

"Till Death Us Do Part."  
Of in the lapses of the night,  
When dead things live and live  
things die,  
I touch you with a wild affright  
Lest you have ceased in sleep to  
sigh.

There is no Truth I fear to face,  
Not e'en the record of my heart  
That brands me recreant from grace,  
Except the truth that we must part.

Before the phantom of that hour,  
Time's Officer to you and me,  
A miserable wretch I cower  
And plead for pity, hopelessly.

"May we not tread the path," I cry,  
Together? None the way can miss;  
It ends against the sunset sky—  
A turning or a precipice.  
—Francis Coultts in "Musa Verticordia."

## The Gate Leading Into the Lane.

BY JOHN N. RAPHAEL.

"I wish John would come home," said Mrs. Carrisbrooke, for the nineteenth time since luncheon.

"If you would let me light the lamps and draw the curtains, Miss Aggie," said Ferguson, who, having been nurse to Margaret Carrisbrooke's mother before her, could not get used to the fact that her mistress had for several years now had a right to a more matronly title. "If you would let me draw down the blinds, pull the curtains well across and light the lamps, you wouldn't feel so nervous. Sitting here in the dusk like that is enough to make any one feel spidery, I'm sure."

"Ferguson, I've got no patience with you!" cried Aggie Carrisbrooke. "You think nobody can think but yourself, and you can't think a bit. You know perfectly well that lamps can't be lit without oil, and that there's no gas and no electricity in this horrid old ramshackle cottage. How selfish men are! I hate men!"

And little Mrs. Carrisbrooke looked more like "Miss Aggie" than ever, as she shook the curls out of her eyes, in which two angry teardrops were peering, and rubbed her flushed cheeks into flame with a square inch of Valenciennes-bordered handkerchief.

It had seemed to the Carrisbrookes the jolliest and most unconventional thing in the world to take Hambleton Cottage, instead of making the round of autumn visits which they usually made before settling down in their cozy little flat in Curzon street. The cottage was a small one, comfortably furnished, and had been built, Mrs. Carrisbrooke declared, when she first saw it, in the later days of Noah, for it combined much of the architecture of the Ark with several small conveniences which long confinement in that structure must have taught him to be useful.

Both Aggie and her husband had the same tastes; both were fond of shooting, and the cottage carried some good shooting with it. Besides both wife and husband were motor-car enthusiasts and for the first few weeks at Hambleton time flew by very swiftly.

Then one day—the day of this story—it occurred to Mrs. Carrisbrooke that they had seen enough of one another; that they were "a guestless and forlorn old couple," and she dispatched her husband "out into the highways and hedges" to bring guests. In other words, she sent him with the car to Badmington to bring back Florence and Jack Fotheringay, who had been married on the same day as the Carrisbrookes and were their closest friends.

"Florence can bring her maid," said Mrs. Carrisbrooke to her husband as he left, "and she and Ferguson are all the servants that we want; besides which, Dickson"—Dickson was the chauffeur—"will always lend a hand, if necessary. And mind that you are back for tea at 5 o'clock."

It was past 5, and had been growing dusk since 4, and not until too late did Aggie Carrisbrooke remember that she had forgotten to order in more petrol for the village for the lamps that morning. The lamps in the cottage were of the old-fashioned, petrol burning kind, and in the morning when her husband started off upon his guest hunt, as he called it, he had bespoken their contents to fill his tanks, and promised that he would order a fresh supply for her in Hambleton as he passed through.

Maanlike, he had forgotten all about it; unfortunately, his wife had not thought of it, either; Ferguson did not know that there was no lamp oil, and, in consequence, the house was lightless.

"Where are you going, Ferguson?" "Down to the village, mum, for oil to fill the lamps. You can't sit here in the dark, with nothing but the flicker of the fire to see by, and—"

"Ferguson, I absolutely forbid you to go out! Do you think I am going to sit here all alone, with not a living soul in the house except Jasper?"—Jasper was the cat—"while you go down to Hambleton and back again? Why, I should die of fright! I'm frightened as it is. This house is horribly lonely, and there have been all sorts of awful stories in the papers lately about attacks on lonely women and— What's that?"

