

OLD TIME FAVORITES  
I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

I remember, I remember  
The house where I was born,  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn;  
He never came a wink too soon,  
Nor brought too long a day;  
But now, I often wish the night  
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember  
The roses, red and white;  
The violets and the lily-cups,  
Those flowers made of light!  
The lilacs where the robin built,  
And where my brother sawed  
The labourer on his birthday—  
The tree is living yet.

I remember, I remember  
Where I was used to swing;  
And thought the air must rush as fresh  
To swallows on the wing;  
My spirit flew in feathers then,  
That is so heavy now,  
And summer pools could hardly cool  
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember  
The fir trees dark and high;  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky;  
It is a childish ignorance,  
But now 'tis little joy  
To know I'm farther off from heaven  
Than when I was a boy.

The Lady of the Red Clover  
By J. Herbert Welch :

Under the big oak by the fifteenth  
Mr. Arthur Glendenning was sitting  
and condole with you until the arrival  
of the caddy?" asked Arthur.  
"I presume you may sit on the grass.  
I don't own it, you know." The acidity  
of this reply was tempered by a fitting  
shadow of a smile.  
"At all events," answered Arthur,  
sitting down, "you took rather quick  
possession of a bit of it just now. But  
it was really very rude of that cow to  
disturb you. I can't tell you how sorry  
I am."  
A pair of soft yet penetrating eyes  
were studying the young man.  
"No, I don't believe you can tell me  
how sorry you are," said the girl, her  
lips beneath the eyes, "and the reason  
is that you're not sorry at all. You're  
having trouble to keep from laughing."  
Arthur could no longer restrain the  
 hilarity that had been welling up be-  
neath a very thin veneer of polite  
solicitude. They laughed together.  
"But I must have done with this lev-  
ity," cried Arthur, suddenly, "I must  
be up and doing. My lady's hat and  
flowers still lie within the domain of  
the fell beast. I must recover them at  
all hazards. I must face this beast, or  
else, 'od's boddikins, I were unworthy  
the name of knight!"  
He approached the fence, leaped over  
and in a moment was bowing low in  
the act of laying the trophies at the  
lady's feet.  
"Marry, now, but you are, forsooth,  
a brave knight," she laughed.  
"Ah, lady, my life were but a slight  
sacrifice in your service, but I would  
I to crave a boon of you I would plead  
that you take from the heap one small  
red clover blossom and pin it in my  
buttonhole with your own fair hands."  
She laughed again. "Methinks you  
are a bold knight, too. But for the  
sake of the dangers you have passed I  
will decorate you, Sir Arthur—when  
the pins arrive."  
The young man came very near los-  
ing his knightly pose. "How near the  
sun do you happen to know my name?"  
he was about to inquire, but he perceived,  
before it was too late, that she had  
been looking at him with a business-like  
way, with long, silvery strides.

A delicate, silvery shriek pierced the  
afternoon air, and the flight and pur-  
suit began. In running ability they  
were quite evenly matched. The girl  
neared the fence—she gained it—she  
began to climb. It was a most alluring  
picture, and Arthur Glendenning suc-  
cumbed to a great temptation. He had  
his weakness. One of them had to  
do with cameras. The pretty views  
on the Ferris links are so many that  
in this match with Colonel Bogey he  
had directed his caddy to bring the in-  
strument along. At this instant it lay  
at his side. He seized it, leveled it,  
his eye winked once. Then he dropped it  
hastily behind a log, and was across  
the road, all solitude, just as the fugi-  
tive fell, a palpitating heap, on the  
grass on the safe side of the fence.  
"Are you hurt?" he inquired, anx-  
iously.  
"No, no, thank you," she panted, "but  
that—that terrible cow!"  
Arthur glanced in the direction of the  
cow. It did not have a very terrible  
aspect, but rather an expression of  
mild surprise, and even injury, as if it  
were exclaiming to itself: "Dear me,  
how very disappointing! Where's my  
salt?"  
"Let me assist you to your feet," said  
Arthur, in his best manner, bending  
over her. She did not move, but ex-  
claimed, distressedly:  
"Oh, dear, the fence has torn my  
skirt! You haven't such a thing as a  
pin or two, have you?"  
There was a beseeching note in her  
voice, and the young man would have  
given much to have been able to have  
produced a pin, but it was impossible.  
He felt of his clothing hopelessly; he  
gazed out over the sweeping green of  
the links, up at the trees, up at the  
canopy of the heavens, but he saw no  
pin.  
The caddy's curly head just then ap-  
peared over the edge of the bunker.  
"Here, caddy," shouted Arthur, "run  
over to the clubhouse and get some  
pins, safety pins, any kind, and get all  
they've got in the place. Run! Run!"  
But don't run so fast," he added, "as  
to injure your health." For the girl  
with the pink glowing beneath the  
white of her rounded cheeks, with the  
brilliance of excitement still in her  
eyes, and with wayward curls straggling  
from out of her mass of  
light hair, was certainly a picture—  
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"Not really," exclaimed the girl on  
the grass. Her lips and eyes were  
smiling. She seemed to be taking in-

