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## —‡ A BUNCH OF HOUSTONIAS. ‡—

“ LIKE warp and woof all destinies are woven fast,  
Linked in sympathy like the keys of an organ vast.”

WHITTIER.

It was May in New England, and where else did the sun shine with such a golden light as on the Massachusetts hills? What hills looked and sang back a more happy answer to the sunshine?

Up from mossy hollows peeped the violets, their far-sighted blue eyes gazing away skyward; under the leaves blushed the arbutus; wind-flowers stood on tip-toe in the marshes; boldly rising from the swamps, glowed the red maples, contrasting with the delicate green of the hill maples, while over hill and dale, like patches taken from the “mother-blue” above, grew the dainty houstonias.

Then, as if they had brought all this leaf and bloom from the Southland, robins, sparrows, blue-birds, and black-birds sang and chattered approval, and declared in plainest bird language that they were so glad this beautiful world was made for them, as who can question but it was?

Into the midst of this bloom and song a party of nine merry children went Maying one Saturday morning. Each carried a basket and a knife, and all looked remarkably happy. Evidently they were out for holiday fun, but they looked so eager about it that you would have thought that they meant business, too. And, indeed, when you consider that their Maying had to do with such famous corporations as Adams' Express and the New York Flower Mission, you too will call it a matter of business.

It happened in this way: May Alden's mother often tucked the daily paper into May's lunch-basket so that she might carry it to an old blacksmith who lived in the village, and at recess when the girls of Yantick school were planning for their holiday, Julia Lane, who was peeling her orange over May's paper, cried out “I have it! Just listen: ‘The several express companies have kindly offered to forward free of charge any flowers sent to the Boston or New York Flower Missions. If those blessed with country homes only know how much pleasure a few flowers can give to the poor and sick in our cities, we are sure they would avail themselves of this generous offer, and send to the worthy charities above named.’”

There was a chorus from the girls of “Oh, it's the very thing!” And then they began to plan all together in this wise:

“Rob will speak to the expressman. We can have a picnic in Pond's Woods.”

“Mother will put up luncheon,” this from the richest girl, who added, “I'll get the boxes and twine, and you can come to our big piazza to tie up the things.”

“And we will ask Robbie, and Fred, and George Stone—no, we won't, for he kills birds with an air-gun.” So the cruel George was dropped out, but plenty of nice boys were named, and when the bell rang to end recess all their plans were made.

Their “Flower Saturday” was as happy a day as the merry nine had ever enjoyed, nor was the least pleasant part of it when they met on Bell Bigelow's broad piazza to pack and direct the boxes. Layers of moss kept the wind-flowers fresh and gave all a “woodsey smell,” as May said. Here and there a spray of apple-blossoms from a gnarled old orchard, whose bloom was exquisite but whose fruit was sour, brightened the green, while massed among all were the dear little bluets, the houstonias.

“Good-bye, posies. Go and make somebody else happy,” cried May, as the last cover was tied down and directed. Then the evening express whirled them off to the city, and the happy but tired nine strolled to their homes.

Had the same Saturday's sun been a mirror, to reflect all it saw as it sailed over the world, the children on the Berkshire hills could have seen the stone-paved streets of a great city. Up and down their dingy length for miles, toiled millions of people; smoke from factories darkened the air; dust from the streets was puffed in clouds over the sidewalks; every one was hurrying, walking, driving, and it might be spring-time, or it might not, the stone walls gave no idea of anything beyond dusty stone.

On a corner of one of the avenues a man of about thirty was leaning against the lamp-post. His clothes were soiled, his hair was dusty, and his face told of a long night's revel. It was a fine face with nothing evil in its expression, only a look of despair alternated with the foolish smile which the liquor gave him. He was waiting for a chance to cross the street. With the carelessness of one well used to city thoroughfares, he pushed into the long line of vehicles, under the

horses' noses and out again, but he was not his own master, and he slipped midway.

There was a moment's lull in the bustle; the voice of a policeman was heard; a crowd gathered on the sidewalk; then came the sharp "tang, tang" of an ambulance bell as the black wagon jolted up the street, and then rolled away more slowly bearing its burden. Five minutes later, man, ambulance, and crowd, had all disappeared; the crowd to forget, the man to suffer.

The public hospitals in the lower part of New York, though every effort is made to keep them clean and comfortable, are not at all like our idea of Paradise, yet when the man first became conscious he wondered if he was in that happy spot. Or was he at home again and waking in his little white-washed room where lilacs used to grow by the window? Were those church-bells sounding faintly over the hills? He must get up to feed Clover and harness Robin to drive his mother to church. He must have dreamed that his mother was dead and that he had left home. Then, for the first time, he opened his eyes and saw a little saucer of bluets and apple-blossoms on a stand near his cot. With an effort he stretched out his arm and grasped the houstonias to convince himself that he was not dreaming, and in so doing he tipped the saucer of wet moss and flowers over his pillow, when, overcome by this successful feat, he quietly fainted away.

When the nurse came back she wisely saved the flowers, and, when she had at last won him back to consciousness, she was not a little surprised to hear him ask, "Where is my mother?"

"I don't know," she answered.

The man looked puzzled. He could not imagine where he was. Just before he awoke he seemed to be at home again, but now through the opened window came the tire-some drone of a hand-organ grinding out "Pinafore," and an old clo' man was drawling his familiar call. This, surely, was the city, yet there close by him lay apple-blossoms, and the gentle, blue-eyed houstonias were looking at him—they used to grow up in the Berkshire woods.

Suddenly there came to his fevered mind the comforting fancy that the flowers were old friends from the hills, whom his mother had sent to watch over him.

"Do you know," he said to the nurse, "that those little blue ladies," pointing to the houstonias, "have told me to go back to the hills and dig my bread and butter. They say there is room up there, the air is sweet, the birds are singing, and the people are kind. They say the folks would help me for mother's sake, and there's a corner of the old farm left that will give me food anyway, so I'm going home to mother."

For many weeks it seemed as if the poor fellow would go to his mother, who long ago had gone to the country "where the weary are at rest;" but one fair summer morning he was able to be up and dressed when the surgeon came through the ward.

"I say, doctor!" he called to the cheery man who had tended him so carefully, "shall I be good for anything after this? For I'm going back to Berkshire. I'd rather hoe corn up on those hills than to stay here. There are good and kind hearts here, but there are many bad men to tempt a poor fellow like me, and I want to get away from them. Those little posies there remind me of the fresh earth, the plowing and the crops, and it's the kind of life I was brought up to, and I want to go back. So if you say I'm to be good for anything, I'm going," and the poor sick face looked eager and anxious.

"Toward midsummer, my man, we can let you go, and wish you Godspeed, too," said the kind-hearted surgeon. "The city hasn't hurt your soul, I see, and your body we will mend so it will be most as good as new. I only wish

there were more men who wanted to work at the old farms. I'd cure 'em with a willing heart."

On the first Monday of September, 1879, Yantick School began its fall term, and at recess the merry Maying party met again over their lunch baskets.

While they were chattering May Alden exclaimed, "O girls! I want to tell you something awfully funny. You all remember Frank Heath, whose mother died about a year ago? They used to live in that little white house by the brook, and Frank went to New York for work last fall. Well, Robbie met him last night, and he told Rob that he had come back here to work on the farm. He said he had a hard time in the city. He did not find anything to do, and he was discouraged, and—well, I guess he drank, and was pretty wild, and one day when he was drunk he fell in the street, and a cart ran over him and broke his leg. They took him to the hospital, and he told Rob that the first thing he saw when he came to was some bluets, and he thought then—he was so delirious, you know—that they were little ladies in blue that his mother had sent to comfort him. He said they said, 'Go home when you are well,' and he declares that they made him come back."

"Now, do you suppose they were *our* posies?"

"I don't know," said May; "there were a great many houstonias in the box, and if they helped such a good-hearted man as Frank Heath out of trouble, I'm very glad."

"Let's go Maying again this year!" came in a chorus from the girls.

And they are going.

W.

## Knitting.

MY knitting needles are slim and bright,  
I see them flash e'er the lamps are lit,  
As I sit in the dusky firelight,  
And weave my dreams with the rug I knit.

Swift and swifter the needles fly;—  
I tell my trust with the scraps of blue.  
I know at whose feet my work will lie—  
I know a heart that is fond and true.

And I weave a fancy into each row  
For a pictured home. As I catch the gleam  
Of a shimmering pearl on my hand, I know  
My firelight fancy is more than a dream.

In the whole world, could I see and choose,  
I should find no lot I could more desire  
Than the one I wait. In a dreaming muse  
I sit and knit by the ruddy fire.

I know that the days are long, but still  
Since I know he loves me, what care I  
For the barren months? That thought at will  
Can make them blossom and fructify.

For in some far-off, possible time—  
And the months grow less with each new day,  
My waiting ends with a wedding chime,  
And my needles and I will keep holiday.

I knit on gaily; happen what will,  
Come bitter weather, or cold, or storm,  
Or March winds keen, or December's chill,  
Our hearts and our hearth will keep love warm.

DOROTHY HOLROYD.

## ✧ THE ADMIRAL'S WARD. ✧

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF "THE WOOING O'T," "HER DEAREST FOE," ETC.

### CHAPTER XII.

THE morning after the receipt of Mrs. Trent's note, Mrs. Crewe having had an early dinner, started to make some important purchases at Shoolbred's—taking advantage of Miss Brown's company, as she was bound on a similar errand.

Laura rejoiced in a long afternoon all to herself; she had spent the morning in adding touches to her now finished picture of the Cheddington Glade. It was a labor of love, and it was with reluctance she removed it from her easel, lest further efforts to improve it might have the opposite effect. She had sought among her sketches for another subject, and fixed upon a view of Meissen—the old cradle of the House of Wettine. It was a water-color drawing, and therefore a better basis for a picture, but she feared the subject was difficult and required a more practiced hand than hers. While she looked and thought, she was dimly conscious that the door-bell had rung loudly and that Collins had clattered upstairs in obedience to its summons.

Suddenly the door of her little studio opened, and Reginald stood before her. She was too startled for an instant even to be delighted, and felt that she grew pale.

"Why Laura! you look as if you had seen a ghost!" he cried, coming quickly to her and taking her hand in both of his. "I have frightened you? Are you not glad to see me?"

"Yes! I am indeed! and I have good news for you."

"Well! you do not look as if you had been having a good time, as the Americans say. Dear Laura, have you been well?" still holding her hand.

"Quite well—quite comfortable—and——"

"All the better for not being troubled by my visits, eh?" he interrupted.

"Yes, of course," returned Laura, smiling in spite of herself; "but sit down if you can find a chair."

"I don't want to sit down. I want you to put on your hat and come out with me. It is a heavenly day, and I have a trap and a pair of horses I have been trying, at the door. It will do you a world of good! It is a capital chance, as Mrs. Crewe is out, and I can have you all to myself."

"That will be delightful!" cried Laura frankly, beginning to put away her paints and turning her picture to the wall; "but let me tell you of my good fortune," and she proceeded to recount her success in selling her pictures. Reginald listened with an expression half-pleased, half-amused. "Well done, Laura, we will see your pictures on the line one of these days—but go, like a good girl, put on your things and let us be off."

Laura gladly ran upstairs and attired herself quickly yet with unusual care, and descended looking like a new creature.

"Good! you do not spend too much time on your toilet!" cried Reginald, who was putting on his gloves at the open door as she came down. "You are always the right thing," he added, turning to look at her; "how do you manage it, Laura?"

"That is a compliment," she replied smiling. "I am

afraid I must not accept it. I used to be all wrong occasionally in old times!"

"Perhaps so, but not now. Come along! Tell Mrs. Crewe," he went on addressing Collins, who was at the door, "that she may expect us when she sees us. I will bring Miss Piers home all right some time this evening."

Collins grinned delight and approbation.

"Is it not a neat turn-out?" asked Reginald as they walked down the little garden. Laura expressed her admiration.

It was a mail phaeton, dark blue picked out with a lighter shade, drawn by a fine pair of brown bays; a smart groom in snowy buckskins and a leather belt stood at their heads.

"You are my first fare," said the owner smiling as he handed her in. "And I have made up my mind to put the charge at a high figure."

"You may do that if you like, it is of no consequence to me, seeing I cannot pay."

"I am not so sure of that," replied Reginald as he took his seat beside her and gathered the reins in his hand. The groom sprang up behind, the bays arched their necks, and the equipage dashed off at a good pace, while the inhabitants of Leamington Villas flattened their noses against the window panes to watch its progress. "Where to, Laura?" asked her charioteer, "shall we go to the park, or get away from town?"

"Yes—by all means—away from the town; do you mind going to Hampstead? I am so fond of the view from the Heath."

"You have never seen Richmond, I think? you will like it better than Hampstead; we can put up the horses and take a stroll in the park."

"It will be perfectly delightful, Reginald! What a good boy you are to give me such treat!"

"Boy indeed!" he returned laughing; "pray remember I am five or six years your senior, to say nothing of being ages older in experience."

"Yet I have had my experience too," said Laura, who was quivering with the intense enjoyment of this unexpected reunion. "I feel quite old from having the care of my uncle and Winnie for nearly four years. By-the-by, Reginald, I had a dreadful letter from Winnie a few days ago," and she proceeded to detail its contents. Reginald listened not too attentively, being a good deal occupied with the eccentricities of one of his horses; at the conclusion Laura exclaimed, "Is it not all very disagreeable?"

"Very!" But if this fellow is not too bad style, and has lots of money, why can't Winnie make up her mind to marry him? It is such awful hard lines for a woman to be poor!"

"But, Reginald," cried Laura, pained and wounded by his words. "Don't you see how horrible and shocking it would be to marry such a man as she describes! better for her to work all her life for bare necessities than—Oh! if you could see Winnie! do you remember her?"

"Yes, of course; and I suppose this is an atrocious cad. However, if your little cousin is as pretty as you say, she will have lots of chances. Do you think me a brute for suggesting such a termination of her troubles?"

"Such a beginning of them, you mean! No—you were not thinking of what you said."

"That is the truth, I am afraid. Never mind, Laura, I am going to pay the Admiral a visit in a day or two, and I will do my best to induce him to restore Winnie to you! I don't like to see that fretted look in your eyes when you speak of her; do you know that you have very expressive eyes, Laura? Did any one ever tell you so?"

"No indeed," returned Laura laughing. "I don't think any one ever looked twice at them except Winnie, and that only when she wanted to see if I were vexed with her or not."

"Ay! they speak truth—they are eyes one can trust, as you trust heaven," cried Reginald, turning to look at her earnestly; "and that is more than can be said of most eyes, however beautiful they may be!"

"I hope I am true. I try to be true," said Laura softly, much moved by Reginald's words and tone. He drove on for some time in silence, apparently lost in thought. While Laura, a little wondering as to what train of ideas could be working in his brain, but feeling exquisitely happy with the sense of sympathy which existed between them.

At last the pause became oppressive, and Laura broke it to inquire for Mrs. Piers and Lady Jervois, after which the conversation though intermittent flowed with tolerable ease on ordinary topics, Reginald pointing out anything that was worth notice as they drove by Mortlake and Sheen, and so into the remoter side of the Park.

On reaching a beautiful point of view over the river, Reginald proposed to alight.

"It is deliciously cool and shady here," he said. "Let us stroll about for a while and walk back to the 'Star and Garter,'—while you (to the groom) can drive there at once, and put up the horses."

The man touched his hat, and when Laura had descended drove slowly away.

"Come, this is like old times to be once more alone together under the greenwood tree. Is it better than Hampstead?"

"Yes," returned Laura, "I did not think Richmond was so beautiful; but I do not give up my Hampstead view—the view behind 'Jack Straw's Castle.'"

"I know it," said Reginald, and they walked slowly on. "You would like Pierslynn," he resumed. "I saw more of it during this last visit. It is really a nice old place—my mother is charmed with it and all its belongings."

"No doubt," returned Laura.

"Here is a seat and a capital view—shall we sit down?"

"I think you would like Pierslynn," repeated Reginald, more to himself than to his companion, "and you could help me to make it a more charming home."

"I could!" exclaimed Laura greatly wondering. "Oh of course I should be ever so happy to help you in any way, but it would be the lion and the mouse over again."

"Laura," said Reginald, turning to her with his sweet, pleasant smile, and taking her hand, "is it possible you don't yet understand my hopes and wishes?"

"How—what hopes?" she returned in a low voice, while a strange tremor ran through her frame.

"Don't you know, dearest old friend, that I have always loved you? that this sudden change in my fortunes would be valueless to me if you will not consent to share it! Will you be my wife, Laura?"

She could not reply; for a moment astonishment overpowered every other feeling.

"You love me, Reginald! you wish me to be your wife!" she said at last brokenly. "I do not seem able to believe it."

"Why not?" exclaimed Reginald eagerly. "We were

always dear friends—when we were too young to think seriously; what more natural than becoming lovers now? You always had a charm for me! and, Laura—I think I have always been—well, a favored cousin!"

Laura was silent—too bewildered to think or speak distinctly.

