

The Gate of Home.

Oh grave, how still thou art!
No sigh is heard in thee;
No groan. No helpless heart
Aches there with misery.
Tears fall not all the night,
Oh grave, in thee.

Oh grave, how safe thou art!
By this low, peaceful shore,
Whose music soothes the heart
Like mother-hymns of yore.
Fears, troubles, sleep in thee,
Oh grave, no more.

Oh grave, stretch forth thine arms;
Open thy faithful breast,
And gather tenderly
The desolate to rest.
Hope to sleep in thee,
Oh grave, were best.

Oh grave, thou art the gate,
The flower-wreathed gate of Home;
By thee the faithful wait,
Until their chosen come.
Shut me no longer out,
Oh grave, from home.
—Augusta Moore, in Scribner.

A DINNER OF PEAS.

"As many as we have a mind to pick," Jetty Westart said, impressively; "just think of that."

"I never really had as many green peas as I wanted in my whole life," added her sister Kate.

"We never had enough of anything to eat," growled Jack, slyly his cap at the cat. "Or of anything else for that matter."

"We have plenty of you, at any rate," retorted Clare, the third sister, rushing to the rescue of puss.

"We'll all go over after supper," Jetty continued, too absorbed in thinking of the peas to notice the threatened squabble between Jack and Clare, "and pick them. Mr. Gardner said to take just as many as we could eat, for the family will be gone a week and the peas will only spoil on the vines."

"I could eat a bushel, I know," remarked Jack.

"You won't pick half a pint," put in Clare, who felt the snubbing of Jack to be her especial duty; "though there's no doubt you'll eat plenty when we get them."

"There, children," interposed Jetty, with the motherly air which she assumed as the head of the family, "don't be always sparring. Jack, go and get me a pail of water, and you, Clare, set the table. Jim, you toast the bread."

It was one of the peculiarities of the family that the two older girls called each other "Jim."

When Mrs. Westart, the pale, high-bred little widow, who had kept poverty from the door by dint of killing herself with toil at her pen, at last succumbed and left her four children alone in the world, the neighbors immediately fell to speculating whether their Uncle John, who had cast off his sister when she dared to marry against his wishes, would come to their aid, or whether the poor things would be forced to go to the poorhouse. Neither of these things happened. When Farmer Gardner, with kindest intent, offered Jack a place in his family to grow up as his own son, he was, perhaps, as much surprised as he was disappointed when Jetty answered him, very simply, but in a way that left no doubt that her decision was final:

"Of course we thank you, Mr. Gardner, and I know how good an offer it is for Jack; but I promised mamma I'd keep the family together, and of course we couldn't let him go."

Keep the family together! The good townspeople were shocked and surprised, and expressed their astonishment and disapproval frankly enough to each other. To voice them to Miss Jetty Westart was, however, a very different thing, for the pale little girl-woman had dignity enough to silence the most impudent of the gossips; and however the talk buzzed behind her back, it came seldom to her ears. She taught the village school and kept the family together, and it was not long before public opinion came to take sides with her to condemn rich John Fremant, that he stood aloft, and continued the unkindness, which had gone far to break his sister's heart, to her unoffending children.

Life in the little Westart cottage, as may be easily understood, was not very luxurious, and Jack's statement, that they never had enough of anything, was not so inexact. On the present occasion when Mr. Gardner had offered the spoil of his pea vines to Jetty, the determination expressed by all the family, not even excepting the "little mother" herself, as some of the neighbors called Jetty, was to have all the peas they could possibly eat. After supper the whole family, even to the cat who tagged along at the heels of Clare, proceeded in a body to Mr. Gardner's garden, and such a stripping as they received that night the vines certainly never had before or afterward.

"Now, Jim," Kate said the next morning, as they all sat shelling the peas, "for once we'll be extravagant,

and put just as much butter on these as we want. If we don't have them good, there's no fun having them at all."