"That" was a branch of the chestnut tree out in the lane which a gust of wind had blown against the iron gate, rattling it across the bars with rather an uncanny sound. "I'm getting horribly frightened, Fergy," said her mistress. But Ferguson, a stout old lady of the mother-of-the-British yeoman type, laughed at her, sat down in the armchair by the fire, and drew "Miss Aggie's" head onto her shoulder.

"I do wish John would come back," remarked Mrs. Carrisbrooke again. "Fergy, there's somebody down at the gate leading into the lane—a man! I saw him, and he's trying to climb over. Oh, Fergy, Fergy, we shall all be murdered in our beds!"

"Now, don't be foolish, Miss Aggie—don't you now!" said Ferguson. "We can't be murdered in our beds while we're sitting by the drawing room fire. And there isn't anybody at the back garden gate. Why should there be?"

The gate leading into the lane behind Hambleton Cottage was never used, and had not been opened since the Carrisbrookes had been there. It was at the back of the house, and even the tradespeople used the front gate as a rule. Still, as Ferguson presently said, there wasn't any reason why one of the tradesfolk shouldn't have more manners than the rest and go round to the back for entrance, as they all ought to.

The wind was whistling loudly, too-whooping like a mammoth owl, and presently above it rose a clanging, clattering sound, which the two women in the drawing room both heard, though very faintly.

"He's trying to get in!" almost screamed Mrs. Carrisbrooke. "That was the sound of his boots on the sheathing inside the lower part of the railing. And I can see him. Look, look, Fergy! There. Don't you see there's a man, standing right up against the gate?"

"And if there is, Miss Aggie, what of that?" said Ferguson. "It's probably somebody with the petrol which master ordered, and which the lazybones at Tantler's didn't think to bring up to the house till now. I'll just go down and let him in."

"Fergy, you shant," you shant!" and little Mrs. Carrisbrooke became almost hysterical. But Ferguson was made of sterner stuff, and after a short lecture on the foolishness of sitting there, without a light, and thinking about ghosts and burglars and such things as that, when there was cheerfulness and light down at the bottom of the garden, she put her shawl on and declared her intention of going down and letting in the man.

"What we heard was probably him ringing at the gate," she said.

"It couldn't be!" gasped Mrs. Carrisbrooke, crying a little. "It couldn't be! The bell is broken. I noticed that this morning."

"Then he was kicking of his toes agin the ironwork along the bottom, Miss," said Ferguson. "It isn't manners, but it's just exactly what I should expect of that young man from Tantler's. And now I'm going down."

"Then take John's pistol with you, Fergy, or the carving knife, or something."

"Miss Aggie," said the old lady, with a chuckle, "I wouldn't carry one of them revolver things down the back garden in the dark, not if there was a burglar, but I know I should be a burglar, but I know I should do myself an injury. And don't you be so foolish, dear. Burglar's don't make no noises down at gates. They just gets in and burgles. That's their business." And, kissing her young mistress, Ferguson told her to look at the fire and not at the window, and went down to the gate leading into the lane.

It seemed to Aggie Carrisbrooke that her old nurse had been gone several hours. She had her fingers tightly rammed into her ears, and tried hard to keep her attention on the fire, but couldn't manage it, and suddenly she jumped up and ran to the window. Yes, there was no doubt of it. The gate into the lane stood open wide, and up the garden path came Ferguson, running as fast as she could, her gray hair fallen down and streaming out behind her, and her usually ruddy face white with ungovernable terror.

Aggie tore out to the front door to let her in, slammed, bolted and chained it behind her, and, before giving or asking any explanation, the two women, womanlike, fell into one another's arms and sobbed for sympathy.

"The knife, the knife!" said Ferguson, when she could get her breath. "When I got down to the gate he said something gruffy about keeping him waiting, and then pushed right in past me."

"Why did you open the gate?" Aggie asked with trembling lips.

"I don't believe I did, Miss Aggie; I don't believe the gate was locked at all. And there he stood, with a great, gleaming, pointed knife in his hand. I can see the blade of it now, and I—well, I run."

