

THE LAND OF PEACE.

By Edmund W. Putnam.
Far—far out where the sea turns gold
In the sunset's dying gleams,
Where the purple sky and the ocean meet.

Beginneth the Sea of Dreams,
Whose restful waters murmur low,
And a drowsy rhythm keep,
As out to the West, by their lullabies,
We drift in our Boats of Sleep.

Out—far out till our Earthly Cares
Are left in the dusk behind,
And Trouble's distant voice is lost
In the whispering of the wind;
Out—on the shimmering golden Sea,
Till the soft-tongued ripples cease
At the dreamy City of Blissful Calm,
On the shores of the Land of Peace.

Where our tired Spirits solace find
Beneath the Dream Mount's crest,
Mid the shadowy groves and fountains cool

Of the Gardens of Perfect Rest;
Where Lethe laces its languid course
On its way to the tranquil Sea,
And the Slumber breezes stir the leaves
To a soothing melody.

Where, too, snow-white on the mountain-side,
High over the City fair,
Stretch skyward the misty pinnacles
Of our Castles in the Air;

In whose unbroken quietude
Our fondest visions bide,
And send us back with Hope refreshed
On the ebb of the golden tide.

Where the Sorrow scars are smoothed away,
And the heart, in its pain-racked breast,
Finds balm for its throbbing agony.

Far out in that distant West—
At the end of nightly journeying
Where the murmuring waters cease,
At the white-walled City of Blissful Calm,
On the shores of the Land of Peace.

—Collier's Weekly.

James Holman.

Hardly less wonderful than the story of Helen Keller is that of James Holman, the blind traveler. Not even the celebrated Baron von Humboldt traveled so far, visited so many distant countries. Eighty years ago, too, when Holman lived, travel was vastly more difficult and perilous than now.

At an early age James Holman had entered the English navy as a midshipman. For several years his ship was with the squadron at Halifax, Nova Scotia. In 1807 he was promoted to be a naval lieutenant.

Three years later there befell him a severe illness, accompanied by an acute inflammation of the eyes, which resulted in complete loss of sight. Thus, almost in a day, an ambitious officer found every plan and ardent hope of his youth faded out in darkness. For a time grief and despair quite overcame him; he would gladly have died.

King George III, in whose service he met with his misfortune, made him a knight of Windsor, and gave him some nominal duties at court, with a pension.

Afterward, when the natural buoyancy of youth had revived, the inactivity and aimlessness of life at Windsor Castle preyed upon Holman's spirits and seriously affected his health. He obtained leave of absence, took a two years' course of study at Edinburgh University, and then formed the bold plan of making a European tour in search of health and information. All arguments failed to move him, and to the consternation of his friends, he set off entirely alone to feel his way in the dark through strange lands.

What rendered such an undertaking still more difficult was the fact that at first he could not speak French, German or Italian. But his indomitable will, his resourcefulness, and a happy faculty of making friends, carried him through successfully, and he returned in triumph to tell of two years' wanderings in France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany and Holland. He wrote a narrative of his travels, which proved interesting enough to his contemporaries to go through several editions.

Each succeeding journey was followed by a volume, and these, the Encyclopaedia Britannica says, are "of considerable value as books of travel," as well as occupying "a unique place in literature as products of very extraordinary energy and perseverance."

Young Holman, for all his iron will, was of a genial disposition. He seldom referred to his affliction, and never sought pity. He had a good share of humor, which perhaps accounts for his happy faculty of making friends, who were glad to serve as eyes for him.

For fifteen years Lieutenant Holman traveled almost constantly. He visited Brazil, Chile, the west coast of Africa, Barbary, South Africa, Madagascar, Zanzibar, Mauritius, India, China, Singapore and Java. Space prevents making even a catalogue of these brave voyages. Although often exposed to grave perils and repeatedly in the power of robbers and savages, he came safely back from every journey.

His most notable adventure, indeed, was at the hands of the Russian authorities, while in Siberia. Traveling leisurely from city to city, he had reached the distant northern town of Irkutsk, in the winter of 1823. His character and the objects of his travels had been abundantly certified in

his passport and letters of introduction to Russian officials.