"Believe me," resumed Reginald earnestly after a moment's pause, during which he looked at her anxiously, "believe me—almost my first thought on succeeding to Pierslynn, was to try and win you! and I repeat, that everything will be valueless to me if I cannot succeed. Answer, Laura! don't, for God's sake, tell me you are entangled with any one in Germany!" He spoke in a tone of sharp apprehension so unmistakably real, that Laura was deeply moved.

"Ah! Reginald," she said almost in a whisper, with scarce veiled tenderness, "I have always loved you as a brother—because you seemed so like one; even now I cannot help fearing that you mistake your own feelings. It seems quite out of character that you should really *love* me. Oh! do look well into your heart, lest you make a mistake that might destroy us both! Be sure before you do what cannot be undone—*now* I can be happy in your friendship, your quiet regard, but *if* in truth you wish for more—if you really want me to be your wife—Ah, Reginald! I could love you well! too well!"

She covered her face with her hands, turning slightly from him, while her throat swelled with quick sobs, for her habitual self-control was not equal to so great a strain. A look of relief relaxed Reginald's countenance as he gently strove to remove her hands.

"Dearest," he exclaimed when he had possessed himself of one, "trust me! I understand what I want and wish perfectly well! I want your love and companionship all my life. I know I shall have in you the best of wives, the truest of friends. When I first met you after you came back from Germany, I resolved to ask you to be mine, and I have delayed doing so only because I feared you might think me too precipitate! Now give me your promise—your solemn promise—to be my wife, and that soon, in spite of any difficulty which may arise. I can never settle to my new life, I can never feel secure, until I have you by my side." He kissed the hand he held as he spoke. "You promise me then, dear Laura?"

"If indeed I be necessary to you," returned Laura, the strange delicious certainty that she was truly loved and warmly sought, creeping through her veins like some divine and potent elixir, "I will be your true wife—but oh! Reginald, the difficulties will be great! I foresee your mother's disappointment—how could it be otherwise! I am frightened to think of her opposition."

"You must not be," he returned firmly. "I have always done my best for my mother, but in the choice of a wife I have a right to please myself, *and I will*. When she knows you, my mother will learn to value you: and after a decent time given to persuasion, I am determined to do as I choose in this most important act of my life."

"Ah! you expect a formidable resistance I see," cried Laura, pressing the hand that held hers nervously—"is it wise to call it forth?"

"That question is settled," he returned; "I have your promise, and I will hold you to it; in fact, the sooner we are married, the sooner every one will come round to Mrs. Piers of Pierslynn, and find her the most charming, *spirituelle*, artistic lady of the manor imaginable." He slid his arm round her as he spoke and drew her to him, while he laughed a happy boyish laugh that completed the measure of Laura's content—of her boundless joy. "Good heavens!" exclaimed Reginald the next instant, "how your heart beats! my dear-

est, I think you love me ! I believe I can make you happy !” and then followed a long delightful rambling talk—reminiscences of the past and plans for the future—Laura, somewhat shy and embarrassed by the sudden change in their relations until drawn into confidence and comparative ease by Reginald’s charming lover-like tenderness and cousinly frankness.

How unspeakably sweet, how intoxicating it all was ! The shadows lengthened as they conversed—and so long as she lived, Laura never forgot the outlook on which she gazed : the rich woods, the fair flowing river winding below the hill whereon they sat, the perfume of some pine-trees near them, the wealth of many-tinted leafage, mingling with the short sweet grass, the thin golden haze hanging over the dim distance, while the soft “coo, coo” of the wood pigeon, that most loving of all inarticulate sounds, came from the recesses of the wood. Never did she hear it again, without hearing too the echo of Reginald’s voice as he painted their future in glowing hues to his happy listener.

“But, Reginald, it must be dreadfully late,” exclaimed Laura at last, struck by the changing light. “Do see what o’clock it is.”

“Oh ! never mind ; Mrs. Crewe will forgive us our sins—but by Jove ! it is half-past six ! I believe we had better be going, and you are looking pale and done up. Ah ! Laura, I intend to take good care of you. Now before we return to the haunts of men give me a kiss, to seal our compact—for remember, it is a very serious one.”

Laura silently complied. To her it was a solemn sacred rite—a betrothal as binding as a marriage—and she grew pale instead of blushing when her lips first met her cousin’s.

“Laura,” said Reginald, as they approached Leamington Road, “I think we had better tell Mrs. Crewe at once.”

They had driven rapidly and rather silently back, a few queries respecting Mrs. Piers and Lady Jervois from Laura, a few kindly questions as to whether she was too hot, too cold, or would like a wrap, etc., from Reginald, was all that passed between them.

“Oh, no ! not just yet,” exclaimed Laura, shrinking from the vision evoked by his words. “You might as well announce everything in large capitals on every dead wall—she cannot keep silence.”

“Well, in this case she need not. I do not want to make a secret of our engagement, Laura. Do you ? Why should it not be made known at once ? I intend going down to see the Admiral to-morrow, and on my return, darling, let us arrange some day early next month for the marriage ; we shall then have time enough for a peep at the north of Italy before we settle down at Pierslynn, at home. Eh, Laura, does it not sound oddly familiar being at home together ?”

“Reginald, it seems still impossible that such things can be ; and remember, nothing can be settled until your mother is brought round.”

“Nonsense, Laura, I ought to be your first consideration, and *you* must remember, that you have solemnly promised to be my wife, irrespective of any one’s consent or approbation.”

“Well—we must be guided by what the Admiral says.”

“To a certain extent—yes,” returned Reginald. “At any rate, it is quite necessary Mrs. Crewe should be duly informed. Heavens, how she will hold forth !”

A few minutes more brought them to the door. It was opened directly by Collins, grinning more broadly than before, while farther back Mrs. Crewe might be descried, attired in her favorite grenadine, her face wreathed in smiles, nodding and waving her head gracefully to her “young friends.”

“I really believed you had eloped,” she exclaimed as she

advanced to meet them ; “pray have you any idea what o’clock it is ? Never mind ! young people will be young people. Come, your tea is quite ready—a beautiful pigeon-pie, and some peaches—make haste and get off your hat, Laura.”

“Sorry I cannot stay—Mrs. Crewe, may I speak to you for a moment ?”

While Laura ran hastily upstairs out of the way, Reginald followed Mrs. Crewe into the drawing-room, and soon explained how matters stood to his delighted auditor.

Meanwhile Laura hastily locked her door, threw herself on her knees beside her bed, and strove to think clearly of the mighty, glorious change the last few hours had wrought in her destiny.

“To be Reginald’s especial choice ! to have always been loved by him so truly that his new-found fortune would be valueless if not shared by her ! It was incredible—incomprehensible ; pray God he did not deceive himself, for somehow, though so true and affectionate, he still seemed more a brother than a lover.”

But why attend to the scarce perceptible shadows on the glowing field of vision opened out to her ? She knew she could indeed be Reginald’s true friend and helpmate. The consciousness of being beloved by him clothed her with beauty and strength and wisdom in her own eyes, and gave her power and capacity, by bestowing the self-confidence she had hitherto needed. She would help him to guide his life worthily, even while she ruled herself by his will and knowledge. Reginald, her bright, brave, clever kinsman, loved her, and all things had become possible. Then thoughts a step or two lower down the ladder of cogitation suggested themselves—what would the Admiral say ? And Winnie ! how delighted she would be ! and surely Reginald and herself, between them, would work deliverance for Winnie—even—

Here a sharp knock at the door, accompanied by the words, “You must let *me* in, my dear,” interrupted her and announced Mrs. Crewe. Laura hastily dried the tears, of which she was till that moment unconscious, and turned the key.

“Ah ! my dearest Laura,” exclaimed Mrs. Crewe, entering with a radiant face. “Didn’t I always tell you so ? Confess that my experience guided me unerringly. I congratulate you from the depth of my heart !” and she folded her in a huge embrace. “Nothing has given me greater pleasure for many a year. You *are* a lucky girl, Laura ! A more charming, delightful, agreeable, handsome young man never existed ; and so desperately in love, dear ! quite a romance I declare. We’ll have the wedding here, of course ! By removing the sideboard and bureau, and using a horse-shoe table, we can accommodate thirty people quite well at the breakfast and—”

“Dear Mrs. Crewe, you are indeed going far ahead,” cried Laura. “There is much to be done and arranged first.”

“My dear child ! delays are dangerous,” returned Mrs. Crewe significantly. “Don’t you oppose your cousin’s wish to be married immediately, it is very natural and quite right ; but come down, he is just waiting to bid you good-bye, for he cannot stay to tea, I am sorry to say, but he wants a word with you. Dear me, how pale you look, and I declare you have been crying—here—” rapidly pouring out some water into the basin, “bathe your eyes, do, dear ! I am sure it must be tears of joy you have shed ! and then brush over your hair a little. I will go down and say you are coming : God bless you, my dear child, you have my warmest good wishes.” And having bestowed a second hug on her young friend, she left the room.

Laura hastily removed what traces of emotion she could, and descended to speak to Reginald. How strange, yet delicious, was the feeling of shy hesitation, which made her pause with her hand on the dining-room door before she

opened it, and met Reginald face to face, transformed from a relative into a *fiancé*.

"You are quite right, Mr. Piers," Mrs. Crewe was saying, as she came in; "there is nothing like prompt action."

"Ah Laura!" he exclaimed, rising to meet her, "forgive me for teasing you to come down: but I did not like to leave without seeing you, and I have letters to write, and twenty things to do this evening, so must be off."

"I will wish you good-by then, as I must speak to Collins," said Mrs. Crewe, and she discreetly left the room.

"I intend going down to see the Admiral to-morrow," said Reginald somewhat abruptly as she left the room; "and though it is not much more than two hours' journey, the return train is a late one, and I do not think I can manage to see you till the day after. I suppose the good old man will have no objection to me?" and he smiled a pleasant smile of easy assurance.

"I imagine you are a favorite with him already," returned Laura, glancing shyly but brightly up at him. "And I am sure he will be pleased to hear——" she stopped.

"That we are going to take each other for better, for worse? Well, I think so too; I shall also write to my mother to-night."

"Yes, Reginald," she said, with an unconscious shiver. "I dread her reply."

"Nonsense," he replied, taking her hand in both his. "We have only to be steady to our own intentions and to each other to conquer all opposition. Good night, dearest; do not fret or worry about anything; we are going to be the happiest couple to be found anywhere. So good night."

He drew her to him, kissed her warmly, and was gone.

Laura was not sorry to be alone; she was so confused by this sudden blaze of happiness, so blinded by excess of light, that she wanted the rest of silence and darkness.

She was not long left in peace, however. Mrs. Crewe, with Topsy, soon reappeared, and then she was tormented to eat and to drink, and tortured with conjectures as to what Mrs. Piers would say, and how soon they might begin to prepare the wedding garments, and by short calculations as to the cost of "a neat little trousseau, my dear, which would carry you on until you received your pin-money; of course, as the wife of a gentleman of fortune, you would have a handsome allowance," etc., etc.

Meantime Reginald, having partaken of dinner at his hotel (he was not yet a member in any club), sipped a glass of very passable claret as he reviewed the events of the day, thinking also of how he should frame the letter announcing his engagement, to his mother, which he was determined to write before he slept. Then he thought of Laura herself, and that consideration brought content. "She has capital sense, and perfect tact; she will suit me down to the ground. By George, I am a lucky fellow!"

### CHAPTER XIII.

THE morning after this auspicious day brought the following letter to Laura:—

"My own dear,—I told you how worried and annoyed I have been of late, and yesterday put a climax to it all.

"That horrid little wretch Jack must have been telling my aunt some stories more or less false, about our meeting Mr. Price out walking, for she asked me to come up to her room before dinner, and made a long speech about the impropriety of trying to attract her husband's nephew, because a marriage with me would be so very disadvantageous to him and displeasing to his people (who are, I believe, small farmers in Caernarvonshire). Well, you may fancy how I answered; indeed the whole thing was so ridiculous that I could not

help laughing, which seemed to surprise her. Then she said that both Mr. Morgan and herself were anxious to help me on, so if I would undertake to be very circumspect in my conduct I might remain with them as governess at 20*l.* a year! provided always that I accepted the position and kept with my pupils, etc., etc.!

"Darling Laura, I could have jumped for joy as she spoke, because I know the dear Admiral will see the abominable injustice of her proposal—and this will deliver me out of their hands!

"So I know I looked quite pleasant as I replied that I must ask Admiral Desbarres before I made any decision. 'By all means,' she said, 'and you will see how glad he will be to get rid of you.' I do not believe *that!* At any rate, I wrote to him last night. Now, Laura, I think it would be a great help if Mrs. Crewe would put in an advertisement for me in some paper for a daily engagement—German, and French, and music, and all that—so as to have things in train when the Admiral gives his consent. Oh! if you can sell your pictures, and I can find pupils, we shall get on splendidly!"

"She is right," thought Laura as she finished reading this letter; "the Admiral will never consent to such a proposition; but I must wait to see Reginald before I reply—yet she will think me negligent if I do not write at once. I will send a few lines to cheer her up, and say I hope to send her good news to-morrow. Ah! what wonderful news."

So Laura opened her little writing-case, set out pen, ink and paper, and forthwith fell into a delicious reverie. Indeed her whole day passed in this way, an attempt at her usual occupations, a lapse into rainbow-hued day-dreams, a struggle to shake them off, to be up and doing, and then another excursion into cloud-land. Thus the day wore through: Laura was too startled by her own high-fortune to think clearly, or enjoy to the utmost the bright dawn of bliss tingling her near horizon with "celestial rosy red." Meanwhile Mrs. Crewe pervaded the house, with triumphant activity having instituted a searching and complete cleaning of the dining and drawing-rooms in anticipation of a visit from Reginald in the character of an accepted lover, on the following day. She occasionally penetrated to Laura's room, and sat for a few minutes with Topsy in her arms, pouring forth suggestions touching Laura's trousseau, the persons to be invited to the wedding, and the amount of wages to be given to a competent lady's maid.

A loud imperative ring of the front door bell disturbed her during one of these visits. "Who can that be! It is not too early for visitors. How annoying, and I have not changed my dress! Who is it, Collins?" as that functionary entered with a smutty face and a dirty apron, but a look of some exultation.

"Mr. Holden, 'm, as would like to speak to you if convenient."

"Mr. Holden!" in a scream of surprise. "Well, wonders will never cease! I trust and hope he is going to pay me my money at last."

"I think he is, 'm," said Collins cheerfully. "He's just give me half-a-crown, and he is dressed elegant."

"Dear me!" returned her mistress, rising quickly. "This is extraordinary. I shall not mind seeing Mr. Holden in my dressing-gown," and she went away rapidly.

In the entrance the chairs and tables from the drawing-room were piled up, and in the midst of the chaos stood the ex-clerk of Messrs. Thurston and Trent, looking more complacent and self-satisfied than ever.

"Good morning, Mr. Holden; this is quite an unexpected pleasure," said Mrs. Crewe with stately civility.

"Happy to see you, ma'am! I suppose you had given me up as a bad job," he returned facetiously.

"I had indeed ceased to anticipate a visit from you," she rejoined; "pray walk in. You find me rather in confusion, but never mind." And she opened the dining-room door, discovering that apartment advanced to the stage of having the furniture restored but not yet put in order. "Here," continued Mrs. Crewe, hastily removing a pile of books and old music from the sofa, "here is a seat," and clearing a chair of some small china ornaments she placed herself opposite, dignified displeasure contending with a certain degree of satisfaction in her expression.

"Well, Mrs. Crewe, I must compliment you on your looks. By George! you are as blooming as the flowers in May! The world has been going well with you, to judge by appearances."

"The world is as hard as ever, Mr. Holden, though, thank God, I have not suffered so much as I *might* have done through irregularities—and—but I will not dwell upon the subject."

"Come now, don't be down upon a fellow! I know you have just cause of complaint. I know I have not behaved well, but the fact is I got into a mess, and now I have got out of it; so my business here is to make all square, and pay up like a gentleman. I think you have a bit of paper of mine?"

"Yes, Mr. Holden," emphatically, "I had *so* much faith in you that I have not yet thrown it into the waste-paper basket."

Mrs. Crewe rose, and going to the table extricated the little writing-desk with the broken hinge from under some cushions, a card-plate, and the freshly shaken and folded table-cover. "Here," she continued, turning over its crumpled heterogeneous contents and selecting an exceedingly creased morsel of paper, "here is your I. O. U.—fifteen pounds ten shillings and seven pence."

"Fifteen ten is it? I thought it was only fifteen?"

"Look for yourself, sir," returned Mrs. Crewe with dignity.

"Oh! never mind! it's all right, and that's all right, slapping down a ten pound note five sovereigns and the rest in silver rather noisily on the corner of the table. "There's fifteen eleven, trouble for your fippence."

"I regret I have no copper," said Mrs. Crewe elegantly, "but pray take sixpence and I will consider the affair settled," handing him the I. O. U.

"Stop a bit, I have a brown somewhere about," rummaging his pockets. "Here you are," and Holden added a penny to the little pile of money. "Now, ma'am we are quits, ain't we?" tearing up his I. O. U.

