

THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

Eternity.

Boundless Eternity! the winged sands
That mark the silent lapse of flitting
time
Are not for thee; thine awful empire
stands

From age to age, unchangeable, sub-
lime:

Thy domes are spread where thought
can never climb,
In clouds and darkness, where vast
pillars rest.

I may not fathom thee: 'twould seem
a crime

Thy being of its mystery to divest,
Or boldly lift thine awful veil with
hands unblest.

Thy ruins are the wrecks of systems;
suns

Blaze a brief space of ages, and are
not;

Worlds crumble and decay, creation
runs

To waste—then perishes and is for-
got;

Yet thou, all changeless, heedest not
the blot.

Heaven speaks once more in thunder;
empty space

Trembles and wakes; new worlds
in ether flit,

Teeming with new creative life, and
trace

Their mighty circles, such as others
shall displace.

Thine age is youth, thy youth is
hoary age,

Ever beginning, never ending, thou
Bearest inscribed upon thy ample page,

Yesterday, forever, but as now

Thou art, thou hast been, shalt be:
though

I feel myself immortal, when on thee
I muse, I shrink to nothingness,
and bow

Myself before thee, dread Eternity,
With God co-eval, co-existing, still to
be.

I go with thee till Time shall be no
more,

I stand with thee on Time's remotest
verge,

Ten thousand years, ten thousand
times told o'er;

Still, still with thee my onward
course I urge;

And now no longer hear the endless
surge

Of Time's light billows breaking on
the shore

Of distant earth; no more the sol-
emn dirge—

Requiem of worlds, when such are
numbered o'er—

Steals by: still thou art moving on
forevermore.

From that dim distance would I turn
to gaze

With fondly searching glance, upon
the spot

Of brief existence, where I met the
blaze

Of morning, bursting on my humble
cot,

And gladness whispered of my hap-
py lot;

And now 'tis dwindled to a point—a
speck—

And now 'tis nothing, and my eye
may not

Longer distinguish it amid the wreck
Of worlds in ruins, crushed at the
Almighty's beck.

Time—what is Time to thee? a pass-
ing thought

To twice ten thousand ages—a faint
spark

To twice ten thousand suns; a fiber
wrought

Into the web of infinite—a cork

Balanced against a world: we hardly
mark

Its being—even its name hath ceased
to be;

Thy wave hath swept it from us, and
thy dark

Mantle of years, in dim obscurity
Hath shrouded it around: Time—
what is Time to thee!

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

Authors and Their Clothes.

Many writers, composers, painters
and sculptors have believed that their
flood of ideas was helped by the adop-
tion of some peculiar style of dress.
Dumas, for example, used to take off
his coat and vest, unfasten his shirt
collar and turn up his sleeves to the
elbows before beginning to write.
Probably he would have preferred to
dispense with clothing altogether if
he could have had his way.

Buffon, on the other hand, when
writing his "Natural History," attired
himself in full court dress, ruffles,
frills and all, fitly to sustain the dig-
nity of the subject.

Beranger used to get himself up
to look like an old concierge, and he
always wore a red rose in his button-
hole in order to draw attention to the
fact of his not being decorated. It is
said of Scribe that he failed to grasp
his subject unless he were fully dressed
and spick and span.

Lamartine, with curious perversity,
preferred to be known as a politician,
architect or financial authority, rather
than as a poet, and he used to dress,
in accordance with these aspirations,
in a tightly buttoned frock coat. Vic-
tor Hugo, who was always bent on
calling attention to his genius, startled
the world at one time by taking as his
model the figure of the "Creator" in
Michael Angelo's frescoes.

A fancy costume of black velvet was
always donned by Wagner when he
was composing, and a kind of Tam o'
Shanter cap. A signet ring presented
to him by Frederick of Prussia was
worn by Haydn while he was working,
and Beethoven would wash his hands
dozens of times before beginning his
composition.