"That's so," assented Jack, emphatically, as he dexterously dropped a pea down Clare's back.

"Oh, you horrid boy," Clare cried. "Jetty, I do wish you'd make Jack behave; I can't shell if he keeps shooting peas down my neck."

"Jack," the head of the family said, with great dignity, "if you don't behave you shall not have a single pea for dinner, and as we shan't have anything else you'll be likely to go hungry."

"Pooh! who could stop me?" he retorted, contemptuously, but ceasing his tricks.

It happened to be Jetty's holiday, and the whole forenoon was devoted to preparation for the wonderful dinner of peas. Bread and butter and peas were to be the bill of fare; nothing else.

The table was spread with the best damask and china, relics of better days, and at last came the important moment, when Jetty, having gone through as tumultuous uncertainties as did Mrs. Bob Cratchit over her Christmas pudding, was ready to take to the table the big bowl of steaming peas, buttered and seasoned to a turn, and sending forth an odor delicious enough to tempt the king of Sybaris.

"Oh, golly!" ejaculated Jack, flourishing his long arms, which so persistently grew beyond his jacket sleeves. "How good they smell!"

"Don't they?" said Kate; "Jim did you ever smell anything that made you so hungry?"

"Hungry," retorted Clare. "I should think anybody might be hungry; it is an hour past dinner time."

"My mouth fairly waters," went on Jack. "I wish, Jetty, you'd get along a little faster."

"I would, if you'd keep your long arms—"

Alas! for the vanity of human hopes and the emptiness of human expectations! Nobody ever knew exactly how it happened, but by the slipping of her foot or the unsteadiness of her hand, or by some dreadful combination of both, Jetty let the big china bowl fall, and the dinner of peas was deposited, a green heap, in the middle of the kitchen floor, with dish turned upside down in the middle of them.

"Oh, thunder!"

"Oh, Jetty!"

"Oh, Jim!"

Exclaimed in concert Jack, Clare and Kate. Then there was an instant of terrible silence, and then a low, prolonged howl came from Dick. Clare began to sob lustily and Kate to cry softly, while Jetty sat staring at the heap of peas in stony silence, as if she were transformed into marble with horror.

"Oh, Jetty," sobbed Clare. "How could you? Oh, it is too cruel!"

"Jim," said Kate, trying to keep back her tears, "don't look that way. It isn't really any matter, of course."

"Really any matter?" cried Jack, in a rage. "I'd like to know what you call any matter!"

"Oh, I'm starving to death," moaned Clare. "Oh, those beautiful, beautiful peas!"

By this time the tears were streaming down Jetty's face, and the entire family were gathered around the pea, seated on the floor and lamenting in company.

"Perhaps we could scoop up the top," suggested Kate, hopefully. "They'll be clean and nice."

So spoons were brought and quite a respectable portion of the heap was restored to the dish, a state of things which quieted Jack and Clare, and restored something like serenity to the entire party.

But fate never does a thing by halves, and this time it was Kate who dropped the dish she held while Jetty carefully spooned into it such peas as she could save from the general ruin.

"Oh, Jim!"

"Oh, Jim!"

"Oh, Kate!"

"Darn it! Thunder! Cuss it! Blast it! There!" shouted Jack, defiantly.

The awful profanity of this speech startled and shocked the girls beyond measure.

"John Fremant Westart!" Jetty said, rising to her feet with a white face, and speaking in a voice that carried terror to the heart of the culprit. "What would mother say if she could hear you swear? Go upstairs this minute, and don't show your face again until you can talk like a gentleman."

Without a word, Jack left the room, secretly frightened and shocked at his behavior, but holding his head high and inflexible.

"For my part," said a cool, deep voice, "I don't blame the boy very much."

The three girls turned like a flash, and there, leaning over the low window-sill and looking in at them was their uncle, John Fremant, of whom they were one and all thoroughly afraid.