"We are, Mr. Holden," she returned, satisfaction surmounting the graver expression of her face as she gazed with delight at the money she had despaired of receiving, feeling that its unexpected restoration had doubled its value. "And I always *did* think you intended to pay me one day, I think your heart was right, but difficulties, and circumstances over which you probably had no control, prevented that punctuality more congenial to your better nature."

"You have just hit it, Mrs. Crewe," replied Holden with an indescribable mixture of a nod and a shake of the head. "Now tell me how you have been getting on, and what you have been doing," with his usual ease, Holden settled himself down for a gossip, his bold black eyes twinkling with an expression of curiosity and exultation.

"First let me offer you a glass of wine," said Mrs. Crewe, her hospitable instincts strongly roused by the agreeable nature of the visit. "It is quite a journey from the city out here;" and making a place on the crowded table, she produced a bottle of sherry and a seed cake of her own composition.

"By George I'll not say nay," exclaimed Holden with much cordiality. "I know your cakes of old."

"And so you have left Thurston and Trent, I hear?" said Mrs. Crewe filling him a bumper and cutting a thick slice of cake, at once taking the initiative in cross-examination.

"Who told you? Young Piers? I thought so! Yes, I have cut the shop. It was so deuced slow, nothing to be done there, and such a set of psalm-singing cads, I couldn't put up with them any longer."

"Ah! indeed! I am afraid you are not as steady as you might be, Mr. Holden, and you will be sorry for it yet! What are you going to do with yourself now?"

"Oh! I am safe enough. I have come into a little money, and I am going to join a cousin of mine out in Australia. He is a horse-dealer on a large scale, and it is a sort of trade that will suit me a deuced better than quill-driving."

"No doubt," returned Mrs. Crewe with some emphasis; "and so you have come into some money? I am truly glad to hear it. Pray was it by bequest or inheritance? Have you lost your father or any near relative?—you will excuse my asking, but I am really interested."

"Much obliged to you. No, I have not lost any relation lately. Oh! it's only a trifle that has come to me through my mother."

"Now do take care of it, Mr. Holden! Invest it prudently, and don't squander it on folly."

"Thanks for your good opinion," said Holden with a slightly insolent laugh. "And now tell me about Denzil? Where is he cruising about?"

"My son, Mr. Denzil Crewe, is, I hope, on his way home. He has been last at the Cape and Algoa Bay."

"That's all right, and is old what's his name upstairs still?"

"If you mean Mr. Jenkins," with some stateliness, "he still occupies my first floor, and is a pattern of punctuality in every respect."

"Very different from your humble servant?—eh, Mrs. Crewe?"

"Oh! you have acted as you ought, and I meant no allusion; but I don't think you seem to know that Admiral Desbarres has placed his ward, Miss Piers under my care, and also Miss Fielding her cousin, who is just now on a visit to her aunt. You know of course, who Admiral Desbarres is?"

"I should think I did," said Holden, rather irreverently. "So the Ward is with you. I did hear something to that effect at the office. It's rather a good thing, I suppose."

"Most agreeable and satisfactory, though less remunerative than gratifying. Not that I have anything to complain of."

"Then I suppose you see my old office-mate Reginald Piers, sometimes? He is somehow related to the Admiral's Ward, isn't he?"

"Very closely connected," said Mrs. Crewe with a superior smile.

"Ah, indeed!" returned Holden watching her. "Well, he is a deuced stuck-up fellow—always was—even when he hadn't a rap in his pocket; and now there's no holding him. Gad, it's disgusting to speak to him."

"I don't at all agree with you," exclaimed Mrs. Crewe sharply. "He is as nice and simple and unaffected as can be; he is in and out with his cousin every day in the week. I am sure we quite miss him when he does not come! I consider him a charming young man."

"So do other people! I am told Trent counts on him for a son-in-law," looking keenly at her. "His daughter is about nineteen, and swell enough, I believe, even for Piers of Pierslynn."

"There is not a word of truth in the report. Don't you believe it, Mr. Holden," said Mrs. Crewe, loftily.

"Well, I don't know, I had it from pretty good authority," returned Holden, with a provoking air of superior information, which was almost too much for Mrs. Crewe to bear.

"Pray who was your authority?" in a tone of scorn.

"A young fellow who used to be a good deal with Piers and me. He is a bit of a favorite with Mrs. Trent and dines there, so he knows what he is talking about."

"And I am very sure he does not," said Mrs. Crewe, emphatically, "as I could prove were I at liberty to speak."

"Oh! that's all very fine. But you don't mean to say Piers makes a confidante of *you*?" asked Holden, with a sneer.

"He might do worse!" returned Mrs. Crewe, driven to the end of her endurance. "But I am not going to talk of his affairs to you, even to show you you are wrong."

"I understand," cried Holden, with an insulting laugh. "It's a sort of secret not difficult to keep—a mare's nest, in short."

"I must say, Mr. Holden, you are neither well-bred nor polite," said Mrs. Crewe, irritated beyond her prudence. "So as there is really no necessity for secrecy, I do not mind telling you that Mr. Piers is engaged to my charming young friend Miss Laura Piers, and the wedding is to take place here in about six weeks—there now."

Holden gave a long, loud whistle, while an indefinable change passed over his countenance. "Oh! that's it, is it?" he said. "Well, Mrs. Crewe, you have the pull of me, I admit! But it seems sharp work. However, I suppose it's a case of boy and girl attachment—extra constancy, devotion and disinterestedness. I presume the young lady is a beauty?"

"No! Mr. Holden, she is not what is called a *beauty*; but she is most interesting, and has charming manners."

"Just so; and has the sainted Admiral given his consent?"

"Oh! of course he will! The marriage is unexceptionable."

"Quite so; in fact it's a wonderful hit for any girl to make, and rather muffish of a young fellow just come into freedom and fortune to run his head into the nooze. I must say it's not what one would have expected from Reginald Piers!"

"Our ideas on such subjects are not at all alike," said Mrs. Crewe, stiffly.

"I suppose not," returned Holden, by no means cast down by the sense of difference between them. "I say, Mrs. Crewe, could you manage to let a fellow have a peep at the young lady? I'd give a good deal to see her."

"I do not think I can ask her to come down. She is writing letters—business letters of importance in her own room—and ought not to be disturbed."

"You tell her, her young man's special friend is below, and most anxious to make her acquaintance; she will come fast enough."

"It is quite impossible, Mr. Holden, she——" What Mrs. Crewe was about to add was never known, for at that moment the door opened to admit the young lady in question, in her walking-dress and a letter in her hand.

Laura, having written a short reply to Winnie, and knowing that Collins was in the throes of an extensive cleaning, put on her hat to go to the post herself. Absorbed in her own thoughts, she forgot Mrs. Crewe's visitor, or vaguely supposed he must have left, so came into the dining-room to ask Mrs. Crewe if she had any commission to be executed.

Laura stood still and Holden stood up, while Mrs. Crewe, rather annoyed at the unexpected meeting, pronounced a hasty introduction.

"I'm sure, Miss Piers, I consider myself very fortunate to have the honor of making your acquaintance," said Holden, with elaborate politeness. Laura bowed, and advancing into

the room found a seat for herself. "He will be congratulating her in a minute," thought Mrs. Crewe, uneasily; "the great stupid!"

"I have often heard your cousin, Mr. Reginald Piers, talk of you," resumed Holden, forcing himself to speak with his usual assurance, for something in the restful quiet of Laura's manner and bearing oppressed and disconcerted him. "We were quite allies, you know, at Thurston and Trent's; so I don't feel as if you were a stranger."

"Indeed!" returned Laura, looking straight at him with some surprise.

"Yes," continued Holden, "he was always a steadier fellow than myself, still we were pretty well out at elbows when luck turned up for us both—an odd sort of coincidence."

"Very odd!" returned Laura, seeing that he paused for a reply.

"Fine place, Pierslynn," resumed Holden. "Have you been there?"

"Never," said Laura.

"Have you?" asked Mrs. Crewe, aggressively.

"Yes," said Holden, "I was down in that part of the world last week taking a look at my own native place, which is a couple of hours farther on, over the Welsh border, and I stopped to say 'how d'ye do!' to my old pal. It's a deuced fine place, and a nice old house—regular English—not grand, but comfortable, and well kept and fit for a gentleman. I don't think Piers was particularly glad to see me," with a harsh laugh. "But I say, Madame Piers won't like to make way when Master Reggie gives Pierslynn a mistress. Don't you think so, ma'am?" to Mrs. Crewe.

"No doubt she will rejoice to see her son happy," said that lady, feeling very uncomfortable.

"And happy he will be if there's truth in the report I hear and the appearance I see," returned Holden, with terrible significance.

Laura looked at him much puzzled, the color rising in her cheek. "You'll excuse me," he said in answer to the look with his head a little to one side and a curious, half-mocking, half-inquisitive expression in his face. "But I hope Mrs. Piers is not your aunt or I would not have spoken so free."

"No; she is not my aunt," said Laura softly, still puzzled.

"No? Then I may ask the degree of relationship?" asked Holden.

"I cannot say—I never knew," returned Laura. "Our relationship is distant, I imagine. It was the accident of early association that made us friends."

"And something more," said Holden, rising to take leave with a coarse laugh. "Well, good-bye, Mrs. Crewe; we are quits now, and we are not likely to meet again; but I can tell you, I never was so comfortable as in your house, and I consider you no end of a trump, if you'll forgive the expression. Good-bye, Miss Piers, and permit me to offer my sincere congratulations on your approaching union with Mr. Piers of Pierslynn. Pray tell that gentleman I had the honor of being presented to you, and I think he is the luckiest dog going! My best wishes for your long life and happiness." So saying he picked up his hat, made an abrupt bow, and left the room, the sound of the front door closing reaching the ears of his auditors before they had recovered power of speech. Then Laura exclaimed reproachfully, "Oh! Mrs. Crewe! how *could* you tell everything to that dreadful, vulgar, common man!"

"My dear child! I never was so vexed with myself! but he dragged it out of me. You know the almost diabolical skill of these legal people, and I defy any one to have resisted his cross-examination. I don't know why he should want to know! only that he may be an emissary of those Trents who have set their hearts on catching Mr. Piers,



and are ready to snap your nose off for coming between them!"

"I don't like to say much about it, Mrs. Crewe, but I am awfully vexed that you should have spoken of Reginald and myself to such a man."

"Do, dear, forgive me! though I am quite sure in a few days your approaching marriage will be openly announced, and then it is no matter who knows."

"I am not so sure. Remember we have got to hear what the Admiral will say, and above all, what Mrs. Piers will say—and oh! Mrs. Crewe, let us not be too sure of anything."

"Pooh! nonsense, my dear! there are many bright happy days before you! You have brought me luck—Here! look at these crisp notes, and the gold, such nice new-looking gold! That dreadful low-bred creature has paid me after all, and now I will just put on my bonnet and go out with you. There's a pretty square of carpet at Johnson's in the Edgware Road, that I have been dying to buy for this month past for your room! We will fetch it home in a cab and I will lay it down to-night."

#### CHAPTER XIV.

BUT Laura's vague displeasure was quickly dispelled by the sunshine of Reginald's presence, when, true to his tryst, he arrived early the day after his visit to the Admiral, bright, debonnaire, and complaisant, as became a successful wooer.

Laura had so far caught the prevailing epidemic, that she rose at an unusually early hour, and regulated her little painting-room, decking it with flowers, and arranging it with a degree of pleasant picturesque confusion suitable to an artistic abode. No longer dared she turn a glance of stoic disregard on such small vanities as lace frills and cambric tuckers; on the contrary, she was careful to put the softest and snowiest tulle round her neck and wrists, and found herself gazing with painful anxiety in the glass to see if any amount of brushing could convey to her dull hair the satiny sheen which was the characteristic of Winnie's. She desisted with a slight sigh, resolving to leave herself alone. "He loves me for something better than my looks," she thought, "or he would never have sought me."

Mrs. Crewe was discreetly engaged, when Reginald rattled up in a hansom, having dispensed with "pomp and state" in the shape of servants and horses.

It was a moment of almost painfully nervous pleasure till the first greeting was over and they had settled down into the charming frank cousinly intercourse dashed with lover-like warmth which Reginald always maintained.

"Well! Laura," he began, after that they had settled themselves in the drawing-room for a good talk. "My interview with the Admiral was very satisfactory on the whole. He seems favorably disposed toward me, but he did not commit himself. He is coming up to town to-morrow to talk with you, dear! It is evidently a tremendous affair with him! Whereas to you and to me, who have known each other for the first half of our lives, it seems quite natural to spend the rest of it together. Eh! Laura?"

"No, Reggie—not yet, to me at least it seems very strange; and the Admiral is coming! Don't think me foolish and weak—but I quite dread the idea of talking to him. What an awful array of responsibilities he will set before me!"

Reginald laughed. "Let him talk, Laura—why should you mind? I am the principal personage, and you don't think I am going to be a hard taskmaster?"

"What did he say about your mother, Reginald?"

"About my mother? Oh! nothing—nothing particular."

"Of course you spoke of her. What did he say? Does he think it will be very difficult to get her consent?"

"Oh no. He thinks it is quite right and natural—the correct thing, in short—that we should marry. He was good enough, too, to express high approbation of my unworthy self."

"I know he always liked you, Reggie. Have you written to your mother?"

"I have. She is frightfully slow about answering letters, so I shan't expect a reply much before the day after to-morrow."

"Surely she will reply quickly to such a letter as yours," cried Laura surprised.

"We will see," returned Reginald evasively. "By the way, I did not forget about your cousin Winne. The Admiral had had a letter from her, and was rather indignant with her aunt. He is going to send for her forthwith, so she will be a nice little bridesmaid for you."

"And he is really going to send for her? Oh, that is too delightful! What have I done to deserve all this happiness?" and the quick tears of joy sprang to her eyes.

"Dear Laura!" cried Reginald looking keenly at her. "You are happy then to be my wife! You do love me?" etc., etc.

It was a day long to be remembered—everything was *couleur de rose*. Reginald was not so absorbed in his rôle of lover that he could not do the agreeable to Mrs. Crewe, and to solace her soul with little anecdotes of the Saltshire magnates, etc.

The afternoon was spent strolling through the galleries of South Kensington, and art never seemed so charming before to Laura, for her appreciation was keen and deep, and Reginald was not without taste and culture, while the morsels of tender personality niched in among more general topics, lit up their intercourse like jeweled points!

But evening drew in, and Reginald was obliged to leave early as he had an appointment at eight which he had postponed to give the day to Laura.

"Oh, Reggie," she exclaimed as he was going, "I forgot to tell you that an acquaintance of yours was here yesterday—a Mr. Holden."

"Who?" asked Reginald as if astonished. "Holden? What brought him here?"

"He came to pay Mrs. Crewe some money."

"She should not parade you for all the raff of clerks that have lodged in her house!"

"She did not; I came in accidentally."

"Well, I don't want you to know such fellows. He was the plague of my life at Trent's office. He does not know his place."

"Well, Mrs. Crewe says he is going to Australia."

"He is right to export himself before it is done for him." Reginald spoke hastily—harshly; then with a sudden change of tone, he bid Laura an affectionate good-night, and left her slightly wondering at his impatience.

But despite her sense of happiness, her faith in Reginald's loyalty and love, the morrow which succeeded this blissful day was one of trial to Laura; though Mrs. Crewe, with all her warm-hearted sympathy, was not aware that she suffered, yet there is real suffering in the "fearful looking for of judgment" from one who, however loved and respected, is actuated by motives and ideas somewhat beyond one's ken.

But the Admiral tarried, and poor Laura had even gone through the semblance of eating an early dinner, when the sound of a cab stopping at the gate and the ensuing peal of the bell told her the supreme moment was at hand.

"Go, dear," exclaimed Mrs. Crewe. "I will see him afterward. Stop—let me put in this hair-pin and put your sash straight—there! you look very nice."

Laura's heart sank within her as she opened the drawing-room door and found herself face to face with the Admiral. He was standing beside a small cabinet looking at a photograph of Winnie which stood upon it, and turned to meet her with a kind, grave smile. "My dear Laura," taking her hand in one of his and then laying the other over it, "I have been detained, and fear I have caused you some uneasiness."

"I have been very, very anxious to see you," said Laura in a low unsteady voice.

"Naturally," said the Admiral, "naturally;" and he led her to a chair—drawing one beside it for himself. Then there was a terrible pause. "It is a very solemn matter I have come to discuss with you, my dear ward," he began; "but you have my sincere sympathy, my entire approval."

As no suitable words would present themselves, Laura took her guardian's hand gently and kissed it.

"It is a sacred and mysterious relationship that you and your cousin propose to enter into," he continued. "I hope, I believe, you would not enter lightly upon it. It is a solemn undertaking, Laura, to accept a man's life! A wife's responsibility is great. God has given a mighty and a glorious task into the hands of the woman, even to be as the hidden leaven—working unseen till the whole existence she shares is leavened." The Admiral paused with the usual wistful far-away outlook in his soft, grave, dark eyes. "The husband has his part," he resumed, "and though just now Reginald is in the flush of youth, prosperity, and first affection, there is that in him which will develop into the true Christian man—strong and faithful. His constancy to the love he so early conceived for yourself, is in my opinion an evidence of his high character."