Victorien Sardau composed La Tos-
ca, as well as most of his other works,
"clothed in a little gray jacket, tight
trousers and a Scotch cap," seated
close beside a blazing fire, being the
most chilly of mortals; fires, summer
as well as winter, were always in evi-
dence. Mascagni, while working on
his Japanese opera, arrayed himself
in a flowing robe of Eastern style,
with all his surroundings Oriental in
character, oceans of coffee being con-
sumed as necessary to inspiration.

Cimarosa, the celebrated Italian
composer, turns out his very best
work when he is surrounded by a bevy
of children, making day hideous by
their noise and clatter. Mendes is
the most absent-minded of mortals,
and often has three or four cigars
alight at the same time while com-
posing, through excessive absent-
mindedness. Some odd tricks are also
credited to Dr. Conan Doyle, who is
another absent-minded mortal.

Red was a color detested by "Lewis
Carroll," and a little girl who came
to visit him was absolutely forbidden
to wear a red frock of bright hue while
out in his company. Pink and gray
were his favorite combinations of
color. In personal matters he had
a great fear of extravagance and
would only wear cotton gloves. He
never wore an overcoat, and always
wore a tall hat, whatever might be
the climatic conditions. He was de-
voted to the cup which cheers, but not
inebriates, and while writing "Alice
in Wonderland" he consumed tea
enough to float the English navy.
While composing he used to walk up

and down the room, swinging the tea-
pot back and forth, while the tea
steeped.

Edward Fitz Gerald, of "Omar
Khayyam" fame, when he wrote, al-
ways sat in a high-backed, low-seated,
red-covered arm chair, often in dress-
ing gown and slippers, and invariably
kept his hat on, which, indeed, he
seemed never to remove except when
he wanted a red handkerchief from
the interior. In texture his clothes are
described as resembling that worn by
pilots; his trousers were short, and he
always wore low shoes and gray stock-
ings. He generally wore a stand-up
collar, with a black silk scarf care-
lessly tied in a bow, and his white
shirt front was unstarched, and did
not suggest recent acquaintance with
the ironing board. In cold weather he
wore a large, gray, plaid shawl around
his neck and shoulders. He was a
smoker, but the same pipe was never
used twice, as he always broke it af-
ter the tobacco was consumed.

While writing or dictating his stor-
ies, Thackeray used to walk up and
down in his bedroom, pause at one
end, pace back once more and then
stop at the foot of the bed, where he
would stand for some moments, roll-
ing his hand over the brass ball on
the end of the bedstead. He usually
dictated his stories—his daughter be-
ing his amanuensis, but when he came
to a critical point, he would send his
secretary away and write for himself,
saying that he could think best with a
pen in his hand. "A pen to the author
is like the wand of the necromancer, it
compels the spell."

Washington Irving was equal to the
seven sleepers—always being able to
fall asleep on the slightest provocation,
while writing, or even when dining out
in company he usually fell asleep at
the dinner table; this occurrence in-
deed was so common with him that
the guests usually only noticed it with
a smile. After a nap of some ten min-
utes he would open his eyes and take
part in the conversation, apparently
unconscious of having been asleep.

George Eliot always dressed with
great care before sitting down at her
desk. Hannah More was fond of sea-
green silk, and most of her tales were
written with the authoress garbed in
a gown of this hue. George Sand,
when writing, wore "pretty yellow
slippers, smart stockings and red pan-
taloons."

What Frances Hodgson Burnett
Townsend illustrates in her heroines
as to clothes and surroundings she
practices on herself. Few writers, per-
haps, have spent more on their gowns,
and few are more sensitive to their
environments; it is impossible for her
to write at ease, whether at home or
on ship board, unless surrounded by
an atmosphere of refined luxury. A
story is told that Mr. Edmund Russell,
of Desarte memory, was once con-
sulted by the author of "That Lass o'
Lowries" regarding a certain gown.
The material chosen was a large fig-
ured brocade, which on her short per-
son did not promise results that were
alluring. "Which is the right side of
this fabric?" asked Mr. Russell.
"This," said the novelist, indicating
it to him. "You are mistaken, ma-
dam," rejoined Mr. Russell. "That
side is prose, the other is poetry." His
hint or suggestion, however, was
not heeded, and the dress was made
up with its right side turned outward
to the world.

