

## "HOME AGAIN HOME AGAIN."

**Arrival of the Greeley Crew and Their Rescuers at Portsmouth, N. H.—Extraordinary Scenes.**  
Dispatch from Portsmouth.

The signal officer directed the *Thetis* to her anchorage. She had scarcely dropped her anchors when the *Bear* came slowly steaming around the corner of old Fort Constitution, as black and solemn as a hearse in a funeral procession, and the sailors in the rigging cheered again. Then came the *Alert* and third cheer was heard, to which, however, there was no response. The flags on all the Arctic fleet, which had been at half mast ever since the rescue at Cape Sabine, were raised to the masthead by signalling orders from the secretary of the navy, who remarked that this was a day of joy and not welcome to the survivors, and not of mourning for the lost. When the Arctic fleet dropped their anchor Secretary Chandler offered his arm to Mrs. Greeley and escorted her to the gang-plank, followed by her brothers. They were placed in charge of Commander Merry of the *Tallapoosa*, who, in his launch, conveyed them to the *Thetis*.

As Mrs. Greeley, on the way to meet her husband, passed down the companion way to the barge, she walked with a firm tread and showed no sign of emotion other than biting her lips and lightly clutching her hands. The lieutenant had not been informed that his wife was about to go on board the *Thetis*, and a few minutes before her arrival, in conversation with Commander Schley, he said he did not expect to see her, as she probably had been unable to reach there so soon. When the barge was seen to leave the *Tennessee* with Mrs. Greeley and her two brothers, G. O. and C. A. Nesmith, sitting in the stern sheets, Commander Schley said to Lieutenant Greely: "Lieutenant, I would like to see you in my cabin for a few moments." Commander Schley entertained Lieutenant Greely in conversation about arctic matters until a peculiar signal was given on the boatswain's whistle, to indicate that Mrs. Greeley was on board and ready to meet her husband. Now the lady trembled very much. Her breath came in gasps and her whole frame shook with emotion. With faltering steps she went to the cabin door and just at the instant she entered Commander Schley left the room, leaving the greasy separated couple alone. Lieutenant Greely was sitting with his back to the door, but when Commander Schley so abruptly left him he turned and at the same instant saw his wife enter. With a loud cry that was more like a gigantic sob half smothered, Lieutenant Greely bounded from his chair with

at the sight that gladdened him. Mrs. Greeley, tall, dark and finely sprung, sprang forward and met her husband, crying, "Arthur, Arthur." After Mr. and Mrs. Greeley had been alone for twenty minutes her brothers were called in and cordially and tearfully greeted their brother-in-law. It was noticeable on board the *Thetis* that everybody shed tears when Mrs. Greeley entered the cabin with her husband. Late in the afternoon the mother and son, Greely came from Newburyport and was taken at once on board the *Tennessee*. Shortly after she was put in the Secretary's barge and taken on board the *Thetis*. When she arrived there Mr. and Mrs. Greeley and the latter's brothers were seated in Commander Schley's cabin alternately crying and conglating and conglating. An instant before the lieutenant's mother entered the cabin Commander Schley stepped to the door and said, "Lieutenant your mother is here." Mrs. Greeley then entered, threw her arms around her son's neck saying only, "My son, my son." "Lieutenant Greely spoke no word save "Mother," but in his tone and expression there was a world of tenderness. Clapping his mother in his arms, the lieutenant did nothing else but sob, while his mother cried like a child. Fearing the excitement would be too much for Lieutenant Greely's shattered condition, Commander Schley entered the cabin and wisely directed the conversation into less emotional channels.

**THE SECRETARY GREET'S GREELY.**  
At about 4 o'clock Secretary Chandler entered his barge and was rowed to the *Thetis*. He went at once to Lieutenant Greely and affectionately took the gallant explorer in his arms in the fervor of his greeting:  
"God bless you, God bless you," said the secretary. "You have come back to us almost from the grave. I hope your future happiness may reward you for the terrible experience you have had."