But now suspicion that he was an English spy, or some kind of spy in disguise, appears to have entered the minds of the Czar and his ministers. Immediately an aide-de-camp, or messenger of the Czar, was sent to apprehend the blind traveler and conduct him to the frontier of the empire.

The aide-de-camp—a young officer named Alexis Kolovin—arrived by sledge at Irkutsk on January 10th, when the temperature was twenty degrees Fahrenheit below zero. It had been Holman's intention to visit Lake Balkal and Kamchatka after the rigors of the winter had abated. The governor and military officers at Irkutsk were his warm friends. His genial manners made him a favorite in society.

But now came the aide-de-camp with an imperial order to escort him to the Austrian frontier, in the coldest period of the Siberian winter, when fur clad Russians hesitated to make even the briefest trip out of doors.

In vain the blind traveler remonstrated and begged for delay. "You are compelled," was the governor's reluctant reply.

This inhuman order, too, had arrived when Holman's funds were for the time being nearly exhausted; and the order expressly stipulated that he must bear the entire expense of the enforced journey himself.

He and the officer set off on the morning of January 19th, in bitter wind, against which the hood and curtain of the sledge offered an insufficient protection. The Russian wished to make a record for celerity in executing his commission. If he could reach Petersburg again within a certain number of days, he would be sent on an important mission to Paris. Three horses were attached abreast to the telega, and the officer ordered the driver to put them at a gallop, although the snow was to their knees. This rate of traveling was kept up hour after hour. The sufferings of the horses so touched the heart of the driver at last that he disobeyed the repeated commands of Kolovin to lash them forward. Thereupon the latter stopped the sledge and gave the driver thirty blows with the steel scabbard of his saber.

After fifty verses two of the horses fell from exhaustion. One of them expired in the snow and was left behind. For each horse thus cruelly disabled and abandoned to the wolves the blind traveler was obliged to pay fifty rubles.

On the first day they were upset three times, and during the ensuing night the horses fell over the steep side of a mountain; but the sledge was saved from destruction by logs which had been set up beside the way as a railing.

On the second night, while careering at full speed down the side of another mountain, they ran over the sledge of a peasant who was ascending the slope. Again the telega was overturned, and the three horses became almost inextricably entangled with those of the other sledge.

After arduous efforts in the bitter wind and snow, the horses were disentangled and compelled to get up; but before resuming their way Kolovin beat the peasant with his saber unmercifully, although it was not easy to say how the poor man had been to blame.

Owing to the headlong and violent manner of traveling, breakdowns of the sledge were of almost daily occurrence and caused many hours of delay, over which Kolovin became furious.

His chief solace for all these enforced halts lay in beating the hapless driver, who fell into such a pitiable state of terror as to be unable properly to guide the horses, since he was continually looking back over his shoulders in expectation of a blow from the hard scabbard of the officer.

All the while the cold was so intense that Kolovin's Kalmuck servant, who was obliged to sit beside the driver in front, often became so benumbed that he had to be carried from the sledge to the heated platform over the Russian stoves in the post-stations. Both his feet were badly frozen.

Of his clothing Holman says, "I wore two pairs of woolen stockings, with two pairs of fur boots which came above my knees, the inner ones made of the skin of the wild goat, the outer ones of leather, lined with fur and having thick soles. Added to these, my legs were enveloped in a thick fur cloak. Independent of my ordinary clothing I also wore a thickly wadded greatcoat, and over that an immense shute, made of the skins of wolves, while my head was protected by a large wadded cap."

In short, they wore all the clothing that they could move about in, but even this was insufficient to withstand the deadly chill.

Thus they went on night and day to Krasnoyarsk, Tomsk, Ekaterinburg, Kozan, and finally on March 18th, reached Moscow. Not once in all this prodigious journey of two months had the traveler been able to lie down in an ordinary bed. It was one constant forward rush of galloping horses; and the sledge had been overturned more times than they could remember.

It will hardly be thought strange that Holman's condition on reaching Moscow was so bad that rest and proper food were imperatively necessary. He had fallen into a fever, and was so shaken that he could hardly stand. They would not permit him to see his friends at Moscow unless in the presence of the police, or allow him to converse in English with any one.

