excellent
mothers—nothing more, nothing less.
Here the pupils are given no instruc-
tions in reading, writing, arithmetic, or
in any of the other subjects learned in
ordinary schools. Instead, they are
taught here how to wash clothes and
dishes properly; how to dress them-
selves neatly, even with cheap cloth-
ing; how to wash and dress their
younger sisters and brothers; how to
scrub and sweep; how to keep even a
tenement home neat and cheerful; how
to buy food and clothing economically;
how to mend; how to sew, and how to
cook dishes that are both cheap and ap-
petizing. Each little mother is taught
also how to act at table, being drilled
first as a waitress, next as a guest, and
finally how to conduct herself in the
capacity of a hostess. The little girls
who attend this school are the elder
children in extremely poor and large
families of the tenements where both
the father and mother must go out to
work; or where the death of the father
has made the mother the only bread-
winner; or, as is most often the case,
where the mother is too weak either
from ill health or from malnutrition to
attend to her household duties as she
might if she were well.

"The babies in the nursery are both
boys and girls, and are between the
ages of two and four. They are the
younger sisters and brothers of the
'little mothers' who are in the other
apartments learning how to conduct
themselves at home. At stated inter-
vals throughout the day the older girls
come up to the nursery, here to be
shown by an experienced teacher how
to undress Tommy, wash his face and
hands, put on a night-gown for the chil-
dren have never heard of such an ar-
ticle at home, and how to put him to
sleep in a soft, white bed. Then they
darken the room and go to other du-
ties."

HOW HE HIRED A DOMESTIC.

**The Job Was a Small One, but It Knock-
ed Him Out.**

Any man who has ever done business
at an intelligence office will feel a thrill
of sympathy for me, as a recent victim
of that institution. My wife was mildly
lamenting yesterday that fate had
driven away the maid servant, and that
she would have to get another. I rashly
said that I would do it for her.

"There is an intelligence office near
my office," I said. "I'll run in there at
noon and send a girl out early in the
afternoon."

I went into the aforesaid intelligence
office as I returned from lunch, and
was at once absorbed by a roomful of
females, every one of whom gazed at
me suspiciously. I am a bashful man,
but I nerved myself and began talking
with a young woman who sat near the
door.

"We have four in our family—myself,
wife, and two children—hot and cold
water—"

"Pardon me," she interrupted, "I am
looking for a servant myself."

I apologized and she nickered. I then
tackled an applicant for a job. I did
not "shed light," for she asked ques-
tions. I replied as follows: "Yes—four
in the family—set tubs—hot and cold
water in every room—three miles out of
town—my wife takes care of the chil-
dren—who does the chamber work? I
do. Confound you! Get out."

She didn't get out, but I did. My wife
went in the next day and hired a girl.—
Boston Traveler.

The "Thin Red Line."

"England's cruel red" is not wholly
a thing of the past. It is to be retained
for state occasions and grand parades,
escort duty, palace guard-mounting,
and all that. Levees, too. But no
more in real soldiering will red ever be
seen again upon British warriors. It
is all to be khaki. And not only when
on foreign service, as is now the case;
but when at home, in ordinary, every-
day life, the plain undecorated khaki
suit is to be invariably worn. And with
it a billycock hat. Just fancy the con-
sternation of the tight-waisted guards-
men and the armored sentries on black
chargers at Whitehall! What will the
nursery maids do?

But it will be a blessed relief to par-
ents with slender purses whose boys
are entering the army, for the new uni-
form will be much less expensive than
the old.

The Right Thing to Do.

The sermon was on the downward
path of a sinner, and the clergyman
used the illustration of a ship drifting
on the rocks.

A jack tar who had strolled in be-
came deeply interested.

"The waves dash over her!" exclaim-
ed the minister. "Her sails are split!
Her yards are gone! Her masts are
shivered! Her helm is useless! She is
driving ashore! There is no hope!
What can save her now?"

"Let go the anchor, ye lubber!" yell-
ed the excited seaman.

He meant well, but they ran him in
for bawling all the same.—London
Spare Moments.

Source of the Gulf Stream.

Recent investigations by Dr. Lind-
en-Kohl have shown that the principal
source of the gulf stream is not the
Florida channel, but the region be-
tween and beside the islands of the
West Indies. At Bunion the volume of
this warm water is sixty times as great
as the combined volume of all the riv-
ers of the world at their mouths.