Greely responded feelingly, thanking Mr. Chandler for his kind expressions. The secretary was introduced to Gen. Greely by Secretary Chandler, and the former at once said he desired to thank the newspapers of the country for the universally kind manner in which he had been treated by them. He could say but little at present concerning his expedition, the public would soon be given the entire details through official reports. When asked as to his health, the lieutenant started he felt comparative well in all respects excepting that he was at all times considerably affected by a feeling of intense weakness. He stated he had gained rapidly in flesh since this rescue, but much of it was soft and

**MORE INJURIOUS THAN BENEFICIAL.**  
He said he had a good appetite and was slowly recovering, but anticipated it would be some time before he would recover his wonted strength. To-day he said was the happiest of his life. In that one day everything on earth was restored to him for which man could wish. Home, wife, mother and honor in one day given to a man who a few days ago was on the brink of the grave, is as much as mortal could desire. The lieutenant looked very happy indeed. He sat with his wife on one side and his mother on the other. His face is considerably bloated, his cheeks are looking of a healthy color. He stood erect as ever, but is not allowed to remain on his feet long at a time. After a brief talk with Lieutenant Greely, Secretary Chandler was conducted to the deck where the crew of the *Thetis* was drawn up in line. A hardy looking set of men they were, rough and brave looking. A great number of invited guests, including many distinguished persons and families of naval officers, were carried by small steam launches to the flagship *Tennessee*, on the quarter deck of which the chief ceremonies were held. At about 2 o'clock the Alliance rounded the foot of the point and came to anchor round the point, and soon came to anchor in the wake of the *Thetis*. Again the yards were manned and again the gallant seamen gave three cheers, which were repeated when the *Alert* steamed slowly around and dropped anchor abreast of the *Bear*. Secretary Chandler was standing on the quarter-deck to receive the commanding officers of the relief squadron, and within half an hour after coming to anchor the officers were standing on the deck of the flagship. It was remarked at the time that not a single gun had been fired in honor of the arrival of the squadron and Lieutenant Greely, and the quietness of the demonstration was much commented on. To avoid publicity as much as possible Secretary Chandler arranged to re-

ceive the commanders of the relief ships in the after cabins. Acting Admiral Lyden escorted them to the presence of the secretary of the navy as

**COMMANDER SCHLEY** stepped into the cabin he was greeted by Secretary Chandler, who clasped his hand with fervor, and passing one arm around his shoulder, said in a voice almost smothered with emotion: "I am glad to welcome you home." Commander Coffin, of the *Alert*, was next introduced, and in answer to a query of Chandler, said: "I was never in better health in my life. It seems to have agreed with us. Lieutenant Emery, of the *Bear*, was next ushered into the secretary's presence, and received a cordial welcome from representatives of the navy department. After brief and informal conversations between Commander Schley and Secretary Chandler, the former looked anxiously around the cabin, and gradually his countenance became overcast with gloom. Surgeon General Gunnell noticing this look of disappointment, stepped forward, saying: "Your wife is in your state room, captain." With a bound the commander reached the presence of his wife and daughter. After half an hour spent in conversation and general handshaking, the commanding officers of the relief ships returned on board their respective vessels. Many were the appeals made by all classes of people to Chandler to permit them to go on board the *Thetis* to catch a glimpse of the Arctic hero, Greely, but these requests were invariably refused. Mrs. Greeley, wife of the explorer, had reached Portsmouth on an early train this afternoon and at once conveyed to the flag ship, reaching there about three o'clock. After the commanding officers had all gone back to their ships Mrs. Greeley was put on board of the secretary's barge.