"What in the world is all this fuss about?" pursued Mr. Fremant, scowling his thick eyebrows, but not without a gleam of amusement in his eyes.

"Kate," said Jetty, with her most dignified air, "will please clear up these peas. If you will go round to the door, sir"—turning toward the window again—"I will let you in."

"Thank you," the intruder said, coolly stepping over the window ledge into the room. "You are your mother over again. I'd like to talk with you a little on business."

Jetty's heart quailed a little at that awful word, yet she didn't show a quiver, but led the way to the parlor with as regal an air as though she had been a queen granting an interview extraordinary, or whatever it would be called, to an ambassador equally extraordinary. It is not necessary to relate all that was said between these two, or how at last Jetty broke down and cried on her uncle's shoulder, while he divided his attention between comforting her and clearing the mist from his own eyes. It seems that in his heart of hearts John Fremant had long had a desire to be reconciled with his sister's family, and only the night before had been looking over some souvenirs of childhood, which opened the long-sealed fountains of his love. It was from this cause, I suppose, it came about that he went out of his usual way home to walk by the Westart cottage; and the sound of weeping and wailing had brought him to the window.

I cannot pretend that their uncle proved always the pleasantest and most flexible of men to get on with, but at least there was no more worry about poverty in the little cottage, and when matters between Jack and his uncle got tumultuous, as they occasionally did, Jetty always contrived somehow to bring things out smooth again.

So that, altogether, a worse misfortune might have overtaken the four orphans than even the loss of their so-much-anticipated dinner of peas.

Ocean's Depths.

The first of fifteen volumes on the researches of the Challenger expedition has appeared, and the *Times* in reviewing it gives the following wonderful facts: Throughout the whole ocean, on the surface and at every successive depth below, there is life; and as the creatures come and die their remains fall in a perpetual shower, containing not only hard exuviae, but the elements of food, to the bottom, where they are the appointed aliment of many creatures, large and small, in the still and dark world. From a depth of several miles the Challenger brought up a creature, of a proper scientific class and name, seven feet high. It is curious to note how life accommodates itself. In these regions of darkness the eye either expands to a large size to catch any straggling ray, or is atrophied for want of use, or seems to change into another organ, with functions yet unknown. Many of the creatures at these depths are more or less phosphorescent; and they who feel for all life will be comforted to know that even many miles below the light of the sun in the watery heart of the world there can still be light, whatever purpose it may answer. But water still is the chief ingredient of life even there below. It is the food, the blood, and the strength of these poor creatures—far more than the comparatively weak constituents of our own physical frames. It is water alone inside that can withstand the pressure of two and a half tons to the square inch. That amount of pressure is found to crush beams of pine wood as if they were passed through rollers; but it has no effect upon sponges, molluscs, and even lighter creatures that almost disappear in the air and sunshine. Such are some of the creatures and such the laws of life to which we are introduced in this volume—a new world to most of us, and calculated to set men thinking.

A Nihilist Escape.

The Russian socialist, Prince Krapotkin, who has just been expelled from Switzerland, was aided to escape from St. Petersburg in a very ingenious way. One day he received, in his ration of bread, the following message from an unknown hand: "When you hear Beethoven's 'Third Waltz' played upon a piano in the house opposite, ask permission to go out into the court." Although the prince did not quite understand, he nevertheless kept strict watch for the sound of the waltz. Three days afterward, in the afternoon, some one began to play it. He immediately asked to be taken into the court. Scarcely had he reached the yard in company with his two sentinels than he saw the large gate to the prison yard open to allow a loaded wood-wagon to enter. The wagon had not entirely passed the gate when, apparently by accident, it discharged its load of logs at the entrance. The prince, seeing his opportunity, gave a bound before the wood was entirely out of the cart, and cleared not only the gate but two bullets which were fired at him by his guards. The fallen logs prevented an immediate pursuit. At the gate was a Cossack horse, saddled, awaiting the prince. He mounted it and galloped away. Since then the Russian police have never been able to find out who it was that played so well the "waltz of evasion."

