

TO MY OLD HAT.

And thou has clasped my marble brow.
And daily sunk still deeper down
Until thy brim doth hide me now.
From lofty sneer and worldly frown,
Thou once wert black—who now art brown,
But what care I for aught of that?
Thou art thy owner's rightful crown,
My trusty friend—my ancient hat!

And I must buy another tile,
To catch the scoffer's quizzing glance,
With modern crown of pattern vyle,
Distorted brim—just born of France,
It will not fit me well, perchance;
E'en you were years before you sat
In ease my beauty to enhance,
My trusty friend—my ancient hat!

And I must hold it on with care;
Unwilling tend its painful gloss;
Must watch it with affrighted glare,
Lest greedy hands procure its loss.
The winds will thy usurper toss,
Some ruthless wheel will crush it flat,
I've seen thee 'neath the carts that cross,
My trusty friend—my ancient hat!

L'ENVOL.
Ah me! Too much this haunting fear
Before I give thee to the cat
I'll wear thee for another year,
My trusty friend—my ancient hat!
—London Sketch.

POLLY ATKINS.

Mr. Drake was an old-fashioned man, and his daughter Polly was a new-fashioned girl.

"I do wish your dress more in keeping with your sex, Polly. As a girl—with your face and figure—you might be the belle of the county. Why, then, must you needs turn yourself into a bad imitation of boy?"

"You are too out-of-date for anything, father," cried Polly in resentful tones. "The woman of the future will take her place beside man in the reserve forces of the empire. See if she won't. And how proud I shall feel to know that this, my humble effort, has done something toward bringing about the fulfilment of that grand ideal," she added, with ardent enthusiasm.

The Ladies' Rifle Corps was Miss Polly Drake's very latest pet hobby, which she had conceived and taken up with even more than usual ardor. Some thirty girls in the neighborhood had already been induced by her to enroll themselves as members, and they used to meet every week on the rifle range which the 'squire had allowed them to lay out on his estate, for drill and target practice.

On the whole they comported themselves in such manner as made Polly distinctly proud of her corps; and she was now anxious to show them off before some military expert, whose commendation (she was sure) would serve as a useful eye-opener to her incredulous father. Hence the idea of the sham fight.

A day or two afterward the 'squire said to his daughter:

"By the way, Polly, I've got a man to come and officiate as umpire of your sham fight."

"That's good, Dad. Who is he?"

"Our old friend, Major Merlees."

Polly's face suddenly clouded.

"Oh, well, you needn't be uncomfortable about meeting him again, Polly. He's forgotten that little affair long ago, bless you. Indeed, I hear rumors of his being engaged to another girl."

"Is he? I'm glad of that," answered Polly, with ostentatious unconcern. "I was afraid I might have wrecked his life. Said I nad."

Next evening Major Merlees duly arrived. He was a tall handsome man, of about thirty-eight, of soldierly bearing and frank, pleasant manners. Finding himself alone with Polly in the drawing room before dinner, he at once took the opportunity to set her at her ease.

"Let us both entirely forget the occasion of our last meeting," he said. "That is dead and buried. We now meet as comrades—as fellow-workers in a great national project. I can't tell you how pleased I am, Miss Drake, with the scheme you have taken up. If it properly worked, your Ladies' Rifle Corps may be the germ of the greatest revolution in matters military that the present age has seen."

"I'm so glad to hear you say that Major Merlees. You, as an expert in such things, speak with the greatest weight. My father has done his best to pooh-pooh us all along. He—" But why, Miss Drake?"

"Oh, because he is still wedded to the old fossilized ideas about women. He says that we should be altogether out of place on the field of battle."

"I can't for the life of me, see that. Battle are won nowadays by straight shooting, and women can shoot quite as straight as men."

Next day Major Merlees and Polly rode over the ground where the sham fight was to take place. The former's practiced eye quickly noted the favorable positions for a defending force, and he proceeded to examine them in detail. At length he made his selection. It was a long ridge, flanked on one side by a wooded hill, and approached from the front by a level expanse of grass fields.

