| a SONG OF OLD TIMES. <br> Love to think of old-time dayst-brightest and the best! <br> Sungot up a brak oo day an' besmed from nast to west <br> Moon was risin' right on time, with a lot $\sigma^{\circ}$ Mars, <br> An' sweef piris dono the millin' whero the cattie crosed the bars ! |  | affair: there are always so many littla details that cannot be explained. | FOR LITTLE FOLKS.$\qquad$ | tearned your lesson well. Now I'll excuse you and let you go out to play." And then she drove him out. | MOUSEHOLD MATTERS, putry sersititurs. |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  | this ride over to the Antietam battle ground. When they parted that nfter- |  |  |  |  |
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|  | Lila Havene went on alone to the friends she was to visit at Sharpsburg. "We expected you this morning," said her hostess. |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| the delis- <br> The milk-white dalsfes blosnomin'-the chime o' villaga bells ! <br> The birde that sung heap swenter than these new-time birds kio aing-- <br> The matiden with the red lips an' the lover with the ring! |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | said her hostess. <br> 'Yer, dear. But yon see I was unavoidably delnyed. What a lovely |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | day it has been. <br> "And there is a telegram for you, <br> Lila." <br> Really? Something aunt forgot to |  |  |  |  |
| Love to think of old-time days-goin' all too fast: <br> Love was lots morn swentor then an' more | "Really? Something aunt forgot to mention. I dare any. Excuse me." |  |  |  |  |
| Love was lots more swetor thon an' more ibclined to last <br> All the world was brighter-lon't matter What ther wes. | She broke it open carelessly. "Dear me!" she puckered her brow. "Only fancy! The Admiral is coming down |  |  |  |  |
|  | here to-morrow." But no concern expressed itself in her charming counte- |  |  |  |  |
| what theyave <br> Every beart was IIghter an' beat happy on the way! |  |  |  |  |  |
| the wiy! <br> Love to think of old-fimo dyss-skies was alimys. than ? |  |  |  |  |  |
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| atways litue ; <br> Fiolets blossome 1 nver wheres, jest twinklia' with the dew ! <br> But what's the use of thinkin' an' dreamin' day an sight? <br> If the (Hil times was the brighteat we kith make the now times bielglat: <br> - F, I. Stanton, in Athantis Constifution | what can he wat?" she mused, and dismissed the subject. |  |  |  |  |
|  | - The Aldirialappeared on the sceno |  |  |  |  |
|  | My dear Lila," he anid, "I must have a little talk with you." <br> "Yes, uncle. |  |  |  |  |
|  | Miss Havens was looking her prettiest in a new gray gown. Her gray eyes sparkled, her golden-brown hair shone. She was young, foyous, high- |  |  |  |  |
| THE ADMIRAL'S WARD.$\qquad$ |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| UDDENLY, lift. ing her head, she reined up her horse. awakening the anf. awakened from dreaminess. "Thirty years, | (epirital my demr."-they were quite |  |  |  |  |
|  | your hand in marriage. If I hal chosen the man I could not be better pleased. It will give me great happi- |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | "Escape? What do you mean? Isn't it your own choosing? Are you being foreed into marrying that old widower?" | "Papa," said Wille, as he and his father roamed over the fields together, "I like to go walking with you. You know so much about everything, don't you?" <br> Yes, Willie, 1 know a great deal," returned Mr. Bronson, complacently. "And it is a great pleasure to mo, my |  |  |
|  | ness to see you the wife of Judge Мазon. <br> "Wnele! Judge Mason!" |  |  |  | Whater in which potatoen |
|  |  |  |  |  | rinse in clear warm water and while still damp. This will not is the most delicate colors,-Farm, and Fireside. |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | He is a young man, my dear, a vigorous young man. He will idolize you. Yon knew he admired you." | to want me. Nobody seemed to want me-except Judge Mason. He was very kind-but I never have loved him. Carroll, it you had not deserted |  |  |  |
|  |  | "I-deserted you!-Heaveas! We must have a talk. Where can we go? |  |  |  |
|  | "But his ouly daughter is married." 'Oh, uncle, it-it is out of the |  |  | trter being lald | is in putting good, fresh water aeat kettle, already quite warm, retting the water to boiling |
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|  |  |  |  | Tois mirk has usaliy |  |
