### MEMORY LANE.

I know a lane, where the brier rose Leans o'er the old stone wall; And the scented leaves from an apple tree

Like tinted sea shells fall. There's a turnstile, too, 'twixt the winding lane

And the meadows with blossoms white:

Blossoms of daises spilled by the moon

From her silver boat one night. Here cornflowers open their blue eyes

wide. And poppies flirt with the sun;

While all of the grasses are glittering with gems

That fairies from dewdrops have spun.

Ah, yes! there's a brook-it ripples and smiles,

Past banks where the blue gentian peeps;

But the song that it sings to the violets, I ween.

She deep in her little heart keeps. Oh this is the lane that memory paints.

Where love's fairest blossom grew; For down by the stile I met a maid

With eyes like the cornflower blue. Her cheeks were flushed with the

pink of the rose

Her lips wore the poppy's red, And sunbeams were playing at hide

and seek 'Midst the curls on her golden head. Lightly she tripped through the mea-

dow sweet. And softly the breeze kissed her

brow;

Then she laughed-and her laugh was the song of the brook-

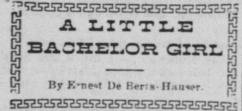
Methinks I can hear it now. But alas for the passing of summer

dreams 'We met and we parted for aye;

Now I walk alone-here in memory lane--

While she rides on the world's highway.

-Agnes Lockhart Hughes, in the Boston Transcript.



It was an ideal retreat, the coziest little cottage, with a lawn that was Mansfield had often pictured in her before." mind.

"How fortunate the impulse seized me before this place was let," she thought, as she diligently applied herof chaos, for as yet the appointments of her little home were in a hopeless jumble. "If the men keep bachelor's

countenance, Earl accosted him. "Pardon me for troubling you," he said, "I was just looking at this cottage of yours. I know the proper person to apply to is the agent in charge, but perhaps---" "The agent!" exclaimed the man in

contempt, his ruddy face relaxing with a smile. "If you can find the agent, hunting him for an hour. You vunt

the blace?" "I would like to rent it, provided we can agree on the terms."

Earl was beginning to suspect that the gentleman had been imbibing a little more beer than was good for him, though he certainly proved to be

one of the most affable men he had ever met. "Oh, we agree," he said. "Six dol-

lar. If dot is too much, five dollar. Say, I let you haf it tree munt for nudding if you keep the yeeds down. coasts."

To Earl's eyes it looked as if it might be full of fairies.

"Shump in. I got a bunch of keys you, all right, too,"

Earl got into the buggy with him, which proved a very difficult thing to my ship was in any danger." do, and being furnished with the keys he returned and entered the cottage. As he crossed the threshold he paused in dismay. That a vacant house should have such an elegant carpet on its hall struck him as strange, but

after a moment's reflection he concluded that its former tenants had been people of wealth, who had occupied it as a temporary residence and had evidently discarded the carnet and left it on the floor. But as he proved to be Lettie's parlor, he was

tie, who had just arrived. He looked like a burglar and felt from his hand.

a beer guzzling Dutchman. Though I occupied among the art-producing nafeel like an ungrateful wretch to shift tions of the world. the entire responsibility on his When, therefore, we behold a peo the material reproduction of one of shoulders, for he certainly was kinder ple discouraging and losing their the many rustic little nooks Lettie to me than any man has ever been splendid ancient arts, and giving in

Lettie, he continued:

in me until I return. I will either ably not far off when Siam's indusself to the task of bringing order out bring the gentlemen with me, or his tries will depend upon foreign guidwritten statement-

Lettle laughed.

"I will take your unsupported be the gainer. hall, when housekeeping is so utterly word," she said. "I knew there was By those people who delight in comforeign to the poor things, why some mistake, of course, but the

Encouraged by his good natured "Coffee; bring me some strong cos fee," demanded the captain. must keep awake."

On Friday morning the captain's breakfast was served on the bridgehis fifth in succession. Dinner time, and still the fog; sandwiches and coffee again for the captain.

And still he paced the bridge with red-rimmed eyes and care-lined fea you can do more than I can. I been tures. It was late afternoon. Suddenly a cheer from the lookout.

