

THE RETURN.

He sought the old scenes with eager feet—
The scenes he had known as a boy;
"Oh, for a draught of those fountains
sweet,
"And a taste of that vanished joy."
He roamed the fields, he mused by the
streams,
He threaded the paths and lanes;
On the hills he sought his youthful dreams,
In the woods to forget his pains.
Oh, sad, sad hills; oh, cold, cold hearth!
In sorrow he learned thy truth—
One may go back to the place of his birth—
He can not go back to his youth.
—John Burroughs.

De Mortuis.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

He sat down at Emily's desk to go through her papers. Now that the house was sold, the servants dismissed, and he himself back in bachelor quarters, there was no excuse for putting the thing off. And if Emily had known a month ago, he could not help thinking as he opened the drawers, that she was to be killed in a railway accident, she could hardly have made his task easier. Neat little bundles, tied up with pink tape and clearly labeled, proclaimed her various activities. "Mothers' Union," "Soup Kitchen," "Sunday-School," "Book Club"—how the names recalled Emily herself. A swift pang of compunction seized him. Was it possible, then, that after only a month her image was fading from his mind? He continued absently to empty drawers and pigeonholes. More neat packages, half a dozen unanswered letters and a few notebooks—that was all. Yes, undoubtedly Emily was already becoming to him something shadowy and vague. How was it? Rather guiltily he tried to avoid the unexplored depths of his mind, but the moment of self-revelation was no longer to be postponed. He had been shocked, unnerved, horrified by the sudden tragedy; but underneath all that could he deny the existence of a shameful undercurrent of feeling, a persistent, ever growing joy in freedom regained? And yet, what a good wife she had been; how practical, careful of his interests, unobtrusive. In a thousand ways, large and small, he would be the loser. A good wife, but—yes, that was surely it—she had never conquered, never even entered the kingdom of his mind. And where she had never entered could she ever be missed? Once in that kingdom there had dwelt indeed a woman, but she was not Emily.

He turned with an impatient sigh. In the doorway stood Allison. Of course, it was a dream, but he was conscious of a certain admiration of himself as dreamer. He had remembered to make her look older—oh, quite five years older. "Poor Mark!" she said softly. "He started. Then it was not a dream. "I have only just heard," she explained gently. "We've been in town for a day or two, and Mrs. Heriotson has just told me about—Emily. I asked her for your address, and came straight on." She held out her hands in eager sympathy. He felt her fingers cold beneath her gloves. Quite naturally he unbuttoned and drew them off, as though they had never parted in bitter silence more than five years ago. "You must get warm," he said, gently, and led her to the fire. "Do you think," Allison asked, tremulously, "that—she suffered much?" He shook his head. "Not at all; the doctors said it must have been instantaneous."

Allison nodded in swift relief. "Ah, I'm glad. But—oh, it's hard to realize! We were just the same age, and twenty-four is so young to die, and we used to be—to see so much of each other."

Why had she stopped short of the word "friends," he wondered. "And to die like that!" she murmured. He thought he could guess what she meant. "There was nothing—nothing—" he began. He wanted to explain that death had spared Emily the last indignity of being bolted in its form, but he could find no words.

She nodded in swift comprehension. "Yes, yes, I know what you mean. It would have been awful—that."

He looked up with a grateful thrill. Emily had never understood a half-finished sentence. "You were going through her papers?" Allison asked, glancing at the open desk. "Yes."

She leaned forward with sudden eagerness. "What is that?" "Which?" "She rose and picked up one of the notebooks. "Ah, it is!" she said, and began to turn the pages. "Allison!"

She looked up in quick defiance. "It's my own," she said. "Your own?" "Yes, my diary that I lost five and a half years ago."

The bewilderment in his face was not to be mistaken. "You didn't take it?" she asked, slowly. "I? Allison, you cannot seriously think I did that?" She was silent, but they read the same thought in each other's eyes. "Then it must have been—" He stopped. Why say what was obvious! And Allison's gesture was eloquent. Emily was dead.

yourself entitled to read my diary—
"Allison!"
"And to be offended by its contents. But that, you say, was a wrong guess."
"Yes."
"Then—"
"Allison, did you ever treat me to my face as though you liked me—when you were alone—and behind my back make fun of me, caricature me, criticize my clothes, my walk, my way of speaking and laughing?" He spoke with quiet bitterness. She nodded emphatically. "Often. Most of it's in the diary."
"I—heard."