**COMMENDED THE CREW.**  
The secretary stepped up to the crew and said:  
"My men, your commander tells me you have done your duty nobly and that you have been a credit to the navy and the country appreciate your service, and on behalf of the navy department I desire to thank you."  
After cordially embracing Sergeants Long and Fredericks and the other two survivors of the Greeley expedition, the secretary was conveyed to the *Alert*, where he paid his respects to Commander Coffin and inspected the crew. He also addressed the crew of the *Alert* about the same words as the crew of the *Thetis*. The secretary next went on board the *Bear*, where he and Lieutenant Emery had an informal conversation. As secretary Chandler stood inspecting the crew of the *Bear*, who were drawn up before him, a dozen genuine Esquimaux dogs rushed out of the cabin, leaping and frolicking around the secretary. The dogs were brought back by Lieutenant Emery, who desires to see if the breed cannot be cultivated in this climate. After addressing the crew of the *Bear* in a few words of commendation, the secretary re-entered the barge and was conveyed to the *Tallapoosa*, which was crowded with invited guests. Here lunch was served in the main saloon, and the rest of the afternoon was spent in such pleasure as the time and place afforded. Just before dark Lieutenant Greely's wife, mother and brothers-in-law were taken ashore in the acting admiral's barge and were driven to the residence of that officer, where they will remain until they go to Newburyport. The other survivors will remain on board the *Thetis* for the present. Gen. Hazen notified the survivors that they would be promoted as soon as they were well enough to occupy the positions that would be open for them.

### Scene in Court.

A sorrowful commentary on the words in Proverbs, "A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother," was witnessed not very long since in a Philadelphia court-room. A reporter from the Pacific coast, who was present, sent the following account of it to the *San Francisco Bulletin*: Wm. Moore and Wm. Richards were convicted of having forcibly entered the house of John Shaffer and stolen two hundred and seventy-eight dollars. Moore is twenty-five years of age and married.

Before sentence was passed, his mother, a poor German, came weeping to the bar, and said she desired to make restitution of the theft. She had come all the way from Baltimore, she said, and brought her earnings with her for that purpose. She then produced a leather hand-bag, took out half-a-dozen five-dollar gold pieces, a roll of notes, all of them of small denomination, and counted them out in the hands of the Clerk of the Court. When the desired sum was made up, there was left only enough to take her back home. The money was placed on Judge Ludlow's desk.

"Take it back," said the Judge, "and tell this poor woman that the payment of this money will not save her son from prison. The law must be vindicated."  
The mother wept hard, and said, "Oh, I understand. I didn't hope to save my boy from prison. I pay this money because I want to do what's right. Justice is justice."  
"With that understanding," said the Court, "let the money be received."  
Sentence of Moore and his accomplice was deferred until the last day of the term. A criminal with such a mother should suffer keener punishment from self-blame and self-contempt than from a full term under the law.

### Sacred Music.

**Musical Opinion.** "Desist," exclaimed an indignant mother to her son when one Sunday afternoon she could hear sounds issuing from the piano in her drawing-room which were not quite compatible with her Sabbatarian ideas of Sacred music. "Desist, you know what an aversion I have to that kind of music being played on Sundays." "But, mamma dear," answered the son, "the piece is called 'The March of the Jewish Priests.' " "Oh! very well," replied the mother, "if it is anything to do with priests it must be sacred so pray continue." This reminds us how, some few years ago, we were weather-bound at a small house in the country near Faversham. Time: Sunday Evening—a wet one. "Oh, I should like you to hear my little daughter play." "Ma, dear, what shall I play? I don't know any sacred pieces." After a short "aside" between mother and daughter, a well-known "Hamilton's Piano Tutor" was produced, and the "Maiden's Prayer" was accepted as "sacred" by our worthy hostess.

### A MISTAKE.

**How your sweet face revives again.**  
The dear old time, my Pearl,  
If I may use the pretty name  
I called you when a girl.

You are so young; while Time of me  
Has made a cruel prey,  
It has forgotten you, nor swept  
One grace of youth away.

The same sweet face, the same sweet smile,  
The same lithic figure, too!  
What did you say? "It was perchance  
Your mother that I knew?"

Ah, yes, of course, it must have been,  
And yet the same you seem,  
And for a moment, all these years  
Fled from me like a dream.

Then what your mother would not give,  
Permit me, dear, to take,  
The old man's privilege—a kiss—  
Just for your mother's sake.

—W. W. Story.