"The sun!" he cried. "The sun!" Slowly the great curtain lifted. In the heavens was the setting sun. By its light the passengers could once more see the horizon and the dancing waters of the ocean.

"It is good," said Captain Apfeld Slowly he let himself down the ladder to the deck. Just ahead way his room and the inviting intie bunk curtained by his wife's own hands in the whitest of lace. He flung him self down as he was and slept-for The blace looks like it was full of just two hours. Then he was on deck again, for it was night, and they were nearing land.

"Sleepy?" said the captain when in terviewed. "Well it's a pretty long of the house. You can look at it. If time from Monday morning to Friday it suits you, all right. If it don't suit night to go without a wink. If I had gone to my cabin 1 couldn't have slept anyway, with the thought that

# BANGKOK, FLOATING CITY.

# "Made in Germany," a Legened Seen on Every Hand.

It is a strange, half floating city, this Bangkok, overrun by parish dogs and crows; Oriental despite its im provements, and one of the most interesting cities in the far East. Yet a sad city for the visitor with mind entered one of the rooms, which apart from the margins and money saving machinery. At every turning seized with consternation. Turning, are evidences of decay of native art he bolted back into the hall and out | and in their stead the hideously com of the house, dashing plump into Let. monplace things that bear the legend: "Made in Germany."

One would scarcely believe today, like one as he stood for an instant after a visit to Bangkok, that at one staring at the frightened girl with the time the Siamese were distinguished ponderous bunch of keys dangling even among the Asiatic artisans, in silk weaving in ceramics, in ivory "I beg your pardon." he said. "This carving and in silver smithing. Yet is certainly one of the most unfor. the royal museum disc oses treasures tunate and embarrassing situations 1 not found elsewhere in the world, have even been in. And all on ac- which serve to remind how far Siam count of the lax business methods of has fallen from the place she once

stead a ready market to the cheap Briefly explaining the situation to trash which comes out of the West, we may hardly look for native indus-"If you will promise to have faith trial development. The day is probance; and if England, not France, supplies that impetus-the world will



COUNTESS CASSINI SHOPPING. | pinks, yellows, and even in reds. They The daughter of the Russian Am- are scalloped, hemstitched and lacebassador, the Countess Cassini, is an edged in fast colors. All sorts of indefatigable shopper and is well floral fancies are carried out in these known in all the stores in Washing- mouchoirs, but the preference is for ton. She delights in matching silks, small flowers like forget-me-nots, selecting trimmings and looking for daisies, and wild roses. These are bargains-a feminine pastime most embroidered in mercerized floss, fashionable women leave to their which looks like silk in the natural dressmakers. The Countess is usu- colors. ally accompanied on her shopping ex-

peditions by a voluble French maid, PRINCESS OF WALES EXAMPLE. who renders her young mistress more or less conspicuous. She is never gracious thing by ordering dress quite able to keep pace with the goods from Bradford manufactories, Countess, who flits from counter to counter, chatting enthusiastically about prices and fashions. The maid is always rushing about demanding of the clerks, "Where is ze Countess? Have you seen ze Countess-ze Coun-

Then the clerks explain that the Countess has just left the counter, the floorwalker joins in the pursuit,

> of chiffon with a lace train. At some recent weddings all the bridesmaids wore gowns of lace. Butions are an epidemic in Paris just now. Not content with sewing them all over one's frock, the couturieres besprinkle hat and even para-Charming linen gowns and rough and smooth canvases and flannels are made up for yachting with long cloaks lined with some delicate shade

Such tables are embellished with of satin. bronze ornaments, and are in cherry, sought by fashionable women, parmaple or walnut, varnished to a high

as pastel blue, heliotrope, reseda, biscult and oyster white. attractive and new type of waist is loose but without bulge. It is constructed over a fitting lining. Arrange in flat folds, one inch wide at the waist and throat, the greater breadth of the figure across the ly pretty and novel. bosom stretches the material and