The doctor whom he summoned accompanied rest and quiet; but the governor ordered him to go on the next day, and sent the chief of police to communicate the mandate. Holman refused to start so soon. "I am too unwell," he replied.

The chief of police sent for the doctor and asked him severely if it was not possible for his patient to travel. "It is possible," replied the doctor "but it is not advisable."

"If he carries his medicines with him he cannot suffer much!" exclaimed the chief.

"He is very unwell," the doctor ventured to say.

"The weather is fine. It is impossible that it can hurt him," insisted the chief.

Then James Holman, blind ill and alone, put his down and defied the authorities of the Russian empire. "I cannot and will not go," he said. "I don't see what prevents!" cried the chief of police, angrily. "You are well-clothed. If you rub your hands and face the cold will not injure you. The governor will not allow you to remain," he added.

"Then he must compel me to go by force," was Holman's reply.

As a bad storm was clearly at hand the authorities conceded the point grudgingly, and the hapless traveler remained at the capital for four days. The enforced journey was then resumed, and Holman was at last turned adrift at Krakow.

He was never able to learn why suspicion had fallen upon him. A few months afterward a Russian official intimated to Holman that if he would again apply for permission to travel in the empire, it would be granted but he had had quite enough of Russia—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

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A PRETTY PETTICOAT.

One of the daintiest lingerie petticoats has a deep flounce made up of row upon row of narrow Valenciennes lace stitched together. A deep flounce on another skirt is composed of alternate rows of lace footing and tucked French nainsook.

A WHITE GAUZE FROCK.

A lovely toilette was carried out in white silk gauze, dotted with black. Bands of Louis XV. silk ribbon, outlined with fagot stitching in black silk, constituted the sole embellishment of the skirt, while narrow ruffles of the silk gauze formed the trimming of the corsage.

THE TUNIC SKIRT.

The tunic skirt, consisting of two or three circular pieces hung on a good foundation, is a survival of a mode popular last summer. It is especially appropriate for the tall, svelte figure of the fashionable young woman, and offers an excuse for the introduction of much garniture in the way of heavy lace bandings or broad insertions of line, scrim or batiste embroideries.

A DAINY WORK BAG.

Such pretty little work bags can be made on a foundation of basket work with a piece of dainty silk. The little flat trays to be found in all sizes at Japanese shops are chosen, and the silk sewed on the inside rim. The basket is flat lined and slightly padded with sateen if desired. The silk is gathered in bag fashion at the top, making a pretty and a substantial receptacle for sewing materials or embroidery.

CREPE DE CHINE USEFUL.

The very newest material for coats and skirts, and one that is rapidly coming forward, is crepe de chine. It is particularly smart; it wears remarkably well, especially in black; and, singular as it may seem, it is really not more expensive than cloth, says the Delineator. No other material equals crepe de chine in quiet and unassuming richness; and its natural grace preeminently fits it to follow the swirling lines that fashion seems to have borrowed from the art nouveau that came in with the twentieth century.

AN ADAPTABLE WOMAN.

The woman who uses her brain to some purpose usually succeeds in adapting her life to circumstances. She does not spend time in wishing matters were different, but uses it to secure every scrap of comfort possible to her environments. If she has to wear ready-made clothing she hunts for the best fitting, the best made and the best wearing garments her purse will allow and takes as much care of them as time will permit. She takes the stitch in time that saves labor as well as money because she has the sense to know that outside of her business life she should use her time for rest and recreation.—Exchange.

SLEEVE FRILLS.

Sleeve frills are so much worn at present and are going to be worn so much more in the future, that a demand has arisen for something quick and easily handled in this line, says the Pittsburg Press. The French hand-made ruffles of embroidery or lace edged muslin are delightful. To the woman who has time for dainty needlework they make a useful class of "pickup sewing." But the business woman is often obliged to deny herself the luxury of handmade accessories. Any leisure hours that fall to her lot must be spent in open air recreation or in complete rest. Yet she is loth to deny herself the pretty sleeve trimming, which is at once so modish and feminine. For her and other women similarly situated, the shops are now offering the pretty ready-made ruffling. It comes in sleeve lengths as well as by the yard.

SUN BATHS AS REST CURE.