"You heard?" Her look was questioning. "I think you ought to tell me something, if only one thing, that you heard."
He was silent.
"It's only fair," she urged. He looked up desperately. "Well, didn't you, for instance, say that I reminded you of Matthew Arnold's definition of the Athanasian Creed—'Learned science, with a strong dash of temper'?"

She laughed a little. "I'd forgotten, but I do believe I did." She turned the leaves of the diary rapidly. "Yes, here it is: March 18—Emily resumed cross-examination. Wanted to know if I didn't consider his scientific learning colossal, unparalleled, etc. Quoted Arnold on the Athanasian Creed to her. Shock satisfactory."

He was looking at her with startled eyes. "The date," he breathed; "what date did you say?" "She referred to the diary. "March 18."

"But—that was before we were engaged."
"Oh, yes."
"But—Emily—"
"Ah, I sometimes thought—"
Their eyes met. "Don't!" she said breathlessly. "I see, I see."

He began to see, too. "I have always wondered," she mused, "why you didn't understand, even if you had read every word of the diary. I felt so sure you would see it was all in self-defense. Could a girl bear to let people think she cared for a man before he had spoken? There were girls who did it"—her momentary hesitation revealed to him as clearly as words that Emily had been one of them, and he reddened—"but—but that only sent me flying to the other extreme. When people tried to—to pump me about you. I said anything—laughed, mocked, mimicked, caricatured—in sheer terror lest any one should discover how much I cared."

He nodded. "I never knew," he said slowly. "I was told—I thought all the things that came to my ears were said by you after we were engaged."
"Mark!" she said; and her voice quivered.

He was walking restlessly up and down. "Our insane pride!" he groaned. "If only we had spoken—asked questions!"

"Yes," she agreed tremulously; and through both their minds passed a flash of wonder that Emily could have proved so good a judge of character, should have calculated on just that proud catastrophe with which they had met catastrophe. And yet—she must have been in some doubt, or why had she removed Allison's only proof, the diary?

Suddenly Allison arose. "I must go, Mark. I acted on a sudden impulse in coming, and my impulses are always wrong." Her smile was very sad.

"Not this one," he urged, eagerly. "Allison, not this one! You are in town? I shall see you again?" She answered his unspoken thought. "Ah, Mark, has life led you to expect such miracles?"

"Allison!" he implored, "you'll forgive me—some day?" "Forgive?" She turned away with a sigh. "It would have been hard, wouldn't it," she mused, "if I had married five years ago?"

He caught his breath. "Allison! You didn't?" She shook her head. "No, I didn't; that would have been only hard." She turned toward the door. "Really, I must go, or I shall miss the train."

His voice was heavy with disappointment. "Then you aren't on a visit in town?" She stood still. "A visit in town?" she echoed, and her lips were white. "Oh, no." Suddenly she swayed toward him. "Help me, Mark," she breathed piteously.

