

Peggy Cassidy.

Q. widow mavourneen, I'm here at your gate, The road from the loom was so long that I'm late...

THREE DREAMS IN A DESERT.

As I traveled across an African plain the sun shone down hotly. Then I drew my horse up under a mimosa tree...

I thought I stood on the border of a great desert, and the sand blew about everywhere. And I thought I saw two great figures like beasts of burden...

And I looked very curiously at it. And there stood one beside me watching. And I said to him, "What is this huge creature who lies on the sand?"

And he said, "This is woman; she that bears men in her body." And I said, "Why does she lie here motionless with the sand piled around her?"

And he answered, "Listen, I will tell you! Ages and ages long she has lain here, and the wind has blown over her..."

And he said, "I take it, ages ago the Age-of-dominion-of-muscular-force found her..."

And I looked and saw in her eyes the terrible patience of the centuries; the ground was wet with her tears...

And he said, "Sometimes a limb has quivered. But she is wise; she knows she cannot rise with the burden on her..."

And I said, "Why does not he who stands by her leave her and go on?" And he said, "He cannot. Look..."

And I saw a broad band passing along the ground from one to the other, and it bound them together.

He said, "While she lies there he must stand and look across the desert." And I said, "Does he know why he cannot move?"

And he said, "No." And I heard a sound of something crackling, and I looked and I saw the band that bound the burden on to her back broken asunder...

And I said, "What is this?" And he said, "The Age-of-muscular-force is dead. The Age-of-nervous-force has killed him with the knife he held in his hand..."

And I saw that she still lay motionless on the sand, with her eyes open and her neck stretched out. And she seemed to look for something on the far-off border of the desert that never came.

her eyes, like when a siftoeam breaks into a dark room. I said, "What is it?" He whispered, "Hush! The thought has come to her. Might I not rise?"

And I looked, and she raised her head from the sand, and I saw the dent where her neck had lain so long. And she looked at the earth, and she looked at the sky, and she looked at him who stood by her...

And I saw the creature struggle; and the drops stood out on her. And I said, "Surely he who stands beside her will help her?"

And he beside me answered, "He cannot help her; she must help herself. Let her struggle till she is strong."

And I cried, "At least he will not hinder her! See, he moves farther from her, and tightens the cord between them, and he drags her down..."

And I awoke; and all to the east and to the west stretched the barren earth with the dry bushes on it. The ants ran up and down in the red sand, and the heat beat fiercely...

I saw a desert and I saw a woman coming out of it. And she came to the bank of a dark river; and the bank was steep and high...

And he said, "It is before you." And she said, "I see nothing before me but a dark, flowing river and a bank steep and high, and cuttings here and there with heavy sand in them..."

And he said, "That is the Land of Freedom." She said, "How am I to get there?" He said, "There is one way, and one only. Down the banks of Labor, through the water of suffering..."

And he said, "Is there no bridge?" He answered, "None." She said, "Is the water deep?" He said, "Deep."

And he said, "Is the floor worn?" He said, "It is. Your foot may slip at any time, and you may be lost." She said, "Have any crossed already?"

He said, "Some have tried." She said, "Is there a track to show where the best fording is?" He said, "It has to be made." She shaded her eyes with her hand, and she said, "I will go."

And he said, "You must take off the clothes you wore in the desert; they are dragged down by them who go into the water so clothed."

And she threw from her gladly the mantle of Ancient-received-opinions she wore, for it was worn full of holes. And she took the griddle from her waist that she had treasured so long...

And he said, "that you may keep. So they wear clothes in the Land of Freedom. In the water it buoy; it always swims." And I saw on its breast was written Truth; and it was white; the sun had not often shone on it...

And he said, "Who is he, and what is he doing here?" And she said, "See his little wings..."

have dreamed he might learn to say 'Friendship in that land.' And Reason said, "Put him down." And she said, "I will carry him down with one arm, and with the other I will fight the water."

He said, "Lay him down on the ground. When you are in the water you will forget to fight. You will think only of him. Lay him down." He said, "He will not die. When he finds you have left him alone he will open his wings and fly. He will be in the Land of Freedom before you..."

And she took her bosom from his mouth, and he bit her, so that the blood ran down on to the ground. And she laid him down on the earth; and she covered her wound. And she bent and stroked his wings. And I saw the hair on her forehead turned white as snow...

And she stood far off on the bank of the river. And she said, "For what do I go to this far land which no one has ever reached? O, I am alone! I am utterly alone!"

And Reason, that old man, said to her, "Silence! what do you hear?" And she listened intently, and she said, "I hear a sound of feet, a thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands and they beat this way!"

He said, "They are the feet of those that shall follow you. Lead out make a track to the water's edge! Where you stand now the ground will be beaten flat by ten thousand times ten thousand feet..."

And I awoke; and all about me was the yellow afternoon light; the sinking sun lit up the fingers of the milk bushes; and my horse stood by me quietly feeding. And I turned on my side, and I watched the ants run by thousands in the red sand. I thought I would go on my way now...

And I dreamed a dream. And on the hills walked brave women and brave men, hand in hand. And they looked into each other's eyes, and they were not afraid.

And I said to him beside me, "What place is this?" And he said, "This is heaven." And I said, "Where is it?" And he answered, "On earth." And I said, "When shall these things be?"

