TIME'S VAGARIES.

We wandered by the river side,
The maiden fair and I;
My arm about her waist was tied,
Her looks were coy and shy.
The moon on high in brightest sheen
Looked down with face benign—
My years they numbered just sixteen,
While she was twenty-nine.

We talked in lovers' tend'rest strain,
That maiden fair and I;
My blighted state was my refrain,
She gave me sigh for sigh.
And sweet words, too, which she did mean,
Were meted out to mine—
My years they numbered just sixteen,
While she was twenty-nine.

But cruel interruption came
Betwixt that maid and me,
And I was hurried off to claim
A fortune o'er the sea.
I thought of her, my fairy queen,
And for a while did pine—
For I was only just sixteen,
While she was twenty-nine.

Now, thirteen years have come and gone
Since we met by the shore,
And I've come back from torrid zone,
And we have met once more.
But what is this—it beats me clean—
Explain it, orb divine!
The lady now is just sixteen,
And I am twenty-nine!
—Life.

MILLIE AND MOLLIE.

"I'VE come to ask you for the hand of your daughter," said young Bromley, stumbling to the seat offered him by the girl's father.

"Which one?" asked old Dimmock, the coal merchant, laying down the newspaper which he had been reading and eying the young man curiously.

"Sometimes I think it is Mollie, and again I am sure it is Millie," replied young Bromley, genuinely perplexed.

The old coal merchant looked sympathetic.

"You can't have both," said he, after an awkward pause.

"They're splendid girls, good enough for anybody!" exclaimed the young man. "I could be happy with either of them," went on young Bromley.

"I'm disposed to think," observed old Dimmock, "that you have been happy with both of them."

"So they've told me more than once," said Bromley, with the pleasant light of recollection in his eyes.

"Well, can't you make up your mind which girl you want to marry?"

Young Bromley did not answer for a moment, and then he said slowly: "Which do you think sounds the better—'Millie Bromley' or 'Mollie Bromley?' Sometimes I've looked at it in that way."

"I don't think there's much to choose," returned the old coal merchant, weighing the question with every desire to be fair.

"You know," continued the young man, "there have been times when I've gone to bed perfectly charmed with the name 'Millie Bromley,' and in the morning 'Mollie Bromley' has caught my fancy. Millie, Mollie; Mollie, Millie—it's an awful puzzle."

"Of course, you've proposed to one of the girls?" inquired their father.

"Oh, yes, indeed," said young Bromley.

"Then that is the girl you want to marry," exclaimed the old man, triumphantly. "Why, it's simple enough, after all. You've taken quite a load off my mind. Which one was it?"

"It was Millie—I think," answered young Bromley, hesitatingly.

"Think! Good Lord, don't you know?"

The young man flushed, and looked reproachfully at the coal merchant.

"Mr. Dimmock," said he, "I'll put it to you as man to man: Which is Millie and which is Mollie?"

"Don't cross-examine me, sir," rejoined the old man. "If you want to marry one of the girls it's your business to find out."

"Heaven knows," cried young Bromley in anguish, "I want to marry either Millie or Mollie, and have her all to myself. It's trying enough for a fellow to be over head and ears in love with one girl, but when there are two of them it's more than flesh and blood can stand."

"There, there, my boy," said the old coal merchant, soothingly, "don't take on so. Either girl is yours with my blessing, but I want to keep one for myself. Let me see if I can help you out." And going to the open French window, he called:

"Millie, Mollie; Mollie, Millie!"

"Yes, papa, we're coming," sounded two sweet, well-bred voices from the shrubbery.

There was a tripping of light feet along the stone walk under the grapevine, and Millie and Mollie bloomed into the room.

"How do you do, Mr. Bromley," they said together, with the same intonation and the same merry glint in their eyes.

Millie had auburn hair and brown eyes; so had Mollie. Millie had a Cupid's bow of a mouth, little teeth like pearls, and a dimpled chin; so had Mollie. Millie's arms, seen through her muslin sleeves, were round and white; so were Mollie's. There was nothing to choose between Millie's bust and Mollie's bust as they stood side by side.

"Well, papa?"