"Of course," said the major, "as we are dealing with such small numbers, both the attack and the defense must be of a skeleton character. My idea is that this ridge should be occupied in imagination, by a defending force, and that you with a third of your company, should be posted in that we'd there, to cover the right flank,

but that you should carefully keep your presence secret from the attacking force until the last moment so that you can enflame them as they advance up the slope. The other two-thirds of your company will form the attacking force. They will advance against your right, in line with an imaginary brigade extended along the whole length of the position. Of course, they must not be apprised beforehand, that you are posted in the wood. Indeed, the success or failure of the whole defense will depend upon your concealing this from them until they are delivering their attack. Do I make myself clear?"

"Quite. I think it is a splendid plan," cried Polly with enthusiasm.

Next morning arrived. The Ladies' Corps paraded, thirty strong, on the lawn at Drakeworth Hall. Ten of them were told off under the command of Captain Polly, to form the defending force, and they marched away to take up their position. The remaining twenty, under Major Merlees, then proceeded to the field of operations. As soon as they were fairly off, the major ordered his horses to be brought round, and then rode away by himself to the eminence from which he was to watch and criticize the maneuvers.

Capt. Polly, with her skeleton force of ten dauntless damsels, had reached and occupied the wooded hill to the left of the main position. Here they remained, lying on their faces and talking only in whispers until the attacking force came in sight. Soon the latter, who were extended in skirmishing order, began to open fire. The perpetual crack, crack, crack of their carbines (which were loaded, of course, with blank cartridge) had an immediately exciting effect upon the defenders in the wood, who began to fidget and finger their weapons nervously.

"Steady! Steady!" said Captain Polly, in a voice that trembled with eagerness. As she spoke the attacking force, who had been advancing at a smart double, appeared to meet with a sudden check. Polly, watching them through her field glasses, distinctly described Lieut. Amy McIntosh seated on the five-barred gate and engaged (so it appeared) in an indignant and animated conversation with rustic who was driving a herd of cattle into the field which the attacking ladies had next to cross.

"It can't be—it, it can't be—that they are afraid of cows!" cried poor Capt. Polly, in angry dismay. The words were hardly out of her mouth before she became aware of a sudden perturbed movement among her own chosen ten, two of whom had already sprung to their feet and were waving their cowboy hats around their heads and repeatedly uttering the exclamation "Choo!" in a most violent and excited manner.

"Steady! Steady! Lie down there!" exclaimed their indignant captain. "Wasps."

It made even the dauntless captain pause. She started. She turned pale. But she pulled herself together and manfully—I beg pardon—womanly—tried to encounter her sister warriors.

"Never mind. A few wasps won't hurt you," she declared in tremulous tones, involuntarily waving her pocket handkerchief around her own head.

"A few wasps!" cried one of the Amazons, shrilly. "There are hundreds of them, and oh, look, look! Do you see them pouring out of that hole there? It is—yes, it is—wasps' nest."

"Wasps" had been a fearsome word, but wasps' nest was unendurable. The ten damsels broke and fled in precipitate confusion down the hill. Their captain, it was said to her credit, was the last woman to leave her post. Moreover she did not run as the others did. She merely walked fast—five miles an hour—casting her nervous glances alternately over her right and left shoulder.

At this point Major Merlees came gallantly up to Polly.

"What has happened?" he inquired. "Why have you abandoned your position?"

"Wasps."

"Wasps?" inquired the major, with a puzzled look.

"It was—was—wasps, you know, that caused us—the others, I mean—to abandon our—their post in the wood. They found they were lying almost on top of a wasp's nest. And, of course, you couldn't expect them to stand that, could you?"

"No, to be sure," replied the major, sympathetically.

"But why, Miss Drake?"

"Oh, because he is still wedded to the old fossilized ideas about women. He says that we should be altogether out of place on the field of battle."

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won't you?"

"All right. I won't give you away. Miss Drake," answered Major Merlees.

He didn't. The squire himself did that at Drakeworth church some two months later, when Miss Drake—unaware that she had been the victim of an artful little conspiracy between her father and her gallant admirer—renounced the role of Polly Atkins and retired into domestic life as Polly Merlees.—London Tatler.

MEN WHO MAKE DYNAMITE.

Extreme Caution Shown, but no Due Anxiety Displayed.

