

THE QUIET HOME.

O, mothers, worn and weary With cares which never cease, With never time for pleasure, With days that have no peace, With little hands that fast undo, And feeble steps to guard, With tasks that he unfinished, Beem not your lot too hard.

A PEDDLER'S PERIL.

The sun sank behind the western mountain peaks, and the short twilight of southern latitudes came on apace. After a time the man of the house came in. He was tall and thin. Two ferret like eyes gleamed sharply upon the peddler from amid a shaggy tangle of white hair and beard.

He placed his long rifle in a rack over the door, unslung his shot pouch and then seated himself and gazed gloomily into the fire, without vouchsafing either a greeting to the stranger or a word to his own family. Nan, passing by, whispered to the peddler, "Don't ye mind uncle; he's got one of his bad spells on now, but if he ain't bothered it'll pass off by and by."

The peddler nodded, and began a tale concerning one of his adventures in Texas. He was soon interrupted by Aunt Viney. "Sit up, stranger," said she. "We hain't got much to eat, but such as it is you're welcome."

The old man ate his supper in solemn silence, after which he took his hat and abruptly left the cabin. Aunt Viney saw fit to explain. "Mose, my old man, hasn't been exactly like himself since the revenoo men carried his son John off five years ago last April."

"Still in 's'pose?" "Yes, 'nd top of that he shot one of 'em while they were trying to take him, 'nd they put him in penitentiary at Nashville for ten years."

The peddler remained silent for a moment or two. But when the dishes were washed and put away he again entertained the two women by relating sundry reminiscences of his own career, and also describing the wonders of certain great cities he had visited.

After a while Mose again stalked silently in and took a seat in a far corner. While the peddler talked he continued to eye him closely, as if suspicious that the stranger was not just what he should be.

"Speakin' of the telephone," continued the peddler, "some folks in these mountains don't believe that people can talk to each other, 'nd them a hundred or more miles apart, but I tell ye it's a fact, I've seen it myself."

"I've knowed of men hollerin' across from one mountain to another," said Aunt Viney dubiously. "Mebbe they could make themselves heard a matter of two miles, but a hundred"—she shook her head disapprovingly.

"It's so all the same, though. I've sot 'nd heard 'em talkin' jus' as we be be now."

"That's as big a lie as ever was told," exclaimed old Mose, rising and making for the door.

He seized his rifle as he passed, threw a menacing glance at the peddler, and once more left the cabin.

"Old man's a little touched in the head; ain't he?" asked the peddler, who seemed to take no offense whatever at the old man's rude behavior.

"Ever since John was took off he's had queer spells that come over him every now and then. I must say he's more'n apt to be 's'pishus of strangers when they come around. He's always thinkin' of revenoo spies. I dessey that's what makes him act so toward you. But you musn't mind him. I never know'd him to succeed in hurtin' any one yet."

It was Nan who replied, for Aunt Viney was making preparations to retire for the night. When the girl and the peddler were left alone the latter seemed somewhat curious about this son John, who for so many years had been under the ban of the law.

"John was always good to Uncle Mose and Aunt Viney, 'nd that's one reason Uncle Mose takes it all so hard now."

thoughts kept her awake. She felt vaguely uneasy about Uncle Mose. Where was he? Very likely at the little moonshine still up Bear hollow, half a mile away. He often spent the night there engaged in his illicit toil. She remembered his unfriendly treatment of the peddler, whose heavy breathing could now be heard through the thin partition wall. He had once laid in wait, rifle in hand, for a passing drover, whom he had set down for a spy. Only Aunt Viney's prompt appearance had prevented a probable murder. Uncle Mose, though a good man enough when in his right mind, was a dangerous, uncertain personage when stirred by the memory of his son against all the world.

So uneasy did Nan become that at last she rose, slipped on her dress and stole out into the moonlight. An impulse she could not control impelled her to peep in at the peddler's open window. She was prompted by an indefinable fear. What she saw there caused her to start back, clasp her hands and gasp for breath. Then, trembling in every limb, she looked again.