TO RESTORE OLD IRONSIDES.

**It is Now Proposed to Rebuild the
Frigate Constitution.**

All patriotic persons will have an op-
portunity to contribute to a fund for
the purpose of rebuilding the old
frigate Constitution, which is now ly-
ing in the Charlestown, Mass., navy
yard. The Massachusetts State Soci-
ety of the Daughters of 1812 has issued
a call with this end in view.

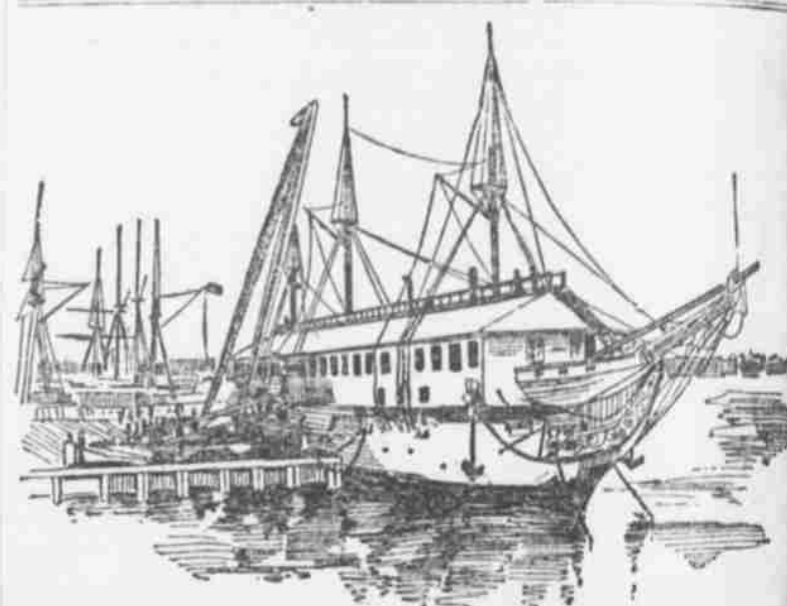
They expect that at least \$100,000
will be raised in Massachusetts for the
purpose. Messrs. Kidder, Peabody &
Co., Boston, have consented to act as
treasurers of the fund, and the presi-
dent of the society, Mrs. Nelson V.
Titus, of Atlantic, Mass., will give any
information necessary for those who
intend to aid in its accomplishment.

The famous old frigate had been ly-
ing for years at the navy yard, Port-
smouth, gradually going to decay. At a
patriotic meeting, held in Faneuil Hall,
Feb. 22, 1897, Mrs. Titus offered a res-
olution that steps be taken to have the
vessel brought to Boston for the cele-
bration of the 100th anniversary of her
being built.

Secretary of the Navy Long speedily
assented, and the anniversary celebra-
tion on Oct. 21, 1897, awakened consid-
erable interest, and made more pro-
nounced the desire for the preservation
of the ship.

The president of the society then pe-
titioned Congress regarding the matter,
urging an appropriation for the pres-
ervation of the vessel. Senator Lodge
presented the petition, which was voted
"inexpedient."

Secretary of the Navy Long heartily
co-operated with the society and in a
letter to the Committee on Naval Af-
airs on Dec. 4, 1899, spoke of the Con-
stitution as a "relic of the glory of the
navy in its early days, the memory of
whose prowess is still cherished among
the people as a gratifying evidence of
patriotism that should be encouraged."
"The restoration of the old man-of-



OLD IRONSIDES—HISTORIC FRIGATE.

war for the government by voluntary
subscription from the people, under the
auspices of this society, would be an
object lesson of great value to the na-
tion."

Secretary Long therefore recommend-
ed the rehabilitation of the ship and
suggested an act for that purpose, the
work to be done under the supervision
of the Navy Department.

The Committee on Naval Affairs,
through Mr. Butler, of Pennsylvania,
reported in favor of the rebuilding of
the vessel. The committee said: "The
achievements of Old Ironsides during
the war of 1812, filling as they do so
proud and glorious a page of American
history, have endeared this grand old
ship to our people and enshrined her in
the affections of a loyal and patriotic
nation."

The work undertaken by the Massa-
chusetts State Society, Daughters of
1812, was described in the report as
"more than a work of patriotism; it is
a labor of love and reverence, and they
feel that they have a legitimate claim
to the honor of carrying it out, because
many of them are the direct descend-
ants of the men who helped to build
the ship, fought upon her decks and
commanded her when she gained her
epoch-making victories."