Dynamite factories are in full swing near Dover and Farmington, N. J., and the men who work in them seem well content with their dangerous occupation. They wear rubber-soled shoes, and their tools are covered with rubber or are made of wood, so as to avoid the possibility of friction and consequent accident.

As a further safeguard, the various utensils in which the deadly explosive is mixed or manipulated are lined with lead, and a mishap is of rare occurrence. Nevertheless, these men know that the fabrication of dynamite constitutes a work of danger and many of them develop "nerves" when they are new at the business. This trouble wears off quickly, or, as in some instances, not at all, and the victim is seized with nervous chills and tremors whenever a loud noise is heard in the factory. Finally he is obliged to give up his position and seek work of a more congenial nature.

The men are paid from \$2 to \$2.25 per day, and the labor is not particularly heavy, nor are the hours as long as those of other workmen. No smoking is allowed from the moment they enter the factory until they leave, and only men of quiet habits are engaged. A spirit of good comradeship seems to exist between the workers, and when opportunity offers itself they talk to each other in the most friendly way. But woe betide one of their number who earns for himself the sobriquet of "Butter Fingers," a term applied to individuals who allow things to slip from their hands to the floor. He is sure to earn the enmity of his companions. This is due to the fact that sometimes a slight jar, such as is caused by the dropping of even a small substance, will precipitate an accident and the culprit who evinces such carelessness more than once may as well resign gracefully before he is frozen out by his fellows.

The dynamite workers are a very intelligent body of men. Many of them possess a comprehensive knowledge of chemistry, and can tell visitors to the factory all about the destructive agent which they handle under the direction of scientists.

One of these workmen, a middle-aged Swede, named Alfred Noble, the inventor of dynamite, as a relative. What he does not know about explosives is not worth knowing. He talks of the properties of nitro-glycerine with the fluency of one who has made an exhaustive study of every spare moment to experimental physics. Why a man of his type should elect to remain in a dynamite factory in the role of an ordinary workman is a problem which he alone can solve. But evidently he likes his job in the nitro-glycerine department, and he talks enthusiastically of the results achieved by his distinguished relative's invention, not only in warfare, but in the works of peace, such as the mining operations of New York's rapid transit underground system, which will probably do so much to facilitate travel and traffic.

Men of various nationalities work side by side in these New Jersey factories, and when representatives of the different countries were asked if they minded the element of danger in their daily labors, they answered in the negative, and a few of the more communicative workers expressed the opinion that there was more chance of being killed in New York by a cable car or automobile than by an explosion at their post of duty.—New York Times.

ANTS' SENSE OF SMELL.

It is by smell that ants distinguish one another. It is by smell that they tell friend from foe. This fact was pretty conclusively proved some time ago at the Academy of Natural Sciences.

An official there collected some waring ants in a glass jar. They fought on the inside of the jar just as before. He dropped in among them a pellet of paper saturated with cologne, and the effect was instantaneous. The combatants parted, released each other and in a moment or two began to burrow together in perfect harmony. The cologne odor killed every other smell and hence the ants were not aware of the presence of any other enemies.

In another experiment two boxes were used, boxes communicating by means of a glass tube. In the first box waring ants were placed, and among them, as before, the effect was dropped. Again the cologne restored harmony. But some of the ants traveled through the glass tube to the second box, and here, if they were unfriendly tribes, they resumed their fight instantly, for here the odor of the cologne was not perceptible. These fighting ants were now put in the open air, and their battle continued, but when there was laid among them a feather dipped in perfume they ceased to fight at once.—Philadelphia Record.

It is reported that large sales of ant traps are now made to Indians.

Household

VENTILATING SICKROOM.

Sickrooms should be ventilated even more conscientiously than the rest of the house. Many an amateur nurse forgets that the sick require pure air quite as much as the well, and so neglect to secure all the air space that is necessary or available. All draperies, hangings and stuffed pieces of furniture that are not absolutely necessary should be banished from the sickroom. To air the room without giving the patient cold, place an extra blanket or coverlet over the bed, draw the sheet over the patient's head and face, and let a strong draught blow through the room for a few minutes. This will effectively dislodge any layers of foul air that may have collected. Continuous ventilation should be maintained both day and night by means of an open window in an adjoining room, the door between being kept open.—New York Tribune.