"Young Bromley tells me," began old Mr. Dimmock, after he had taken draughts of their fresh young beauty by looking first at one and then at the other, and then dwelling upon the features of both with one eye-sweep, "that he proposed to you last night."

"Oh, not to both, you know, Mr. Dimmock," interjected young Bromley.

"He asked me to be his wife," said Millie, demurely.

"He told me that he couldn't live without me," said Mollie, mischieviously.

"How is this?" said the old man, turning to young Bromley with a severe look.

The young man blushed furiously and lifted his hands in protest.

"I'm sure," he stammered, "one of you is mistaken. I asked you, Millie, to be my wife in the summer house—and—and—I kissed you. That was before supper, and later in the evening, when we sat on the front steps, I said that I couldn't live without you, and that we must get married."

"Before we go any further," interrupted the coal merchant, "which is Millie and which is Mollie? When your dear mother was alive she could tell the difference sometimes, but I don't know to this day."

"Oh, how dull you are!" said the girls in duet.

"I think this is Millie on the right," spoke up young Bromley.

"Why, Mr. Bromley," said she, "I am Mollie."

"Very good; now let's go on," said their father, "where were we? Oh, yes, young Bromley says that he asked you to be his wife, Millie, and declared he couldn't live without you."

"I beg your pardon, papa," said Mollie, "he told me that he couldn't live without me."

"Well, let's get our bearings," continued the old coal merchant. "Bromley, you asked Millie to marry you down in the summer house, and you kissed her? That's correct, isn't it?"

"There's no doubt about that, sir," said Bromley, eagerly.

"And after supper when you sat together on the stoop you told Mollie that you couldn't live without her?"

"That I deny, sir. Oh! I beg your pardon, Mollie, you needn't look so angry. I meant no offense."

"Did you kiss Mollie?" went on the old man, relentlessly.

"No, sir; I——"

"Yes, you did, Mr. Bromley," flared up Mollie.

"I admit," said the young man, struggling with his emotions, "that I kissed her when I said I could not live without her, but it wasn't Mollie."

"Oh, Mollie!" said Millie, "how could you?"

"Now, Millie, do be reasonable," said Mollie.

Old Mr. Dimmock looked mystified.

"It seems to me," he said, with a show of impatience, "if I were in love with one of those girls I could tell the difference between them. So far as I can make out, young man, you have asked Millie to be your wife, and have tried to make Mollie believe that you could not live without her. Now, to any one who does not know Millie and Mollie, your conduct would appear to be perfidious. Of course, as between you and Mollie, I must believe Mollie, for the girl certainly knows whether you kissed her."

The old man eyed both his daughters hard. Millie was biting her nether lip, and so was Mollie; but Millie was trying to keep from laughing.

Old Mr. Dimmock had an idea.

"I would like to clear up this thing to your satisfaction and my own, Bromley," said he. "Let me ask you whether Mollie kissed you when you told her you couldn't live without her?"

The young man got very red in the face.

"You mean Millie, of course," he replied with embarrassment. "Perhaps she wouldn't mind my saying that she did kiss me in the summer house. But she didn't kiss me on the stoop, I kissed her."

"How is that, Millie, Mollie?" asked their father.

"Papa," said Mollie, decidedly, "I couldn't keep Mr. Bromley from kissing me, but I assure you I didn't kiss him."

Mollie looked her father straight in the eye and then she shot an indignant shaft at Mr. Bromley.

Millie hung her head and her face was as red as a poppy.

"I think," said the old man, dryly, "that it's plain I'll keep Mollie, and we'll have that marriage before you make another mistake, young man."—New York Sun.

QUEER STORIES

Statistics recently published by the Interior Department show that the Government still has over 600,000,000 acres unoccupied. This is enough to give each of the 73,000,000 people in the country a homestead of eight acres and still have 16,000,000 acres left. The land is distributed among twenty-six States and Territories. The largest amount is located in Alaska, where there are 369,529,600 acres. Most of this land will never be available for homestead purposes, of course, but its mineral value may be more than if the whole vast tract was available for grazing and farming purposes. The remainder of the land lies in productive States, but much of it is barren and arid or mountainous.