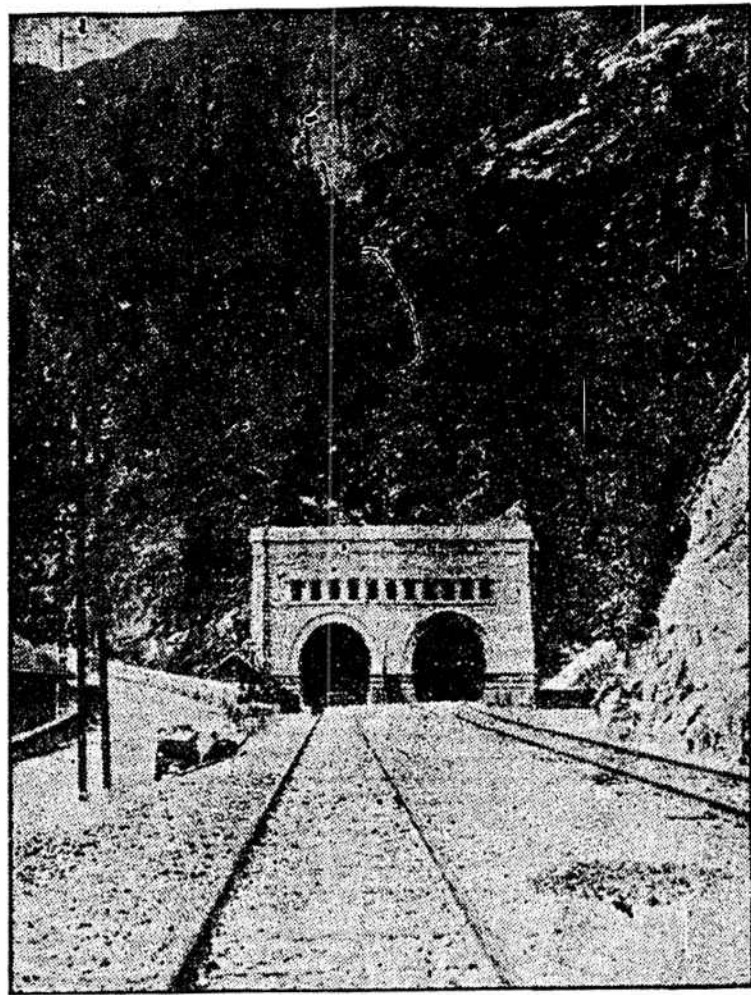
He bent and kissed her hands. "My dear! My sweet!" He stopped with a hoarse cry. "Allison, you said you—" He pointed to one of her hands. "It was five years ago," she gasped. "Oh, Mark, if it had been, I think—I could have forgiven her."

His eyes questioned her passionately. With a little cry she released her hands and stumbled to the door. "Don't go, Allison," he implored. She shook her head. "I must. Don't you understand?" She turned for an instant. "Didn't I tell you it wasn't a visit?" Her voice broke. "Mark! Mark! Don't look at me! There are no miracles! It's a honeymoon."—The Sketch.

Money in Frogs' Legs.

Thanks to the perseverance of a number of prospecting youngsters, residents of Haddington and Overbrook may now have daily suppers of choice frogs' legs. A veritable mine of frogs was discovered a week ago by members of a juvenile baseball team who were playing near Sixty-third and Market streets. A fly ball was knocked into a ditch, and the fielders who chased it found fully two dozen frogs holding a convention on the shore of the little stream. The game was stopped and the boys got busy in the ditch with their bats. More than half a hundred frogs were captured in the first raid. They were made ready for the market by the youngsters, who had little trouble in selling them at fifty cents a dozen. Since the discovery the boys have been prospecting daily, and hundreds of frogs have been gathered in during the last few days. Unfortunately for the discoverers, the news has spread, and now the frog fields have been invaded by so many youngsters that the price has been cut down.—Philadelphia Record.

Gateway Through the Alps.



THE PORTAL OF THE SIMPLON TUNNEL ON THE ITALIAN SIDE

Attachment For Brooms.

In the illustration below is shown a dustpan attachment for brooms, such as is used in sweeping the floors of dwellings, the invention of a California man. It can readily be applied to any ordinary broom and operated to enable the dirt to be swept into the pan conveniently and without necessitating the sweeper to stoop closely over the dustpan during the operation.

The attachment connecting the dustpan with the broom is made of wire bent to form a clasp to the broom handle. Between this clasp and the dustpan are two wire rods, the dustpan being pivoted on the ends of the rods. The dustpan is made of sheet metal in the form of a box, having an opening at one side, and the bottom constructed with a projecting



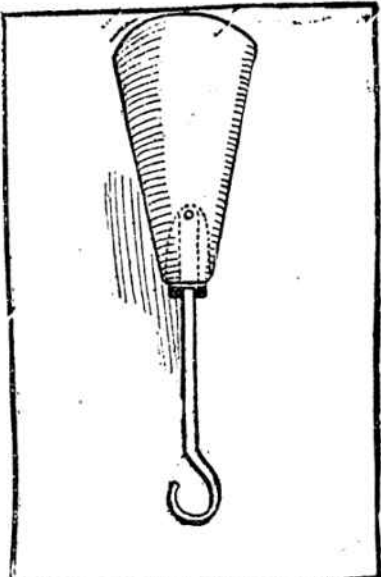
Dustpan on the Broom.

lid to catch the dust. In sweeping the attachment is securely held against the broom, the bottom of the dustpan being held against the side of the broom and the broom used in the ordinary manner. When the dirt being swept up is collected at some point the broom is turned around, so as to enable the dustpan to descend to the floor in such a way as shown in the illustration. The mouth of the dustpan is then disposed toward the broom and on the opposite side of the dirt, which is then swept into the dustpan.—Philadelphia Record.

