

AT THE OPEN GATE.

When the twilight shades were gathered,
And the evening star was bright,
Just between the hour of sunset
And the darker hours of night,
Homeward coming from the city,
From the city coming late,
Every evening—who would meet me—
Greet me at the open gate.

When the day's hard toil was over,
And I left the smoky town,
Left the hard-paved streets and clamor,
For my quiet country home:
Left all work and cares behind me,
Homeward turning—'twas late—
Sure to find there in the gloaming—
Some one at the open gate.

Standing where the vines of summer
Climbed the dear old-fashioned fence,
Eager listening for my footsteps,
Turning off in half suspense,
Ah, to me, the sweetest pleasure
When, on coming home so late,
I would find her watching waiting,
Standing at the open gate.

Many a summer twilight found us
Lingered, whispering soft and low;
Lovers still, tho' long united,
Mourning not some "Long ago."
Happy hours! the glad home-coming!
She was there, 'e'en tho' 'twas late;
Banish all the day's ill humor!
Some one's at the open gate.

Many a year has gone since Mary,
In the twilight, used to come
Down the lane and through the shadows,
Watching for my coming home.
Some one else—a little darling—
Fair haired, blue eyed, now will wait,
Calling "Papa; papa; hurry!"
Swinging on the open gate.

Sometimes—somewhere—I shall see her,
I shall find my love again;
Sleeping not amongst the flowers,
Where so long her form has lain,
But beyond the twilight shadows,
Sure my darling there will wait,
Watching for the long home-coming
Just inside the Heavenly Gate.

—M. Edith Yost, in City and Country.

DIANA'S TRUE LOVE.

He Returned to Claim Her as He Promised He Would.

I often told Adam that our home on the Bald mountain was exactly like living on a solitary island out at sea. We were all surrounded with floating wreaths of fog, which looked for all the world like white-capped waves.

For weeks at a time nobody came near us, but I did not mind. The doctors had told Adam that the restoration of his health depended on his living for a few years at this high altitude, and what sort of a sister should I have been to let him stay alone in the little brown cabin, where the smoke from the charcoal pits ascended night and day, as if the place were an extinct volcano, and never had left off belching fire and smoke?

We took turns, Adam and I, like a vigilance committee. I worked all day in the little stone-walled garden, trying to make the rose-bushes and the hollyhocks believe they were down in some sheltered valley, and singing about my little odds and ends of housework; and when the sunset died away on Bald crag, and the whip-poor-wills began to sing below us, Adam, who had slept all day, sallied out to the charcoal pits to keep his lonely vigil—for we were poor people, and had to earn our living as best we could.

And all went very smooth until old Uncle Pomp, the colored man, suddenly announced his intention of abandoning the charcoal business.

unexpectedly came across a rare orchid in the woods.

"I should think you would be a good gardener, John," said I.

"I was a gardener once. I had charge of a house full of Jamaica ferns, and looked after a forcing-house for early peaches that brought one dollar apiece in the market."

"Why did you leave your place?"

"Oh, for a variety of reasons. Look here, Diana, you've set this lily too far in the shade. Bring it forward a little."

I colored a little. I felt that perhaps I had asked an impertinent question. But, after all, he did not seem offended, because he worked long after dusk making the border of wild violets for my flower-bed, so that the newly-transplanted roots should get the benefit of the coming shower that muttered along the west.

It was the very next day that Ralph Maddox came up Bald mountain and asked me to marry him.

"Of course I said no," Adam opened his eyes very wide.

"Why, I thought you liked Ralph Maddox?" said he.

"One can't marry every man one likes," said I, pettishly.

"But we are poor, little sister, and the Maddoxes have the finest house in the village—and it is a desolate sort of life for you to live up here on Bald mountain."

"I never was so happy in my life as I am on Bald mountain, now!" cried I.

mill hands gathering blackberries on the rocky side of Bald mountain, as our pony carriage wound along the steep road—the pony carriage that John always allowed me to drive for myself.

"There's a queer story," said one to the other, "that the famous crackman, Mad Mortimer, once hid a month in this very cave, behind these wild clematis trails, that time the New York detectives were hunting him for the Bigley bankcase. I wasn't living there then, but I've often heard of it."

"So have I," said the other. "But I didn't know that was the place. Plucky fellow, wasn't he? By the way, how did it all end? They treed him at last, didn't they?"