There are 1,193 postoffices in the State of Maine, and although many of them, especially in the Southern and more thickly populated portions of the State, bear plain, simple, short and easily pronounced American names, there are a considerable number in what may be called "the backwoods," or the interior, which bear names of Indian origin. In Aroostook County there are Wytopitlock, Mattawamkeag, Oxbow, Mooseluck, Meduxnekeag and Macwahoctown. In Piscataquis County there are Mattagomonsis, Spurdnabunk, Unsumtalum, Nahmakanta, Allaguash and Pamedecook. In Somerset County, Chembasabamticook, Canquomgomoc, Maskamphunk and Seboomook. In Franklin County, Mooselookmeguntic. In Oxford, Malehunkemunk, Parmachene and Umbagog.

Faith Cure Doctors Called Shams.

Judge Wright, of Baltimore, recently decided in a suit to recover pay for attendance on patients by two faith cure doctors that they were not entitled to any remuneration whatever and that their services were virtually a sham.

WOMAN'S DUTY TO STATE.

AMERICAN women are not less prone than American men to measure success in dollars and cents. They like to spend money; they like to have their husbands or fathers get rich; they like, naturally enough, the luxuries and elegancies of life—comfortable homes, good clothes, "advantages" of all sorts for their children, and freedom from worry about making the ends meet. That is natural, and so far as it encourages thrift and industry and enterprise, it is good. But it is very liable to degenerate into selfishness. When it leads the American wife to grudge every moment and every thought her man diverts from business or remunerative labor to public duties, it is evil, and immediately makes the American woman a sharer in responsibility for the neglect that results. It is the duty of a man who has a family to support it as well as he can, but that is not his only duty. It is his duty also to do his share in governing the country either by accepting office himself or by doing his best to put the governing power into fit hands. If he neglects his family for public business, he does wrong, but he also does wrong if he neglects his duties as a citizen in order that his womankind may live extravagantly and have more money to spend than they need.

Of course there are some men whose capacity is of such a quality that they are most usefully employed when they are making money for their wives and daughters to spend; but if a woman does happen to have a supplementary man, who has in him good possibilities of public usefulness, she ought to feel it her duty as a citizen to sacrifice a reasonable share of the fruits of her proprietorship to the good of the state. If she loves luxury more than righteousness, her wishes will be all too likely to determine the scope of her husband's endeavors, and the state will be the loser.—Harper's Bazar.

What the Bridegroom Pays.

There seems to be a great deal of uncertainty existing as to the pecuniary part which a bridegroom takes in his own wedding. At a recent very swell affair the two young people about to be united in the holy bonds of wedlock sat down deliberately and totaled up the entire expenses of the wedding—they amounted to a very large sum, to be sure—and then divided them evenly between the two men—the father and the groom. In point of fact, and as a matter of good taste, he should pay only for the carriage which takes the bridal couple from the church to the station, with all the fees incidental to a church wedding and the gifts of flowers and jewelry to the ushers and bridesmaids. This ought to be his sole money outlay, besides his present to the birde herself. His expenses come afterward.

For a Dainty Lady.

A very interesting invention, says London Golden Penny, has lately been brought out and patented by a lady, in the form of a combined veil-holder and hat ornament. The mechanism of this

NEW VEIL CLASP.

veil-fastener is perfectly simple and can be applied to bows, clasps, ribbons, feathers, buckles and all kinds of millinery trimming. The clasp is constructed so that it holds the veil quite securely, but at the same time runs no risk of tearing it.

Their Maiden Names.

The following is a complete list of the maiden names of the mothers of the Presidents of the United States: Washington, Mary Ball; John Adams, Susanna Boylston; Jefferson, Jane Randolph; Madison, Nellie Conway; Monroe, Eliza Jones; J. Q. Adams, Abigail Smith; Andrew Jackson, Elizabeth Hutchinson; Van Buren, Maria Hoes; Harrison, Elizabeth Bassett; Tyler, Mary Armistead; Polk, Jane Knox; Taylor, Sarah Strother; Fillmore, Phoebe Millard; Pierce, Anna Kendrick; Buchanan, Elizabeth Speer; Lincoln, Nancy Hanks; Johnson, Mary McDonough; Grant, Hannah Simpson; Hayes, Sophia Birchard; Garfield, Eliza Ballou; Arthur, Malvina Stone; Cleveland, Annie Neal; Harrison, Elizabeth Irwin; McKinley, Nancy Campbell Allison.