"I am myself amazed at it," said Laura softly.

"Nay, I am not," replied the Admiral with a kind smile; "I admire and approve his choice. I believe my ward will make a true good wife. But Reginald tells me that he has persuaded you to an almost immediate marriage. I do not think this desirable or possible."

"He spoke to me of it," said Laura blushing vividly. "But I neither agreed or refused—I could say nothing till I had seen you!"

"Quite right—quite right," returned her guardian with an air of entire approval. "It is natural that the young man should be anxious to make you his wife—especially as you are an orphan and without a real home; but there is an obstacle, I greatly regret it, an obstacle which must, and no doubt will be overcome. I find it rather an ungracious task to explain."

"I can save you," interrupted Laura, her color receding even quicker than it came. "His mother, Mrs. Piers, refuses her consent."

"She does," said the Admiral. "Why? how did you know?"

"Because it is only natural that she should," returned Laura sadly. "I have little to recommend me as a daughter-in-law to a proud woman—and Mrs. Piers is proud; I have met her, my dear guardian! and if I am really a fit help-mate for her son, I do not think she could perceive it. This is a terrible, almost insurmountable obstacle." She stopped short, her heart beating painfully.

"Serious—but not insurmountable," said the Admiral soothingly. "Mrs. Piers, like most loving mothers, estimates her son too highly, but in this love is our best ally; she cannot long refuse her consent to what is important—nay essential, to her son's happiness."

"Alas!" replied Laura, "I fear it will be difficult to remove her objections."

"I scarcely understand them," said the Admiral thoughtfully. "You are a well-educated gentlewoman of his own blood, not too nearly related, well known to him in every particular of your life, in every respect an unusually prudent choice. I only fear it is greed which actuates her, a somewhat vain ambition; but, my dear Laura, I propose to visit her myself. I go to Pierslynn the day after to-morrow, and hope to bring her to reason and common sense."

"What! you undertake this journey for my sake, for my interest," cried Laura. "You are indeed a father to me! But, dear, dear Admiral Desbarres, spare me the humiliation of being forced on Reginald's mother! at least leave the attempt to him. He can do more to reconcile her than any one else. I would not for worlds cause any dissension between them, or enter a family averse to receive me."

"That sounds finer than it really is," said the Admiral gravely. "You have promised to be Reginald's wife—your first duty is to think of his happiness, not your own pride; and though you are both bound by every means to seek his mother's assent to your union, if she is obstinate in her objection to the marriage, I—I scarce know what to advise," his eyes assuming a troubled expression. "The duty and obedience due to a mother is almost limitless," he resumed after a moment's pause, in a slow hesitating manner. "Yet the obligation on her to promote her son's welfare is equally imperative. I feel it right that I should see Mrs. Piers, Laura! and do not doubt I shall be directed aright. There is no use in urging any objections"—for Laura made as if to speak—"I have resolved upon this visit; I shall then go on to Liverpool and bring Winnie back with me."

"Bring Winnie back!" cried Laura, her face brightening. "Oh! dearest guardian, how grateful I am to you! It will be so delightful to have dear Winnie back again."

The Admiral smiled. "She has been unjustly treated, poor child, and it is my intention from henceforth to take charge of her fortunes. I think I have mentioned that I am, or shall be, a richer man than I was, so that neither of you, dear children, need hesitate to accept the help I have pleasure in giving. It is business connected with my money-matters that prevents my going to Pierslynn to-morrow, as my young friend Reginald requested me. The feeling and tenacity he displays have, I assure you, touched my heart and enlisted my sympathy. He was on the point of accompanying me here, when some person called and detained him. He will soon be here. I depend, Laura, on your good sense and high principle resisting any entreaties of your *fiancé* to take a rash step. Remember it is an evil beginning to outrage the first earthly duties. In time all will come right."

"You may indeed trust me! I will not encourage Reginald to disobey his mother. I would rather forego—"

"Beware of pride," said the Admiral gently. "For the present, then, it is merely an engagement subject to the consent of Mrs. Piers. Meantime you will learn to know each other in your new relationship; but I warn you, you will find Reginald rather unreasonable; and now we can say no more, the future is in God's hands. Tell me, what arrangements can Mrs. Crewe make to receive Winnie?"

Laura gladly pursued the fresh and welcome topic while her veins thrilled with mingled pain and pleasure; pain at the evidently determined opposition of Mrs. Piers, and pleasure at the eagerness to call her his, displayed by Reginald. She knew of old how tenacious a will he possessed, and never doubted that in the end he would overrule all opposition; in the meantime there was an evil quarter of an hour to be endured with what fortitude and cheerfulness she could.

While she listened and replied to her guardian, a quick

firm foot sprang up the front door-steps, and a loud decisive ring made her heart leap for joy.

The next moment Reginald entered with head erect, a smile on his lips, and an indescribable look of triumphant satisfaction in his eyes. He walked straight up to Laura, and taking the hand she held out, pressed closer to her and kissed her cheek with an unmistakable air of proprietorship, that drew a kindly smile from the Admiral.

"Well, Laura," he said, still holding her hand while he bowed to her guardian. "Has the Admiral told you of my mother's letter? but I see he has. Come, my darling, you must not let that worry you. My poor mother has the sort of estimate of my value usually formed by widows of their only sons, and were you a princess with half of your father's dominions for a dowry, I doubt if she would think you worthy of my noble self."

"Oh no, dear Reginald," said Laura with a deprecating shake of the head. "She would welcome a princess fast enough, but I do not wonder at her being a little surprised at the choice her prince has made. We must have patience and try to bring her round, for indeed, indeed, I could not marry you save with her consent."

"Nonsense, Laura! with or without it, we will be man and wife before six months are over. What do you say, Admiral?"

"That in all probability you will be man and wife *with* your mother's consent," he returned.

"When did you hear from your mother, Reginald?" asked Laura.

"I found a letter waiting me when I returned last night."

"May I see it?" she said timidly.

"No, no, there would be no use. Eh, Admiral Desbarres? Besides, it would be a breach of confidence to show it."

"That is enough," returned Laura resignedly, but she looked very downcast and sad.

"I want to make some arrangements with Mrs. Crewe about Winnie," said the Admiral, breaking the short silence which had fallen upon them. "Will you ask if she would kindly receive me, Laura?"

Laura rose to seek her, and Reginald, who for all his bright looks seemed restless and ill at ease, followed his *fiancé* as she left the room. "You will find me in the studio," he said. "I have not inspected your work since I came back. And the Admiral will like a *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Crewe."

Laura smiled and nodded as she ran upstairs to summon Mrs. Crewe.

Whether Mrs. Piers gave her consent or not, she could not deprive her of the delight of being watched and waited for by her hero, her king, her *rêve de quinze ans*.

So while Mrs. Crewe, decked in her very best black silk, her most carefully preserved fichu of real lace, her most gracious smiles, went to discuss finance with the general benefactor, Laura descended to the painting-room, where she found Reginald seated smoking a cigar with cousinly familiarity.

"You don't mind a little smoke, Laura," he said, rising to put a chair for her near his own. "It is the right thing for a studio, you know. I always think to be an artist, you must smoke, were it only cigarettes. But I want a talk all by ourselves. We know what we want as no third person can."

And throwing the remainder of his cigar out of the window, he began to exclaim against his mother's unreasonableness, her want of consideration for him, not harshly and partly in jest, but winding up by a strong appeal to Laura's love, and faith in him, not to allow any one's opinions or whims to separate them, urging her with vehemence that half frightened her, while she could not quite keep posses-

sion of her cool reason before the unexpected force and fire of his arguments and entreaties. He knew his mother, he said; no amount of persuasion would avail; he was indeed averse to the Admiral's plan of an interview, which was not consistent with what was due to Laura, his beloved and respected future wife; nothing but decided action would produce any effect on his mother; once they were absolutely married and Mrs. Piers saw the fruitlessness of opposition, she would come round and become reconciled. Would Laura have the courage to be his, in spite of all opposition? Mrs. Crewe would certainly befriend them. Once the marriage ceremony had been performed, and they had been away on their wedding-trip, no one would attempt to take Laura from him, though she *was* still under age.

"Reginald, Reginald," cried Laura, startled into her senses again by the wild plan he was suggesting, and withdrawing the hand he had held tightly in both his, "what are you thinking of? You cannot wish to marry in the face of every one's disapprobation, to make a run-away marriage, before trying what reason and persuasion will do. It would be disgraceful folly. It is not like you to be so—foolish."

A cloud gathered on Reginald's brow. "I thought you had warmer sympathy with me," he said gloomily.

Before Laura could utter the earnest denial of this charge which rose to her lips, Mrs. Crewe was heard calling discreetly before the opening door: "Laura, my dear Laura!" and then presenting herself. "The Admiral wants to see you both before he goes," said she; "and he cannot stay any longer, I regret to say."

Laura rose immediately, and Reginald, with evident reluctance.

"Think of what I have said," he whispered, as they left the room and followed Mrs. Crewe to the Admiral's presence, "and do not let an overstrained idea of duty or propriety make you indifferent to my happiness."

The Admiral took leave with his usual kindly yet formal politeness, apologizing for taking Mr. Piers away from more attractive society, but that they had still some important matters to see to and arrange.

Mrs. Crewe, with impressive observance, followed them to the door, from which she observed a somewhat dilapidated four-wheeler approaching, and displacing the smart hansom which awaited the Admiral and Reginald.

"Who in the world can it be?" said Mrs. Crewe.

"Please 'm, Mr. Piers has forgotten his gloves," cried Collins, eagerly.

"Run, then, my girl," said Mrs. Crewe, turning and standing back to let her pass, so that she missed seeing the gentleman get out of the cab—a man of middle height, but exceedingly broad shouldered and square with loose-looking dark clothes and a cloth cap. There was a short stoppage while the departing guest received his gloves, then the hansom drove off, and the new-comer, shouldering a large portmanteau, entered the garden.

Mrs. Crewe gave a sudden joyful shriek. "It is Denzil!" she cried, "Denzil himself!"

She flew down the steps and endeavored to embrace him, portmanteau and all.

"My dear, dear boy! My blessed son! Here, Collins, take this great horrid portmanteau. Come in, my dearest son. You must be so tired and hungry. Do give that thing to Collins."

"No, mother, it is too heavy for the girl; I will put it down indoors. Why, you are looking uncommonly well, mother! ever so much better than when I left you."

He quickly ascended the steps, and Laura, not liking to intrude on the joyful meeting of mother and son, ran away upstairs to her own room.

(To be continued.)

## The Italian Village Princess.

**L**ONG ago, the legend tells us, there lived a lovely young Italian princess, who, not content with what she had, was ever importuning the king, her father, for some more regal gift. She wished a glittering robe of stars, or a fleecy dress of dazzling moonbeams; and when her indulgent parent, who "would have plucked the very stars of heaven to adorn her brows," if he could, failed to gratify her wishes, she then demanded a garment made of the skins of every animal in the land. It was a troublesome wish, but the king took infinite pains to gratify the indulged girl, and after a while, she had the pleasure of arraying herself in her robe of animal skins. It was an unhappy thing for the young princess that her wish was gratified, for she appeared in her new dress, like a miserable beggar, and when she came before her father he drove her angrily from the palace as an insolent mendicant who had intruded there.

Finding herself homeless, this once luxuriant and indulged princess plodded wearily over the Campagna, and took refuge in the Sabine mountains. Kind hearts pitied the forlorn creature, and the peasants opened their huts to her, believing her to be only a poor, homeless wandering young girl, without money and without friends. The princess showed her wisdom by accommodating herself to her changed circumstances, for, as the poet says, "to bear is to conquer our fate," and she made herself quite contented among the humble people with whom she had her abode. After living some time with her new friends, she was wooed and won by a young mountaineer, and never again returned to the princely home from which she had been so cruelly thrust. Her descendants, however, learned the story, and they ever prided themselves on their royal descent.

The artist, thinking of this legend, applies it to the present inhabitants of the Sabine mountains, and calls its beautiful women, "Italian Village Princesses," one of whom he sets before us. Poor yet proud, beautiful but not vain, unlike the princess of the legend, she is content with what heaven has given her, asking no starry robes nor dresses woven of the moonbeams, with which to set off her enchanting beauty. She dwells in her little hut, sharing it alike with her children and the animals; and, even as her ancestors opened their doors to the wandering princess, so opens she her's to the friendless and the homeless. She lives among the lovely flowers of her garden, and walks through the violet vales with a happy heart. The red poppy flaunts its gaudy banners to the breeze, and the golden "ginster" flashes out beneath the bright rays of the sun, while the purple clover and the rosy anemone spring up at her feet. Proudly she steps along the narrow mountain paths, balancing on her head the copper water vessel, or bundle of wood; or stands at the village wall drawing water, and chatting merrily with her companions. The artist sees in these fair daughters of Italy the lineal descendants of the lovely princess, possessing the same noble bearing, even amid poverty, the same flashing dark eyes and beautifully rounded forms. Mr. Wagner, the painter of the charming picture, "The Italian Village Princess," reproduces one of these Italian beauties as he saw her, reclining in an old stone porch, with her basket of fruit beside her, evidently awaiting purchasers. The face is one of delicate and dreamy beauty; and, as she sits there in quiet repose, her thoughts are evidently straying back to the legends she has heard of her beautiful ancestress, the daughter of a king. But, if she is wise, she will not set too much store on that matter; for we are judged not by what our ancestors were, but by what we are ourselves.



THE ITALIAN VILLAGE PRINCESS.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

EMBROIDERY.

"The crocus in the shrewd March morn  
Thrusts up its saffron spear."  
—COVENTRY PATMORE.

"The tulip is a courtly queen."  
—HOOD.

"Spring is coming ; thou art come."  
—WORDSWORTH.

**I**N a former number, directions have been given for outline work with darned background. The tulip design in this number is for darned work. This design may be repeated for a border for a table-cover. This can be embroidered on a gold colored ground. The leaves may be done in outline stem stitch, in sage or olive greens, the flowers outlined in copper reds, with veinings of another lighter red or of yellow, the pistil of the tulip in a yellow green, stamen in bright yellow. The back ground may be darned in various shades of darker gold color than the material, the various shades blending into each other in the darning. This same design may be done on linen with either crewels or silks. If the linen is coarse, or if the work is subject to much wear, the outline work may be done with double crewels, or with a heavier silk than the background darning. This same design may also be embroidered in solid stem or Kensington stitch on a woolen material, without background darning, for a serviceable woolen table-cover. The yellows, reds and greens for this must be chosen with judgment, and with a view to the back ground on which they are embroidered. The large flowers, if worked in too raw reds, will be offensive. When choosing your greens, take a tulip leaf and match the color if you can. You will find the shade needed much softer and less vivid than you would suppose.

William Morris says: "Though green is the color widest used in Nature, yet there is not so much bright green used by her as many people seem to think, the most of it being used for a week or two in spring, when the leafage is small and blended with the grays and browns of the twigs ; when 'leaves grow large and long,' as the ballad has it, they also grow gray. I believe it has been noted by Mr. Ruskin, and it certainly seems true, that the pleasure we take in the young spring foliage comes largely from its tenderness of tone rather than its brightness of hue. Anyhow, you may be sure that if we try to outdo Nature's green tints on our walls we shall fail, and make ourselves uncomfortable to boot. We must, in short, be very careful of bright greens, and seldom if ever use them at once bright and strong."

These rules for greens in wall colors are also good in embroidery. The delightful greens pleased me more than anything when I first entered the quiet rooms of the Kensington Royal School of Art Needlework. It was as if I had found a shady corner of the woods to rest in, and comfort myself with Nature's



TULIP DESIGN FOR DARNED WORK.

gentle things, while in the finest French shop in London I could only hurt my eyes with the glittering colors, sharp as the pointed bits of glass inside a turning kaleidoscope. Mr. Morris also adds ;

"On the other hand, do not fall into the trap of a dingy, bilious-looking, yellow green, a color to which I have special and personal hatred, because (if you will excuse my mentioning personal matters) I have been supposed to have somewhat brought it into vogue. I assure you I am not really responsible for it. The truth is, that to get a green that is at once pure and neither cold nor rank, and not too bright to live with, is, of simple things, as difficult as anything a decorator has to do ; but it can be done, and without the help of special material, and when done, such a green is so useful, and so restful to the eyes, that in this matter also we are bound to follow Nature, and make large use of that work-a-day color—green."

So much for greens. The yellows must not be used in one solid mass of one vivid shade. It can shade to the yellow-greens or to the brown-golds, but must not be used in the large solid flowers of too strong a color. The tulipreds tend toward yellow, and are on the scarlet shades. If pinks are used with them, use the yellow or orange shades, and not the blue pinks, which are cold and bad, as are also all magenta reds. The safe rule is to take your material to the shop and select your wools, trying them on your back ground before you begin your work. If the colors are restful to your eye before you begin work, they will continue so when the design is finished.

