

THE SOUTHERN HOME.

DEATHLESS.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

There lies in the center of each man's heart
A longing and love for the good and pure,
And if but an atom, or larger part,
I tell you this shall endure, endure,
After the body has gone to decay—
Yea, after the world has passed away.
The longer I live and the more I see
Of the struggle of souls toward heights
above,
The stronger this truth comes home to me,
That the universe rests on the shoulders of
Love—
A Love so limitless, deep and broad
That men have renamed it and called it
God.
And nothing that ever was born or evolved,
Nothing created by light or force,
But deep in its system there lies dissolved
A shining drop from the great Love
Source—
A shining drop that shall live for aye
Tho' kingdoms may perish, and stars may
die.

ARTISTIC HOMES.

I don't think I ever saw a greater contrast than in the furnishing of the parlors of Ogden Goelet and William H. Vanderbilt. Both of them were so rich that money could be spent without limit and each could choose what his own taste preferred in this and other countries. The parlors of the first-named have at the first glance an unusual air of severe simplicity, while the others hold all the brightest and most glittering things that could be brought together.

The new home of the Goellets is large and handsome. The hall doors are double, and of rounds of stained glass, and the hall is worthy of at least a column of description; but in this short article I only wish to mention the parlors, so I will pass over the hall, at the right of which is the door leading into the grand salon.

There is no carpet on the floor, which is made of polished oak, laid in the most exact manner. The walls are made of panelings in cream color with fine gold moldings, so narrow that they serve only as a thread of gold in embroidery to throw out the delicate beauty of the pattern. The ceiling represents the firmament and all around the wall is a frieze, consisting of paintings on wood by celebrated artists. The subject is of nymphs and children playing among fields of flowers, and they are all done in pale, delicate tints, exquisitely soft, chaste and pleasing.

The parlor fronts east and north, and has large windows, each hung with curtains of solid tapestry, each one of which must have required two years' steady labor, it being the fine old cross-stitch embroidery. The curtains have borders of cream color in which are worked exquisite flowers, the colors of which have mellowed by time into perfect harmony. There is the most beautiful chandelier of brass and crystal, which is remarkably light and graceful, though it is so large.

A large chimney of carved white marble fills the space between the windows, and is fitted with wrought brass furnishings, and above the mantel is a large pier glass. In all the corners of the room are onyx vases, from five to six feet tall, elaborately carved and almost priceless. Before the chimney lies an immense tiger skin and here and there an elegant tapestry rug.

But the chairs are each and every one a study. The woodwork is gilt and white. They are lightly but solidly made and every one is an exact copy, as is the whole room in fact, of the grand salon of the palace of Versailles. Each back and bottom of the chair is made of cross-stitch tapestry representing Watteau pictures, the coloring and work in every particular reproducing those famous paintings. It takes close examination to convince one that this has indeed been wrought by hands and not by some loom. There are eight chairs, two arm chairs and two tabourets. There is no table and no picture on the walls—no huddled-up mess of bric-a-brac, nothing to disfigure the severe simplicity of this perfect room.

Opening with large sliding doors into this is a smaller parlor. The walls in this are hung with tapestry, representing hunting scenes, set in carved white panels which are picked out with gold. Here there is no carpet, but a large rug is placed in the middle of the floor.

There are pale blue satin chairs, the backs and bottoms of which have tapestry centres with hunting scenes worked upon them in the same fine close stitch. At the doors are tapestry portieres held by handsome gilt chains. This room is a perfect copy of a boudoir in the palace of Little Trianon. There is a chimney in this room, and on the mantel a pale blue lapis-lazuli boat with twenty silver rowers, each of whom holds a silver torch, and these give all the light required. A more charming room or conceit in chandeliers was never made.

Opening from this room is the music-room, which is an extension of the grand salon like the other; and there is here no carpet, only a great tiger-skin and one or two other rugs. A grand piano, a few ebony and pale blue satin chairs, a richly carved music-rack, and magnificent bronze and crystal chandeliers furnish this room. The library adjoins, but as it is not a parlor I will leave that out and pass swiftly through the vestibule, the little hall, and the enormous square hall of the home of the late W. H. Vanderbilt, to the grand salon there.