mense interest in his conversation, and  
this encouraged Arthur to go on.  
"Yes, really. And another thing I  
like about her is her ferocity. Why,  
when she gets a couple of swashbuck-  
lers together in a dark alley in old Lon-  
don she writes about the encounter so  
that you can fairly hear their hard  
breathing in the struggle. She enjoys  
it herself. I'll venture to guess that  
Miss Malvern has plenty of grit, and  
would stand her ground in the face of  
danger."  
"You don't think she is afraid of  
cows, then?" From under her eye-  
lashes the girl on the grass glanced up  
at him with a quizzical look of inquiry.  
"Oh, I beg your pardon," laughed  
Arthur. "I wasn't thinking of compar-  
isons. To be afraid of cows is perhaps  
more charming than not to be afraid  
of them. But, referring again to Miss  
Malvern, do you suppose she will  
marry, and become more or less com-  
monplace—it's an effect matrimony has,  
you know—or do you imagine she'll  
remain true to literature? Tell me, just  
for the sake of discussion, what you  
think the probabilities are. As a wom-  
an, you can, of course, weigh them bet-  
ter than I can."  
"Well, I don't know," said the girl,  
thoughtfully. "I don't believe that  
marriage need be commonplace, and—  
but here come the pins."  
Arthur followed her glance, and saw  
with displeasure that the pins were, in-  
deed, arriving. He uttered silent maledic-  
tions upon the caddy's short, sturdy  
legs that were coming over the green so  
rapidly and conscientiously. He busied  
himself with the young woman's  
bicycle when she was closing the rent  
made by the fence rail, and when he  
had reluctantly led the machine out  
into the road because she said she pos-  
sively must be going he remarked, as-  
suming again his knightly tone:  
"If my lady should chance to pass  
this way on the morrow at the same  
hour, she will find a knight to tilt a  
lance in her protection, if need be,  
against the cow, or any other peril."  
"The knight has been very kind," she  
smilingly replied, "and I thank him,  
and I will say that I have enjoyed his  
conversation more than he can imag-  
ine, but I could not ask him to risk his  
life again for me."  
"But is he not to have a name to  
dream on, nor any hope of the future?"  
"He should be full of hope for the  
future," she called back, after she had  
mounted, "and as for the name, 'the  
lady of the red clover' should be a good  
name to dream on."  
Arthur watched her till her figure  
grew small on the road and disap-  
peared around a turn. That night in  
his dark room he rocked a photo-  
graphic plate to and fro in the develop-  
ing fluid with great care and much  
anxiety, and felt the amateur's glow  
of enthusiasm in triple quantity when  
the picture began to take distinct form  
beneath his eyes. First there was a bit  
of road, then the grass, then the fence,  
and, finally, rising in triumph on the  
uppermost rails, the lady of the red  
clover, while behind her peered the  
mildly surprised face of a cow and an  
expanse of field.  
"It is a very well-balanced picture;  
the composition is nearly perfect,"  
murmured Arthur, the amateur photo-  
grapher, as he bent over the plate.  
"She's a stunning looking girl," mur-  
mured Arthur, the young man, as he  
held the plate to the light. After ex-  
panding much time and labor on the  
prints he framed one of the best of  
them and gave it the place of honor  
among the divinities on his mantel-  
piece.  
"And here's the picture of the girl,"  
he remarked to Bob Wilton a night or  
two afterward, as he finished the rec-  
tit of his interesting experience. Bob  
glanced at the photograph.  
"Wh—at?" he cried, bursting into a  
great laugh. "My dear fellow, pre-  
pare yourself to bear up beneath a  
blow. This lady of the red clover,  
with whom you talked about Miss  
Mary Malvern, and with whom you  
next afternoon, is no less a personage  
than Miss Mary Malvern herself."  
Bob lost no opportunity to tell the  
story at the golf clubhouse. It very  
speedily reached the drawing rooms,  
and one morning Arthur received a  
faintly perched letter on a delicately  
tinted blue paper.  
Its contents were as follows:  
"My Dear Sir—It seems that the  
knight is a very modern kind of knight,  
who, when he is succoring ladies in dis-  
tress, takes snapshots of them. Was  
the deed quite knightly? Since the  
lady of the red clover has no desire to  
remain perpetually in distress on a  
fence, she must ask that the prints be  
surrendered to her and that the plate  
be destroyed. Very truly yours,  
"MARY MALVERN."  
"P. S.—Since the knight's act of de-  
ception has made his trustworthiness  
appear to be a somewhat uncertain  
quantity, the lady considers it a wise  
precaution to be a spectator to the de-  
struction of the plate. She will be at  
the golf clubhouse, with a mutual  
friend, to-morrow afternoon at 4  
o'clock."