"You—you did run, Fergy," whispered Aggie, smiling through her tears.

The two went back into the drawing room again, locking each door they passed through as they went, and waited in an agony of terror for death—or Mr. Carrisbrooke's return.

Not more than half an hour later the loud panting of the Panhard brought its welcome message, and Carrisbrooke and the Fotheringays were very much alarmed when they heard what had happened. "I never gave the petrol for the house a

thought," said Carrisbrooke, "but there is plenty in the car. And in a few moments lights were lit and home looked like home again.

The two men took their revolvers and set out for an excursion round the house. They came back laughing. "I didn't find your fearsome burglar, Ferguson," John Carrisbrooke said, when he could speak, "but I found this upon the kitchen window-sill. It probably explains the mystery."

"Why, it's our carving knife!" said Ferguson. "I gave it to the grinder yesterday."

"And probably the grinder was the burglar," Carrisbrooke remarked. "Anyway, here is this message." The blade of the knife had been run through a dirty slip of paper, on which was scrawled: "Ill kum beck tomorrow fer ve frippuns."—The Sketch.

### TAKING ANOTHER NAME.

Nothing in Laws to Prohibit It—Reasons for Making Changed.

"Custom has made it almost universal for all male persons to bear the names of their parents," said an attaché of the local court the other morning. "It seems natural that it should be so. Nevertheless, there is nothing in the laws of this country prohibiting a man's taking another name, and no legal penalty is attached to his doing so. There is, always, however, a possibility of its being attended with inconvenience and perhaps loss to himself."

"There is a way by which a man may change his name with the sanction of the law, and that is the only safe way. But the law requires him to assign some good reason for the change. Men have assigned various reasons for wishing to change their names. Sometimes a man wishes to drop his right name because it is of foreign origin and difficult for an American tongue to pronounce. This may injure him in his business, as there is such a thing as prejudice even in this free and enlightened commonwealth. Or his name may have in English an absurd or even vulgar meaning and subject him to unpleasant jokes, or it may associate him with some notorious criminal or be the counterpart of some name which history made infamous, or it may be misspelled and consequently mispronounced on his entry to this country."

"Frequently infants are left orphans or abandoned by the father after the death of the mother. In that case it is a frequent occurrence for relatives or neighbors to take a child and adopt it, giving it their own name. In that case the party desiring to adopt must apply by a written petition to the court at the place in which he lives, asking leave to adopt the child and change its name to that of the petitioner. The order allowing the adoption and the change of name must be filed with the court, so that the real parentage of the child may be subsequently established if necessary."

"When an adult applies for leave to change his name he must give his place of birth, residence, age and whether he is married or single and whether there are any judgments against him or outstanding commercial paper in the name which he seeks to abandon. If in any of these cases the court is satisfied there are no objectionable reasons the order is permitted granting a change of name. The order must be filed with the clerk, and thirty days thereafter the new name may be assumed. The granting of the notice must within ten days thereafter be published in a newspaper designated by the court."

"Thus the law protects the person who for good and sufficient reasons desires to assume a name other than his own. The order of the court being recorded, all the rights of the individual which may subsequently accrue to him under his original name are preserved, his identity being under the law fully established."

### LOCOMOTIVE AS FIELDER.

Baseball Story Told so Many Times Marylanders Believe It.

In the baseball annals of Texas, Baltimore County, is an incident which, whether an actual occurrence or not, has been repeated so often that it is invested with the force of fact, says the Baltimore Sun.

On a hot Fourth of July, back in the eighties, when the catcher held his position behind the bat without mask, and the pitcher knew no curve or toe plate, there was a game of ball between the Texas Sluggers and the Timonium Little Potatoes, But Hard to Peel.

The Sluggers had got in some good stick work early in the game, and the visitors were just feeling the big Texan pitcher. It was the fifth inning and the Little Potatoes had two men on bases, one on second and the other on first, when one of their home-run hitters, who had been asleep up until the moment, struck the ball.

It cleared the entire field, and would have fallen on the railroad track, but just at that moment a train came along and the ball disappeared in the smokestack of the engine.