"Not they. Came pretty near it, up in Maine, but he gave 'em the slip, once for all."

"Give them the slip? How?"

"Didn't you never hear? Rode off a precipice, forty feet high, with his loaded revolver in his hand, just as they were chucking to think of the reward they were going to get. Body never was recovered. And that was the end of Mad Mortimer. He died as he had lived—clear grit to the end."

"Mamma, do stop Fox a minute!" cried my little boy, breathlessly. "Let me look at the cave where the robber chief hid from his enemies. Only one minute, mamma!"

Presently he came back, panting.

"Such a jolly deep cave," said he. "But I shouldn't think a man could hide there a month, should you?"

"No," I answered, absently. "I should not think he could."—Saturday Night.

HOUSTON'S MARRIAGE.

The True History of the Pioneer's Separation from His Wife.

An Indian correspondent writes: "Our experienced and successful surveyor, Capt. L. L. Fenton, superintendent of surveys under the Rajasthan court, had some rather exciting sport in the Ghir during the last hot weather, and finished up with an exceedingly narrow escape for his life. A lion had been discovered lying down under a banyan tree. Capt. Fenton commenced to creep up within shot under cover of the jungle. He had reached within some fifty yards when a couple of sambar broke cover close to him and startled the lion, giving Capt. Fenton only snap shots as it broke away, half concealed by the underwood. The shots, as was subsequently discovered, took effect high up on the shoulder. The lion, for such she proved to be, ran into a lot of Sapoys some distance to the right, where several shots were fired at her, one taking effect in the stomach."

"On Capt. Fenton running up very much out of breath, the wounded lioness was pointed out to him sitting under a tree some sixty paces off, and without waiting he went forward at once to finish her, keeping his putty-walla with a second gun behind him. He was considerably blown with hard running and heat, and so his aim was not true as usual, and instead of hitting her in the chest, as he intended, the bullet struck her in the forearm, the effect of which was to increase her rage to the attacking point, and with a roar she came straight for her tormentor. At this point in the tamasha the putty-walla vanished, taking the second gun with him, and in the instant Capt. Fenton felt that his life depended on the remaining barrel. As the beast approached to within twenty paces he fired at her head. Then, without waiting to see if she were stopped or not, he turned and ran for his second gun, when the pugile, who had bolted to one side during the charge, came up to say the animal was dead. The shot was true enough this time."—London Standard.

Queer Noises in the Hotel.

"Among the many queer experiences gained in a hotel," said the clerk of an uptown hostelry to a Washington Post reporter, "are those connected with guests who are subject to nightmare, which is more common than many people suppose. It is not uncommon for a night to develop several cases of this kind. In the stillness of the early morning hours heavy groans or shrieks may be heard sounding along the corridor. The hall boy wakes up, rubs his eyes and awaits to see what is coming, and if he is a new one at the business half expects that a murder is being committed."

"We had a case not long ago of a gentleman here, who, during the middle of the night, began pounding on his door, yelling at the same time, 'Let me out, let me out. Help! Help!' The hall boy rushed down to the desk, and with the night clerk and the porter, hurried back to the room whence came the cries of distress. All was quiet. They waited awhile, then knocked. The subject of the nightmare came to the door feeling very much crestfallen. He explained that he had eaten a too liberal supply of deviled crabs during the previous evening, and he had dreamed that he was locked in one of the immense money vaults of the treasury, which he had seen during his visit to the city. His own cries for help had caused him to wake. Such cases, more or less exciting, are of almost nightly occurrence in a large hotel, and are usually greater when the social season is at its height."

Fussy Brings Luck to Sailors.

If there is anything in the popular superstition among sailors that "a cat brings good luck," the voyage of the British steamship *Thalia* will be a pleasant one. A fine large Maltese cat went aboard the vessel the day before she sailed and composedly curled up on the heavily upholstered crimson sofa in the officers' saloon, and when the vessel sailed she was a contented passenger.

"She is an old traveler," said the steward, as he stroked her soft fur, "and this is not her first voyage. Cats like a change, and they will visit first one vessel and then another in port until they find one that suits them; and they are a knowing animal, and seem to have some intuition when a vessel is going to sail. Do I think a cat brings luck? Oh, yes. It's good luck to have a cat come to you. Why, that's not a superstition of sailors alone. Did you ever see a land lubber that didn't believe it? That cat will have the best treatment on board; besides, there's no end to the rats on board, and the cat will be useful as well as lucky to us."—Savannah News.