Both in the United Kingdom and in the United States alcoholic beverages contribute more than a fourth of the total receipts to the Treasury.

Two Necessities in One.

A New Jersey man has conceived the excellent idea of combining a shoe horn and a shoe buttoner. Instead of having two separate implements—a shoe horn and a shoe buttoner—these two indispensable necessities are combined in one. As



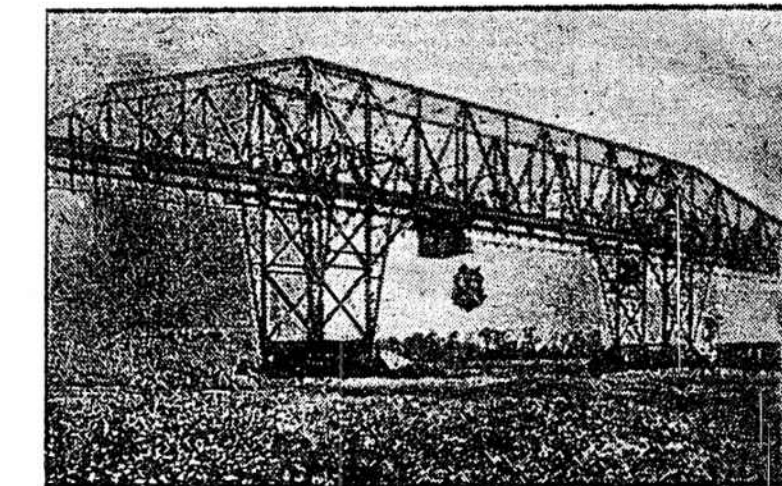
Shoe Horn and Buttoner.

shown in the illustration, one-half comprises the shoe horn and the other half the shoe buttoner—one part not interfering with the use of the other.—Washington Star.



Duke of Braganza, Crown Prince of Portugal.

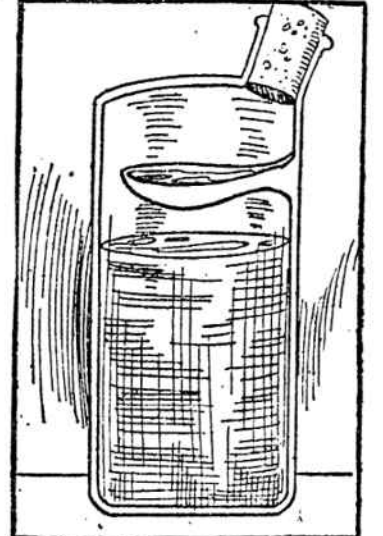
Makes the Dirt Fly.



WONDERFUL "GRAB" MACHINE EMPLOYED IN EXCAVATING NEW YORK'S BARGE CANAL—BUILT LIKE A BRIDGE-TRUSS, 400 FEET LONG, AND WEIGHING 380 TONS—DIRT DIPPER SUSPENDED IN CENTRE.

Self-Measuring Bottle.

A novelty, which at first glance appears freakish, but which nevertheless



Measures the Dose.

less could be used to good advantage, is the self-measuring bottle shown

here, the invention of a Rhode Island man. Its usefulness will be apparent at once. This dose-dispensing bottle has an inner partition, which is made integral with the bottle and extends part way across the interior. In the partition is a recess for holding an ordinary dose of medicine. Naturally, by inverting the bottle, the contents will flow to the top through the opening between the partition and the side of the bottle. When the bottle is again righted to its proper position the recessed partition will retain the amount of the required dose, the balance dropping to the bottom of the bottle. Upon removing the cork and tilting the bottle only the liquid in the partition will flow out.—Washington Star.