"My God!" she faltered. "Am I dreamin'? Surely it can't be—'nd yet I must believe my own eyes."

Acting under a new impulse she turned and fled along the trail leading to the still. Arrived there she found the place silent and deserted. There was no fire in the furnace and nothing to be heard but the cries of the whippoorwills upon the mountain side.

Full of painful forebodings she retreated her steps and once more crouched beneath the peddler's window. There she waited until her limbs became cramped and the night air chilled her to the bone.

"I wish mornin' would come," she said for the hundredth time. "Lord, what a meeting there'll be then!"

The sound of a stealthy footfall up on the gravel without brought her to a sitting position at once. Her heart beat loudly as she listened breathlessly. Yes, it was moving around the house. Now she could hear it all! No; could she have imagined it all? No; there it was again—in the back porch.

Then—then—she heard a gentle creaking sound. Ah! The shed room door! She sprang out of bed, and a hasty bound brought her to the door leading to the back porch. She wrenched it open just in time to catch a glimpse of a tall shadow that disappeared within the shed room.

"Good Lord, help me!" she faintly ejaculated as she sprang forward, nerved to desperation by this dreadful fulfillment of her fears.

She entered the room. There lay the peddler, slumbering heavily in the white glow of the moonlight. His face was strangely altered, for the heavy beard had fallen off, leaving exposed a clean shaven youthful face. But the white bearded old man bending over the prostrate form with uplifted knife saw nothing distinctly. To his morbid imaginings only the form of a hated spy lay helpless before him. A spy in the service of the detested "revenooes," who had robbed him of his only and well beloved son.

"Uncle!" screamed Nan, dragging him back. "Uncle! You shall not. Can't you see? It's John—our John—our John!"

The peddler woke and stared upward in a bewildered way. The knife fell to the floor as Mose, his eyes almost starting from his head, stared at his son's white face. Suddenly he comprehended, and the effect descended upon him like a thunderbolt.

Uttering a low, quivering cry he sank to his knees by the bedside, and his head fell forward. Nan's and John's eyes met in a mutually recognizing glance; then they turned their attention to the old man. As they laid him upon the bed Aunt Viney, awakened by the noise, came in. She fell as though confronted by a ghost.

"John!" she exclaimed. "Yet it can't shorly be!"

"Yes, it is, mother. I didn't know how you'd all take my bein' so long in the pen, so when the governor pardoned me out I 'lowed I'd come home as a peddler 'nd in disguise till I found out if you all cared for me any more."

While John was speaking Mose opened his eyes, and tears blinded them as he gazed.

"My son, my son!" he murmured brokenly. "And I might have killed him! My mind's made up. There'll be no more stillin' done in Bear hollow after this."

"Do you reckon Nan cares for me any more, father?" asked John, while his eyes sought those of Nan.

"Of course she do. Hasn't she been grievin' herself away ever since you was took. She never looked at another man."

Nan's confusion seemed to sanction this. "There's only one thing then to be done," interrupted Aunt Viney decisively. "They've just got to go over to the circuit rider's next Sunday 'nd get married. After that's over 'nd done with, Mose, I do hope you'll behave yourself in futer."

The Great Mormon Temple That Was Dedicated Last Week.

An event that marks the completion of a work of forty years was celebrated the sixth day of April at Salt Lake City when the great Mormon temple was formally dedicated to the uses of this peculiar religious sect.

It was the 14th of February, 1853, that the beginning was made on the temple suggested by President Young. And on June 6, 1853, the corner-stone was laid with impressive ceremonies.

At that time the building material most used was "adobe" (sun-dried bricks). At Red Butte Canyon, close to the city, a red sandstone was found, and of this and "adobe" it was decided to build the temple; but before the foundation was begun a very desirable stone, a gray granite, was discovered at Cottonwood Canyon, 20 miles south of Salt Lake City, and this stone was chosen.