Habits of Fur Seals.

The seals of these waters migrate southward in each year, and begin to move from the islands toward the close of October. They proceed down the California coast, and are absolutely unmolested on that journey, the stormy weather, fogs and short days not permitting a profitable hunting during the winter months. Toward May they return northward and travel at the rate of ten to twelve miles per hour, and their northwest journey is thus accomplished in a few days, when they reach their breeding grounds in the Pribyloff Islands, St. George and St. Paul, situated in latitude 60, passing for the most part between the Aleutian Islands, Unalaska and Aluta, or between Alutan and Unimak.—Cor. London Times.

Replanting of Teeth.

Few people appear to be aware, notes The Liverpool Mercury, that a tooth can be extracted, cleaned and restored to its socket, and become again a useful and natural instrument. One Liverpool dentist, at least, is in the habit of doing such a thing; and it appears to surprise most people. A gentleman in a large shipping office had a tooth taken out, cleaned and restored some years ago, and it is at the present time a good serviceable tooth. This suggests the question as to the possibility of extracting old teeth and inserting new ones! It would be a boon to many, and is worth considering by clever dentists.

California Wild Grapevines.

A Niles (Cal.) correspondent of The Rural New Yorker writes: The Vitis California, which is being used for a resistant stock on which to graft many varieties, is one of the most picturesque and beautiful objects on the California river bottoms and in the ravines. Very few writers have spoken of it, and very few tourists ever get a glimpse of the grape in its native haunts, because it is seldom seen in the cultivated valleys or near the high-ways of travel. It grows on the Lagunitas, the Alameda, the Sonoma and the Sacramento, along the Salinas, San Joaquin and Russian rivers. It is at its best in central and northern California.

One of the most beautiful examples of wild grape arbors in the state is to be seen along the Rio Linda and Chico Creek, on Gen. Bidwell's farm in Butte county. Here, for fifteen miles, the trees on the banks are covered with grapevines, in vast domes, spires, arches, arbors and columns. These magnificent vines creep up banks and cover piles of stone and ledges of rock. They cross from tree to tree in leafy bridges. When in bloom they scent the air for miles.

In autumn, so abundant are the small, purple clusters that they seem to color the whole forest. After the leaves and fruit have fallen, the vines are still worth admiring study, for they reveal their labyrinthine intricacies, and are the delight of artists and photographers even more than during their leafy luxuriance in summer. The vines seem to have little choice about the trees they clamber over. The sycamores and alders, white oaks and maples are all loaded with wild grapes that in a few years climb to the tops, and trail back in a thousand graceful and flowing curves. In the Vaca valley some of these large vines have been grafted to muscats and black moroccos with entire success.

The Elevator Autocrat.

One of these days some scientific man will win great fame by explaining what effect continual locomotion of an artificial order has upon the human mind. Everybody is familiar with the peculiarities of the men employed on the elevated railroads, and nearly every business man is acquainted with the manners of the elevator "boy." There is a striking similarity between them. There is a resemblance in their uniforms, in their habit of speaking a weird, strange language, in their habit of showing a pugnacious resistance to the stupid public, and in their power of taking up more room than any other class of men on the face of the earth. There is an elevator man in one of the towering downtown office buildings who is a shining sample of his tribe. It is not likely that he would make his mark in any ordinary walk of life, but as the captain of an elevator he is a glowing success. He is about 30 years old, and has a quaint frame and a dyspeptic cast of features.

"Come now, get a move on; wot's de use of plantin' yerself dere? Yer can't grow on marble."

In this way he hurries his passengers in and out of the elevator.

"Is Mr. Smith in this building?" you ask.

"Feellurumsteen," he promptly answers.

"What?"

This remark stirs all the gull in his system, and he fixes you with his eye and says with heaps of sarcasm: "Fifth-floor-room—sixteen. Did yer hear?"

LET THE BOYS SHOOT.

Give Your Son a Gun When He Understands Handling It.

By all means let the boys have their rifle and shotgun, furnish them a reasonable amount of ammunition and pay their license to shoot, if we ever come to that protective measure. How else can the boy learn to shoot? If I had my way every boy and every girl should learn to shoot, even though they never killed alone a single head of game. It is not the extinguishing of the vital principle of either bird or beast for which men go afield, and the game butcher should never be classed as a sportsman.