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

point. The sleeve is cut in the same That wonderful woman, Miss Florence Nightingale, recently celebrated manner, having folds at the waist and her eighty-fourth birthday, and her on the shoulder, the intervening world-wide admirers will be glad to space being left free. hear that the veteran philanthropist is still able to take the most active shore should have plenty of dresses interest in the works of charity for both morning and afternoon. which specially appeal to her. Miss Hollands and strong linens in sub-Nightingale belongs to the general stantial colors are best for morning tion of women who shunned publicity, however notable their work made for Sunday and extra occasions. them, and it is because shy has lived Some frocks of flannel or wool should so retired a life that few people re- also be included for a possible cool alize that she is still alive. As a day. matter of fact, Miss Nightingale The hat the little ones should wear bears her weight of years very light- at the shore should be plain. A big ly, and works every morning with duck hat, with stitched brim and her private secretary far more en- flapping edge; or a rolling sailor, ergetically than many women half with silk scarf draped around the her age .- The Ladies' Pictorial.



HOW TO WHITEN PIANO KEYS. To whiten piano keys, wash them with a strong solution of nitric acid to an ounce of soft water. Use a piece of soft cheese cloth to wash the keys, being careful not to let the solution run down between them.

Whitening or prepared chalk mixed with lemon juice is an excellent polisb to apply while the keys are moist. Badly discolored keys can only be remedied by calling in a careful workman.

THE CHAFING DISH CABINET.

The chafing dish now has a cabinet all to itself. It is a pretty little straight legged affair, in three stories Part of the lower story is occupied by a cabinet, with a tile inserted in the door by way of decoration. The second story, on which the chafing dish is supposed to stand, has a copper plate inserted in the centre for the dish, and underneath the whole runs a shallow drawer. The third or top story is simply two little side pieces or brackets somewhat reminiscent of the wings that used to spring from the sides of the old fashioned "what not" -peace to its ashes!

## HOW TO WASH CHAMOIS.

Not every housewife knows how to wash chamois leather so as to make if as soft and good as new. First prepare a weak solution of ordinary wash ing soda and water, wet the leather with this, and rub into it plenty of white curd soap. Leave the leather lying in this for two hours, then rub it between the hands till it is quite clean. Rinse the leather in a fresh weak solution of soda and water, to which has been added a little soap. It is rinsing leather in pure water that renders it hard. The small particles of soap in the water impart to it a silky softness. Finally, wring the chamois in a rough towel and hang it where it can dry quickly, pulling and brushing it well as it dries.

KNOCKERS FOR BEDROOM DOORS. No late comers to breakfast will be able to make excuse that "they did not hear themselves called" in the future. and housemaids' knuckles will escape a sore trial at the hands of unwilling risers, for door knockers are now fastened to up to date bedroom doors, says the London Daily Mail.

They are not only exceedingly useful, but very quaint and ornamental, being exact replicas in brass in a smaller size of the famous Durham Sanctuary knocker.

First of all a small maid at the This knocker with its gargoyle head dates from the Norman times, when it was the privilege of the church to protect fugitives at her portals. The fugitive had only to knock, and at any hour of the day or night the door would be opened to him by the porter who dwelt in rooms above.

thereby setting the fashion for Bradford fabrics, for in England that is all that is necessary; all women will buy what the royal lady does. tess Cassini?" Blouses of Tuscan and fishnet in white and ecru shades, are exceeding ly popular. They are worn over self color or contrasting linings.

and there is something of a commotion in the crowded department store, which is altogether pleasing

view.

to the general public .- Pictorial Re-THE MODERN TEA TABLE. Nothing is more conducive to cosy chats, pleasant friendship and agree-

able hours than the modern tea table -a necessity in the smart home, and Parisian women vie with each other in their efforts to have the prettiest tables. The newest tables have tiny plateaux, which let down on all sides. A glass trap protects them from the scratching of the cups and plates.

> degree. Beautiful little cloths are used upon them, embroidered in marvelous designs. The napkins match the cloth, but each is different. Gray colors are quite en regale for the tea table. Fine Venetian lace cloths are often spread over the glass-covered tea tables, as the effect is exceeding-

of the typewriter in my ears; I am quite sure of that. But-ab, well."