The "rest cures" have created a new fad among the wealthy women who have been making visits to them of late to recuperate from the strain of the social season. This is the scheme of living outdoors as much as possible, and the manner in which it is worked savors of the luxury of the times. The things brought into play usually include a stout cot, well padded, and glazed permanently in some sunny but secluded nook in the immediate neighborhood of the country house in which the devotee lives. When it is not in use the cot is covered with a heavy rubber blanket to protect it from the wet. When the "rest cure" patient elects to use it, which is usually for an hour in the morning and again in the afternoon, a maid removes the blanket and the "patient" lies stretched on the cot in the broad sunshine with a veil tied over her eyes to keep out the glare of light. A more thorough cure of this kind is effected by having a high wooden enclosure built on the ground in which the sun shines, but the wind is cut off. When midday has one of these structures she has a cot within its walls on which she reclines for her sun bath.—New York Press.

MORAL SUASION.

I do not call myself a model mother but my methods of bringing up my children seem to have been successful. In training them I require prompt obedience (not blind obedience, for that makes a child a mere machine). I often gave my reasons, and that made them feel that they were in my confidence. I always allowed them to vindicate themselves, as was only fair. I never raised my voice in loud and angry tones. I avoided as far as possible getting into contentions with them, for it might have been hard to tell which would come out first best. I would never let them go to bed unhappy.

As for whipping, I don't believe in it. It only antagonizes and humiliates a child. We know how we would resent a blow. We might strike an animal, but never the tender flesh of a little child, who is bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. Punishment is sometimes needful, but there are ways of punishing. One of my boys, when about three years old, got into a tantrum one day. I tried to reason with him, but, failing to do so, put him in a closet, leaving the door half open, and sat where he could see me (children don't like to be alone), and told him that when he was good he might come out. Before long he came out all smiles and promised future amendment. The next day I did something he did not like. He led me to the closet, put me in, and shut the door tight. I knew then that he understood the lesson. We should not make too much of little faults. We forget sometimes that our children do just what we did when young. We cannot bring up our children all alike. We must consider their dispositions and temperaments. By doing this we may prevent lasting mistakes.—New York Tribune.

FASHION NOTES.

White shades grade from chalk color to the deepest ivory. Persian bands figure conspicuously in the season's trimmings. Silk bouillonnes are superseding ruchings in popularity. Ribbon bows with their ends frayed out represent a new notion. White will be worn more than ever during the summer. Soft, pliable materials are given the preference by Dame Fashion. Ombre effects in ribbon and chiffons are utilized for millinery purposes. Voile is a pronounced favorite for dressy street costumes and general wear. For summer wear linen will take precedence of all other wash materials. The garland idea will be the keynote of the trimmings for the coming season. Irish lace will continue to be used both for the turnover and the stock collar. Shantung embroidered with white pastilles, both in ecru and pastel shades, is in favor. Considerable vogue for black relieved by touches of pronounced color is predicted for spring. Both black and white lace hats of the tricorn shape will be worn, trimmed with narrow velvet ribbon. The tendency in light colors is toward champagne, gray, heliotrope, almond green and pale golden yellow. Small white colored roses, and lace, too, will be used for bows and other trimmings on straw and tulle hats.

Suspicious, Treacherous Panther. Of all the big, dangerous cats, none is more unapproachable and more treacherous than the black panther. Hailing from the heart of the deepest African jungle, lithe and supple of body, alert and nervous, this stealthy marauder exceeds in ferocity even a Bengal tiger. He is the only big feline that the lion tamer does not venture to train; and he is the only cat so absolutely distrustful that he shuns even the light of day. Often he will lie all day long in a dusky corner of his cage, his yellow slit eyes shifting and gleaming restlessly.

Even the feeding hour, when pan-demonium breaks loose among the big cats, when hungry roars and squeals mingle with impatient snarls and impacts of heavy bodies against steel bars, is apt to have not effect on him. He may lie eyeing his chunk of raw beef suspiciously, and not venture forth until day has waned and the last visitor has left, to tear meat from bones with his long, white fangs.

In fact, so ugly and vicious is this beast that frequently he turns on his own kind, and in many instances it is impossible to cage him, even with a mate.—McClure's Magazine.

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