Amelie Rives, in the first days of
her fame, studied her glass, carefully
and spent much thought, time and
money on her gowns, which were La
Tosca in design or directoire, or em-
pire, by turns. She could write most
at her ease when clothed in a certain
pale rose-colored gown with a Persian
sash. India silk peignoirs and Worth
gowns galore were seen in her ward-
robe. Her instructions to her modiste
were usually wound up with the ad-
monition "make me look as slim as
possible." Her gowns were stunning;
they amazed Newport, and wrought

BLIND- FOLD.



Blindfold a
woman and she
loses all confi-
dence in herself.
Her step is slow,
hesitating and
uncertain. Her
hands are raised
to ward the im-
aginary blows
which threaten
her. When a
sick woman
seeks the means of health she is often
like a woman blindfold. She has no
confidence. She cannot tell what her
effort will lead to. She turns now to
this side and then to the other in uncer-
tainty and doubt.

The sick woman who uses Dr. Pierce's
Favorite Prescription may do so with
absolute confidence. It invites open-
eyed investigation. There need be no
hesitation in following the hundreds of
thousands of women who have found a
perfect cure for womanly ills in the use
of this medicine.

"Favorite Prescription" cures irregu-
larity and dries weakening drains. It
heals inflammation and ulceration and
cures female weakness.

"With a heart full of gratitude to you for send-
ing out over the land your wonderful medicine I
send these few lines, hoping that some poor suf-
fering woman will try Dr. Pierce's medicines,"
writes Mrs. Cora L. Root, of Greenspring Fur-
nace, Washington Co., Maryland. "I had suf-
fered severely from female weakness and had to
be in bed a great deal of the time. Had head-
ache, backache, and pain in left side when lying
down. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favor-
ite Prescription, and had not taken two bottles
when I was able to be around again and do my
work with but little pain. Can now eat any-
thing and it never hurts me any more. Have
taken seven bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Pre-
scription, and one of his 'Compound Extract of
Smart-Weed and several vials of his 'Pleasant
Pellets.' Feeling better every day. My hus-
band says I look better every day."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure bil-
iousness and sick headache.

confusion to the fashion writers when
Amelie Rives was the sensation of the
hour.

Her clothes are also affairs of prime
importance to "Ouida." She always
dresses with elaborate care and usual-
ly in rather fantastic fashion, being
able to compose in more glowing style
if attired in draperies like unto those
with which she clothes her heroines.
Three spitz dogs are her constant com-
panions even when she is writing. The
presence of animals is a source of in-
spiration to other writers—Francois
Coppee among the number, also Gan-
tier, Scaccini and Bandelaire. Mon-
taine also kept his black cat beside
him when writing, and whenever puzzled
for a word would stroke its fur.
—Exchange.

Songs of the People.

Mr. J. A. Edgerton, one of the edi-
torial staff of the Rocky Mountain
News, has published through the Reed
Publishing company, of Denver, a
book of poems entitled "Songs of the
People." Mr. Edgerton is a poet whose
genius has largely been employed in
the advocacy of governmental reforms.
A refreshing spirit of optimism runs
through his writings, and political
truths are presented with gracefulness
as well as emphasis. While his po-
litical poems have been more widely
quoted, "The Penalty," probably be-
ing the best known, many odes scarce-
ly less meritorious deal with home,
childhood and other subjects of uni-
versal interest.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
Has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS
of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETH-
ING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE
CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN;
CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for
DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the
world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing
Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a
bottle. It is the Best of all.