She had taken a framed inscription neighborhood." from the table, and mounting a chair she hung it on the wall. "All things take place by inevitable necessity."

"There is some consolation in that," she thought, "if one can only school one's self to believe it."

As Lettie had but little time at her command-in the morning before going to work, and in the evening on returning from it-she had not yet found the opportunity to bestow any attention on the exterior of the premises. The dense clusters of roses and lilac bushes trailing to the ground. and the rank vegetation and untrimmed shrubbery, though giving the place an air of solemn grandeur, also bespoke neglect, which was readily accounted for by a signboard nailed to one of the trees. This board the agent had neglected to remove, and that Lettie was indebted for an adventure, and the subsequent realization of her most cherished hopes.

As in Lettie's case, it was a sudden impulse that prompted Earl Stanford. artist, with a firm of lithographers, to seize bis hat very abruptly one evening and betake himself to the suhome, and he determined that so far as it lay in his power he was going to enjoy them. He had this little cot. officer, mounting the bridge. tage in mind as he started out, for he borhood.

Lettie had not yet returned. The sects on the lawn.

"Who owns this place?" Earl asked and light below. of a boy he found reaching over the fence to pluck a rose as he approached.

"The old Dutchman that lives in that big house on the hill," the boy answered, pointing to the mansion in passed. The officers begged the capquestion. "He's as rich as mud. He owns nearly all the houses out here. Most of the people that live in them work in his woolen mill, and he owns them, too. There he comes now," the boy added, as his eyes wandered up the street.

Earl turned and beheld a man of fog lifts. huge proportions, his ponderous form almost filling the entire seat, slowly approaching in a buggy.

shouldn't a girl, who would be in her shock of finding a man in my house proper element? What an ideal home unnerved me, and I am afraid I stared this would be, if-if there was a hus. at you. I have seen you frequently band, and, by and by, little children. at your place of business, and know Oh, my! but I mustn't think of such you by name. I am employed at the things. The cooing of a sweet little dry goods store opposite. How imbaby will never supplant the clatter prudent the owner was to entrust that bunch of keys to a total stranger! You might have looted the entire Again she laughed, and Earl's eyes

lit up as they rested admiringly on her trim little figure, clad in a closefittting gray dress, with a natty white killing. hat tilted jauntily back on her head.

"May I come again some eveningjust to talk to you over the fence?"

Lettie turned away her face. "May 1?" "Yes, if you wish," she said.

dream of a home was realized .-- Waverley Magazine.

## KEPT VIGIL ONE HOURS.

# Took the Responsibility of Passen-

gers' Safety Into His Own Hands. Captain George C. Apfeld, of the Atlantic liner Friesland, enveloped it was to this remissness on his part at sea by a fog that defied the keenest eyes to pierce stuck to the bridge of his big ship bound from Liverpool to Philadelphia, for 107 hours-five days and four nights-without a wink

of sleep. Grateful passengers prepared a memorial to him upon their safe arrival. Those aboard could see nothing

burbs of the city. He was tired of ahead or astern. The great vessel, life at a hotel. He yearned for the with 423 people aboard, was in the privacy, the peace and comfort, of a beaten track. A collision might mean death for all. "I'll stay here till it's over," said Apfeld to the executive

There was little to do for the first had frequently passed it and it had few hours. At lunch time the cabin taken his fancy. If it was still to let boy brought up a sandwich and a he would take it, and secure board cup of coffee to the captain, who with some quiet family in the neigh. paced the bridge tirelessly, his ears eager to catch the sound of every

whistle ahead or astern, to port or shutters were closed, the sign was starboard. Night came and with it still there, and the solemn hush that a denser fog. Still the captain staypervaded the premises was broken ed. His supper was served there on only by the drowsy murmur of the in. the bridge, while passengers and crew enjoyed theirs in the warmth

> Midnight came; the fog was thicker than ever. Morning dawned. When the crew tumbled out at daybreak they found their captain still there. And so the days and the nights tain to snatch a bit of sleep. "We can keep watch," they insist-

ed. "I know you can," said the captain, "but these lives are in my care, and | many other green stones were crush-I shall be responsible for them. I ed out of existence. For the first shall not leave the bridge until the time since that date a Klerksdrop