The work has proceeded slowly and steadily for over 40 years, since a railway was built southward from Salt Lake, the work has been more rapid. Previous to the building of the road each of the great blocks of granite had to be hauled 20 miles with oxen and carts, and it often required four days to get one stone from the quarries to the temple.

Four, six or eight oxen, drawing a cart under which was swung a block of granite weighing many tons was a familiar sight on the streets of Salt Lake City for over a quarter of a century, during which time the work, necessarily, proceeded very slowly, but it did proceed with few interruptions.

There were brief interruptions when men threatened the people from grasshopper invasions. And again in 1869 and '70, when the great transcontinental railway was being constructed, and all of the available force of Mormons was employed in this great work; and still again, when the receiver was appointed under the Edmunds Tuckler act to control the escheated property of the Church and a seizure of the temple was made, it was in the possession of the receiver for a short time.

The exterior of the temple was completed and the capstone laid June 6, 1892, the thirty-ninth anniversary of the laying of the corner stone. The ceremonies were attended by over 50,000 people. A copper plate inscribed with historical data, various Church publications, photographs, etc., were laid in the capstone.

It is surmounted by a figure representing the angel "Moroni," a statue 12 feet in height, of hammered copper, plated with heavy gold leaf; it stands 222 feet above the earth and is indeed a most graceful and pretty object, holding to its lips a golden trumpet, through which is being sounded the glad tidings of "the Latter Day Saints" to the people of the earth.

The "angel Moroni," according to the Mormon belief, appeared and revealed to Joseph Smith the hiding place of the golden tablets, on which is inscribed the Book of Mormon. This statue, as seen from the street, is a most fitting crown to the grand architectural lines on which the temple is built.

DESCRIPTION OF THE TEMPLE. Its whole length is 186 feet and width 99 feet. There are six towers, three on the east and three on the west end of the structure. The height to top of highest spire, 333 feet; height of walls 167 feet; the thickness of walls at bottom, 9 feet; thickness of walls at top, 6 feet. The whole rests upon a foot-wall 16 feet thick and 16 feet deep; in building coverts an area of 31,850 feet. Situated 330 feet from the temple is the boiler and power house. Here four engines furnish the power for four dynamos, each of over 2000 candle power, by which the whole interior of the building is lighted; as well as the powerful lamps on each of the spires.

The lamp surmounting the figure of "Moroni" is 200 candle power. From here is also furnished, through a 12 inch main, laid in a rock lined tunnel, where it can be reached at any time, the hot water heat for the building. From this house also come the power for two powerful passenger elevators. Most modern plans of heating and ventilating have been adopted, and have already proved successful. Ventilation is secured by the pressing of an electric button, by which ventilators and transoms are thrown open and electric fans put into motion. The building is absolutely fire-proof; still, every precaution has been taken against fire.

In each of the four corners of the building are winding stairs; over 200 steps of solid granite reach from the basement to the top. These blocks of granite are built into solid walls and newel posts and give the impression that this building will stand while time lasts.

The basement room occupies the whole building. It is tiled with and its base is of marble. In this room is the baptisnal font. The font is of bronze and rests on the backs of twelve life-sized bronze oxen; three looking to the east, three to the west, three to the north, and three to the south.

Strength and durability, combined with graceful and pleasing lines of architecture, are on every hand. The prevailing colors throughout the interior are blue and gold, but with such an artistic blending of subdued tints that nowhere is there the unpleasant suggestion of dazzling brightness.

There are three floors above the basement; the first and second are divided into rooms large and small, in which the rites and ceremonies of the Church will take place—marriages, the endowment, and other secret ceremonies, on which the public of course can not be enlightened. All of these rooms are beautiful indeed. A large room on the north side is a dream of beauty. The decorations of this room will surely compare with anything on this continent, if not in the world.