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|  | that requires $n$ home. 1 might be al. | ${ }^{1}$ |  | ever, can obviously be done by the machine with fully as good results, |  |
|  |  |  |  | machine with fully as good results, so that it is not necessarily restricted |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | The opostor ymernow |  |
|  | Liln's face reflected some of the paleness of his own. lost it? <br> "Unele-my-my money? Have I |  | son, to be able to impart to you the information 1 have acquired. Willie looked as if he didn't exact- |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | The typewriter on the fleld of battied is a curious sight. It has not quite reached that point yet, but it was to be seen at the military tournament in the mimic action. Tommie Atkins mounted on a cycle, which |  |
|  | There has been $\pi$ 'terrible financial failure. I hardly know how to tell you, We ouly heard yesterday, andye don't know for sure as yet. I am | to claim her attention. <br> "I wondef"' she mused, "how | ly know what "acquitred," and "whpart," and "information" meant, but |  |  |
|  |  |  | be took it for granted that his father understoo I what he was sayling, and for a moment he was sillent. Then |  | eeonomy, omme of yesterdy's couf |
| voice. She fell back a little and answered sweetly: "Oh, Carroll, 1 was ouly joking. It's no pleasant here-1 |  | say." <br> Then she looked ont of her window. <br> "The wedding invitations are not yet sent," sho said. |  |  |  |
|  | am urraid you have lost nearly all you |  |  |  |  |
|  | The girl leaned back in her ckair. There was astanned look in her face. |  | grazing the next fleld: <br> "Рapa, what is cows?" |  | (eat |
|  |  |  | and cat erase. ${ }^{\text {a }}$ (ens, | ) |  |
|  |  |  | "Do cows like grass better than they do ampe ple and en tard" ${ }^{3}$ |  | , |
|  | Wan n undramen of thing. Of eourso |  | they do apple pie and custard?" asked Wille. | nex k-. |  |
|  | in houser, Ju | cervant ment to call her reported that | - Whe ery much better, sald Mrs. Bron- |  |  |
|  | "he won't want me now-when he knows I an penniless." |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | handwriting was Lila's. The letter had been posted the night before. He |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | -Why do cows give milk, papa? Can't they sell it ${ }^{2}$ <br> No: cows don't know anything about money, you know; and even if they did, they wouldn't know where |  |  |
|  |  | .- Do not tend tio invitations," it |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | they did, they wouldn't know where to keep it." |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | hanymmon in a palm thateled hat in Sexico. | they make that funny 'moo' sound with their horns?" <br> What an idea: No, indeed. They |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | into the arena atd typed the messages taken from the signalers, while a trained war doz carried the dispatches to the rear. Whether all this would do in a real warfare remains, of course, to be seen. |  |
|  | Tears came into ter yuaston, uncle | serred: "No need to send the trous. seaus to her. People don't wear many |  |  | Soks in bilt senoung and pur |
|  | sorry to disuppint you, but I cannot marry himy. |  |  |  |  |
|  | marrylumit vor, mixit the oll man. | othes down thete. <br> And again, after a pause "On the whole, I'm ghad the marriage is off. The Judge's danchter was preatly op | -Oh, yes, Tin horns and-er-brass horns, but not cows' horns." | The Dog Laugheo. | out, drain and serve with a tue sance, or in the center of a circ green peas. |
|  |  |  |  |  | Velvet Cream-From aqu |
|  |  | The Judge's daughter was greatly opposed, She might have made things unpleasant after a bit. 1 rather dis. | "Papa, why don't cows have tin horns? |  |  |
|  |  | I rather disliked the responsibility." | "Oh, nonsense! Oh-er-because they are cows, I suppose." <br> And then he regretted that he had |  | (e) |
|  | her foom for a privitatalk | little creature. Lila is-God bless her!"--New Orleans Times-Democrat. |  | cultivates the habit of squatting on its haunches, like a bear or a kangaron, and then sparring with its tore |  |
|  |  |  | promised to impart information. | paws as if it had taken lessons from a pugilist. <br> A gentleman took lato the store |  |
|  | It proviential Yow will | Have Various Forras. | When Harry was 6 years old his |  |  |
|  | will take! You will be A leader, wo |  |  |  |  |
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