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Practical  
Aids in House Keeping

CARE OF THE ICE BOX.

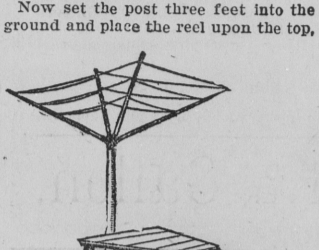
It Should Be the Most Perfectly Regu-  
lated Feature in the House.

There is a household feature, small  
in itself, yet of vital importance, which  
is too often slighted, if not wholly ig-  
nored, by the indifferent mistress:  
That is personal inspection of the ice-  
box.

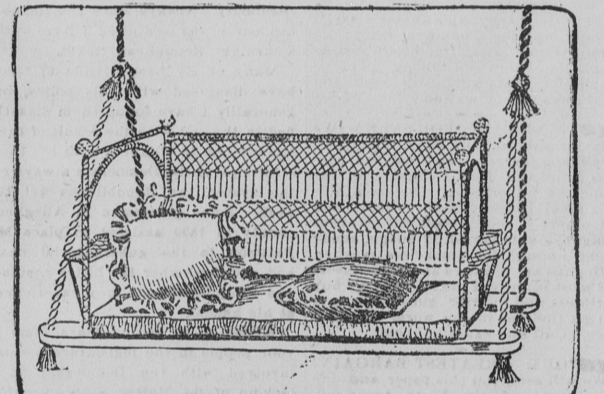
In cold weather, dereliction of duty  
in this regard is bad enough, but in  
hot and humid days it becomes crimi-  
nally so. The ice-box should be at all  
times, to the unequivocal knowledge of  
every housewife, the most immaculate  
and perfectly regulated feature in even  
a faultlessly conducted menage.

While every particle of food which  
might be made serviceable a second  
time should be prudently set aside and  
cared for from one day until the next,  
the line should be drawn very rigidly  
right at this point. Many dishes and  
portions of food thus placed away by  
a procrastinating and unconscientious  
domestic are left for indefinite periods,  
harsh as the declaration may appear,  
in seeming perversion of the refrigera-  
tor to that of the refuse-can. Nothing  
hot, or even warm, should ever be  
placed in the ice-box. All food should  
be previously allowed to cool off thor-  
oughly. Meat when received from the  
butcher, should be immediately re-  
moved from the paper, washed off with  
a clean wet cloth, and laid on a plate  
in the ice-box. Immediate contact with  
the ice will detract from the flavor of  
meat. Several pieces of meat  
should never be placed one on top of  
the other. Even where there are only  
a couple of steaks, or a few chops, do  
not in warm weather stack them one

and project above the spoke or arm  
one and one-half inches.  
Now set the post three feet into the  
ground and place the reel upon the top,



having the hub securely fastened by  
large screws. Make the platform four  
feet wide at the end next the post,  
three feet at the outer end, seven feet  
long and three feet above the ground.  
For the corner posts use two-inch stuff,  
six inches wide. Have a floor support  
of the same spliced to the high post,  
with the ends spiked to the corner  
posts. Connect with other pieces to  
the other posts and nail on a floor of  
inch boards. Make a short stairway  
of four steps. Of course you will see  
that all the lumber is nicely planed,  
and when in position paint it with  
two coats of any color to suit. Use  
galvanized clothesline wire for the reel.  
The cost will be substantially as fol-  
lows: Hub, \$1; spokes, \$1; wire, 75c.;  
posts, \$1; thirty feet, 2x6, 60c.; thirty  
feet inch boards, 45c.; nails and spikes,  
20c.; paint, \$1; labor, \$4. Total, \$10.—  
New England Homestead.



SWINGING SEAT FOR THE PORCH.