A Missionary to the Kurds.

Dr. Jesse Malik Yonan, of Urmia, Persia, who is now on a visit to the United States, is the only Christian physician among the fanatical Kurds of Northwestern Persia, where he is doing medical mission work at his own charges.—Christian Herald.

Middle Names Are a Recent Fashion

Few Men in Country's Early History Had Them—A Sort of Hero Worship.

In a little company of young men a few nights ago the question of middle names came up, and inquiry showed that five out of six of those present had middle names. One said he once dropped his, but took it up again at the request of his father. Another said he never told anybody what his middle name was, and three admitted that they regarded theirs as a nuisance. Then they wondered when middle names originated and what good they were anyhow.

Every person must have remarked the current fad of writing out the middle name in full. This fashion sprang up only a few years ago, and has been much affected by some people. Until it became the vogue, a person with a middle name would have been laughed at for writing it out in full, but fashion justifies everything. Some people, desirous to be differentiated from the common herd even divide their names in the middle—as G. Washington Sykes, W. Shakespeare Boggs or T. Jefferson Jones. This shows that the owner knows how to wear a middle name without being tripped up by it, as a militia officer sometimes is by his sword.

Middle Names More Common Now.

But the question recurs when did middle names become so popular and what good are they? There is reason to believe they are far more common now than they were a few generations ago. In a list published in The News a few days ago of pensioners of the Revolutionary War who died in Indiana, out of 810, there were only twelve with a middle name or initial. Any one company that served in the War of the Rebellion would show more double names than this, and any page in the city directory would show two or three times as many.

Benjamin Harrison had no middle name, but the company which he raised and commanded as captain before he became colonel contained fifty-five officers and privates with middle names—nearly five times as many as there were among the 810 Revolutionary pensioners who once lived in Indiana.

History seems to show that middle names were not common during the Revolutionary period nor for some time after. Few of the prominent soldiers or statesmen of that period had double names. Of generals there were George Washington, Anthony Wayne, Henry Knox, Arthur St. Clair, Francis Marion, John Sullivan, Nathaniel Greene, Artemus Ward, Israel Putnam, Rufus Putnam—each having but one name. The same was true of nearly all the commissioned officers in the Revolutionary army.

Of the thirteen presidents of the Continental Congress, between 1775 and 1788, not one had a middle name.

Of the fifty-five signers of the Declaration of Independence only three had middle names. The bold signature of John Hancock would not be as effective if he had had a middle initial, and that of Benjamin Franklin appears more dignified without one.

Among the 350 delegates to the Continental Congress, from 1774 to 1788, only twenty-five had middle names.

In the first Congress under the constitution, held in 1789, out of fifty-nine Representatives only five had middle names. One of these, a member from South Carolina, bore the singular name of John Baptist Ashe. Another, elected first Speaker of the House, was Frederick Augustus Conrad Muhlenberg, of Pennsylvania. A third was John Peter Gabriel Muhlenberg, also from Pennsylvania. Both of these men, by the way, were preachers, both quit the pulpit to enter the Revolutionary army, and both achieved distinction as soldiers and statesmen. Their father, also a clergyman, was of German birth, and they got their middle names from the prevailing custom in Germany.

Few Among Early Statesmen. Of our eight Presidents from 1789 to 1840, only one had a middle name, and of the fifty-three persons who served as Cabinet officers under the five administrations of Washington,

Adams and Jefferson, only two had middle names. John Quincy Adams, elected in 1824, was the first President elected with a middle name, and William Henry Harrison, elected in 1840, was the second. The names of early statesmen like Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson, Edmund Randolph, Albert Gallatin and others of that period, sound better without a middle name. Andrew Jackson, Abraham Lincoln, William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt belong to a later period, but they, too, were fortunate in not having been loaded down with a middle name that might have proved an incumbrance.

So it seems quite clear that middle names were far less common in this country during the Revolutionary period and for many years afterward than they are now. So they were in England. Up to comparatively recent times few of the great names in English literature or history were double, and it is fair to assume that they were no more common among common people than they were among the celebrated. Such names as William Shakespeare, Oliver Cromwell, John Milton, Isaac Newton, Francis Bacon, William Wordsworth, Charles Dickens, Robert Browning, John Bunyan, Thomas Carlyle, Daniel Defoe, William Pitt and many others of renown, would be handicapped in history by a middle name or initial.