THE UPPER FLOOR. The upper floor consists of one large room, as does the basement. It is 120 by 80 feet, and 25 feet to the ceiling. A gallery of graceful sweep encircles the room, and the seating capacity, including the gallery, is over 3000 persons. The gallery is raised with bronze and has hand-carved decorations. The ceilings are artistically paneled and encircled by a frescoed frieze. There are five large ornamental chandeliers.

A noticeable feature is the permanent wash basins of delicately tinted native onyx with appropriately pretty plumb.

ing fixtures, which are seen in all parts of the building. The hardware of the temple is made to order, and is ornamented with either the bee hive or the clasped hands, the symbol of the Church, in connection with the motto "Holiness to the Lord."

In the basement the knobs, hinges, etc., are of brass. On the first floor they are of plated gold, on the second of plated silver, on the third of old silver and the fourth of old bronze.

Of the dedication Mr. Barton a son-in-law of the late Brigham Young says it is not the completion of a forty years' labor of love, and the possession of one of the great buildings of the world, but it is to them the realization of over half a century of longing and desire to build a temple to their God.

With its completion, also has come to our people a feeling that they are becoming understood instead of being misunderstood and misrepresented, as has been their fate for the past half century. Every obstacle that has barred the way to recognition of the Mormon Church, as entitled to the same rights and privileges as all other religious denominations, has been obliterated. Polygamy no longer exists. The law against it is strictly obeyed by our people.

"I think there is no doubt that the vast amount of money and property excheated from the Church will be returned; though the trials of our people have at times seemed more than we could bear, our faith teaches us to forgive and forget. You see us today, Mormon and anti-Mormon working hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder, to build up here in this great interior basin a great State fine city. No one can tell the difference between Mormon and Gentile; each is striving to outdo the other in good citizenship."

Blarney Castle was founded about 1450 A. D. by Cormack MacCarthy, surnamed "the Strong," the Lord of Muskerry and chief of a younger branch of that great MacCarthy family who once ruled all Cork and for many years waged a fierce and not always successful contest for its possession with the Saxon invader. In the struggle the Lords of Muskerry took an active part and shared both the triumphs and defeats of their illustrious kindred, their stronghold of Blarney being several times lost and regained by them.

In 1602 by Queen Elizabeth's troops, look up arms in behalf of James II. and followed by an unhappy prince into exile, after his defeat, the p'ssessions being forfeited, William of Orange granted the estate of Blarney to a Sir George Jeffereys, in whose family it still remains. As stated previously the castle was erected in 1450, the date being inscribed upon a stone in the wall of the tower near its summit.

The stone also bears the name of Cormack MacCarthy, the founder of the fortress. This is the stone known to fame as the "Blarney Stone." Its supposed power of imparting the gift of persuasion and facility of language to any person who shall kiss it, has been often described and extolled in prose and poetry, but its origin is not known to a certainty.

TO MAKE CLAM CHOWDER.—Take one quart of hard-shell clams, one-half pint of fine cut carrots, one-half pint of fine-cut celery, one pint of fine-cut onions, one quart of fine-cut potatoes, one-half can of tomatoes, one-quarter pound salt, one-quarter pound butter, one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, one teaspoonful of thyme, two quarts water, one-half tablespoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper. Cut the pork into small dice, fry them in saucapan to a light brown, add two quarts of boiling water, then add the carrots, celery and onion, then add the potatoes, boil ten minutes longer; next add the tomatoes, boil twenty minutes; Add the fine-cut clams and liquor; fry the flour and butter together add them to the chowder, season with salt and pepper, let cook a few minutes, then serve.

A clergyman in Scotland invited Bishop Selwyn to preach in his church His lordship gave an impressive and beautiful sermon, which at the same time was perfectly plain and simple. The rector was delighted, and said so on meeting one of the most regular members of his congregation. "Well, sir, I don't think it was so simple any child could have understood it. For my part, I like a sermon that confuses my head for a week. I don't know any which beats yours for that sir."