The Corset Forever.

Dress reformers and health culturists may rant and rave all they have a mind to against the corset, but the corset has a hold on the heart. The corset is here, and it is here to stay. Every woman excuses herself for wearing a corset. Why women should feel that this is necessary is a mystery—for men approve of stays. The woman of too much flesh says she wears corsets to make her look trimmer and thinner. Her angular sister wears one to keep her skirt bands from binding her about the waist. The weak woman wears hers for a support, and the strong woman because she doesn't wish to look slouchy, and so it goes. Every day something new in the way of a corset is on the market. The latest novelty is designed for very thin women, and nobody but a Parisian could ever have conceived the idea. It has a frill in the back, beginning at the waist line, which fills out the natural hollow so many women have in their backs. The bust is low and cut rather full, but every other part hugs the figure without a wrinkle. The full back really takes the place of the small pad or bustle worn nowadays.—New York Sun.

For Over Thirty Years.

Miss Louise Gillmore leads her sex in length of service in the Chicago post office, and is said to have served the Government for a longer period than any other woman in the history of this country. Appointed Oct. 8, 1867, by Gen. Frank Sherman, who succeeded her brother, Col. Robert A. Gillmore, as postmaster, Miss Gillmore was made clerk in charge of the women's

MISS GILLMORE.

general delivery window, in which capacity she has served continuously until the present time. Her record is enviable indeed. Though her duties are exacting and most trying to patience, her visitors are invariably greeted with a kindly smile. Except for a period of three months, Miss Gillmore's service has been unbroken since her appointment; this absence was the result of a serious accident. With this single exception she has not been absent a day from illness or any cause since 1867.

Remember in Cooking Vegetables

That most vegetables should be put on to cook in freshly boiling water.

That salt should be added when they are about two-thirds done.

That lying in very cold water for an hour or more will partially restore to wilted vegetables quality and freshness.

That every green vegetable should be cooked rapidly, and uncovered, to retain its color.

That if the water is very hard, a tiny bit of soda, not larger than a pea, added will make the vegetables cooked in it tenderer and of better color. Ordinary water does not require such addition.

That when soft water is used the salt must be in from the first, to prevent loss of flavor and substance.

That cooking a vegetable after it is done toughens, darkens it and detracts from its flavor.

That the best dressing for vegetables at their perfection is butter, pepper and salt—cauliflower and perhaps asparagus excepted.

That older or staler vegetables are improved by a cream or drawn butter sauce—the basis for the latter the reduced liquor left when the cooking is finished.—Woman's Home Companion.

Two Pairs of Shoes.

A shoe dealer gives the following advice to women folk. It pays to have two pairs of shoes, and wear each pair every other day. If the feet perspire, sprinkle a little powdered burned alum in the stockings. Do not allow any acids or salt liquids to touch your shoes. When the shoes are wet, let them dry by themselves. Sweet oil, rubbed on shoes when they are dry, will soften the leather. It will also remove a reddish or musty color from black shoes. Use the least dressing or blacking possible. Always keep the heels straight. Don't let the sole become far gone before repairing. When taking off the shoes, use the hands and not the feet. Unlace lace shoes all the way down. Buttoned shoes should be buttoned, whether on the feet or off; that keeps the shape.

Mrs. Agnes Pruyn Strain, who died in Philadelphia the other day, was a daughter of Mrs. Mary Pruyn, of Albany, who was the first woman missionary to go to Japan. Mrs. Strain herself was considered one of the ablest women Bible teachers in this country, and was the author of several books on Bible study.

The foreign fellowship for 1898-'99 offered by the Baltimore association for the promotion of university education for women has been awarded to Miss Florence Leftwich, of Baltimore, who is a graduate of Bryn Mawr.

THE FARM AND HOME

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

New Method of Preserving Meat Discovered by a Danish Zoologist—How to Select a Good Cow—Pruning Grape Vines—Agricultural Notes.

To Preserve Meat.