At the large door hang heavy portieres of tapestry, lined with rich yellow satin. Directly opposite the door is a bay-window, and at the north end of the parlor are wide doors which lead into the library, which was Mr. Vanderbilt's own private room and where he died, and at the south end into the Japanese parlor.

The ceiling is decorated in a striking manner and all around the wall a frieze represents an allegorical fable in enormous figures and in high colors. At the bay-window are tapestry curtains and in panels on the walls; but somehow they do not seem to be the right thing in the right place here. In each of the angles of the parlor is set a high pier glass, with a frame made of cut glass, its facets throwing off sparks of light in every direction. On the west side are two enormous cabinets of richly wrought brass and mother-of-pearl, with looking-glass on top, and in the shelving stand numberless little objects of vertu and value.

In one or two panels against the wall are placed stands of armor—shield, lance, sword, helmet, etc.—all of the rarest and most costly workmanship. On the floor covering it all is a royal Wilton carpet of a drab ground with various colored flowers upon it, and of the most costly quality.

In the middle of the parlor stand two glass cases, one containing some jeweled daggers and other small arms; some very beautiful enameled and jeweled snuff-boxes, several historical jewels and ivory miniatures of famous people, and a number of other things of rare value.

The other has a statuette carved out of one single tusk of ivory—I forget the subject—and the "wheel of fortune," which is of silver and gold. There are no pictures. The chandelier is enormous and looks too heavy. It is of brass and copper, both polished. The chains, of which there are twelve, and the two divans are of copper-colored satin brocade and the trimmings are gold cord and tassel, and the curtains and portieres are all held back by massive chairs.

I can hardly say where the difference lies, but whatever it is it makes one place full of refinement and individuality, while the other is a sort of jumble of incongruities that leave a confused glitter and gleam of gold and silver, copper and glass, and general gorgeousness on the mind that hurt the sensibilities.

The old tapestry, the arms and frescoes do not blend well with modern chairs and carpets, or modern-shaped houses.

Then the Japanese parlor, which opens out of the south end and is really a continuation of the other, has a bamboo ceiling, a China matting on the floor, a cabinet in the corner, with several specimens of Wedgwood and Worcester pottery and a couple of decidedly Italian statuettes, as well as bamboo and cane-bottom chairs, and the hangings are indiscriminately Chinese and Japanese as well as the screens and pottery.

The room at the northern end is furnished all in green—green plush curtains and portieres, green velvet carpet and furniture of ebony upholstered in green plush. In this room a secretary stands in one corner, and a large library table in the middle. An open grate has a dark gray marble mantel, over which hang as many pictures as can well be crowded in, and in other spaces are copies in miniature of some of the most famous paintings in the world, besides a number of medallion portraits on ivory of Vandyke, Rembrandt, Raphael, etc.—all the old masters in short. It was right at the west side of this library table where the rich man fell and died so soon after this enormous and costly home was finished.

Although I do not admire the taste displayed in this house, that does not hinder me from saying that I wish its owner could have lived longer to enjoy it. He was a better man than most people thought. CLARICE.

Lucky for the Community.

A poet writes: "I know sweet songs I cannot sing." That poet has our gratitude.—*Somerville Journal.*

SOME WISE BIRDS.

Florida Buzzards Show a Great Deal of Good Sense.

Last winter we wrote an account of some wise Florida buzzards, suffering with cold, warming themselves by the fishermen's fires across the river. That story has been published in nearly every newspaper in the country, and the following, which actually took place a few days since, will give a second chapter on the intelligence of the despised and detested buzzard:

While a party was out fishing at Lochloosa a short time since a large alligator was shot, which sank to the bottom and remained there until it died. When the carcass came to the surface the buzzards soon discovered it, and they swarmed about in large numbers. The breeze kept the lake in such a ripple, however, that they could not keep a foothold on the body of the gator, as it turned and floated with every wave. The Florida buzzard is a shrewd bird, and his reasoning powers are much greater than he has ever gained credit for. Baffled by the wind and waves, and hungry from fruitless efforts to anchor the gator, the birds held a consultation. As a result, two of them flew at the gator, and, fastening their talons on the body, they spread their wings, sail-fashion, and piloted the carcass to the shore of the lake, where the flock made a hearty meal. The buzzard is not a pretty bird, nor is he known in song and story like the American eagle. His name brings up suggestions of bad odors, and he is never made a pet of or shown that kindness and consideration accorded more favored birds, but when it comes down to good, hard mule sense and practical and calculating ingenuity, he can discount all his kin, notwithstanding his well-known reputation for dullness and stupidity. The Florida buzzard is entitled to the chromo.—*Palatka News.*

CHURCH EXTENSION FAILED.