And Captain Apfeld kept his word. On Thursday night came the almost irresistible desire to siecp.

parisons and read travelers' folders especially compiled for tourist consumption-Bangkok has been variously called the Constantinople of Asia and the Venice of the East True, there is much pertinence in both comparisons. Cortainly Bangkok is the home of the gaunt and ugly pariah dog, which spends its day foraging to keep life in its mangy carcass; multiplying meanwhile with the fecundity of cats in a tropical clime. because the Buddha faith forbids its

Nor are outcast dogs the only pests of Bangkok to grow numerous be cause of native religious prejudice; more noisy crows perch on an early morning on your window casing and the tree immediately beyond it than Three months later her blissful in the space of a day hover near the "Towers of Silence" at Bombay await ing the pleasure of the vultures feeding on the earthly remains of one that HUNDRED has did in the faith of the Parsee.

Some people fancy Bangkok a city of islands; hence I suppose the com parison with Venice. Bangkok has, indeed, a very large floating population, and the city is intersected with many "klawngs" (canals); at certain times of the year, too, perhaps half of the city and the surrounding country is under a foot or more of tide-water. Yet the largest half of Bangkok's 400,0000 citizens lives on land, though the easiest means of travel throughout much of the city is by boat, and, in fact, half of it is reached in no other way.

The Siamese women of the lower class daily paddles her own canoe to the market; or, if of the better class, she goes in a "rua cang," the common passenger boat which, together with the jinrikisha, the land pas j sgenger carrier throughout the Orient, is included among the household possessions of every Siamese who can afford it .-- Casper Whitney in Outing.

#### Green Diamond in South Africa.

Considerable interest, writes a correspondent, has been aroused in Johannesburg by the discovery on a mining property at Klerksdrop of a green diamond of about three-quarters of a carat. The gem had slipped into a crevice in the iron plates of the crushing mill, and was found during the dismantling of the mill to make room for a new stamp battery. In 1893 over seventy similarly colored diamonds were found upon the same property. They had all slipped between the dies and escaped destruction. It is conjectured that company proposes to resume operations on this particular ground, which contains both gold and diamonds .--Philadelphia Record.

BRUSHING THE TEETH.

tooth wash to the water you will on her dresses. guard against decay. The brush A clever idea for the fastening quently be rinsed with the wash.

success is likely to be attained. No small turn-over collar. sight is prettier than a row of beausome a sight to view his well cared for teeth when he is grown. For

the habit gained in youth will cling to him.

### A VARIED PROGRAM.

A lunch an at which the club color of lavender was used was the annual social gathering of one of the oldest and best known of women's clubs. Low baskets of lavender flowers ornamented the tables and the candles were lavender set in silver candelathe toasts with the club monogram The toast list was "One Year Ago," "Today;" "The Contemporary Poet;" tween."-What to Eat.

QUAINT COLLAR OF VELVET. A quaint fashion has been obsercuses for existing.

# COLORED HANDKERCHIEFS.

suits. These come in softest mulls the least value is really attributed to and linens, in pale lavenders, blues, money .- Harper's Weekly,

hours, with white linens and piques

The Princess of Wales has done a

FASHION NOTES.

In contrast to the conventional

bridal robe of satin are the gowns

of silk muslin or chiffon, or an entire

lace robe, worn over several layers

Rough finished pongees are much

ticularly in the delicate shades such

A Paris fashion note reads: "An

causes it to set flat and fit at this

crown, would be suitable.

To accompany her fine frocks the little lady at the beach should have This is a very important point in a lingerie hat of lace or embroidery, the training of children. See that with ribbon bands and bows that they brush their teeth at least night | can be slipped on or off, so that they and morning, and if you add a good may be changed to match the ribbons

should be soft. The mouth may fre- of an embroidered collar to a coat is to place a button midway on each Children are likely to be careless shoulder. There is a buttonhole at in this regard, and it is only through the same place on the linen and on? the perseverance of the parent that in a strap coming down from the

Waders will be found exceedingly tiful while teeth in a child's mouth; useful. These are rubber bloomers and surely it will be no less whole- that can be drawn over the other clothing.