The crocus design may be worked in solid stem stitch on any woolen material, or on a silk material. The flowers may be in yellows, shading to almost white in orange and soft purples or honeysuckle colors. The greens, as in almost all spring bulbous flowers, are on the celadon or sage shades.

A table-cover for a round table may be made with a border of crocuses, and in the corners a bunch of daffodils or tulips. If possible, before embroidering any flower, gather specimens and study them well. You will have some rare moments of pleasure ; and no matter how conventional your design, you will be more likely to do your work well for the little look at Nature herself. The simplest bit of embroidery may be also truthful and honest work.


HETA L. H. WARD.



CROCUS DESIGN IN SOLID STEM STITCH.

## Monument of Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse.

(SEE PAGE 414.)

E all remember what expressions of regret went forth, even in this country, when, in December, 1878, the news of the death of Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, was announced. Her deeply sympathetic nature, loving and gentle ways, and womanly accomplishments, had won the hearts of all who admire elevation of character and tenderness of heart in woman. Never giving a thought to herself, where love and duty called her, there she went; and when her brother, the Prince of Wales, lay ill in England, the affectionate and unselfish sister hastened from her home in Germany to nurse him.

It was love at last that brought her death, for when the little Princess Marie Maud, her four-year-old daughter, lay ill of diphtheria, as the loving mother saw her dying child, she clasped her to her heart, and gave her a farewell kiss. But it was not for long that they were separated. Even as the child had sickened and died of the terrible disease, thus sickened and died the mother. Did ever the kiss of love bring about a woe like this? No wonder that England's Prime Minister, Disraeli, poured forth an eloquent speech about this fatal kiss of death.

Her Royal Highness Princess Alice Maud Mary of England, and Grand Duchess of Hesse Darmstadt, was the second daughter and third child of Queen Victoria and his Royal Highness the Prince Consort.

She was born in 1843, at Windsor Castle, and from her early childhood was most lovable and attractive. To her parents she was an object of the fondest love, and when she reached womanhood we find her father, in a letter to Baron Stockmar, thus speaking of her: "Alice has become a handsome young woman, of graceful form and graceful presence, and is a help and stay to us all in the house."

It was not likely that so lovely a young princess would remain unloved, and we find her father thus writing to his friend, Baron Stockmar: "The two young Princes of Hesse Darmstadt leave England to-day. There is no doubt that the eldest (Louis) and Alice have formed a mutual liking, and although the visit fortunately has passed over without any declaration, I have no doubt it will lead to further advances from the young gentleman's family. We should not be averse to such an alliance, as the family is good and estimable, and the young man is unexceptionable in morals, manly, and both in body and mind distinguished by youthful freshness and vigor. As heir presumptive to the Grand Duchy, his position would, moreover, not be unsuitable. The Queen and myself look on as passive observers, which is undoubtedly our best course as matters at present stand."

It was not long before the "advances from the young gentleman's family," which the Prince Consort prophesied, actually came. The royal couple of England, when on a visit to Germany, had an interview with the parents of the young Prince of Hesse, which the Queen records in her diary: "It was arranged," she says, "that Prince Louis, their son, should visit England later in the year, in order that the Princess Alice and himself should have an opportunity of seeing more of each other." The visit was paid with the following result, as recorded by the Queen in her diary: "After dinner, while talking to the gentlemen, I perceived Alice and Louis talking before the fireplace more earnestly than usual, and, when I passed to go to the other room, both came up to me, and Alice in much agitation said he had proposed to her, and he begged for my blessing. I could only squeeze his hand, and say 'certainly,' and that we would see him

in our room later. \* \* \* Alice came to our room, agitated but quiet. Albert sent for Louis to his room, and then called Alice and me in. Louis has a warm, noble heart. We embraced our dear Alice and praised her much to him. He pressed and kissed my hand, and I embraced him. After talking a little we parted, a most touching, and to me most sacred moment."

It is pleasant to follow the course of a love story like this, and to know that the lovely Alice of England was not, as is often the case with royalty, sacrificed on the altar of matrimony for political reasons. The match gave great pleasure to the parents of the Princess Alice, as we learn from a letter of the Prince Consort to his friend Baron Stockmar, in which he says: "Close on the heels of my last letter comes this, to announce to you the betrothal of Alice to the Prince Louis of Hesse. You, like ourselves, will have expected this event, but you will not the less share our joy at it when you are told that the young people are sincerely attached to each other, and justify the hope that they will one day find their mutual happiness in marriage. We like Louis better every day, because of his unaffectedly genial and cordial temper, his great modesty, and a very childlike nature, united with strict morality, and genuine goodness and dignity."

Prince Albert was not destined to see his favorite daughter married to the husband of her choice. Even when he wrote this letter to Baron Stockmar the shadow of death was over him. The agony of the Queen at the prospect of losing her husband is well known, and she says in her diary: "Good Alice was very courageous and tried to comfort me." Through the illness of her father the Princess was ever by his side, and after his death, as the Prince Consort's biographer says, "The Princess Alice developed a force of character, combined with tact and judgment truly admirable, settling and arranging everything for the Queen with ministers and officials, and sustaining her Majesty by her own firmness and skillfully ministered sympathy."

On July 1st, 1862, Princess Alice was quietly married at Osborne to Prince Louis of Hesse, six months after the death of her father, and the young couple remained in England until the death of Louis III. of Hesse, the father of the Prince. The married life of the Princess Alice was very happy. Love and devotion followed her everywhere, and as Grand Duchess of Hesse she was as much beloved as when she was the Princess Alice of England. She was the mother of seven children, one of whom, a boy of two years, was killed by falling from a window, and another, the little Princess Marie Maud, died of diphtheria a few weeks before her mother.

The monument, of which we give an illustration, was sculptured in England by the great Hungarian sculptor Boehm, and is now in the mausoleum at Rosenhöe, near Darmstadt. This beautiful production is of white marble, and is considered the finest work ever produced by the distinguished sculptor. "They are not dead, but sleeping," is the involuntary exclamation of all who view the marble forms of the mother and child. To those who know the mournful story of the Princess's death, how touching is the sight of the child, clasped so closely in the mother's arms! What purity and loveliness dwell on the face of the mother, and how tender and truthful is this representation of a princess who not only England, but Germany will mourn forever.

"Germania brought her funeral crown,  
And on the coffin laid it down,  
And cried, "Ah, Princess, good and true,  
Old Albion's and ours too—  
Sweet Alice of England."



MONUMENT OF PRINCESS ALICE, GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE.

## Trailing Arbutus.

BY AUGUSTA DE BUBRIA.

WELCOME sweet blossoms! harbingers of spring,  
 In woodland whispers dart more faintly, tell  
 Of some half hidden deep New England dell,  
 Where cruel winter's reign and jack frost's sting  
 Have swiftly vanished; where low vines close cling,  
 And weave upon the ground a magic spell  
 Which seeking hands, discovering, shall dispel,  
 And quick thy flowery treasures gladly bring  
 As friendship's offering. Thy perfume sweet,  
 Yet with a certain strength and flavor rare,  
 Remind me of the daughters of thy land,  
 For once are they in character complete,  
 Strong, gentle, firm, yet yielding, and most fair,  
 And wearing gracefully a modest air.

## Phoebe Mayflower.

Nothing is the fickleness of the human mind more apparent than in literature. Of how few authors can it be said "he was not for a day, but for all time!" The polished writings of Addison, once so popular, are seldom looked into. Milton, Byron, and Pope have been displaced by Tennyson, Morris, and Rossetti; and we can scarcely hope that even the inimitable pathos and humor of Dickens will keep his memory forever green.

Especially is this fickleness much to be regretted in the case of Sir Walter Scott, the Wizard of the North, whose wand is broken and whose magic has fled. Few read his novels now; and yet what fascinating power there was in the pen which brought before us, in panoramic view, the men of Robin Hood, the courtiers of Elizabeth, and the Covenanters of Scotland. These are but a few of the wonderful procession that the magic of Scott's genius has mar-

shalled before us. It was to embalm the memory of his writings, and if possible, to revive a taste for them, that a London publisher empowered several artists of distinction to illustrate the female characters in Scott's novels. Only a few of the series were completed, among which was the original of our attractive engraving.

Phoebe Mayflower, our readers will remember, is one of the characters in the novel of Woodstock, and is described as being both light-hearted and light-footed. She was in the service of Sir Henry Lee, a royalist, who was compelled by the parliamentary commission to abandon his home. He took refuge in that of his game-keeper, Joceline Joliffe, whose larder it appears was somewhat scanty. He made inquiry of Phoebe as to the state of her master's, bidding her "wrap her cloak around her comely form" and get a basket and go to her old home and bring the contents of the larder to him. It is when she is going through the park on this errand that the artist has depicted her; and he has certainly succeeded most admirably in bringing before us the light-hearted rustic maiden of Scott's novel. As she stands beneath the branches of the trees, the light falling carelessly through the leaves upon her young form, her face wears a pleasant, arch look as it peers from under her pretty hat. Her dress, simple and rustic, is yet picturesque and becoming, and well befits the plump, round form that wears it. It was no wonder that so attractive a maiden should have seemed to the Roundhead soldiers who were in possession of her master's mansion as "a vision of delight," causing one of them to say, after she had left, "I think the damsel might have tarried for another exhortation; truly, I profess my mind was much inclined toward her for her edification."

The artist, Mr. R. Gavin, has given us just such a Phoebe Mayflower as our own imaginations would conjure up. What the writer intended we should see, the artist has really shown us; and we are sure that none who have seen this picture will ever read Woodstock without thinking of the arch face and plump form so admirably portrayed by the skillful painter. The original of this charming engraving is in the art gallery of Mr. Ralph Brocklebank, of Liverpool, England, and is counted one of the gems of the collection.





THE YO-SEMITE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.—SEE PAGE 416,

## The Yo-Semite Valley, in California.

Who wishes to see the scenery of our country in all its wild and varied sublimity must go to the Yo-Semite Valley in California. The Yo-Semite Valley (pronounced yo-sem-i-ty, and called by the Indians Yo-Ham-i-te) is about 150 miles from San Francisco. The altitude above the sea is 4,060 feet; it is about seven miles long, and from half a mile to one and a quarter in width. The rocky walls that surround it are from 3,000 to 6,000 feet in height. The main Merced River (River of Mercy), eighty feet in width, runs through the valley, and there are falls from one end to the other of about fifty feet.

Who could hope to portray the glorious panorama of this valley, or to make one scene express the beauty and grandeur of the whole? The traveler may pass weeks amid the sublime scenery of the Yo-Semite Valley, and every day will reveal to his enraptured gaze some new and entrancing spectacle. Here are seen lakes of surpassing beauty, their mirror-like surfaces reflecting most charmingly the glory of surrounding objects; waterfalls, dashing over the rocks their seething and foaming waters—sometimes throwing down a wide crystal ribbon, then, as in the case of the great Yo-Semite Falls, pouring in three distinct torrents from a height of 2,550 feet above the valley; little rivulets, murmuring gently along, through flowery paths and grassy beds, and trickling down the rugged sides of the rocks, like the tears down the cheek of some giant; rocks, towering up in grim sublimity, in groups or solitary, like the Sentinel Rock, which stretches up to a height of 3,270 feet; huge boulders of granite, lying scattered along the road, over which you must pick your way; trees of giant growth, such as "The Siamese Twins," which grow from one root, and are thirty-eight feet in diameter, which includes both. The perfume of the California lilac floating out on the air, and the white azalea flaunting its spectral banners to the breeze, meet the wandering eyes in the magnificent Yo-Semite Valley.

Our illustration gives one view of this splendid panorama of beauty and sublimity. The Ribbon Fall—or, in the Indian language, Lung-oo-too-koo-ya (long and slender)—is 3,300 feet above the valley. Dashing its silvery waters on the rocks below, it sends a spray of shining drops around, giving the effect of a suddenly emptied casket of diamonds. In some places the spray is so thick that it has the appearance of a silvery mist. With one exception—The Sentinel, which is 3,850 feet above the valley—this fall is the highest of the succession of falls that dash their waters over the granite rocks of the Yo-Semite Valley.

Of course no painting, no writing can do justice to the wildness, the grand sublimity of the scenery of this valley. If, as the poet says,

"Who first beholds the Alps—that mighty chain  
Of mountains, stretching from east to west,  
So massive, yet so shadowy, so ethereal  
As to belong rather to heaven than to earth,  
But instantly receives into his soul  
A sense, a feeling that he loses not—  
A something that informs him 'tis a moment  
Whence he may date henceforward and forever,"

how much truer is this of the traveler in the Yo-Semite Valley; for a greater than the Alps is here. Well might the English tourist exclaim: "I have crossed the Andes in three different places, and been conducted to the sights considered most remarkable; I have been among the charming scenery of the Sandwich Islands, and the mountain districts of Australia, but never have I seen so much of sublime grandeur relieved by so much beauty as that which I have witnessed in the Yo-Semite Valley!" Yet we make yearly trips to Europe or to some fashionable watering-place, when

we could meet Nature face to face, amid the sublime scenery of the Yo-Semite Valley.

## The Dandelion.

You ask me why, when daisies are in bloom,  
And violets exhale their sweet perfume,  
When bluebells nod us greetings as we pass,  
And buttercups are twinkling in the grass,  
I stoop to pluck this simple yellow weed?  
I do not wonder, that you ask indeed.  
To my poor aching heart, how could you know,  
No fairer flowers than dandelions blow.

For oh, whene'er in spring it doth unfold,  
Its leaves of green around its crown of gold,  
I see a baby form beside it rise  
And look from flower to me with wondering eyes,  
Then pointing with a little dimpled hand,  
He lisps in words we mothers understand,  
"Oh, mamma, see, last night a star fell down;  
Poor little star, I'll take it from the ground,"  
And stooping low, with dainty baby grace,  
He plucks the flower, and lifts it to his face.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Ah, me! before another spring came round,  
A home above the stars our darling found,  
And left us nothing but a little grave,  
Where dandelions bloom and grasses wave,  
And tender memories of the sinless one,  
God keeps for us beside his own dear Son.

—MRS. LAURENCE.

## "The Highland Breakfast."—(See Oil Picture).

WHAT we see here is one of the prettiest, and most suggestive of portraits—a fresh and rosy Highland maiden taking her brown bowl of oatmeal and fresh milk, the Highland porridge breakfast, to her favorite seat on the door-step, while eating it. Every one who has traveled in Scotland has seen scores of little maidens, with blue eyes, the blond, tangled hair, and complexions like strawberries and cream, holding their porringers in their laps as they sit on the door-step, their feet upon the broad flag-stone, or sometimes mounted sideways upon a gate or stone fence, taking in a more extended view while "supping" the healthy, "halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food."

This little girl, like many other big and little girls, does not perhaps know how much she owes to her simple, sensible breakfast, and her step above the flag-stone while she is eating it. In the years to come, if she should be housed up in narrow city walls and streets, her life now will enable her to bear her life then with less of suffering, for it will have given her a strong constitution to fall back upon; but at present she does not see her blessings from this point of view; there is even a look of sadness upon the sweet face, as if some unruly Brother Jock had been tormenting her, or perhaps her school-lesson is harassing her young brain; certainly she does not look altogether gay and light-hearted. It is probable, too, that she has no idea what a pretty picture she makes from an artistic point of view, what a bright bit of color the little red shawl makes about her neck over her gray dress, how sunshine glints in and out of her hair, and aurora stain lips, and cheek.

May-be she thinks she is tired of oatmeal and milk; there are children who think so even in America, where oatmeal is less used than in Scotland. But it is fortunate for her blue

eyes and her red lips and her strong young limbs that she cannot change it, for the variety of rich food which some children are allowed to indulge in is fatal to health and complexion, and not less fatal are their conventionalities of dress and behavior, which permit no freedom and little enlargement of mind or body. Oh! little Highland maiden, eat your breakfast, and be happy, looking out over the grandeur of mountain, the loveliness of placid lake, for in the tears that the future is bound to bring to you, these will be mirrored with your brown porringer, and your Highland breakfast.

### A Turkish School.

**J**OHAN FREDERICK LEWIS, the painter of "A Turkish School," the much admired picture from which our engraving is taken, was born in London in 1805. He visited several countries in search of subjects for his art, and after his return from Spain, produced several much admired pictures, among which was "The Bull Fight." He traveled in Egypt, Asia, and the Levant, and produced several fine paintings characteristic of those countries, such as "The Harem" and "The Arab Scribe." When but seventeen, he exhibited a picture entitled "Deer-shooting at Belhus, Essex," which attracting the attention of George IV., he employed him the following year to paint at Windsor Castle.