### A LONDON HOLIDAY.

It was not a pleasant thing to be locked out on that cold November night when the rain was coming down in torrents. Pleasant or not, Joseph Norton, Esq., only son of the Rev. J. Norton, rector of a place with an outlandish name in North Wales, was staring up at the outside of the lodging-house not far from Covent garden, with the knowledge that, although he had the latchkey in his pocket, and was sober enough to properly insert that latchkey, he was locked out. He had been to one of the theatres, and had stopped on the way back to have a bite of supper, and so was about five minutes too late. His respectable landlady always told her young gentlemen that unless they gave notice beforehand the house would be locked and bolted up at 12. Joe Norton turned away from the door, heartily wishing himself at home in the quiet rectory, and thinking it an unlucky day on which he resolved to spend a fortnight in London, when he noticed a man just opposite him, leaning against a lamp-post, with his hands in his pockets.

"Halloo, sir, can't you get in?"  
"No, I can't answered Joe; and what is that to you?"

"Oh, nothing if you like, only I can show you where to have a couple of hours' amusement, instead of walking about in the wet. I'm a waiter sir, and my time to begin work is about 1 o'clock, so if you'll stand a drink for the address, I'll take you straight there. You can't get in without some one to introduce you, unless the governor knows you, and I guess he don't."

Joe was perfectly certain the governor did not. The bargain was struck, and very lucky Joe thought himself. At 1 sharp they entered a dull, respectable-looking street in which to all appearance every house was closed and every inhabitant asleep. The ordinary kitchen door was opened by a pretty maid-servant; who silently admitted them and opened the door of what appeared to be a good-sized cupboard. Stepping inside, Joe found himself in a brilliantly-lighted room with about eighteen men, mostly in evening dress, playing cards. He knew as much about gambling and cards as a bear knows about dancing before it is taught. He noticed all the various types of the genus gambler, and ordered a cigar and a glass of sherry, as he was evidently expected to do something, and that was about the least he could do to stop there at all. No, thought he, they shall not tempt me to try to play. So he watched. Presently the green baize door which formed the cupboard on the other side was opened and a man came in—a haggard-looking man, tall and gentlemanly, but with a fearful look of despair on his face as he walked across to where Joe was standing.

"Have you been playing to-night, sir?" asked the stranger.  
"No, I never play."  
"Then don't begin to-night, lad."

"See that man there? He is the proprietor. Just look at his face as he handles the money. See how the gold flashes through his fingers. Look!"

Joe was heartily wishing himself outside, even in the pouring wet, and was wondering how to get there. The man frightened him with his wild, disjointed talking; so he pulled out his purse to pay for what he had. Quick as thought, before he had time to move, the purse was gone, and the man had disappeared. Luckily he had some loose money, and so calling his friendly waiter to him he informed him of what had occurred.

"No use to make a fuss, sir. I'll tell old Bullseye and he'll let you go."

Giving him an address as to where to come for his promised fee, Joe was cautiously let out into the kitchen, where he discovered the maid-servant, who, with a tired look, was sitting with her hands in her lap. She started up as he entered.

Joe soon explained, told of his loss, and described the man who had robbed him.

"I know him, poor fellow," she said. "I know where he lives."

"Then," said Joe, "I shall be greatly obliged if you will give me his address, and I will send the police on the rascal in the morning."

"Will you. Would you like all the world to read in the newspapers as to where you lost your money?"

That was quite a new way of looking at it. It would hardly do for the rector of that quiet, secluded Welsh village to read in the weekly papers a vivid de-

scription of a gambling saloon, in which his son was robbed. Meantime the girl had put on a dark bonnet and cloak, and had filled a basket full of eatables.

"Now, sir, come with me and I will show you where he is; and, if I am not mistaken in your face, I do not think you will be hard on him. Come."  
She took his hand, and led him up the dark area steps. No one was about, and shortly afterward they got into the Westminster bridge road. After the girl had examined two or three doors, she turned the handle of one and went in, beckoning Joe to follow her up the close, dark, wooden staircase, lighted by the help of one of Joe's matches.