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

A Happy Princess.

The Princess of Wurtemberg, who married a Breslau doctor whose acquaintance she made during his attendance upon her invalid father, has never regretted her alliance. The pair live in one of the suburbs of the Silesian capital, where the princess spends most of her time in nursing and caring for her husband's poorer patients.

How Worth Fits Queen Isabella.

One day, while passing through one of Worth's fitting rooms in company with a friend, I came across the odd spectacle of one of the young girls of the establishment standing with two pillows pinned about her waist, one before and the other behind, while over her figure, thus immensely amplified, one of the leading workwomen of the establishment was engaged in draping a gorgeous skirt of white satin. "Only a ball dress for the Queen of Spain, Madame," remarked the busy functionary, as I stopped in amazement to view the group.—Paris Letter.

A College of Dressmaking.

There is a college of dressmaking in Cincinnati, the bright idea of a Mrs. D. C. Hamilton. Mrs. Hamilton is now training thirty-eight pupils in the art of dressmaking, and a case of paper work she exhibits shows the progress made by scholars in two or three weeks. She has over 300 applications for admission to the college during the coming winter. The college was founded with a view of teaching young women how to make a living. Millinery, dressmaking, hair work, embroidery and stamping include the branches of "study." Each pupil is allowed to remain until she thoroughly understands the business, and the time usually required is from six to eight weeks.

A Graceful Woman.

What is more charming than an agreeable, graceful woman? Here and there we meet one who possesses the fairy-like power of enchanting all about her; sometimes she is ignorant herself of the magical influence, which is, however, for that reason only the more perfect. Her presence lights up the home; her approach is like the cheering warmth; she passes by, and we are content; she stays awhile, and we are happy. To behold her is to live; she is the aura with a human face. She has no need to do more than simply to be; she makes an Eden of the house; paradise breathes from her and she communicates this delight to all, without taking any greater trouble than of existing beside them. Is not here an inestimable gift?

Fashion Fancies.

Grebe trimmings are popular for trimming costumes.

Clusters of shaded plush are recommended as trimming for plush turbans.

A nice light trimming for a bonnet is three doubled frills of uncut velvet set around the brim.

Chenille dotted net is much used for veils. Bronze green and garnet are the favorite colors.

A new silk material used by Worth to make cloaks has a red or black ground upon which appear palm leaves set close together.

Outside garments show increased length, many of the new cloaks being so long as to almost completely hide the dress skirts beneath them.

Not only sealskin, but chinchilla and coney bonnets will be worn in the winter. They are trimmed with breasts and have plush or watered strings.

As if it were not enough to have sumptuous cloak-linings, little girls now have their cloth princess dresses made up with linings of quilted satin.

"Studies in yellow" are among the most fashionable hues of the present time, and "sunset" is a brilliant shade which merges from yellow into a deep red.

Dress skirts, while made narrow and clinging, appear more voluminous than formerly because of the drapery that is arranged in the way of pannier and tournure.

Light silk and wool stuffs in bright contrasting stripes, or in gay millefleur designs, are exhibited, which are to make very handsome yet durable dresses for schoolgirls.

Handsome new qualities of fur plush, showing a long heavy pile, to be used for cloak trimmings, peleries and truffs, are as costly and elegant as fur itself, but much less durable.

Pink toilets are very fashionable, and are stylishly set off with black silk stockings devoid of embroidery, black satin sandals worked with jet beads, and long black gloves of undressed kid.

Silk kerchiefs which can be worn on the neck or made into charming pockets come in fine checks, with borders in solid color. Satin kerchiefs are white or of bright color, with shaded stripes.

A popular dress for little girls is quite loose, with a collar around the neck, plain in front, plaited or gathered all the way down at the back, while a sash crosses over the plaited below the waist.

line to tie in a large bow at the left side.