What Does the Change Signify?

Abraham Lincoln has been dead a little over forty years, and some of his namesakes are in evidence, as witness Abraham Lincoln Brick, of this State. We have also George Washington Cromer, and the present Congress contains George Washington Taylor, of Alabama; George Washington Prince and George Washington Smith, of Illinois; James Monroe Miller, of Kansas; Benjamin Franklin Howell, of New Jersey, and Andrew Jackson Barchfield, of Pennsylvania.

There has not been a Congress in the last fifty years that did not contain one or more members, sometimes several, named after soldiers or statesmen of the Revolutionary period. Both armies during the Civil War contained hundreds of soldiers bearing names of the Revolutionary period.

There is nothing discreditible in the kind of hero worship that leads parents to name a child after a great man whom they greatly admire, though it sometimes happens that the son, when he grows up, would prefer a different name. Napoleon Bonaparte Taylor, formerly an honored lawyer and judge of this city, and a very modest man, used to regret the name his parents had given him, and Andrew Jackson Barchfield, a member of the present Congress from Pennsylvania, is a red-hot Republican.

But a large majority of middle names are given as a sort of annex or make-weight to the first name to preserve family names and traditions. This also is a commendable motive, but why have middle names at all? From a practical point of view they are superfluous, and that makes it all the stranger why they should have come into such general use in this practical, utilitarian and commercial age when the tendency is to shorten words and eliminate superfluities.

Many a man who has had to write his name several hundred times a day has regretted the necessity of lifting his pen to write and dot the initial letter of a middle name. Probably one reason why middle names have become so much more common in modern times than they once were, is that for centuries the common law assumed that the full legal name of a person consisted of one Christian name and surname. No legal importance attached to a middle name, and if a person had one it was not a misnomer, in legal parlance, to omit it in an indictment or pleading.

This is no longer the rule of the law, but it was for a long time, and during that period middle names were almost unknown. Their general use in this country is of comparatively modern growth.—Indianapolis News.

Man.

A man's life is full of crosses and temptations.

He comes into this world without his consent, and goes out against his will, and the trip between the two is exceedingly rocky. The rule of the contraries is one of the important features of the trip.

When he is little, the big girls kiss him; but when he is grown, the little girls kiss him.

If he is poor, he is a bad manager; if he is rich, he is dishonest.

If he needs credit, he can't get it; if he's out of politics, he can't place him, and he's no good for his country.

If he doesn't give to charity, he is a stingy cuss; if he does, it is for show.

If he is actively religious, he is a hypocrite; if he takes no interest in religion, he is a hardened sinner.

If he shows affection, he is a soft specimen; if he seems to care for no one, he is cold-blooded.

If he dies young, there was a great future ahead of him; if he lives to an old age, he has missed his calling.

The road is rocky, but man loves to travel it.—Life.

Slang.

In a paper contributed to Putnam's Monthly recently Herbert Paul, an Englishman, deplores the decadence of the English language. He thinks he may be forgiven a passing quail when he finds such a phrase as "queering the pitch" in the leading columns of a great newspaper which "used to be a fountain of classical English." He is not so "futile and pedantic as to wage war against slang. But its proper place is surely private conversation."

Is it? We ourselves are moved to record a passing quail. Only the other day in a household where the Lares and Penates were shipped direct from the Athens of America, we overheard a conversation between a nice old lady and the ten-year-old daughter of a Radcliffe graduate. It bore somewhat remotely upon the virtues of thrift, and so we cannot be quite sure whether the old lady's manifest bewilderment arose from the irrelevance or the phraseology of the child's impulsive avowal, "I'm going to plant all my dough in a bike."—Life.

Impediment in His Hearing.

A small boy who lives near Bean Lake was fishing, and his mother had to call him five times to make him hear. Finally she landed on him, and shaking him in a terrible manner, wanted to know why he did not answer. This was his reply: "I didn't hear you the first three times, and the last time I had a bite."—Argonaut.