The train was going at a lively speed up grade, and the force of the puffs ejected the ball. The momentum of the train carried it until it fell in the third baseman's hands, and a double play was the result.

After much kicking from the Little Potatoes as to whether the play was fair, the side was retired, as the double play made three hands out.



### GET ENOUGH SLEEP.

How often does one hear women remark that they cannot sleep. Any person who cannot sleep is ill, and a person who is always sleepy is not well. A healthy person sleeps only during the time allotted for rest, and the sleep will be at an average of the same duration. Just how long one is to sleep quite depends upon the person. Children as they are growing need more sleep than older people.

For a grown-up person a sleep from seven to eight hours' duration should be quite sufficient. But how does one obtain a healthy sleep? One of the foremost necessary conditions is the thorough ventilation of the sleep apartments. Without the proper amount of fresh air a healthy sleep is not possible. Late suppers also are a menace. If the stomach has to attend to its duties of digestion while one sleeps it cannot rest. And with the stomach there are other organs affected. Also indigestible things should not be taken at a late evening meal, and there is one point which should not be overlooked; that is, to have some rest before going to bed. The right time for sleep is before the hours of midnight, because the sleep before that time is most beneficial, and counts double. Nine o'clock or a little later is the time for going to bed, and if possible do not go to bed later than 10.

Society women, of course, cannot follow this rule, but they manage to make up for lost sleep in the daytime. This is not so beneficial as it might be, but nevertheless with great care a woman is able to keep her youth for many years. There is nothing so good as the cold bath in the morning and no other treatment will take its place. The cold plunge and a massage is perhaps the greatest remedy for all ills, excepting, of course, when the doctor prohibits. All of the care taken of the body without the assistance of sleep is quite useless, and women who wish to retain their beauty must have enough sleep.—Newark Advertiser.

### GIRLS' LIKE HOUSEWORK.

Factories are overwhelmed with applicants for work, sweat shops flourish on cheap and abundant labor, department stores turn away thousands of would-be salesgirls, typewriters are legion, there are more teachers than there are places, and the cry of the unemployed is often heard in the land. Yet households are broken up, cafes glitter, restaurants issue cheap meal tickets, carding houses multiply, and the American home is yearly growing less, because the American housekeeper cannot obtain willing and competent service. In factories are girls who would rather cook, in shops women who would make good housekeepers, hundreds of typewriters are reeling off badly spelled words who would make creditable waitresses, and many are teaching school who should be doing anything else in the world. The Woman's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston made a systematic effort to attract the workers in shops and factories to domestic service, but with signal failure. From 554 women who were asked to consider housework, only 36 applied, and these were not altogether satisfactory. Their dislike for the work is frankly stated to be on account of the long hours, no evenings for themselves, the isolation from other workers, and the social stigma that attaches to the occupation.—Jane Seymour Klink in the Atlantic.

### A PLUCKY WOMAN.

Miss Elizabeth Thielman has just completed two years' work as a contractor, during which she made \$50,000.

Miss Thielman was the only child of the late Frederick Thielman, a New York City contractor, who died two years ago, leaving several unfinished contracts for grading and paving certain streets in upper Manhattan. Miss Thielman knew nothing of the contracting business, but she decided to complete the unfinished contracts as a means of clearing up all outstanding accounts against her father.

She hired Italian laborers, skilled men for paving, and has personally superintended the work for the last two years. She visited the work daily, and has sometimes had to go personally to saloons to find employees who were putting in their time there. She has completed the contracts, clearing up enough to pay debts of \$50,000 against her father's estate.

Isaac A. Hopper, an old friend of her father, declares that Miss Thielman could, with the experience she has gained, continue the contracting business and make a good living if so inclined. She will take no more contracts, however, now that those from the city are filled. Immediately on their completion she left for Maine for a rest.

### NEWEST STREET SKIRTS.

The newest street skirts, whether long or short, fit closely around the hips, being in many instances closely gored or cut circular at the top. Some of the most famous makers are turning out walking skirts of the popular small plaids or checks, cut entirely on the cross and circular, so that they fit smoothly around the hips, gathering fullness as they descend.