The picture entitled "A Turkish School," received much commendation when first exhibited at the London Royal Academy, in 1865. A group of Moslem children are gathered to receive instruction from the intelligent Turk, who evidently believes in having the assistance of the rod to "teach the young idea how to shoot." To judge from the countenances of most of the pupils, even the formidable bamboo the

teacher holds in his hand will prove powerless to brighten up the intellects of these young people. They are not unwilling to drink of the stream of learning, for they listen with respectful attention to the instructions given them, all but one girl, who has so far forgotten herself as to lapse into a slumber, which appears to be uncommonly deep, and if she does not experience a very rude awakening, it will be because the old Turk is more merciful than just. The pigeons saunter around, and the cat finds herself quite at home on the soft cushion, neither being ejected, as "Mary's little lamb" was most ignobly from a similar institution of learning. All the surroundings of the school-room are pleasant and domestic, the only disagreeable feature being the ominous-looking bamboo in the hand of the Turk. Through the windows pours the bright sunlight, lighting up the apartment, and clearly revealing the group within.

The young Turkish children are not, as a general thing, subjected to a very severe ordeal of learning. Many of the schools are connected with the mosques, and in these the Koran in old Arabic is taught in connection with reading and writing. There are, however, elementary schools where the branches pursued embrace reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, history of the Turkish Empire, and religion. In 1870, schools of a much higher grade were opened in Constantinople, and the government desires to establish everywhere schools on an extended scale, and to do away with the old Arabic system of instruction. When this takes place, such a school as the artist gives us will be among the things of the past. Cats and pigeons and sleeping girls will pass away from the schoolroom, and, let us hope the rod of terror, that stupefies, but never brightens, will pass away too.



TURKISH SCHOOL.

## A Boston Girl Out West.

**W**E are a staid, conservative old Boston family, living in an old-fashioned stone house on Beacon Hill, which has come down from father to son for four generations, and bids fair to stand for generations yet to be. We have always jogged on in the even tenor of our way, nothing at all startling ever having happened to any of us, until two years ago, when our eldest, Cornelia, married a young man from the far West. He, like the rest of us, had enjoyed the extreme felicity of having been born in Boston, but as he grew to manhood, a strange unrest took possession of him; he found the ancient business ruts in which his fathers had walked too narrow; he lost faith in that old tradition of his infancy, that Boston was the one consummate flower of modern civilization, and the whole outside world a howling wilderness. So, shaking the sacred dust of New England's metropolis from his feet, he followed the newly-risen star of empire to the great West. After a three years' residence in that benighted region, he returned to Boston, not to remain, but to bear away our Cornelia, who had also been sighing for broader horizons, and was only too glad to go.

She came back after a twelve-month to make us a visit. Business is the Western man's morning sacrifice and evening prayer. Her husband could not think of such a thing as leaving his business to come with her, and as she shrank from the loneliness of the long homeward journey, I concluded to bear her company. So here I am in Cornelia's home, a city on the great Father of Waters.

It would never do to say anything in dispraise of this wonderful city, which every man, woman, and child within its limits fondly believes will yet be the metropolis of the world. It is indeed a youthful prodigy—a big, blustering, stalwart Hercules, performing unheard-of deeds of prowess in its cradle, a youthful athlete, with a true heart beneath a bluff outside, and many sterling virtues to balance that overweening conceit too apt to characterize men and cities that have achieved greatness at a single bound.

The streets of this new city have been laid out on a scale in keeping with the magnificent dreams of its founders, the narrowest of them being eighty feet in width. They are being paved now, a herculean task that must keep them torn up for years. Sewers are also in process in construction, gas pipes and water-mains are being laid, primitive board sidewalks are giving place to concrete and asphaltum. Wooden structures, good enough for earlier days, are yielding to solid blocks of wood and stone. Some of the old houses have been demolished, others have been placed on rollers and launched on their travels from the business centers to the suburbs. On these migrations the domestic life is in no wise disturbed. The daily avocations go on as usual during the week or month that the family Lares and Penates are upon their pilgrimage.

Railways are throwing out their iron arms to the north, south, east, and west of us; horse-car and steam-motor tracks are being laid on the main thoroughfares. Mills, factories, depots, churches, school-houses, residences, from the humblest tenement to the elaborate shingle or stone palace, are rising everywhere, like Jonah's gourd, which sprang up in a single night. Everything is on the *quâ vive*; everything must be done at once. The work of years must be crowded into a single day. Old chaos seems to have come again; but out of all this Babel-like confusion, this eager, restless activity, the new city is to rise ere long, they tell us, a city grand and beautiful beyond the most glowing dreams of even Western enthusiasts.

The great, river hurrying on from Northern forests,

pauses here for a moment to gather strength for its grand leap over the precipice that arrests its course, and thus forms the gigantic water power that sets all these business wheels in motion. Rushing still onward, it keeps step and rhythm to the thud of hammers, the ring of anvils, the hissing of forge and furnace, the rush and roar of mills and factories, and all those thousand notes of blitheful industry, that form the great battle-song of labor. To music such as this must the walls of every city rise—music grander than fabled Troy knew when called into being by the strains of Amphion's lyre.

Lots sell at preposterous prices; the fever for speculation is at its height. Friend meeting friend on the street has time only to nod and say "How's business," and then rush on. "This is progress; this is what it is to leave sleepy old New England, and live in a wide-awake Western town!" says brother-in-law Robert. But amid all this hurry and hubbub, amid these pretentious new houses and still more pretentious new people, I sigh for the classic shades of Beacon Hill, where the demon of unrest and improvement is as yet kept at bay, where the mosses of antiquity have gathered, and where Time, the cunning artist, has put the finishing touches to the handiwork of man. True beauty is not a thing of outside glare and glitter; it is the ripened product of the slow-paced mellow years.

The tide of improvement has come surging around Cornelia's home, once a sequestered nook far out in the suburbs. Business is rushing up that way. The great Air Line Railroad is to run just a block from the house—depots and carshops will extend to its very doors. A warehouse and grain elevator are to be built just across the way. The pretty home, sacred to two years of happy young married life, must be given up. But matter-of-fact Robert smiles. "The place brings a sum ten times greater than its cost," he says, "and with this sum I can purchase those lovely lots out on Hillsdale Avenue, fronting Crystal Lake, where there is no fear of future molestation."

"Are you sure of this?" asks Cornelia, anxiously. "Perhaps we had better put our house on wheels, so as to be always ready to go if the march of improvement demands it. I begin to think I would rather have a lodge in some vast wilderness than live in a city with a growing craze upon it."

"Where you are no sooner cosily settled down in your paradise than some angel or demon of progress comes with his flaming sword to drive you out," added I.

"O for some refuge amid Vermont hills or Northern Maine forests, where things have not changed since the foundation of the world!" sighed Cornelia.

"Better fifty years of England than a cycle of Cathay!"

quoted Robert. "For my part I like to live where things are lively. You women are too sentimental. I would be willing to sell out and move every six months if I could make money by it, since wherever I go, I take all that makes my home with me."

The new home will not be ready until late in autumn, and we shall pass the intervening six months at Lake Minnetonka, the favorite summer resort of this region.

"Minnetonka" is another of these musical, poetic names, which the red men have left all over this fair land as imperishable memorials of their race, and of those days when these crystal lakes and broad hunting-grounds were all their own. In the Dacotah dialect it signifies "sky-blue water." These waters indeed bear the hue of heaven, and heaven's peace in their azure depths.

This loveliest of Western lakes is set like a gem of price on the breast of a magnificent landscape. The fame of this rare beauty has gone abroad, and the once lone quietude of Minnetonka and its environs is now invaded by thousands

of summer guests. They come from all points of the compass, but more especially from the South, glad to exchange enervating heats and malarial vapors, for this cool, pure, aromatic Northern air.

It is now midsummer; the three great Minnetonka hotels are full to overflowing, while the many smaller hotels and boarding-houses have more than their quota of guests. The usual gayety of popular summer resorts is at its height. We cottagers have our own quiet little coteries, and go on in the even tenor of our way without the fear of fashion or Mrs. Grundy before our eyes. We pass most of our time out of doors, walking, boating, bathing, sitting under our own vine and fig-tree with our fancy work or plain sewing, swinging lazily to and fro in hammocks, reading the last new novel, drinking copious draughts of life-giving air, reveling in the sunshine and enjoying that fullness of content known only to those who love nature and attune their lives to hers.

While the city yonder is looking forward to the day when Lake Minnetonka, in which she claims ownership as her most delightful suburb, shall eclipse Newport and Saratoga, our prayer would rather rise that it might be consecrated to nature, and remain unprofaned by the petty rivalries and mean ambitions of the world of show and fashion.

Among our few intimate friends here are the Schönsteins, our next door neighbors. They have also been our neighbors in the city. They are quiet, unpretentious people, refined by travel and study, and at home on all æsthetic subjects. In listening to their conversation, I seem transported to some transcendental *séance* on Beacon Hill, and fancy myself again sitting at the feet of Emerson, Alcott, and Mrs. Howe.

"The Schönsteins remind me of our Saturday Morning Brain Club," I say to Cornelia; "to hear them talk is as improving as our Wednesday Goethe and Schiller class, at Number 4 Park Street. I had no idea of finding anything so akin to Boston culture out West."

"No, of course not," interposes Robert. "You Boston people think that the sun of culture rises and sets only for your provincial city, leaving all the rest of the world in midnight darkness. But New York is far ahead of you, so is Chicago, I had almost said."

"Yes, you had better qualify that last preposterous assertion," I return angrily. "The idea of comparing Chicago—that vulgar, overgrown, crude, swaggering, new-rich, money-worshipping city—with Boston, the center of art and intelligence on this continent, the highest flower of our civilization, the Athens of the New World! It may do to mention New York in the same breath, but not Chicago, and even New York in all æsthetic things is far below Boston."

"So I used to think," laughs Robert, "but that was when I lived in Boston. Now, in contemplating the old town from a distance, I see its faults as well as its virtues. I admire its business activity. I admit that it has the cleanest, best-paved streets in the country, that its people are generous and public spirited, that learning is respected by them, and that intelligence abounds. But I deny the superiority of Boston culture over that of the rest of the world. I despise Boston literary clannishness and snobbery; I deny that the ruts it has worn on its path of progress are the only ones worthy to be followed, and I would advise young men and women who would make their way in the world, to seek new paths and an open field in the great West."

"We Western people are cosmopolitan," adds Cornelia. "We come from everywhere, bringing what is best of our old life with us. We begin where older cities are leaving off. Our date is so recent that we lack many things as yet. No moss of antiquity has gathered about our institutions, years have not yet toned down the glaring hues of our new civilization. Nature works no miracles. In estimating the prog-

ress of a city like ours, its date must be always taken into consideration. We have a great deal of true culture among us. It is insulated as yet. We do not know one another; people of similar tastes remain far apart, awaiting the electric currents that will ere long draw them together. This showy, flaunting life which comes to the surface, and seems to give tone to everything, is not our true life. That one finds in quiet circles and among people like the Schönsteins. Culture is their birthright. They come from Königsberg, that most learned of university cities—the city of Immanuel Kant."

"Yes, I see they are deep in the Kantian philosophy we heard so much about at the Concord School last summer," said I. "They inhaled it no doubt from that sublimated atmosphere, once breathed by the great Kant himself."

"They have the regular Emersonian lingo, sister Debby," interposed Robert. "It must be music to your ears—just such music as you hear at your Chestnut Street Radical Club—that den of the unfathomable where they talk of the unknowable."

"But with all their German mysticism, they are delightful people," said Cornelia.

"Yes, save for a dash of Teutonic sentimentalism, she's charming," added Robert. "And he is a tip-top fellow with that air of innocence abroad one always sees in German *savants*. The more they know, the more utterly unsophisticated do they appear."

"But Frau Schönstein has one fault that quarrels with her sweetest grace," I ventured to remark. "I never saw a woman dress in so absurd a style. I think she must be color-blind."

"I assure you, Debby, that her taste in dress is modest and ladylike to the last degree," replied Cornelia.

"But I cannot doubt the evidence of my own eyes. While we, in our simple life out here, are content with our flannel suits and cambric wrappers, she dons her purple and fine linen, and arrays herself sumptuously every day in silks and satins of all the colors of the rainbow."

"Yes, she's a stunner that's a fact," remarked Robert, who takes pains to be slangy as possible when talking to me. "But hereby hangs a tale. Cornelia, tell it to your sister in your most dramatic style. I've had a hard day in the city, and will lie down on the sofa and go to sleep."

"I will tell the story just as it was told to me by the lady herself," said Cornelia. "And, Debby, if you think the recital won't weary you, I'll go back to the beginning. It is really quite a romance."

"A romance in real life; begin as far back as you like, I'm all attention," I answered, and Cornelia related as follows:

"When our Schönstein friends were youth and maiden in Königsberg, Wilhelm was madly in love with a young Jewess, and Lotta was engaged to a student of the University. Lotta's tastes were literary. She cared little for the exact sciences, but the *belles lettres* were her delight. At eighteen she left school to put the finishing touch to her education by that study of house-keeping deemed so indispensable to every German young lady. In pursuance of this purpose, she went to live a while in a country family, a practice quite usual with German *Fräuleins* of the better class. It was the family of a village pastor, and the Frau Pastorin became her teacher. The lessons and their application through household practice occupied only the morning hours; the afternoons hung heavily on Lotta's hands, and she set about writing a novel, just for her own amusement. Every afternoon she hied her to the vine-wreathed arbor in the garden, and wove her little woof quite *con amore*. It was a simple story of rural life, just as she found it in that quiet country

parish—a story fresh and pure as the breezes that lifted the young girl's flaxen curls as she wrote. Truth to nature was its highest claim, but its literary merit was remarkable for so young a writer.

"The good pastor, who had himself written some unpretending but successful tales drawn from the lives of his own parishioners, surprised Lotta's secret, and handed her manuscript to his publisher. The book appeared anonymously, and proved so successful that the publisher begged for another story from the same pen.

"Upon her return home, Lotta, half shyly, half proudly, confessed the secret to her lover. He was delighted at this new revelation of talent, and declared that his chosen one was dearer to him than ever. He sought his uncle, and shared the charming mystery with him.

"This uncle was a grim *savant*, who held the chair of Kantian philosophy at the University. He shook his grizzly old head and lifted his spectacled gray eyes in horror. He had never read a book written by a woman; he never would. Writing books was not women's province, and *nobody* had any business to write a novel! *He* found the actual world all he could grapple with, and eschewed romances *in toto*, even those of the great Goethe himself. A silly girl who dabbled in literature; a young *Fräulein* with high-flown sentimental notions and inky fingers, could never become the true modest, capable mistress of a household, a suitable wife for a man of sense and learning. Gottlieb must give up this preposterous young creature.

"The Kantian professor, who like the great Kant himself was a bachelor, had always been the oracle of his family. Gottlieb's father and mother and four sisters coincided in the uncle's opinion, and declared that the marriage of their only son and brother, to a *bas bleu* would be worse than suicide. 'A German Hausfrau has no call to write books, no time to read any save her bible, prayer-book and almanac,' cried Gottlieb's father, and the mother as usual, echoed her husband's words.

"Sisterly ostracism, maternal indignation and sorrow, paternal disinheritance stood suspended like the sword of Damocles over the head of the ill-starred young student, ready to fall at the moment of his marriage to this sentimental, scribbling, and no doubt slatternly, slip-shod, lackadaisical blue-stocking.

"Gottlieb held out stoutly, as a true lover should. He prepared to abandon his university career, and flee with his Lotta to America, where they might find a free field for all honest endeavor, and carve out their own fortunes, despite the anathemas of bigoted, tyrannical relatives. But Lotta would not listen. She could not be a stumbling-block in the way of this excellent and talented young man; she would not allow him to suffer exile and family ostracism for her sake. Dearly as she loved him, she severed the tie that bound them, and with a heart rent well nigh to breaking, spoke the irrevocable words that parted them forever.

"Meantime Wilhelm Schönstein's love for the handsome young Jewess had come to grief. The orthodox old Israelitish family would accept him as a son and brother only upon condition of his embracing the Jewish faith. He could not be guilty of apostasy; he could not barter his conscience, even for so precious a prize as Miriam Lenfeld. Miriam's trivial nature harbored but one deep sentiment; that sentiment was her religion, sacred through the traditions of a long line of ancestors. She dared not abjure it. She could not disobey her parents. So with a thousand vows of eternal constancy the lovers parted, Miriam soon to forget her sorrow in the excitements of a journey with her parents through the Orient, the cradle of her race—Wilhelm to seek in study that oblivion which his heart told him he must always seek in vain.

"The two disconsolate lovers, Wilhelm and Lotta, chanced to meet ere long at the house of a university professor, where a little circle gathered twice a week to pursue the study of the English language. Both were pale and melancholy; both felt that as all the blossoms from their tree of joy had fallen, they must henceforth be content with the withered leaves of duty, though all beset with cruel thorns. Both longing for escape from the fatherland, where everything reminded them of the lost paradise, naturally turned to America, that asylum for Old World unfortunates, where a new life opens amid other environments, and under more propitious stars. These English lessons were in fact the first step toward carrying out the secret design cherished by each.

"Pity is akin to love. A mutual sympathy drew the love-lorn pair together. Their courtship was brief and simple. 'I am going to America,' said Wilhelm. 'I do not wish to go alone. Will you accompany me, *Fräulein* Lotta?'

"'I will,' replied Lotta, placing her hand in his.