"Listen," she said, when she got to the top.

They were standing by an open door. Joe listened, and heard the voice of the man who had stolen his purse.

"Kate, dear, see here is money, gold, gold, gold! A kind gentleman gave it to me, and now they can't turn us out to-morrow, and you can have food and wine, dear, and then you will get better, my darling."

"God bless him," said a sweet, sad voice.

"That's what I told him, dear," said the man again.

"Look," said the girl. And Joe did look.

There, close to the bed, knelt a man trying hard to keep back his sobs, holding a woman's hand in his; and the woman who lay on that tumble-down bed was stroking his brown hair, and trying to comfort him by saying she would soon be better.

"Will you hurt him now?" whispered the girl. "Tell me."

The truth was Joe could hardly speak. He had a lump in his throat, and was rather filmy about the eyes; but he shook his head, and drew his companion farther from the door.

"I had better not go in," he said, "he might say something before her that might frighten her about that, you know."

The young girl by his side caught his hand and kissed it. That did not by any means improve Joe's equanimity.

"I will go and tell him a friend wants to speak to him. May I say a friend?"  
Joe vigorously nodded his head. The man came out soon. The landing on which they stood was only lighted by the reflection of the candle in the room.

"I guessed it was you sir. Don't tell her to-night, that's all. It will kill her when she does know it. I never meant to take it, sir. I went to see if I could get some money from her father. It was so hard to see her starve in this wretched hole, and now it will be worse than ever."

There in the dim light which made darkness visible, Joe held out his hand. The man looked at it and then into Joe's face. Then he broke down. The reaction was too much and the man sobbed aloud. His wife heard it and raised herself up.

"Lucy," she said, "what is that; more trouble?"  
"No, no; only joy, and here is the gentleman—that money, you know."

"God bless you, sir," said she.  
Lucy was going to stay there, and announced her intention of never returning to her father. "He will have to get some one else to be his servant-maid now. I only got your message this morning. I will stay with you and get some work, and we'll see if William can't get some, and you will get well, we shall all be as happy as possible."

And the little woman bustled about, and found some sticks, and Joe found some more matches, and they got a bit of fire somehow, and before Joe left he thought that his night's adventure had not turned out so badly as might have been expected.

Lucy Manvers' sister Kate had been married about five years ago to a poor young artist, who had every wish and will to succeed in his profession, and, with a young man's buoyancy, made up his mind that he was certain to do so. Mr. Manvers had forbidden the wedding altogether and solemnly told his daughter he would never see her again should she marry William Taylor. She did so however; but with little money and no introduction, it was not easy for her husband to get on; and by degrees he went down in the world till he got about as low as he possibly could get. He had on the evening on which Joe met him gone into the gambling room in the hope of getting a little help from Mr. Manvers, who, at one time had great hopes of his two daughters making good marriages. They were then one of the principal attractions of the saloon, and when his eldest girl married against his will he said that, were she starving, he would never help her. And he kept his word for once in his life faithfully. Lucy would only stay with her father after her sister left on condition that he never asked her to enter the saloon again; so, as he could trust her better than any one else, it was her duty in the evening to keep guard over the kitchen and cupboard entrances.

Joe went home next day, having had quite enough of London, and made a full confession. He also discovered suddenly a want of pictures in his father's neighbors' houses, and spoke of a certain artist whom he thought might be induced to come and paint a few of their magnificent views around there. Joe's father did exactly what Joe expected. He sent up £20, to be repaid by degrees, and found a little furnished cottage for the London artist and his wife, and a sister-in-law. And somehow, Mrs. Norton took a violent fancy to Lucy, who looked ten years younger than when Joe saw her first. And after a bit she grew so charming that Joe thought somebody else among the mountains might want her if he did not

look after her himself. So one morning there was a quiet wedding in the pretty little church, and Lucy Manvers was made Mrs. J. Norton, Jr. And to make everything better, Mrs. Taylor soon grew almost well, and her husband, with hard work and encouragement, soon found himself one of the most rising artists. And so altogether Joe never regretted taking a "London Holiday."