A new method of preserving freshly killed meats has been discovered by the Danish zoologist, August Fjelstrup, already known through his method of condensing milk without the use of sugar. The system (according to printed reports) has stood a remarkably hard three months' test at the Odense (Danish) company slaughter house in a very satisfactory manner.

The method in itself is extremely simple, and might be of great service for the troops in Cuba. The animal to be used is first shot or stunned by a shot from a revolver (loaded with small slugs) in the forehead in such a way as not to injure the brain proper. As the animal drops senseless an assistant cuts down over the heart, opens a ventricle and allows all the blood to flow out, the theory of this being that the decomposition of the blood is almost entirely responsible for the quick putrefaction of fresh meats. Immediately thereafter a briny solution—made of salt, more or less strong, according to length of time meat is to be kept—is injected by means of a powerful syringe through the other ventricle into the veins of the body. The whole process takes only a few minutes and the beef is ready for use and can be cut up at once. This method has been examined and very favorably reported on by many experts.

To Select a Good Cow.

"One or two signs will denote a good cow, as well as twenty. In a poor cow the thigh runs down straight, so there is no space between the thigh and the udder on one side and the tail on the other. There should be plenty of daylight between the udder and the tail. One of the best ways to tell what kind of a cow you have is her temperament. A good dairy type has a sharp spine, strongly developed nervous system, and sharp hip bones. A good cow has a large, wedge-shaped stomach, for she must have a large and powerful digestive system to use up her food quickly and make the best returns for it.

"Some of the animals the first year made but little over 200 pounds per cow, while others gave over 300 pounds. We have kept up this record every year, and the last year our cows averaged 399 pounds per cow, and at a cost of only 4.2 cents per pound of butter for feed. One cow gave us 512 pounds during the year. These were not picked, high-priced dairy cows, but the common run of dairy stock."—Connecticut Dairyman's Association.

Pruning Grape Vines.

The trouble with an unpruned vine is that it bears too much fruit, and this means poor quality. Let us take a thrifty Concord vine to illustrate this matter. At the end of the season such a vine, in good soil, kept well tilled, should have somewhere near to 300 fruit buds on the new growth of the past season; if it does this steadily year after year no more should be expected. To bear that amount of fruit, not more than fifty buds are required. But we have seen our vine have about six times that number, hence many in excess of the need. Leave the vine untrimmed, and the 300 buds will overbear, and the yield will be very inferior. Prune to reduce the number of buds to fifty, and a good crop of fruit may be expected. That is the simple proposition needed for guiding your pruning knife. Cut away, therefore, enough of young canes to bring the buds down to the right number. A good rule with Concords is, remove all the canes but five, and cut these back to nine to ten buds each. The Delaware class should have even less. Prune and tie up so as to have a good distribution over the trellis. Fall is perhaps the best time for grape pruning.—Vick's Magazine.

Grafting Wax that Will Not Crack.

Take 10 pounds resin, 2 pounds beeswax, 1½ pounds tallow and melt all together; then add when not too hot 1½ pounds finely pulverized charcoal; stir well in while warm, then have a bucket of cold water, pour on the water so it nearly covers, then with the fingers gather together and cool till you can take it in the hands and work it well. Make into rolls an inch or more thick; lay it on a board to cool. When you wish to use, break a roll and melt; apply with a small wooden paddle about one-half inch wide (not too hot). Close up all around well, and you need not look for cracks. Keep rubbing off the sprouts below the grafts as they appear. The wax kept in a cool place will never spoil.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Prepare for Molting Season.

The greatest care must be taken to keep fowls in good condition during the molting season. There is apt to be a laxity of attention to their feeding during this period on account of their cessation of laying, when, in fact, there should be more care taken. It is a good plan to select all the fowls that it is desired to winter or keep for breeding and market the balance. Hens which will molt early if they are in good condition and comfortably housed will nearly always make the best winter layers, while the later molters will rarely lay until spring. These latter should have a place where they can keep warm and dry and be given an abundance of nutritious food. Always provide pure, fresh water and keep the quarters clean. Wheat, oats, linseed meal, meat scraps and fresh ground bones made better food than corn or anything that may be considered a fattening ration. While it may not be best to feed the chickens all they will eat, in nearly all cases liberal feeding and the supplying of a good variety will be found the most desirable thing to do. The hens need to take sufficient exercise to be healthy.—Feather.