Flannel suits in bronze, navy blue and green, silk or velvet collars and cuffs to match being their only trimming, will be much worn this winter on occasions requiring neatness rather than elegance of costume.

Cretone is frequently used for wall hangings. This is a favorite material for bedrooms. Each room is dedicated to some particular color, and the cretone which covers the walls also covers the furniture, dressing-table and windows and other hangings.

The most stylish evening hats and bonnets are ornamented to excess with nodding plumes and wreaths of elegant French flowers, most of the leading models being in the immense poke or in the broad Gainsborough or Sir Joshua Reynolds style.

A material bound to become popular on account of its comparatively small cost is a superior make of velveteen, in all colors, and introduced to the trade under the name of "Nonpareil." It presents a more attractive appearance than the usual makes of velveteen, and is cheaper than an ordinary grade of velvet.

Alligators as Pets.

"I have some peculiar customers," the keeper of a bird and pet animal store in New York said. "There are some ladies that purchase nothing but white rats. I once asked one what she did with them. She blushed a little and said she let them sleep on her pillow with her. She fondled them and taught them little tricks. I have had quite a demand for young alligators recently. Most of the purchasers, curiously enough, are ladies. You wouldn't think there was anything particularly likeable in an alligator with a mouth running nearly half the length of his body, but some ladies think so. I have seen them throw bits of meat into an aquarium containing a six-inch alligator, and as his mouth flapped open and closed on the delicacy, they would raise their hands and exclaim, 'How perfectly lovely!' They use the alligators to look at and feed."

"An alligator looks very comical when about to swallow a fly. He rushes at it with open jaws, and brings them so violently together that the water spouts out at each side of his mouth. He gets himself in the most grotesque attitudes, and is always making unexpected moves. A woman came here from Hoboken recently, and bought a ten-inch reptile. She also bought two dollars' worth of fishes. She went away apparently pleased with her purchases. Several days afterward she came again and said that all her fishes had mysteriously disappeared the night she took them home, but that the alligator still remained. She said she had put them all together in an aquarium. Of course I told her the alligator had swallowed the fishes. She said, 'Oh, my, the nasty thing!' and vowed she would sell it."

"An alligator over four inches long is dangerous in an aquarium. Most of those I sell are from Florida. It takes a long time—more than two years, sometimes—for an aquarium-bred alligator to grow two inches. If they were left to burrow in a muddy pond or a swamp, they would grow nearly twice their length in a year. Fresh water seems to stunt them."

A Romantic Marriage.

A lady of my acquaintance, a sister-in-law of Dr. Bliss, quite recently made, or rather acknowledged, a romantic marriage with a gentleman employed as a sub-doorkeeper at the capitol, who had lost both feet in the Union army. She was a stenographer in the patent office, drawing a salary of \$1,200 a year. She lived frugally, and held her place for years, to all appearance growing into the gentle, shadowy, self-respecting spinsterhood that so many lady clerks here prefer to a commonplace or ill-assorted marriage. A few months since the gentleman referred to fell ill, and, to the surprise of her friends, she went to his lodgings and took her place at his bedside as his nurse, acknowledging then that they had been married more than a year, but that she had concealed it rather than forfeit her government position. She has been gradually laying money by to purchase the modest semi-rural home of her maternal grandparents in East Cleveland, which the remaining heirs had offered her on terms within the scope of her ability to comply with by rigid economy, and the denouement did not occur, fortunately, till the place was practically paid for. She then resigned her position, continued her duties as nurse, and then took her matrimonial prize home to the little ancestral place she had secured, and we learn that she is very happy in her retirement. Her husband walks with a cane, a little slowly and painfully, to be sure, but is by no means a wreck of a man.—Washington Letter.