"They landed in New York. The great West enticed them farther on, and they were ere long in Chicago. Parents having opposed their exodus and refused material aid, they found themselves destitute. Lotta obtained a few pupils in music and German; Wilhelm, who had graduated from the Law School of the home University, entered a Chicago law office as copying clerk. This life of routine, with its small gains and narrow outlook, was irksome and unsatisfying. They came to our young growing city in quest of better things, and they have found them.

"This was a dozen years ago: the town has made rapid strides since then. Some small investments of Herr Schönstein have yielded rich returns; he has won an honorable and lucrative place at the bar, and although not wealthy according to our magnificent Western ideas, the Schönsteins are in easy circumstances, and form the center of a small, but refined circle."

"Seems to me you are taking a mighty wide range before swooping down upon the main topic, the dry goods part of your story," yawned Robert from his sofa pillow, where we had thought him fast asleep. "Better plunge *in medias res*, at once."

"I thought I had been dull enough to put you to sleep," replied Cornelia. "If you must lie awake and listen, please remember that I am telling this story to Debby and not to you, and that she wants to hear the whole of it."

"Don't leave out the least particular," said I, "and before you proceed further, you might as well let me know what has become of Gottlieb."

"Oh, he is still in Königsberg, Professor of Sanscrit at the University, and about as much of an old dry-as-dust as his uncle of blessed memory, who has died, leaving a fortune to his nephew, which would not have happened had Lotta been the *Frau Professorin*. Gottlieb has a wife, 'fair, fat, and forty,' and stupid enough to realize even the German idea of the 'eternal womanly.' The conventional matronly cap of clear-starched white muslin, covers her light flaxen hair, a huge white apron invests her ample waist, a ponderous bunch of keys, her badge of office, dangles from her belt. She never dreams of such a thing as being her husband's equal; to her he is the one exalted being of the universe, and she lives in a state of perpetual amazement at his condescension in choosing her to minister to his comfort, to serve, honor, and obey him in all things. She has six tow-haired *Mädchen*, all as like as six peas, with dull, fat, round-moon faces, and tight braids hanging down their backs. She is of course bringing them all up after the orthodox German fashion, to reverence their father as the one consummate blossom of masculine humanity, and to become housewives notable as herself."

"And Miriam, the Jewess?"

"Oh, she married a rich Israelite old enough to be her grandfather, and still lives in her native city, a gorgeous being, decked out in jewels, and all that flaming array so dear to Jewish women, and never tortured by one sentimental regret for the whilom lover across the sea."

"Has the marriage of Wilhelm and Lotta proved happy?"

"Yes, exceptionally so; it is ending like an old-fashioned love-story. They were created for each other, and have reason to thank that destiny which shapes our ends in spite of all our rough hewing, for having brought them together. They differ only on one point, and that is the very trivial one of dress.

"Now after all this meandering in by-paths, I am around at the point I started from, and shall proceed to tell you the secret of Frau Schönstein's phenomenal taste in dress. Wilhelm's idea of a well-dressed woman, always has been and always will be, his dark-eyed first love, Miriam Lenfeld. The bright colors so dear to her race were peculiarly becoming to her, and man-like, he cannot see why a costume suited to Miriam's rich brunette beauty, should not be becoming to his blonde, fair-haired Lotta.

"Lotta's tastes are quiet, and until recently, she has followed them heedless of an occasional protest from Wilhelm, and his well known desire that she should shine out in all the colors of the rainbow.

"Last year an important law-suit, conducted by Herr Schönstein, went up to the Supreme Court, and he followed it on to Washington. It was decided very unexpectedly in his favor, and he had never in all his life felt so rich and so elated. He tarried on the way home for a brief visit in New York, and as he one day sauntered down Broadway, having nothing else to do, he paused to admire some rich dress fabrics in a show window. A happy thought flashed through his brain. He would buy Lotta some new dresses, and carry out his own taste in the selection!

"Let me see," said he musingly, as he entered a drygoods store for the first time in his life, and wandered like an innocent stray lamb amid its bewildering mazes. "What were those enchantingly lovely things Miriam used to wear? Ah, I remember, they were mostly bright-hued silk and satin stuffs! A woman's dress should have color, warmth, emphasis, expression. The draperies of feminine figures in pictures by the old masters are rich and glowing, the flowers of the field are arrayed in robes surpassing those of Solomon in all his glory. A well-dressed woman should look like a gorgeous flower. I seldom notice any woman's dress now-a-days, but I do wish sometimes that Lotta wouldn't make such a nun of herself. I never bought any kind of a dress, not even my own (Lotta attends to all such things), never had the least idea that I ever should. But Goethe's theory of colors and Newton's also, are as familiar to me as my A, B, C. Of course, I know what to buy!"

"Of course he knew! He would hearken to no advice, not even to the remotest suggestion.

"The purchases were made with great care and deliberation. Wilhelm then proceeded to make some additions to his law library, after which he indulged in a fine edition of the German classics for Lotta and himself. Here he was on familiar ground.

"Upon his arrival home, he found the express boxes awaiting him. They were opened with all due solemnity. 'I have been so successful,' he said to Lotta, 'that I thought some sort of thank-offering would be in order.'

"The books, full and elegant editions of the great German poets and prose writers, were rapturously greeted by Lotta.

"These are yours and mine; now for your especial present," said Wilhelm, his eyes dancing behind his spectacles, his rubicund face beaming with delight, 'I have bought

you a fine wardrobe, six dresses, all chosen with great care, and after my own taste, with some other little knick-knacks besides.'

"How very nice and kind in you!" gasped Lotta with a deathly sinking at her heart.

"The dress patterns were taken carefully one by one from their tissue-paper wrappings, and displayed with loving pride and self-gratulation. They were all rich fabrics, silk, satin, and velvet, but of colors glaring enough to suit the taste of an Ethiopian savage.

"This," said Wilhelm, holding up to view a flame-colored satin, 'this I bought remembering that Tyrian purple was once the color sacred to royalty, and feeling that you, my queen, have an undisputed right to wear it. (Tyrian purple, my dear, was, as you know, but another name for scarlet.)'

"Some learned, æsthetic, or sentimental dissertation, made in true Teutonic fashion, accompanied the unfolding of each glittering woof, and when they all lay outspread before her astonished vision—these vivid oranges, yellows, scarlets, blues, and purples—some of but a single gaudy hue, others in enormous stripes and plaids and flowers, combining all the shifting splendors of the kaleidoscope, Lotta gazed for a moment, spell-bound upon the barbaric pomp of woof and color, and then, overcome by emotion, leaned her head on her husband's shoulder, and sobbed aloud.

"Why, Lottchen darling, this is nothing to what you deserve," said Wilhelm soothingly. 'I'd lay the whole world at your feet if it were mine! There don't cry, *Liechen*. We will put the things away if they affect you so.'

"No, no!" cried Lotta excitedly. 'Let them be. My eyes must get used to such magnificence; now it dazzles them. What a weak, foolish woman I am! But I can't help crying, Wilhelm, it is such a—such a surprise, you know,' and Lotta again broke down.

"Wilhelm did not think her at all foolish. Joy must pay its tribute of tears as well as sorrow. He was glad to see his gifts so highly appreciated. After a while, when Lotta had grown more calm, he said,

"There is more yet; can your eyes now bear the sight, dear?"

Lotta nodded.

"It's trimmings!" he cried. 'Enough to last a lifetime. And then he displayed a heterogeneous mass of passementeries, fringes, buttons, cords, tassels, bugles, and spangles, of every hue under the sun, and all at least ten years out of date.

"It was a job lot," he said ecstatically. 'I bought the whole at a famous bargain. In fact, considering their richness of quality, all the things were remarkably cheap.'

"Well they might be. They had probably been awaiting a purchaser for twenty years!

"Lotta looked on in a sort of stony despair. The tragedy was deepening, and neither words nor tears now came to her relief.

"Little Marie stood by reveling in the gorgeous display, with a child's intense delight in color. But was there nothing for her? Was she to be forgotten for the first time in her father's distribution of gifts?

"Papa, did you buy me nothing?" she asked with tearful eyes and quivering lips.

"Indeed I did not forget my darling little daughter," said Wilhelm, catching up the child and kissing her again and again. 'I bought five extra yards in each dress pattern, so that there might be enough for both mamma and you!'

Lotta sank into a chair and moaned audibly.

"I think it in good taste for mother and daughter to dress alike," said Wilhelm oracularly, and without noticing her distress. 'Perhaps it is not the fashion, but who cares for that? It is an idea of my own, and I think a wise one.'

"Little Marie was in ecstasy. She was seven years old, and the height of her childish ambition was to dress like a 'big lady.' The more glaring the colors, the better they suited her.

"'Lottchen, I have kept the best wine for the last of the feast,' cried Wilhelm with new delight and animation. 'Now for the *chef d'œuvre*, the crowning purchase. I have often heard you say you wanted an India shawl: I have bought you one.'

"So saying, he took from its special box carefully, as if it had been the Kohinoor diamond, a shawl so rich in warp and woof as to leave no doubt of its being the product of Indian looms—a shawl like Joseph's coat of many colors, scarlet being the predominating one. All sorts of mythological figures—bird, beast, and human, Japanese perspectives and Egyptian hieroglyphics (or what looked like them), stood in strange contrasts with one another, or intermingled in bewildering mazes. For a gorgeous and curious piece of tapestry it was admirable, but the idea of suspending it from a woman's shoulders was truly appalling!

"'This shawl,' said Herr Schönstein learnedly and complacently, 'is what Mr. Whistler might call a symphony in color. You are surprised at the word "symphony," my love, for to the casual glance it seems full of glaring contrasts. But as the seven hues of the prismatic lens uniting form one color, as the seven notes of music, under the composer's magic wand, blend in exquisite harmonies, so these widely-varying tints melt into one harmonious whole. I think these figures must have allegorical meanings. Some sort of Oriental myth is represented here, which I shall study at my leisure.'

"'They may represent myths to you,' thought Lotta, 'but they are fearful realities to me.'

"'I sought a long time before finding this masterpiece of Oriental handiwork,' continued Wilhelm benignly. 'I had in mind a shawl Miriam used to wear.'

"'Miriam, Miriam, and always Miriam!' exclaimed Lotta hysterically. 'I never want to hear that name again.'

"'Why, Lottchen, you surely cannot be jealous of Miriam,' said Wilhelm soothingly. 'That was a passing boyish fancy; my love for you is a man's love—deep, fervent, abiding—the one love of life. I merely alluded to Miriam's style of dress, and I see now that dress was about the only thing she knew. But there she was on her native heath! I wish you would imitate her in this one respect. I would have my precious jewel in the fairest setting.'

"'Forgive me,' sobbed Lotta. 'I am jealous of no woman under the sun. You are the dearest, truest, kindest, noblest of men, and if there is any sacrifice I can make for your sake, it shall be my joy and glory.'

"'I demand no sacrifice, Lotta. I trust that our days of personal sacrifice are over. I felt that the long years of self-denial on your part deserved some recompense. Here it is, *liebchen*, and if it meets your approval, I am more than content. This is my first and last essay in making feminine purchases. Such things are not a man's province, henceforth I leave them to you. But since these purchases have proved so successful, since through them I have shown that I possess good taste—taste founded on scientific and æsthetic principles, I would like to have you make them, in some sort, your guide for the future. Only have the dresses made up, Lotta, and you will look so charming in them that we shall never again see you in the garb of the nun or Quakeress. Why all this wealth of color in the world, if it is not to be worn by woman, heaven's last and crowning work, who should claim all beautiful things as her birthright?'

"Lotta has had the dresses made. She wears them con-

stantly in the despairing hope that something awful may happen to them, as they are of the sort that can never by any possibility wear out. She bears her cross in silence, almost content for her husband's sake to suffer this daily martyrdom. Not for the world would she have Wilhelm know of the ridicule she braves, of the torture she endures—this refined, sensitive woman—rather than wound his loving pride or seem ungrateful for his kindness. I am the only one to whom she has breathed her story, and I tell it to you, Debby, in confidence.

"A change has come over Wilhelm—the quiet, absent, retiring man with the German scholar's absorption in books and study. He has developed a sudden fondness for society, and takes great pride in accompanying Lotta to places where she may be seen and admired in the new costumes which give her beauty so magnificent a setting, and are at the same time a triumphant vindication of his taste, as well as of that thorough knowledge of practical affairs which none have ever given him credit for possessing.

"Little Marie's dresses have not been made up. She has been pacified with others more suitable, and Wilhelm also has been cajoled into believing that the extra material will all be needed some time in making over Lotta's dresses. It now lies idle, but will soon be utilized for chair and sofa covers.

"'I have been thinking that I shall not gain much by the speedy ruin of my fine clothes,' said Lotta to me the other day. 'I may as well be content to wear them forever. Wilhelm, kind and generous as he is, has been reared in the true spirit of German thrift and economy. If I ask him for a new dress within the next five years, he will be sure to open his eyes in horror and amazement, and answer: "Why, Lottchen, didn't I buy you six when I was in New York!"'

"And worse than all this," added Cornelia with a sly glance at her husband, "he will clinch his argument in true masculine fashion with this overpowering assertion, '*My mother used to make a silk dress last twenty years!*'"

FRANCES A. SHAW.

## A Barn Tragedy.

HERE are tragedies in the barn as well as in the house, as is most graphically shown in our illustration of Gustav Süss' spirited and life-like picture "A Barn Tragedy." A happy family, who are enjoying themselves in their own way, are suddenly surprised by the vision of an unwelcome visitor, whose presence bodes no good to the little party. The gentleman present, with that chivalry which should ever characterize his sex, prepares at once to defend "the weaker vessels," who, it is well known, would rather run than fight. Nothing daunted by the fierce intruder, this gallant defender of the fair turns and faces the formidable foe with ruffled feathers and the fire of valor blazing in his eyes. With his proverbial courage, he is prepared to fight it out on this line, if it takes him all the rest of his mortal days, and, like the "Old Guard," he will die but never surrender.

The wives of this brave champion look as ladies are expected to look in times of sudden danger, very much alarmed. The mother, with true motherly instinct, fears more for her progeny than she does for herself. These young people have evidently stampeded, and are scattered pell-mell over the ground. While some are *hors de combat*, one or two, presumably of the fighting sex, evince a disposition to do battle, proving themselves chips of the old block. One of the ladies of the party looks askance at the enemy with an expression of horror and surprise; while the other, finding the





A BARN TRAGEDY.

sight too much for her nerves, turns her back to the foe as if to get rid of the unwelcome spectacle.

Quite unconcerned at the confusion she has created, the fox looks in on the party, one of whom she intends to set before her children at home for their dinner. She is a liberal provider, and a devoted mother, and often runs the risk of her life to give the little ones a duck or a fowl for their eating. Though she prefers making midnight visits to the hen-roost and the barn, she will look in on these places in the day-time too, even when danger stares her in the face. In expression this picture is most admirable, the meaning of the barn tragedy being very distinctly and finely conveyed. The scene is put on canvas with great spirit, the artist showing a most vivid conception of his subject.

### John's Train.

WHEN you never heard what brought John and me together? Just hitch your chair close up to the fire, for there's a rain falling outside, and this wind from the sea sounds cold and feels cold. If you'll believe it, when John is foolish he says that fire is like the light in my black eyes. John talks a lot of nonsense. But there, I haven't started that story. I think John and I always fancied one another ever since we went barefooted to the little yellow school-house at the corners, but then we did have so many fallings out, hot one day and cold the next! The makings up, though, were nice, and I fancied sometimes that John did it all purposely, that he would have a falling-out time that there might be a falling-in one. We always took a hour to make up, and we would sit down side by side on the same mossy old log this side of what we call the huckle-berry lot, you know. And still for all that as we grew up we did not seem to care specially for one another. There was one thing though that did make me mad—the way John would show attentions to Sase Cullis. She was a little snipper-snapper sort of a blue-eyed thing. She had a pretty, milky kind of a complexion, a lot of curls pasted together over night, and she knew how to put blue, yellow, and red together, and come out some Sunday gay as a rainbow. But I knew the girl was hollow as a pumpkin stem. She had little brains, but a heap of self, and I knew she could not make John happy. So unlike him! But then, marriage brings together the unlikeliest souls, like a darning needle that knits into the same stocking the queerest kinds of yarn. And yet, no! I don't believe that Sase Cullis could possibly have been a mate for John. There had been a coolness between John and me, but when I saw John Gray and Sase Cullis walk away from the harvesting at Uncle Tobias's, I was not cool a bit; I was hot. If any one had touched me with a wet finger I should have sizzled. "That John," I said, "is a fool. She is not fit for him, and yet she's a-winding him round her little finger, as she does one of those pasted-up curls round a stick." And yet John was anything but a lady's curl. He was a smart, enterprising young fellow, was my John. Why, he started brakeman on our road only a few years ago, and was at the tail end of the train. The next thing people knew he was handling baggage at the forward end. Then—well, I don't know all the steps, but one day John had a bit of gold ribbon tied round his blue cap, and he looked real foolish under it. I asked him what it meant, and he blushed and said he was "conductor."

"I am real glad," I said.