The rifle and revolver are weapons, the use of which demand physical conditions never found in the indolent, effeminate or the dissolute. They are weapons for men and women not for dolls of either sex. If every boy and girl were early taught the use and abuse of firearms the death rate from accidents caused by carelessness would be reduced to a minimum; the number of corner loafers, cigarette smoking, round shouldered, delicate boys and girls afflicted with corsets, nerve tire and headaches would decrease in direct proportion to the increase of recruits to the army of those now enjoying such sport.

And what is to hinder? Any one of a half dozen American manufacturers makes rifles sufficiently light for ladies and boys to use; prices are such that any one of moderate means can own the very best; accuracy is unsurpassed; and ammunition, that is the 22-caliber cartridges, which are plenty large enough for all ordinary range, is very cheap. But, alas! fickle fashion has decreed that the girl child shall be a woman before reaching womanhood, and must never condescend to mingle in manly sports unless the thin veneer of fashionable polish should be marred. Fathers forget they were ever boys and wanted a gun; or, being without desire that way, compel their boys to think as they do, or to use weapons surreptitiously. No! give the boys a chance, and the girls too.

Let those parents who are not sportsmen and are blessed with children imbued with such instincts, take the time and trouble to learn the art themselves and instruct their boys and girls. My word for it, such children will love you with a deeper intensity, will spring to obey your commands with a better grace, for has not their father, their ideal of all that is good and great, associated himself with them in their play? And where is there a normal child who would not rather associate with his father than with any other companion?

You, who yourselves love the gun, do not, I beg you, think it a bore to guide the youngster in the paths you love so well or think it tiresome to initiate him in the mysteries of an art fascinating alike to young and old. Bear in mind your own youth, and your heart would have gone out to any one who would have taken time and trouble to help you become a good shot.

Our boys and girls are to be the fathers and mothers of other boys and girls, and how can we mold the generation of those who shall take our places unless we now stand sponsors to the sports as well as to other educational advantages, and where is there to be found a cleaner, more scientific, more manly sport than rifle shooting?—Forest and Stream.

A Historic Wooden Leg.

A celebrated wooden leg has been discovered in an old Vincennes shop, which was once a smithy. There is abundant evidence to prove that the relic in question is the sham limb which replaced the leg which Gen. Daumesnil lost in the big wars of Napoleon I. This rugged old warrior defended the fortress of Vincennes against the allied army, and is famous for having said to the invaders, when summoned to give up the place: "Bring me back my leg which you have shot off and you shall have my keys." The wooden leg now found had been sent by Daumesnil to a Vincennes smith in order to be "shod," as the general expressed it. Before the article was sent back the old warrior died suddenly, and the sham limb remained in the ancient smithy to the present day. It is now in the artillery museum of the Hotel des Invalides among many other martial and his-toric souvenirs.—London Telegraph.

Early Wile.

"He made a feeble and impotent gesture," read the father of the family from his newspaper; and then, seeing that his children were listening, he added, "Kitty, what is an 'impotent gesture'?"

I guess it's when you snap your fingers in somebody's face," returned Kitty, wisely.

Truly, an excellent illustration of an impudent gesture.

It is the same Kitty who is constantly asked by her younger brothers to define hard words because she is never at a loss for an answer, and can always find reasons, sometimes more ingenious than true.

"What is it to have versatility?" asked Teddy one day.

"It's to be a poet," returned Kitty, without hesitation. "To make verses, you know."—Youth's Companion.

Death of the Dinner Bell.

The dinner bell has long since suffered a decedence, and it is rarely now that it sends its merry tinkle through the corridors of aristocratic houses. It has been the custom to have meals announced by the butler, or by neat aproned and capped "Phyllises." But the latest is the Japanese gong. It is a succession of three bronze hemispheres, graduated sizes, connected by chains. The gong is suspended usually in a convenient curve of the stairway; and, when dinner is served, the family is musically summoned to the banquet hall by strokes upon the gong with a small hammer. One aristocratic wife I know of has succeeded in teaching her maid the notes of the sister's call from "Die Walkure," and three times daily do the Wagnerian tones echo through the house.—Table Talk.