Benefits of Irrigation.

A perfect irrigation system constitutes a surface soil scavenger for carrying away all impurities and poisonous odors from decaying vegetation. Malarial troubles are unknown in the land of irrigation because the spores do not form and cannot exist in a pure atmosphere. The water thoroughly washes the surface, depositing the decomposed substances in the waste ditches, from which it is carried to the streams and borne away, or in case the waste does not return to the streams, the soil absorbs all disease germs and emits a healthful ozone to be wafted upon the breeze into the fields and homes of the farmers. In all cultivated areas, where irrigation is practiced, the surface soil is filled with channels cut by the water in its rush to the subsoil strata, preventing loggy or sour soil and furnishing a means for self-purification in the air chambers beneath the low point. This effects perfect drainage from the highlands and marshes, and leaves no stagnant pools to form miasmatic germs or disease.

Handiness with Tools.

One of the most important qualifications needed in one employed in farm work is that he have sufficient mechanical ability not merely to use farm tools, but if need be to repair them. This is more than ever true now that so much of farm work is done through implements in which the horse, steam or wind power furnish the motive power, while the man's work is only to direct and keep the implement doing its work. Many of these farm tools require much mechanical ingenuity to keep them in order. An unskillful man in charge of a reaper or mower will not only fail to accomplish much, but he will very probably have a broken machine on his hands that it will require a good deal of expense to repair. It is far better to employ men as farm help who are ingenious enough to manage or repair all kinds of machinery, even though they require higher wages. It is this kind of skill that most surely commands good wages everywhere.

The Guinea Fowls.

These birds must be well known to be appreciated. They are no trouble whatever. They lay their eggs in nests which they make in the grass and wheat fields; we often find nests with eggs piled on top of each other. From some of the nests we take part of the eggs and leave some of them to raise their young. They sit, hatch and raise their broods, and we often do not see them until late in the fall, when they bring their chicks home, sometimes as many as twenty in a flock. They are splendid meat to fry or roast or for pot-pie; and to enjoy the breast of fowl one should eat a guinea fowl. The eggs are considered the richest of all eggs and keep well. They may be put up for use in winter. If you try guinea fowls, you are sure to have eggs and fowls for your table, and no trouble to get them.—Florida Farmer.

Value of the Bat.

If any bats are found about your barn or other buildings encourage their presence. Dr. C. F. Hodge, of Clark University, Worcester, Mass., in the Country Gentleman, says that in an orchard near his home he found nine grubs of the codling moth in one minute. Chancing to visit another orchard not a mile from the first, he found only four grubs in an hour's search. The owner of the farms said that in an old barn near by live 75 to 100 bats, and his apples were always free from worms. The naturalist caught a bat and offered it some of the grubs, which were greedily accepted. The codling moth flies only at night; so does the bat—good circumstantial evidence that the bat is a useful friend to the applegrower. Dr. Hodge took half a dozen bats home and kept them in the parlor. From time to time netfuls of night-flying insects were released in the room and never a bug remained in the morning. The bats took everything, from a spider to a polyphemus moth.

Buckwheat to Clean Land.

The midsummer plowing which is required to fit land to seed with buckwheat kills many of the weeds plowed under at this time, and after the grain is up its broad leaf prevents most of the annual weeds from starting. The buckwheat root and stalk are not eaten, so far as we know, by any kind of worm or insect. The crop is sometimes sown three years in succession to starve out cut worms and wire worms, where the land is so infested with them that no other crop can be grown.

Old Potatoes and New.

For some time after new potatoes come into market, the swell-preserved old potatoes are best, and are preferred by the careful housewife, who cares as much for nutritive value as for taste. In the old days, when some potato grated fine was always mixed with the rising for bread, housewives found that the young potatoes with very little starch were not so good for this purpose as potatoes grown the previous year.

Late Beets.

Beets for the table, for a late supply, can be planted until July. As beet seed germinate slowly, a small proportion of radish seed may be added, as the radishes will soon come through the ground and show the rows of beets, thus permitting the cultivation of the rows before grass and weeds get possession. It is also an excellent method of growing radishes, as they will be removed before the young beets get a good start.