But They Agreed to Organize a Board of Trade and Get Up a Boom.

A Sioux Falls minister recently went out to another Dakota town to help organize a church. On his return his wife said to him: "I trust you were successful and laid the foundation for a prosperous church society."
"Well, I'm afraid I can't say that I was."
"Why, I don't see what could have prevented it?"

"I'll tell you; I got those together who appeared to be interested and we talked the matter over some little time."

"Well, why didn't you go on?"
"Why, they didn't appear to be very enthusiastic, and to test the matter I said, 'Gentlemen, I move that we proceed to organize a Presbyterian church.' Just then a prominent business man arose and said: 'I move to amend the gentleman's motion so that instead of a Presbyterian church we organize a board of trade and get up a boom.' Those in favor of the amendment," said I, "will please rise." You ought to have seen them get up! Every man stood up except one lame man and he was feeling on the floor for his crutch, some got up on the chairs and one man tried to crawl on top of the stove. When I came away they were talking about moving the cemetery to make room for a street car line."
—*Winnipeg Siftings.*

Progress of Poland.

There has been a remarkable development in the manufacturing industry of Poland during the last few years. According to the report of Mr. Grant, British consul at Warsaw, there were in 184 over 6,500 factories of one kind or another in the kingdom employing 105,500 hands, while twelve years before the number employed was but 50,000. Large fortunes are being made by the manufacturers, who are principally Germans and Polish Jews. Lodz is the Polish Manchester. The place has grown from a small place of 20,000 population in 1830 to a great manufacturing city of 150,000 souls, and containing 165 mills and factories, employing 30,000 hands. The mills of Lodz work up every year about 125,000 bales of cotton. Sixty per cent. of the population are of German nationality, and about three-fourths of this proportion have been naturalized as Russian subjects.

Another School for Girls.

The great gift which it was rumored was to be made for the benefit of Winsted by the Hon. William L. Gilbert is now said to be about to take form in the endowment of an educational institution for girls, which will have an endowment of \$200,000. It is added that this was conditional on the raising of \$20,000 in the east village for a site, and that this condition has been met. It is added that the Winsted House, the Norman Adams estate, and the Judge Hitchcock property, adjoining, have been purchased for a site for the location of the institute. The Winsted House property, which had been placed in the hands of a Hartford dealer for sale, was withdrawn a few days ago, and though the sale for this purpose may not have been completed there seems little doubt that its withdrawal from the market was with reference to Mr. Gilbert's plan.—*Hartford Courant.*

A Judge of Diamonds.

"There's one of the best judges of diamonds in the United States," said a hotel clerk pointing to a fine-looking gentleman standing in the lobby. "Is that so?" queried his listener. "Is he a jeweler?" "Oh, no," responded the clerk, rubbing his chin; "he don't know any more about the jewelry business than you do." "Is that so?" again came forth from his listener's lips with a little more surprise and emphasis than at first. "don't know anything about the jewelry business and still a good judge of diamonds; what business is he in?" "He's a baseball umpire," quietly responded the clerk. And the silence that ensued was painful.—*Elmira Gazette.*

A Literary Opinion.

If the Book of Job were published to-day for the first time it is doubtful if it would attain a circulation of 500 copies throughout the United States.—*Boston Globe.*

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The New Orleans Medical Journal points out the danger

to the country at large. Should the plague reach the Isthmus and Mexico it would soon be in New Orleans and in a little while would sweep over the Mississippi Valley and hurry on to the North. The disease has its regular rounds to make, although it does not always take the same route. Its periodical march through the world must by some mysterious decree or law be accomplished. We see that slowly and with much loitering by the way it is still progressing, and that it will go over the whole course appears hardly questionable.

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