The average American church member gives fifty-four cents to foreign missions. The record is held by the United Presbyterians, who give \$1.77 a member.



Steel Knives Cleaned.

Steel bladed knives rubbed with mutton suet before laying them away will not rust. Mutton suet hardens, but beef does not, so be careful about this.

Shirt Waist Holder.

Fasten two tapes on the corset at the waist line, one on each side. Have a good sized eyelet made on the shirt waist at the waist line in the middle of the back. After the waist is on pull the tape through the eyelet, separate, and tie around the waist under the large hook on the corset.

Newspapers as Fuel.

In the spring and fall when you want just a little heat, or in an emergency when you must make a cup of coffee and cook an egg—get your newspapers together, and make "knots" by folding them lengthwise, and twisting them and tying them. You will be surprised at the amount of heat generated.

Old Skirts Renewed.

If you have an old last season's skirt which has lost its freshness buy some contrasting material and put two bias folds on the skirt. Make a jumper waist and belt of the same goods as folds and you will have a pretty suit to wear with white waists on cool days. When warm leave off jumper and wear skirt and belt with a white waist.

To Shrink Wash Goods.

All washable fabrics should always undergo a thorough shrinking before they are cut. This is a very necessary, as a first laundering would be likely to reduce the dress of which the material was not shrunk beforehand to such dimensions that it would be unfit for further use. To shrink wash fabrics they should be immersed in hot water and hung up to dry without wringing them. When the materials are partly dry, they are carefully pressed under a cloth to prevent their becoming glossy on one side.

Washing Soda.

The kitchen should never be without concentrated lye and washing soda. The lye ought to be used once a week to clear away the grease collected on the inside of the waste pipe of the sink. Dissolve the lye in boiling water and pour down the pipe while it is very hot. Washing soda may also be used for the same purpose, as well as for cleaning pots and kettles. Fill your utensils with hot water, and set over the fire, with a tablespoonful of soda. It is well to boil out the coffee pot occasionally with this same solution.

Luncheon Lore.

Women have still a great deal to learn in the matter of economy in food. They crowd the tearooms and "quick lunch" restaurants, and spend in the aggregate an enormous amount of money, in the majority of cases for food that neither nourishes nor satisfies them.

Business women in particular and brain workers especially among them ought to know food values and plan their meals accordingly. They have not yet discovered that lettuce is twice as cooling as ice cream, and that mince-pie is not a dish for early summer.

It is not necessary to emulate the steak, fried potatoes and coffee of the average man. In fact, such a diet would disagree with most persons if partaken of to any great extent. A thin soup is usually twice as palatable as a thick one, and is nearly in some cases quite as nourishing. This, with a sandwich of some cold meat, lettuce or water cress, and, perhaps, a simple sweet—not pastry—makes a satisfactory midday meal.

Where this is the principal meal of the day, more may be partaken of, but, especially in summer, all rich and heavy "made dishes" should be avoided, and plenty of fresh vegetables should be eaten.



Swiss Eggs.—Four eggs well beaten, one-half cup cheese, one pint milk, salt and pepper. Bake until set and well browned.

Cress and Cucumber Salad.—Wash and chill watercress and add one cucumber pared, chilled and cut in dice; serve with French dressing.

Sweet Apple Custard Pie.—Two well beaten eggs, one cup grated sweet apple, one pint sweet milk, two large spoonfuls of sugar, a little salt and flavor.

Oyster Toast.—Chop a dozen fat oysters, season with pepper and salt, add a trace of nutmeg, melt a lump of butter in the chafing dish, add the oyster meat. Beat up the yolks of two eggs with a gill of sweet cream, stir it in the dish until the egg is firm and serve on buttered toast.

Cheap Fruit Cake.—Two eggs, three-fourths cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of molasses mixed with a good one-half teaspoonful of soda, two cups flour, one cup of chopped raisins, a little clove and cinnamon. Will keep a long time and improves with age.

Egg Cookies.—One cup of sugar, two eggs, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sour cream (sour milk can be used) with half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it; stir these together, not beating the eggs. Add enough flour to roll out as soft as they can be cut. Half a cup of cocoanut can be added with the flour if desired.