EGG SALAD.—Put a piece of butter the size of an egg in a frying pan, and when it melts stir in a heaping tablespoonful of flour and two teaspoonfuls of milk; when it boils thick and smooth add a teaspoonful of minced parsley, and remove from the fire. Slice twelve hard boiled eggs, place a layer in a pudding dish, and one of bread crumbs, and continue until the eggs are used, leaving bread crumbs on the top. Season with salt, pour the cream over and bake in a moderate oven until slightly brown. Garnish with parsley and serve hot.

CHEESE CROUTONS.—Cut slices of stale bread with a round cutter into cubes, toast them quickly. Put for twelve persons, a half pound of grated cheese into a sauce pan, add a teaspoonful of butter and a tablespoonful of tomato catsup; stir over the fire until melted, put a teaspoonful over the top of each piece of toast, and place on a napkin. Pass with the soup, allowing each guest to help one's self.

John—Sallie, if I was to ask you if you'd marry me, do you think you'd say yes?

Sallie—I—er—I guess so.

John—Waal, if I ever git over this 'ere darn bashfulness I'll ask you some o' these times.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowser.

"I see," said Mrs. Bowser, as she sat reading the paper the other evening, while Mr. Bowser was trying to dig a wig out of his shoe—"I see that another Brooklyn man has run away and left his wife."

"Has, eh? Well, I don't wonder at it," replied Mr. Bowser. "Did you read the item?" "Oh, but I know how it happened. He found out that he couldn't take a bit of comfort in his home, and he left it. No one knows the misery that poor man suffered before he took that step."

"Of course not. No husband ever gets justice to say nothing of pity. I'll bet he suffered a thousand deaths before he walked away to die in some lonely spot by his own hand."

"Well, dear, you'll never be driven away by any act of mine," she said as she went over and kissed him.

"W-what in thunder are you doing?" shouted Mr. Bowser, as he dropped the shoe and sprang up.

"Why, I kissed you."

"Well, I don't want anybody blowing into my ears or spitting on my chin! What struck you all at once?" "There was a time, Mr. Bowser—there was a time when—"

"When what?" "When you said that if I would kiss you, you would be the happiest man in the whole world."

"Never! Never even hinted at such a thing! I wasn't that sort of a noodle-head!"

"Mr. Bowser! Why, there was for three months, while I was waiting to make up my mind to marry you, that you could hardly live from day to day."

"Waiting! You waiting! Well that's cool! That tickles me—ha! ha! ha!" he shouted, as he held his sides.

"Yes, waiting."

"Why—ha! ha! ha!—you said 'yes' so mighty quick you bit your tongue in doing it. The idea of me pining and wasting away because I feared you would say no!"

"Do you remember the pet name you used to call me?" she asked.

"Pet nonsense!"

"You called me your red wild rose."

"Red wild pigweed! Are you getting soft in the head, Mrs. Bowser?" "I don't know, but I was waiting for you to call me that name from midnight to 4 o'clock in the morning, and—"

"Never! Never wrote you a letter except in the afternoon, when I hadn't anything to do and wanted to use up half an hour's time," replied Mr. Bowser.

The World of Women.

Some new skirts have a very wide box plait at the middle of the back.

Mahogany, ox-blood and the medium and dark browns head the list of modish street shades for gloves.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis has declined the proposition of her Georgia friends to raise for her a cash gift of ten thousand dollars.

Mrs. M. M. Anderson, of Pulaski, was elected as assistant Sergeant-at-Arms of the Arkansas House of Representatives on January 14. This is the first time a woman has been elected to that position.

Femininity has developed a black satin passion. Shiny satin or dull satin, so it's black it's all the same. You see nothing but black satin capes, coats, jackets, mantles and gowns of all descriptions, are made of the sombre black satin.

Wide ribbon strings on bonnets are once more to the front. They are of shot and broaded ribbons, and tie beneath the chin in the old fashion. New widows' bonnets have strings of corded white ribbon, dull in finish, and nearly a finger broad.