### LITERATURE OF THE FACE.

**How to Read and Interpret Character in the Various Features.**  
From Forney's Progress.

Observe how, when the shrewd palmist is reading the lines of a hand, he scans the face with almost equal interest. These learned people know how the soul dwells in the eye; and the ability to understand its language is inborn with most folks without having to study it, though extremely sensitive persons have told me that more persons of discrimination rested in their hands than they could read from every feature of the face, the fingers being so full of vision that they could feel a color without seeing it; so full of nerves that an impression was instantaneous and could be relied upon; so full of life that when their possessor was in love they tingled with an affectionate intoxication.

It is said that very quiet eyes that impress and embarrass one with their repose signify self-command, but also much complacency and some conceit. Restless eyes that cannot look one steadily in the face denote a deceitful, designing mind. Eyes in which the white has a yellowish tinge and is streaked with reddish veins, prove much of strong passions and hasty tempers. Very blue eyes bespeak a mind inclined to coquetry; gray eyes signify dignity, intelligence and excellent reasoning faculties; greenish eyes, falsehood and a fondness for scandal. A malicious mind is often indicated by greenish eyes. Black eyes show a passionate lively temperament, and oftentimes a most deceitful disposition; brown eyes are generally tender and true, indicating a kind and happy disposition.

Of the nose. A Roman nose denotes a business-like character; a long nose is a sign of good sense; a perfectly straight nose indicates a pure and noble soul, unless the eye contradicts it; a nose retreating signifies a spirit of mischief, wit and dash; a large nose generally indicates large mind and good nature but lack of energy.

Thick lips generally mean either great genius or stupidity; very thin lips, cruelty, avariciousness, and if the lips are habitually compressed, falsehood. Dimples on the cheek are known as the abodes of roguery, and in the chin, of Cupid and his pranks.

A lean face speaks more of intelligence than a fat face, generally speaking, and they do say, beware of a full, round and greasy face—it means treachery.

Irrascibility is accompanied by an erect posture, open nostrils, moist temples, displaying superficial veins which stand out and throb under the least excitement, large, unequal, ill-arranged eyes, and equal use of both hands.

A genius may be expected from medium stature, blue-gray or brown eyes, prominent and large forehead, with temples a little hollow; under lip slightly retiring, a fixed, attentive look, and habitual inclination of the head either backward or forward.

### Senator Thurman's Fish Story.

Cleveland Press.  
Once upon a time, when crowded about his Presidential aspirations, Mr. Thurman replied: "I really have no ambition in that direction." A look of incredulity on every face was the only response. The Judge took in those looks and related a little story:

"One summer I was at the Oakland House, Maryland, spending a little vacation in the cool mountain region. We got telling fishing stories. I related something of my own experience when I was present and saw caught a catfish weighing 90 pounds. When I told the weight there was a general laugh, and I was humorously awarded the prize for telling fish stories. I quietly remarked to my incredulous friends that I hoped soon to convince them of the correctness of my story that in Western waters there were catfish of 90 pounds weight. When I returned to Columbus I went to the leading restaurateur and instructed him to procure me the largest catfish that could possibly be secured. He reported in a few days that he had one. I walked over and found an excellent specimen, weighing 75 pounds. I had him boxed and carefully packed in ice, and shipped him by express to my disbelieving friends at the Oakland. From the restaurateur I got all the recipes I could for catfish chowder, catfish steaks, stuffed catfish, roast, etc., and sent them on by mail. I telegraphed as follows: 'Skin your fish before you cook him, a catfish's skin being so rank as to spoil the flesh when the fish is cooked with it on. They got my telegram and were puzzled. When the box arrived, dripping from the melting ice, they were more puzzled. The letter which arrived by the same train as the fish, explained all. They had a fine feast, and at it formally organized with a president and secretary and passed the following resolution, which was sent to me:

"Resolved, That the truth of Allen G. Thurman's statements should never be questioned; that his fish stories are always absolutely true, especially his catfish stories."