And he answered, "In the future." And I awoke, and all about me was the sunlight; and on the low hills the sun lay, and a delicious coolness had crept over everything...

And I saw the women also hold each other's hands. And I said to him beside me, "What place is this?" And he said, "This is heaven." And I said, "Where is it?"

And he answered, "On earth." And I said, "When shall these things be?" And he answered, "In the future." And I awoke, and all about me was the sunlight...

And I saw on its breast was written Truth; and it was white; the sun had not often shone on it; the other clothes had covered it up. And he said, "Take this stick; hold it fast. In that day when it slips from your hand you are lost. Put it down before you feel your way; where it cannot find a bottom do not set your foot."

And he said, "I am ready; let me go." And he said, "No—but stay; what is that—in your breast?" She was silent. He said, "Open it and let me see." And she opened it. And against her breast was a tiny thing, who drank from it, and the yellow curls above his forehead pressed against it...

And Reason said, "Put him down." And she said, "He is asleep, and he is drinking! He will carry him to the Land of Freedom. He has been a child so long, so long I have carried him. We will walk together there, and his great white wings will overshadow me. He has lispied one word only to me in the desert—'Passion!' I

And I saw that she still lay motionless on the sand, with her eyes open and her neck stretched out. And she seemed to look for something on the far-off border of the desert that never came.

Feminine Dress in Japan.

Having been soaked and dried the Japanese girl takes a long strip of cotton or silk, according to her taste or condition, the strip being about eighteen inches wide and three yards long.

Holding the upper corner of one end of the cloth just over the left hip she winds the strip tightly around the loins and hips, fastening it by tucking the end corner in the belt so made.

The kit, so to speak, having been adjusted, the Japanese girl then slips on a little, loose, sleeveless jacket—again either of cotton or silk—which comes down to the loins, cloth, and over that a blouse or short kimono; then another little longer, two or three of these, then the kimono, and then the obi or bow.

Each is decorated at the neck with a strip of colored crape, and the whole is so arranged that these strips show one beneath the other. Sometimes a belle shows a half dozen or more of these different colored strips, the effect being quite rainbowish.

Stockings the Japanese woman does not wear, except those who have adopted the European fashions, while the shoe is either a sandal or a clog. No matter what the form of the sandal or clog, the method of attachment is always the same—a soft loop into which the foot is thrust, with a thong to pass between the great toe and the others.

The sandal (zari) is nearly always made with a straw sole and quilted top, and is used for indoor wear, while the clog (gita) is of wood. Their height is regulated by the "tony" aspirations of the wearer, just as French heels of excessive height is worn by our own fashionable sisters.

It is in her obi, or sash, however, that the Japanese belle takes her greatest pride. Ordinarily it is tied behind in a bow about a foot square at the back, resembling a cartridge-box in shape.

Some Uses For Borax. Sprinkle places infested by ants with borax and you will soon be rid of them. Blankets and furs put away well sprinkled with borax and done up airtight, will never be troubled with moths.

A little borax put in the water before washing red, or red-bordered tablecloths and napkins, will prevent their fading. Ringworms will yield to borax treatment. Apply a strong solution of borax three times a day; also dust on the fine dry powder very often.

Put a teaspoonful of borax in your rinsing water; it will whiten the clothes, and also remove the yellow cast on garments that have been laid aside for two or three years.

One of the best things to cleanse the scalp thoroughly, is to dissolve one-half teaspoonful of borax in a quart of water and apply it, rubbing it in well. Rinse thoroughly in clear water.

For washing fine nice flannels, nothing will cause them to look so nice as borax in the water, a tablespoonful of borax to a pail of water being the right proportion. Always wash baby's little flannel skirts, shirts, etc., in this.

Borax water is excellent for sponging either silk or wool goods, that are not soiled enough to need washing. In washing cashmere or wool goods, put a little borax in the water. This will cleanse them much more easily and better, without injury to the colors.

Unravelling Ciphers. Communications in cipher are not so secret as many persons suppose. The London correspondent of the Liverpool Mercury writes: "Nothing has amazed the Times people more, I believe, than the discovery of the secret cipher with which they communicated with George Kirby in America when Mr. Kirby was engaged in negotiating with Sheridan."

A Chinese Altar. The chief joss in the Gott street worshipping house of the Chinaman in New York has a new altar and canopy specially imported for him at a cost of \$5,000. It is made of wood almost as heavy as metal, and intricately carved.

1500 MILES.

Only those who have tried it can know what it is that prompts one to send 1,500 miles for it to get it again. Here is another of many such instances:—

Dear Sir: I send \$5, for which please return a half dozen of your vegetable sarsaparilla. I have moved here from Sierra City, Cal. I took three bottles before leaving, hence I send all the way back to California for more. It was just before I left Sierra City, about a year ago, that I began to feel very miserable. My skin was very yellow, and I was all pains and aches, especially under my shoulders and in my head.

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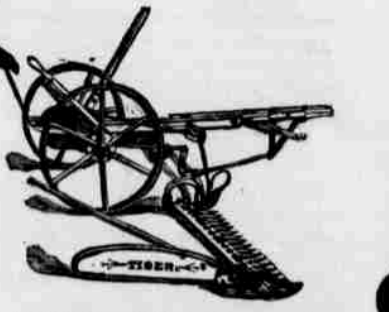
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