As a rule, these skirts have seams down the middle front and, possibly, a line of trimming there. Other models have flat braid trimming running round the skirt or are plain save for stitching.

With these skirts in the delightful invisible plaids or checks, some smart little boleros, with or without position, waist and severe save for a modish trim coat and some braid or stitching to correspond with the skirt trimming.

The decided charm of these imported check and plaid woollens is gaining popularity for them—a popularity so pronounced as to threaten their continued vogue. We shall be exceedingly tired of shepherd's plaids and their variations before the season is over, but in high class goods there are check and plaid effects that are uncommonly attractive.—Rochester Post-Express.

### ONE OF THE LOVELIEST.

One of the loveliest dresses is of satiny liberty silk in delicate pink. And it might well serve as a costume for a fair maiden if the fair wearer had a floral headdress, though it is not at all loud and none too showy for an evening wear. This dress is a founced affair, the skirt being in triple founce effect. Each founce is cut out in petal shape around the edge and between these petals another petal of palest pink chiffon is introduced. The petals are edged with tiny pink sequins and the veerings are done in glistening silks. Three shaped founces form the elbow sleeves and the pretty blouse bodice is likewise formed of three overlapping sections, these, like the skirt founces, being edged in this petal effect. It would be difficult to design a lovelier dress. For a fair one too short to wear the triple skirt effect, one founce could be trimmed deeply and be as pretty, without detracting from the height.

### CURLS AND HATS.

The tip-tilted hat of extreme fashion requires a considerable amount of hair, and that hair arranged in curls, puffs and waves, to look as picturesque as it ought to, says the Brooklyn Eagle. Not every woman who desires a hat of this sort has the necessary capillary endowment, so the modish milliner comes to the rescue with curls, knots and puffs to fill in the hollow places, the hair attachments being secured with a long pin. This combination of hat and hair purchase originated in Paris, to the profit of the French milliner and the vogue extended to London. The smart New York girl follows the example of her European cousins, though she may not be so frank about acknowledging it as they, but it is safe to assert that if her route takes her anywhere near the Flatiron building when the wind is blowing she adds a few anchors to the long pin that the French or Englishwoman finds all sufficient to keep hat and curls in place.

### ECONOMY IN GOWNS.

There is always the danger, when materials are so cheap and attractive as they are at the present moment, of spending more money than is either necessary or wise. To accumulate too many gowns, no matter how little each may cost, is the greatest mistake, for the sum total will be found to be considerable, not to mention the amount of time and labor that has been spent in their manufacture. A good plan is to buy one entire good gown every spring and autumn, and then have the other gowns that are absolutely necessary made at home and on simple lines, always fighting against the tendency to accumulate more than are needed. Rather a few satisfactory gowns than many half-way ones. It is no small task to keep a lot of clothes in perfect order, and in these days the finish and detail are of major consideration.—Harper's Bazar.

### THE PLEASING COUNTEenance.

Faces have an influence that words can never have. The eyes, the brow, the lines of the whole visage, speak out as the tongue can never speak. The face is not merely physical; it changes inevitably as the inner man changes. Hard thoughts, evil designs, selfish ambitions show through the countenance as in no other way. And the influence of these inner thoughts and purposes of ours is felt by those who merely look at us. It is not enough that we should have a care about words and deeds as influencing others; the very countenance itself, lighted from within, should speak forth a clean, wholesome message to all who look us in the eyes.—Great Thoughts.

### THE WOES OF GIRLS.

Whatever a girl does it seems inevitable that she should be laughed at, and she must learn to expect this. A few years ago she was called a "bluestocking" for her devotion to learning; next an "empty-headed, over-dressed doll"; and now she is "a creature of iron muscles, of waistless symmetry, of biceps and ungainliness." Should she turn her energies to cooking and domesticity, she becomes a "mere household drudge."—Edith Thompson in Cassell's Magazine.