There is no type small enough in which to appropriately set up the name of a person who can find infinite enjoyment in a typographical error in a newspaper.—Cincinnati Saturday Night.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

It is recommended to treat carbuncles and boils with pure carbolic acid, injected hypodermically in sufficient quantity to thoroughly saturate the swelling.

Raw egg is a restorative to strength. Break a fresh egg in a tumbler, mix with a little sugar, beat to a strong froth, and add a very little ice water if liked, or it may be taken without this addition.

In a paper recently read before the Allegheny County Medical society, the author, a Dr. Thomas, stated that one polluted spring had given him ten typhoid fever patients in a single season, one of whom died.

In a case where the heart's action had been suspended by the administration of chloroform, the application of a large cloth wet with boiling water restored its action. Hot water would probably be similarly useful in cases of irregular heart action from other causes.

A German bee journal has an article recommending bee stings as a cure for rheumatism. The writer's wife was afflicted with severe rheumatic pains in the arm. The husband held bees to her arm, allowing them to completely empty their poison into the muscles. The succeeding night the lady for the first time in six months enjoyed good sleep. The arm was swollen pretty badly the next day, but this rapidly decreased. No rheumatic pains have since been felt by the lady. Other cases of similar cures are mentioned by this writer. As the average honey bee is always ready to perform his part of the experiment, those inclined to try this remedy may do so with neatness and dispatch.

The Secret of Centuries.

That dead secret of the centuries—the cause of Asiatic cholera—has been finally discovered, thanks to the subtle assiduity of a British consul. The story is, as it should be, full of the picturesque. It seems that the Moslems, who are bidden to make a pilgrimage once a year to Mecca, hold it the most sacred of the rites while there to drink the waters of the mysterious well, which, under various names, figures in the writings of Mohammed and his followers. The waters of it are dark and deep, and when drawn have a brackish appearance, tepid temperature and nauseating taste. What the well is fed by the Moslems refuse to tell, but the tradition is, that like the mysterious river of Kabis Khan, its sources spring under a sacred city in Tunis and course around under the Mediterranean, crossing the Nile, and run measureless to men down to a sunless sea under the city of Mecca. The consul at Jeddah got some of the water, bottled it and sent it to an English chemist for analysis. This operation revealed a mass of putridity and death in the liquid which alone are sufficient to explain the mortality among the millions of pilgrims that seek the shrine from year to year. The perplexing part of the matter is that if such a thing as cleaning out the well were suggested to the Mohammedans there would be a revolt from Senegal to Batavia, for this precious spring is regarded as a means of divine purification. To be touched with a drop of it is sure cure; to bathe in it makes the most afflicted whole. Should the Christian nations hint even that they object to the presence of the pilgrims from Mecca passing through the ports there would be no end of diplomatic wrangling and difficulties, which, to spare, we must run the constant risk of cholera epidemics.—Philadelphia Times

Seldom in the history of journalism has a newspaper been issued under greater difficulties and amid less congenial surroundings than the *News of the Camp*, which was published during the 100 days' siege of Pretoria. The editor thus describes the conditions under which the feat was accomplished: "A bungalow for a printing office, with canvas thrown over its unfinished roof, through which the rain freely penetrated, a gentle water spout running down the compositor's back as he stood with a bandolier of Martini-Henry cartridges over his shoulder, his white apron for a uniform, composing stick in hand and his rifle lying suggestively near his printing frame; the editor's quarters an army bell tent and a transport wagon, the space between ingeniously roofed in with a tattered sail stretched on telegraph poles; their work, editing a paper by day and on guard up to the knee in mud at night, or sleeping in a pair of leather breeches, long boots and jack-boots." The forty numbers, of four pages each, foolscap size, have recently appeared in bound form embellished with fourteen photographic illustrations of the siege.

Three burglars feloniously and with wicked intent entered a newspaper office in Illinois one day last week. Strange as it may seem, there was enough to go around and they each got something. One got sixty-three cents, one got away, and the other got sixty days.—Burlington Hawkeye.