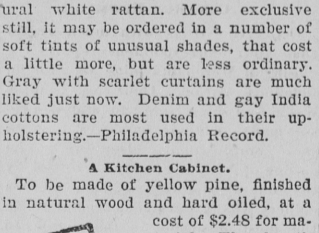
over the other. They will keep much  
better separately. Fish, after being  
cleansed and washed, may be placed  
on the ice with the skin side down-  
ward.  
Fruit does not belong in the ice-box;  
nor does cheese. The latter should be  
kept in a tin box in some cool, dry  
place, and wrapped in a clean, white  
cloth.  
Milk and butter should always be  
kept covered and given, where feasible,  
a separate compartment in the  
refrigerator. Nothing so rapidly ab-  
sorbs the flavor of anything and ev-  
erything with which it may be associ-  
ated as will these two articles. The best  
of butter will quickly spoil if allowed to  
remain uncovered; and milk soon be-  
comes a depository for all formidable  
germs and floating dust particles.  
A large piece of ice every other day,  
of size sufficient to fill the section de-  
signed to hold the ice, will be found  
more satisfactory and profitable than  
a small piece every day. A larger piece  
of ice will generate more quickly a low  
degree of temperature, and also ensure  
its unabated continuance. Neither the  
lid nor the doors of the ice-box should  
ever be left open one instant longer  
than imperatively necessary.  
Paper will be found effectual in pre-  
serving the ice from melting, but this  
must be renewed each day in dry,  
fresh quantities; and no pieces of damp  
or moist paper must ever be allowed  
to remain in the ice-box. Newspapers  
may be used. The ice must be covered  
on the sides and the top.  
The refrigerator should be emptied  
of its contents and washed out at least  
twice a week, and always thoroughly  
dried and aired before the food is re-  
placed. The drain-pipe must be kept  
clear and pure.—Collier's Weekly.

A Swinging Seat.

Certainly, it seems as if a porch  
should be much more roomy than re-  
stricted city space will allow to ac-  
commodate their largely increased fur-  
nishings.  
Among the most popular porch pieces  
is a swinging seat of rattan, as here  
shown.  
Those of wood were such clumsy  
contrivances that ones of rattan have  
almost entirely superseded them.  
This one embodies all the latest fea-  
tures, gay ornamented ropes, instead  
of the clanking iron chains of the wood-  
en sort, the side pocket for books, work  
or magazines, and the shelf for glass  
of cooling drink.  
This may be had in soft moss green,  
bright sealing wax red or in the nat-  
ural white rattan. More exclusive  
still, it may be ordered in a number of  
soft tints of unusual shades, that cost  
a little more, but are less ordinary.  
Gray with scarlet curtains are much  
liked just now. Denim and gay India  
cottons are most used in their up-  
holstering.—Philadelphia Record.

A Kitchen Cabinet.

To be made of yellow pine, finished  
in natural wood and hard oiled, at a  
cost of \$2.45 for material. The length  
over all is 48 inches, depth 27 inches,  
height 60 inches, capacity of bins, 100  
pounds each. This is handsome enough  
for a sideboard, and  
will repay the outlay many times over  
in saving steps and time to the wife  
who is generally cook, nursekeeper  
and nursery maid. In the small dia-  
gram is shown the tilting flour or meal  
bin, a being the handle, b the circle  
and slot and c the stop bar.—American  
Agriculturist.



London averages daily 475,000 tele-  
grams. In Paris the daily average is  
120,000.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED  
PENSIONS GRANTED.

Manual Training Recommended—Sen-  
tence Suspended—A. O. U. Offi-  
cers—Big Coal Shipment.

The following names were added to  
the pension roll during the past week:  
John G. Milliron, Putneyville, \$8;  
John McGuicken, Soldiers' Home,  
Erie, \$8; Henry C. Kline, Conshohock,  
\$6; Alvirtis O'Dell, Tryonville, \$12;  
David Hilly, Bradford, \$90; Nathaniel  
Boughton, Springfield, \$12; Thomas  
G. Livingston, Hopewell, \$24; George  
J. Cornelius, Port Matilda, \$17; Thos.  
J. Rouse, Plateau, \$10; William D.  
Abbott, Sutherland, \$8; George Wertz,  
Lewisburg, \$14; George W. Monroe,  
\$20; Hannah Snyder, Bolivar, \$8;  
Lemuel C. Knight, Bradford, \$8; Wil-  
liam S. Yocum, West Conshohock, \$6;  
John N. Coleman, Clarksburg, \$10;  
Daniel A. Barnhill, Newville, \$10;  
Frank B. Koons, Huntington Mills,  
\$12; Jacob Barley, Carlisle, \$8; Perry  
Watts, Fottsville, \$10.  
The Grand Lodge of the Ancient  
order of United Workmen, in session  
at Harrisburg adjourned to meet at  
Uniontown next October. Supreme  
Recorder Sackett, of Meadville, in-  
stalled the following officers: Past  
grand master workmen, Edward E.  
Hopmann, Johnstown; grand master  
workman, Martin Morris, Philadel-  
phia; grand foreman, James J. Munn,  
Pittsburg; grand overseer, Amos  
Blum, Sunbury; grand trustee, Major  
Joseph C. Smith, Harrisburg; grand  
medical examiner, Dr. P. Y. Eisen-  
berg, Norristown; representatives of  
supreme lodge, Edward E. Hopmann,  
Johnstown; John W. Ficknell, Nor-  
ristown, and Silas A. Kline, Greens-  
burg.