### CANNING FRUIT.

There are three fruits that preserve their flavor well when canned. They are peaches, blackberries and tomatoes. It is very difficult to preserve green corn and okra in cans. But every family should put up an abundance of tomatoes and blackberries. Sugar need not be used in the process. Glass jars are considered best, but clean tin cans, with the waxed cord for sealing, will keep well, and they cost less than the glass jars. Canned blackberries make fine pies and rolls, and are enjoyed by nine-tenths of the people. We have seen okra preserved for making soup by cutting it crosswise in thin sections and drying in the shade. It gives soup a fine flavor. Another way to preserve it is to put it in salt and preserve it in brine. It has to be soaked before using. We cannot vouch for that plan, as we never tried it.—Progressive Farmer.

### HOME NURSING OF TODAY.

The three graces indispensable in a sickroom are sunshine, fresh air, and cleanliness.

Sunlight may be shut out for days, but, except in rare cases, it is a welcome guest some time during the illness, and at all times during convalescence; it has wonderful power to cheer and invigorate the patient mentally and physically.

An open fire is first cousin to the sunshine. "Beauty on my hearthstone blazing," Lowell poetically calls it; furthermore, it is a valuable aid to ventilation.

Fresh air comes next. Thank goodness, we have graduated from close, stuffy rooms and the "breath of air" that was supposed to chill the patient. We have learned to leave the windows open a few inches night and day, at the top, not below, and the fresh air circulates gradually down into the room, instead of blowing directly on the patient.

Should the invalid cling to the worn-out theory of "not changing the air of the room," you may circumvent him by opening a window in an adjoining room, and the fresh air will enter without his knowledge.—Harper's Bazar.

### SERVING FRUITS.

Small fruits, such as berries and currents, should be moderately chilled. To have them too cold renders them severely acid and unpalatable. Peaches, by the way, should be at a medium temperature, about as they would be if kept a few hours in a cool cellar.

Small soft fruits must be washed before they are seeded, else they will be water-soaked. Under no circumstances use the hands on them; rather place them in a colander and lift it up and down in clear, fresh water.

What are known as the sub-acid fruits should be as cold as putting on ice will make them. Among these fruits are melons. Do not put ice in them after they are cut or in any way opened, else the flavor will be lost.

To serve a watermelon—it having been first washed and cooled in the refrigerator—cut it in halves (this is supposing it to be a moderately long one. Then cut a slice from the rounded end, so that it will stand up firmly on the greenery-covered plate.

Then, finally, scoop out large, egg-shaped pieces with a tablespoon or a serving spoon. It is in bad taste to load up the plates with the unwieldy rind.

### RECIPES.

Hot Rolls—One pint milk, one-quarter cup sugar, whites of two eggs, two quarts flour, one-half cup butter, one yeast cake and salt to taste. Sift salt and flour in bread pan and warm water, one teaspoonful sugar and flour enough to make a batter. Place in warm place to rise for about fifteen minutes. Put milk, butter and sugar in small tin bucket on the stove until butter melts. Stir all together, add yeast to this and mix in bread pan, together with eggs well beaten. Make into dough and let rise until very light. After that roll out thin, cut with a biscuit cutter and spread with butter; fold each over and place in a buttered pan. Cover the tops of rolls with white of egg. This makes them glossy.

Julienne Soup—To six pounds of lean beef (preferably the shin with bones well cracked) add five quarts water. Put this in a covered kettle on the stove to heat slowly. Let it boil for six hours, taking care that the water does not get too low. After that set aside, well covered, until next day. An hour before needed remove the bones and the fat on top, set the soup on the fire and flavor with salt. When it boils skim it carefully and put in the vegetables. These consist of two carrots, three turnips, one-half head cabbage, one head celery and one quart tomatoes, all cut up fine and boiled tender before placing in soup. The cabbage should be cooked by itself. Add also the water in which the vegetables were cooked. Boil slowly for one-half hour, then strain. Pepper and salt should be added, and macaroni, rice or other vegetables may be added if desired.

It is alleged that the mutineers of the Khas Potemkin got \$250,000 out of the warship's strong box. This may account for their eagerness to go ashore, suggests the Chicago Record-Herald.