The new skirt is called the umbrella skirt. There was a skirt worn last year which bore that name, but referred to a closed and strapped umbrella, so close and tight was it. This year the umbrella is hanging in loose folds, each eor sloped to the top, and hanging freely at the bottom.

Another charming gown is of navy blue sponge crepon. The skirt fitting around the hips, with a two inch bunch of fullness only at the back whence, fall the full round plait, is hooped with four bands of black satin ribbon, upon which a narrow line of ecru guipure entreeux makes a novel and effective finish set upon the satin.

This trimming also circles the waist and lower portion of the sleeves. The corsage is trimmed with a curiously cut fibou of crepon satin, and lace that crosses upon the bust, high up in original fashion, passes around the back, comes forward again and finishes in two ends pendant upon the left side.

Two traveling gowns that have been made for a visit to the World's Fair deserve mention. One a navy blue, with fine hair line stripes of white, was made absolutely without trimming; the skirt full and crinolined and the bodice a double-vested affair that fastened up with pearl buttons over a white cravat vest. A collar, cuffs and white cravat completed a very fetching little ensemble that looked clean, cool and sensible.

The other a cheviot of two tones of brown in tiny checks. The umbrella skirt has the ribs outlined in the very cord, and the seams of the very short basque are treated in the same manner. A cape goes with this entirely covered with the cord in rows set very closely together.

Where the very narrow gores are used, the seams are often covered with a narrow vein of embroidery or jetted passementerie, or a full ruche of lace runs up for a half-yard from the bottom and is finished with a rosette; with this latter garniture there is no trimming around the bottom of the skirt.

Though wider flounced, the bodice none are yet seen except an occasional one of lace on evening gowns. Narrow ruffles, confined to the bottom of the skirt, are still the favorite trimming. Upon the spring woollens, many rows of narrow braids and Persian gimps and velvet ribbon in graduated widths will be the popular trimming. A gown of rich silk and wool reps—green and black—is trimmed around the bottom with 15 rows of half inch velvet ribbon, black and green alternating, and the revers and huge sleeve puffs of green velvet.

Dear girl, if you are just a trifle over plump and not tall enough to carry it off well bear in mind that the more girlish the style you effect the slighter your figure will appear. You will have an awful struggle, but you must impress it upon your dressmaker's mind that you will not be boned and leaded down in a sort of modified fashionable strait-jacket under the erroneous impression that fancy fixings will add to your size. For an elderly woman of robust figure it's all very well to look imposing, but a young girl should aim at dainty lightness and softness.

Have a very emphatic understanding with the woman who gets up your gowns to the effect that you will not have your darts run up to give you a high-busted figure, as if your age was 40 and your bust forty-four. Do not let her persuade you that cloth is the proper thing for a plump girl to wear, for it isn't. It shows off your superabundant curves two much. In the next five or ten years that will do all very well, but until you are 25 at least you want these curves merely suggested.

Choose soft, clinging materials, and don't overdress the thing in trimming. The bodice. You must have a suggestion of fullness, but not really great folds of the material, such as the thin girl swishes herself in.

If your hips are broad, insist upon pointed bodices and have a band of trimming folded about the bottom. It has a wonderful effect on the sharp curve out from the waist and slopes it out beautifully.

Make it a point to have your skirts a trifle full in front and fitted smoothly over the hips at the sides, and cling to the plaited in back just as long as you can for its narrowing effect. Beware of too much trimming on the skirt and be careful how you let it run up above your knees, for it will make you look shorter.

When choosing your summer patterns, don't pass by those pretty youthful styles with a sign of despair. Have your skirts made full if you want to and have that pretty bodice with the fullness coming down from the shoulders made pointed instead of round waist. If you are your own maid and want to tie your sash in front, leave the part that goes around the waist very loose, and after you have turn it around draw the sash into little pleats at the edge of your bodice right in front, and the silk will fall in soft folds following the line of the bodice. It is quite as fetching as the round waist and has ever so much more individuality.