Mrs. Ida Wilkins, who was convict-  
ed of involuntary manslaughter for  
killing her husband, William Denny  
Wilkins, at Pittsburg, while he was at-  
tempting to prevent her from shoot-  
ing herself, was permitted by Judge  
Edwin H. Stowe to go home with her  
two sisters. Sentence was suspended  
on condition that she cure herself of  
the morphine habit, which was the  
cause of her doing so. The condition  
when the tragedy occurred. One of  
the sisters lives in Greensburg and  
the other in Altoona. She will be  
called for sentence in six months if  
not reformed.

The Teachers' Institute in session  
at New Castle shows a decrease in the  
number of experienced teachers in  
country districts. Country directors  
have failed to raise wages in propor-  
tion to the increase in the cost of  
living and practically all the older  
teachers have sought more lucrative  
employment.  
An attempt was made at Altoona  
to hold up George Dezipena. He had  
a large sum of money with him at the  
time, representing his own wages  
and the money he had received from  
50 of his boarders. Two men attack-  
ed him, one using a sam-bag. He beat  
them off and retained his money.  
The home of George Brown, near  
New Florence, was broken into by  
burglars. Brown, who is 65 years of  
age and a cripple, was bound, gagged  
and his feet burned by the burglars,  
who wanted him to tell where his  
money was. A few dollars was all  
they secured.  
M. Zahniser, for many years cashier  
of the Sharon National bank, which  
was merged into the Sharon Savings  
and Trust Company, and who retired  
when the latter began business, was  
voted \$5,000 by the directors as a re-  
ward for faithful services.  
The Grand Jury at York, returned  
eight true bills against County Treas-  
urer William O. Thompson. Four  
are for forgery and four for embez-  
zlement. It is alleged that Thompson's  
shortage amounts to more than \$70,-  
000.  
Raymond, 8-year-old son of Clifford  
Watt, boss roller at the Colonial steel  
works, Monaca, fell under a freight  
train he was attempting to board and  
his right leg was so badly crushed as  
to require amputation above the knee.  
At the closing session of the Law-  
rence county Teachers' Institute,  
resolutions were adopted recommend-  
ing that manual training be taught in  
the schools of the county, and es-  
pecially in the New Castle schools.

The Greensburg Foundry & Ma-  
chine Company has purchased the  
plant of the Gondola tannery at  
Grapeville and arrangements are be-  
ing made to move its works from  
Grapeville to the new site.  
Miss Marion Morse, of Beaver, a  
graduate of the Chautauqua branch  
of the New York State Library uni-  
versity, was elected librarian by the  
board of trustees of the Carnegie  
library at Beaver Falls.  
Burglars blew open the safe of the  
Habecock Lumber Company, in Ash-  
tola, Somerset county, securing about  
\$1,500 in cash, two \$1,000 negotiable  
bonds and about \$4,700 in negotiable  
paper.  
Kittanning councils have begun  
court proceedings against the Kittan-  
ning and Ford City Street Railway  
Company to restrain the latter from  
operating its line in the borough  
limits.

Joseph Miller, aged 15, was in-  
stantly killed at Somerset, Pa., by the  
accidental discharge of a shot-  
gun.  
The Washington county court has  
appointed W. H. McEnroe to succeed  
Samuel C. Clarke as court reporter.  
Richard J. Jones, a striking an-  
thraxite miner of Mahanoy City, who  
sought work elsewhere when the  
strike was declared, was struck by a  
train at Lilly, and instantly killed.  
The railroad yards of the Penn-  
sylvania Lines West of Conway, are to  
be lighted with electricity, the Valley  
Electric Company, of Fallston, se-  
curing the contract for the wiring.  
Dora E. Wimer, of near Pardoe,  
Mercer county, was attacked by a mad  
dog and severely bitten.

Lillian E. Miles, of Kane, has been  
appointed a clerk in the pension  
agency at Pittsburg.