A bill for the purpose was therefore
passed by both houses of Congress and
approved by President McKinley. It
provides that before the work is com-
menced a sufficient sum of money to
complete it shall be raised by the
Massachusetts State Society, Daugh-
ters of 1812, and placed at the disposal
of the Secretary of the Navy for that
purpose.

According to the estimates made by
the Washington authorities, the sum
needed will be \$400,000, of which one-
fourth is expected to be raised in
Massachusetts. The society is sending
out letters to the Governors of the var-
ious States, reciting the facts and ask-
ing for the co-operation of the respec-
tive State authorities in the work.

IRISH BELIEF IN FAIRIES.

**Lost Child Who Was Found by Seek-
ing Out the Sprites.**

In a village in the west of Ireland a
few weeks ago a child wandered away
into the country and was lost. Its
anxious parents, after a weary and un-
availing search, reported the matter to
the constable in charge of the village.
After carefully questioning them he
told them that any further search for
the child would be useless without cer-
tain preliminaries, because it was clear
to him that the poor child had been
carried off by the fairies, according to
their well-known custom. The constable
told them to make a fire and burn in
it as much of a certain herb as they
could find. They did so at once. Then,
according to his instructions, they went
again in search of the child. He de-

clared that the smoke of the burning
herb would force the fairies to bring
the child back, and, sure enough, ob-
viously searched the ground they had pre-
viously searched they found the little
boy asleep beside a stream.

The reputation and authority of that
constable have now increased a build-
dredfold in all the countryside, and
very few householders in those parts
now have the temerity to risk offend-
ing "the good people," as they call the
fairies (much as the Greeks used to
call the furies "the Eumenides," or
well-wishing ones), by omitting to leave
out every night the traditional bowl of
milk and the griddlecake for their be-
nefit.

The constable himself believes his
charm brought the child back. Yet
like all the royal Irish constabulary,
he has had to pass a fairly stiff exam-
ination in order to be received into the
service.—New York Sun.

ENGLISH "RED TAPE."

**Circumvented with the Aid of a Tele-
graph Boy.**

"English 'red tape' is a queer thing,"
observed a well-known New York poli-
tician who has just returned from a
visit to London, according to the Cleve-
land Plain Dealer. "More than once I
ran foul of it within the sacred pre-
cincts of the British House of Com-
mons. One day I had an engagement
to meet an Irish M. P. there some ten
minutes before the house opened. I
handed my card to the blue-coated
functionary who guarded the entrance
corridor, with the request that he hand
it to the M. P. in question.

"Sorry, sir," said he, "I can't do it.
There hasn't any messengers here yet
and my orders is not to take any
cards myself."

"Persuasion and entreaty were alike
wasted upon him. Having had previ-
ous experience of the potent influ-
ence of a shilling or two judiciously in-
vested, I attempted bribery. But he proved
to be incorruptible.

Enacting Wants.

An advertisement seen lately in a
morning paper printed—never mind
where—calls for "a stenographer who
can cook." Another demands "a house-
keeper who understands shorthand and
typewriting." These curious "wants"
send one's fancy adrift in strange chan-
nels. Are they stunts that show a com-
ing halt in the mad onward rush of
business? Are the chafing dish and the
o'clock tea kettle to become recognized
features in office life? Surely there
can be no conflict between labor and
capital when the employer tears him-
self away from carking cares to reach
his overstrained nerves in cheerful con-
verse with the employed over a cup of
fraternal tea. The hurried luncheon,
too, will make way for a leisurely one
prepared over the alcohol lamp by a
sedately smiling young woman who
takes dictation as it cooks.

Simple Test for Eggs.

A fresh egg is known by the dull ap-
pearance of its shell; a bad egg looks
glossy. Drop an egg into water; if it
sinks quickly and remains at the bot-
tom it is probably fresh, but if it stands
on one end it is doubtful, and if it floats
it is quite bad. The light test is ap-
plied by placing the egg on end in front
of a paper tube and holding through
it a candle. If, on looking through the
tube, the yolk appears round and the
white surrounding it is clear, the chances
are that the egg is fresh.

Individual Communion Cops.

Seventy churches among the Congre-
gationalists have adopted the individ-
ual communion cups.

A woman can always make her

folks believe that she is on the point
of death.