A German View of the United State

It is proverbially useful to see ourselves as others see us, provided, of course, the eyes of the onlooker have had adequate opportunities of obser vation, and provided, also, of course, he has sufficient intellect to turn the opportunities to account. Some of the conditions are satisfied in an article bra and candlesticks. A program of contributed to a British periodical by a learned and intelligent German in gold was placed at each plate. Dr. Emil Reich, LL. D. The impres sions which he derived from five un broken years of sojourn in the United "The Undercurrent of Poetry in Con- States are worth noting, because, temporary Life;" "Contemporary | while discriminating, incisive, and Poetry;" reading of a group of orig- sometimes unflattering, they are by inal poems by a club member; "A no means always unsympathetic. He Song;" "A Sonnet," and "A Life Be- recognizes frankly that America has realized ideals, moral and social, which European nations have in vain

endeavored to attain. Dr. Reich lived here long enough to see that ved at recent evening functions, that many of the popular myths which in of wearing a collar of colored velvet | Europe are substituted for an accuor satin trimmed with lace and jew- rate knowledge of American characels with a low cut gown. Sometimes | ter are hopelessly incorrect. He picks the collar matches the gown, but out as the most characteristic and the they are oftener black or white. For most ill founded of the current legexample, a rose-colored velvet collar | ends attaching to the fictitious Amerwas worn with a white lace gown, ican type the legend of the almigaty and a turquois blue velvet collar with | dollar. He willingly testifies that notha black dress made over a turquoise ing could be further from the truth blue slip. Perhaps they give a sort than the supposition accepted in Euof sore throat effect, but they are rope that in the American type the becoming and different-two good ex. five senses are concentrated in a sense for dollar grabbing. Years of residence on this side of the Atlantic have convinced him, he says, that while Amer-Colored handkerchiefs and white ica is no doubt the country where ones with colored borders are the cor- most money is earned by the individrect thing for use with shirt-waist ual, it is probably the country where

USES OF SOUR MILK AND CREAM. Cake, biscuits, cornbread and many things of a similar nature are more tender and moist if made of sour cream or milk and soda than of sweet milk and baking powder (or its equivalent-a mixture of soda and cream of tartar). The mistake that many cooks make is to add too much soda. Just enough should be added to counteract the acidity of the milk, the sourer the milk the more soda mecessary.

Cream or milk that has just turned to a jellylike curd should have a rather scant measure of soda, while milk that has stood two or three days in a moderately warm place should have an even measure.

Sour milk that has stood long enough to acquire a bitter or mouldy taste is unfit for use and should be thrown away. While it is not desirable to use much soda, the other extreme must also be avoided. Too little soda with some milk will leave the cake or bread heavy and sour in flavor. It takes a great deal of nice discrimination sometimes to decide the exact amount of soda needed. Milk that has a sour taste but has not yet loppered requires a little cream of tartar, and should be used as sweet milk is, adding a very little more soda and a very little less cream of tartar.

In all recipes where sweet milk is required a rather scant half teaspoonful of soda should be used to every somewhat round teaspoonful of cream of tartar. In making biscuit with milk that has a sour taste, but has not loppered, a liberal half teaspoonful of soda is necessary to every scant or even teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Biscuits made with the morning's milk that has ungraciously begun to "turn" (if this rule is followed) are especially nice and teader. An ordinary cake is often improved in the same way .--New York Tribune.

# RECIPES.

Brunswick Toast .-- For Brunswick toast use small bits of bread-white, graham or brown bread will answer, or a mixture of all. Butter rather thickly all the little pieces, place in an earthen pan with bits of butter among the bread. Salt a little and cover with milk. Let boll, then serve hot. A nice way to use small pieces of bread.

Frozen Ardsley Salad .-- This salad is said to be new and delicious. It is made this way, according to Harper's Bazar: Mix well four cream cheeses with a glass of red currant Bar-le-Duc. Press into small mouds, pack in empty ice cream bricks, and bury in ice and salt for four hours. Turn out on lettuce hearts and cover with French dressing.