THE DWELLING'S ATMOSPHERE.

Under the head of Child Training, in the Delinquent, are a number of valuable suggestions for keeping the air of the house pure. Among them are the following:

The use of stained floors and rugs in preference to carpets.

A thorough daily airing of each room.

Shaking and brushing clothing out-of-doors.

Removal from the bedroom at night of clothing worn during the day.

Daily airing and occasional beating of mattresses and blankets.

Open war against the feather dust.

A dry cellar at all seasons.

Frequent inspection of plumbing.

Little furniture and no uncovered vessels containing soiled water in the bedroom.

Opening windows at night; discarding weather strips.

Plenty of sunlight.

HOW TO CLEAN WALL PAPER.

Grease spots can be removed from wall paper by rubbing gently with soft breadcrumbs. Pack the crumbs lightly in a small ball, and work with a rotary motion. If the stain is very obstinate, spread with a paste of potter's clay, water and ox-gall; dry, and renew paste until the stain disappears.

Wipe down the walls with a clean old pillowcase tied over a broom.—Woman's Home Companion.

COFFEE POT HINT.

The black coating which collects inside coffee and tea pots may be easily removed. Throw a handful of washing soda in the pot, fill it with boiling water, let it stand on the back of the stove for five or six hours, and then wash and rinse it in boiling water. Be careful to clean out the spout. This process will make the inside of an old coffee pot bright and sweet.

CREAKING SHOES.

A remedy for creaking shoe soles is an exhaustive study of the subject, and he says that he devotes every spare moment to experimental physics. Why a man of his type should elect to remain in a dynamite factory is a problem which he alone can solve. But evidently he likes his job in the nitro-glycerine department, and he talks enthusiastically of the results achieved by his distinguished relative's invention, not only in warfare, but in the works of peace, such as the mining operations of New York's rapid transit underground system, which will probably do so much to facilitate travel and traffic.

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RECIPIES.

Cheese Canapes.—Cut bread in slices one-third of an inch thick; cut the slices into rounds with a biscuit cutter or cut off the crusts with a knife and serve in squares; season some grated cheese cream with cayenne pepper and mustard; fry the bread in a little hot butter; when brown on both sides remove, sprinkle with grated cheese and place in the oven until the cheese is melted; serve hot.

Mock Terrapin.—Scald half a calf's liver after slicing; fry the slices, then chop them rather coarse; flour it thick and add one teaspoon of mixed mustard, a little cayenne pepper, two hard boiled eggs chopped, one tablespoon of butter and one cupful of water; let simmer five minutes; season. Veal may be prepared in the same manner.

Baked Cabbage.—Cook one small cabbage until tender; drain and chop fine; when cool add two beaten eggs one tablespoon of butter, salt and pepper to season, and one-quarter cup of cream; bake in a buttered dish; when brown remove and serve hot.

Rice Crumpets.—Beat three eggs until light; add one and one-half cupfuls of milk and one tablespoon of melted butter; stir in one cupful of cold boiled rice, one cup of corn flour, half a cup of wheat flour, half a teaspoon of salt and three level teaspoonsful of baking powder; bake in large crumpet rings on top of stove or in greased gem pans in a quick oven twenty minutes.

Protest From Novelists' Victims.

The Anglo-Indian is usually depicted by the modern novelist as a being whose unfortunate addiction to curries and short pegs has induced a temperament far from sunny, and, though some kind-hearted souls have endeavored to correct this sweeping condemnation, so widely is this literary verdict accepted as just that the "peppery" colonel has come to be regarded as the true and only type of latter-day India.—The Allahabad Pioneer.

To Make Lily from a Candle.

Here is something that will be sure to please the girls. You will be surprised, perhaps, to hear that you may construct a spray of lilies of the valley out of a spermaceti candle and a few pieces of wire.

Get six or eight pieces of very fine wire and bend each of them into a curve at one end, terminating with a hook. Now hold a lighted spermaceti candle over a glass of water and let half a dozen drops of the wax fall into the water. Each drop, as soon as it touches the water, will be transformed into a little floating white cup.

These cups will have exactly the size and shape of the little bell flowers of the lily of the valley, and they may be made large or small, according