"Are you?" and he spoke to me in a quick, surprised way. "I didn't know that you cared nowadays?"

"Why, John," I told him, "of course I do."

Then he turned to me like a flash, and looked at me just the very same way he did when we sat on the old log and made up after a quarrel. But then I was not going to have any of that after he had been cutting up so with Sase Cullis; and I knew, too, that I was needed at home, and I broke out, "Why, John, I believe I have lost my mind, for I haven't skimmed the milk at home." It is real handy to have some such thought near you in an emergency, and I used it to good effect, and turning left the conductor to his reflections. I felt sorry when I was skimming the milk that I hadn't let John go on, for he might have said something, you know, but I drowned all my regrets in the first pan of milk I skimmed. "He's only skim milk," I said aloud, "or—or—Sase Cullis is." I couldn't in honesty have really that opinion of John, but Sase filled the bill. About a week after that I wanted to go to the Mills and do some shopping. I thought I would take the first afternoon train down, and come back on a train reaching home about seven. It would be dark, then, I well knew, and I could have had an earlier start, but I knew it was John's train, and I wanted to see what kind of a conductor he made. I did not want him to see who I was, and so I borrowed sister Cynthia's veil. This and my own would make a screen he could not see through. Then I wore some of mother's fixings, and I knew John could not tell me from Methuselah. Well, everything passed off just as I had planned it. My lord, the new, nobby conductor, came up to me and took my ticket. He suspected nothing. Behind that thick fence of veils I was safe as Adam.

"Good mother," he said.

The idea of it, calling me good mother.

"Good mother," he remarked, "are you going far?"

I cracked my voice and pitched it high, shrieking, "a lee-tle way, sir, but I'm skittish as I'm alone."

"Don't worry! I'll look after you."

I wanted to say right out, "Bless you, John!" It was the very way he would talk rainy days when he tried to shelter me coming home from school. I only remarked though, "Thankee, sir."

"Well," I said to myself, "John makes a good conductor."

In two minutes from that time, I was saying, "John *don't* make a good conductor." That fellow went and sat down by the side of a young woman who chanced to turn her head, and there was Sase Cullis! Now, it is no part of a conductor's business to be flirting with young girls, though Sase was hardly that, being several years older than John, and a kind of aged bird, I used to think.

How could I see through my veil, did you ask? Well, you know as well as I, that veils are a handy contrivance for not seeing people and for seeing them also. Oh I was careful to raise mine at the right time, like the curtain in tableaux, and there were those two ninnies! I wondered why railroad corporations did not stop such actions.

All of a sudden, just then, the engine gave the danger-signal and whistled down-breaks. My! didn't John drop Sase like a hot potato, and how he sprang for the door of the car!

"What is the matter?" I thought, raising the window near me and looking out. As I looked, my blood seemed to turn to ice and refused to flow. Coming round the curve beyond us, winking horridly, was the headlight of the locomotive of the evening express! How it came there, it was of no use to imagine. I thought of a hundred dismal, dreadful things all at once, of a terrible crash, of people scalded by the hot steam, of people mangled, of people shot down the bank into Mud Creek close by! Above all, there was John. What if anything should happen to him? And there he was, back again. He had come to the car door and shouted "Brakes!" I knew what he meant. He supposed that a

brakeman was on hand, but I had seen him leave the car and go forward. John did not know it. He only shouted, "brakes!" and then tore across the platform to the next car whose brake he began to swing round.

Was I going to sit still there? Sase Cullis might, but the next moment I was flying to the rear of the car.

As I went, my old lady things flew to right and left, even as a tree sheds its leaves in October, and I stood at the break not as an old woman, but as Sue Plympton, young and lively. As I seized the wheel and began to turn it, trying to do it as I had often seen John, how I thanked God for any strength he had put in my arms. Didn't I, when turning the brake-wheel, thank Him for all the times I had pulled an oar out on the water when the spray wet my face and the wind would rush up to wipe it; for every summer that I had helped father pitch hay into the barn; for every day when, alongside mother, I had tried my muscles on the old churn-handle!

I thought of John, and any natural strength I had seemed to grow into a giant's. And the engines of the two trains—they stopped.

Mercy, what an escape that was! Those engines came so near that John afterward told me that he did not think you could have laid a hair between the two cowcatchers. There the locomotives stood, their headlights flaring, and they glared at one another on the track like mad buffaloes, snorting and puffing and eying one another, real demon like.

I held on to the brake, for I didn't know what those critters might take it into their heads to do. There John found me on the platform, as he afterward said, my arm gripping the brake, my cloak thrown back, my eyes flashing, my teeth set! You see he had come out of the car hurriedly to look after things. Seeing me, he said, "Why, Sue!" Then he exclaimed, "You darling!" and kissed me. In a moment he spoke again. "There, dear, that will do, I want to start the train back, and we have all been wondering what made her hitch so. There, dear, you step into the car, and I will come and see you soon!"

One "darling," two "dears" and a kiss! I could have gripped that brake a century just to help John. I went back to my seat. I was all gone, though I did have strength enough to look round and see where Sase Cullis was. She had left the train.

Though we were three and a half miles from the station in our town, she declared that she would rather walk it than be another minute in that frisky old train. I would have stayed there with John, if the next minute we had gone over into Mud Creek. Our train was now backing down to a side track three miles off, to let the express train pass (it was the express conductor's fault that night, and not John's, everybody said). John said he had two minutes to spare, as he came and sat down beside me. "Heavens!" he exclaimed, jumping up as if he had dropped down on a percussion cap. "Where is that old woman I promised to look after?" I could but laugh; "Don't worry, John, here she is!"

"Why, Sue!"

He did not ask for any explanation, but put his arm about me and said he promised to look after that old lady, and he guessed he would on the spot!

Then he spoke of the time when we went to school together, and how he loved me, and that I didn't love him, he thought, but now—now, how many foolish things he did say! And I—I—was so weak after my tug at the brake, that my will was like a snow-flake on John's coat-sleeve, and it melted all away—and—and, but there! You can't expect me to tell you everything!

When John said good-bye to me at the station that night, he kissed me before all the train-hands, and he did it too, as if not ashamed of it, but having the best right in the world to do it. In two months we were married.

## The Visit of the Asas to the Doomstead of the Norns.

BY LAURA H. FENLING.

**T**HE materials for this poem are taken from R. B. Anderson's "Norse Mythology." There we learn that Ygdrasil is the great Tree of Life, whose branches furnish bodies for mankind, and whose roots strike through all worlds. Beneath the root which extends to Asgard, the world of the Asas or gods, is the holy Urdar fountain. Here the gods sit in judgment. Every day they ride hither on horseback, over Bifrost (the rainbow), which is called the bridge of the gods. Heimdal, their warder or defender, leads the way, sounding the mighty Gjallar-horn, with which at the Last Day, the Norse Ragnarok, he is to arouse and assemble together the Asas. The Norns, three weird sisters named Urd, Verdande and Skuld (Past, Present, and Future), who weave the web of the destinies of all mortals, guard the Urdar fountain which takes its name from the first and highest of the three. Hel is the goddess of the land of Death. Ymer, the oldest of the frost giants, represents the chaotic world-maas.—AUBER FORESTIER.

THE Bifrost bridge, the wondrous, glowed with its thousand dyes  
When, onward led by Heimdal, the Asas sought the skies;  
They trod the shining pathway, beneath the arch of gold,  
And heard the Heav'n Defender, as of the Norns he told;  
The Gjallar-horn he sounded when, o'er the arching way,  
They saw, beyond the portal, Urd's ancient fountain play.  
The sacred fountain glistened where never gloom enshrouds,  
As naught may ever glisten below the rainbow clouds;  
Its spray of gold and azure shone in the morning sun,  
As, through the gates of silver, they entered, one by one.

And there, upon the Doomstead, they saw the mighty Three!  
And there, above far-reaching, the world's majestic tree!  
There, too, the ponderous tablets of age on age they saw,  
And read the iron pages of predetermined law.  
Great Ygdrasil its branches reached to the distant blue,  
Until from out the heavens an added strength it drew;  
Its ever-lengthening shadow a runic meaning bore  
To tell the dragon gnawing its roots forevermore.

But on its leaves no semblance of all the gloom below,  
Of Hel's dread land of shadow, of Ymer's land of snow.  
The dew from Urd's old fountain upon its branches shone  
The while its silent wardens kept watch by it alone,  
No murmur broke the stillness, no voice of song or rhyme,  
As through their icy fingers they passed the Threads of Time;  
Mysterious, mighty maidens, Urd, Verdande and Skuld,  
The rulers of the future, who all the past have ruled.

And there, with ceaseless labor, untiringly they strove:  
From East to West far-reaching a massive web they wove,  
From out the deeps abyssmal Urd drew her warp and woof;  
She smoothed its tangled meshes the while she stood aloof,  
Its gaping rents she covered, and round oblivion's roll,  
With patience unrelenting, she wound the mighty whole;  
And ever, as she gathered, she gave the sisters twain,  
From out the broken fragments that filled her heavy skein.

From out Urd's time-worn fingers drew Verdande her thread,  
So careless of her weaving, so fast her fingers sped;  
Some threads she stained and knotted and recklessly some rent,  
Until the glowing colors with sombre hues were blent.

And so, with hands unresting, the magic weavers wrought,  
Each swiftly to the other the threads unwearied brought,  
While nearer and yet nearer came Skuld's resistless hands,  
And tore the web asunder and broke the golden bands;  
Her purpose never faltered the while, with fingers pale,  
She hid the broken fragments beneath her shining veil.

The Asas mutely watching, no whisper'd word they said,  
But, on the grave Urd gazing, their souls on wisdom fed;  
While Verdande, the silent, seemed all the time to speak  
Of promise for the weary, of courage for the weak;  
And through her veil of azure, Skuld's magic horoscope  
Revealed in far-off vista, the smiling face of Hope.

At last, with full hearts freighted, the Asas turned to go;  
They passed the pale-cloud portal with steady step and slow,  
No word meanwhile they uttered until once more they stood  
Below the bridge of Bifrost, in Asgard's solitude;  
And there, beside the archway that all the earth adorns,  
They pledged to visit daily the Doomstead of the Norns.

## The Ancient Cave Temple Rameshwaram.

**T**HE ancient cave temple, of which we give an illustration, is on Rameswar, an island of Southern India, which almost connects that country with Ceylon. These *chaitya* (hall or caves) are hewn out of the solid rocks, have a flat roof, supported by columns, the first row of which forms the façade, and walls of rocks in which are niches, containing small shrines. For careful and elaborate ornamentation, the temples of Southern India surpass even those of Egypt. They contain, too, a perfect forest of massive pillars, and colonnades of great length and wonderful richness. The most celebrated of these cave temples is the one we illustrate, and which shows to what a high state of development these temples had reached. Though the ornamentation may seem somewhat rude to us, it is, nevertheless, very sumptuous. The vegetable kingdom is not represented in the adornment, the human figure and animals having a symbolic meaning, being extensively employed. In the interior the pillared halls are elaborately decorated with carving, and colossal human figures are ranged along the wall cut out in high relief. It is lit by a single opening overhead, not large enough to admit sufficient light to rob the temple of the gloomy shades which pervade it. A feeling of awe creeps into the heart amid the dim twilight of the pillared halls, while the half defined figures against the wall add to the gloomy solemnity of the place. Truly it seems a fitting temple in which to celebrate the rights of the gloomy religion of Buddha, which recognizes no God, and holds out no better hope than annihilation.

## Parted.

I WONDER sometimes, on such nights as this  
As you sit down before a blazing grate,  
If there is anything from life you miss,  
Or are you quite contented with your fate.

You have a busy life. The race for gold  
Leads very far away from youth's young dream.  
But I—my days go on just as of old ;  
Still best of all our last romance doth seem.

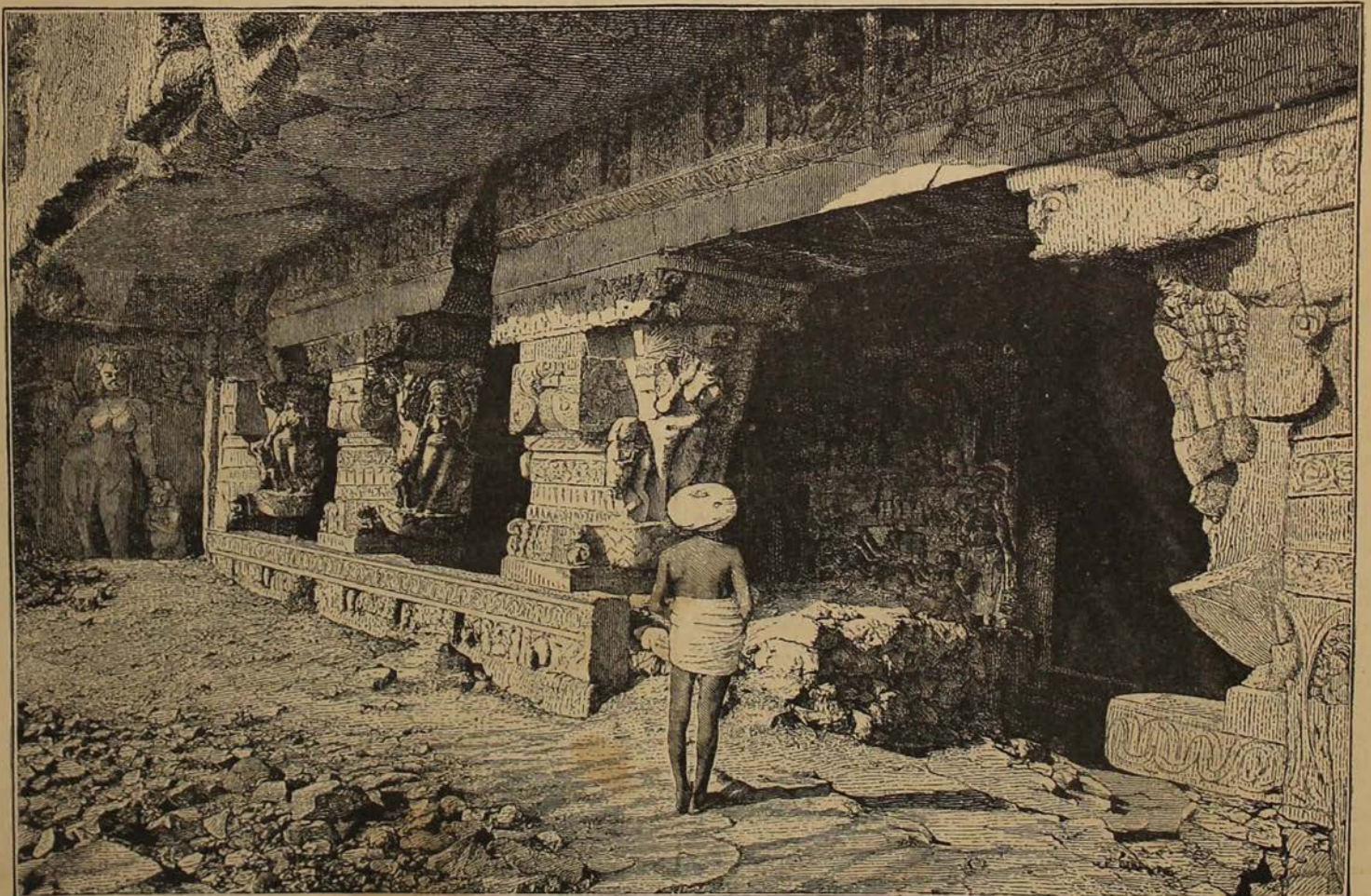
I have tried very hard, dear, to forget,  
But women's ways are guarded so from strife,  
We cannot put away the past, and let  
The world's turmoil distract a saddened life.

One time we staked our all of earthly bliss  
Upon a hope which brightened, faded, died.  
Still more and more that hope I seem to miss—  
But you—you seem content and satisfied.

It is not that the dream was less to you,  
But that more balm was sent to ease your smart.  
It is the saddest thing to be so true—  
And I am glad you can forget, dear heart.

And yet I wonder, if on winter nights  
You hear a "still small voice" that speaks to you  
Of that old dream, and of the lost delights  
That come but once—I like to think you do.

ELLA WHEELER.




THE ANCIENT CAVE TEMPLE RAMESHWARAM.

# TALKS WITH WOMEN.

BY JENNY JUNE.

## THE WOMEN OF TO-DAY.

 POPULAR speaker recently announced as the subjects of three lectures, *The Women of the Past, the Present, and the Future*. The title of the second of the series seemed to have an unusual attraction for men as well as women, for a large hall was crowded to the doors, every inch even of standing-room being occupied, and some leaving, unable to gain admittance. But the speaker dealt after all but meagerly with his subject. He eloquently advocated the claims of women to consideration; but he went abroad to England and the continent for examples of hard treatment and rough usage, and he had little to say of American women, except a passing word as to the miseries of shop-girls, and the life of the fine lady, whose results he thought truly, in the home, and care and management of her children, were no greater than those of women bound by the hardest tasks, and to the severest forms of slavery that poverty can inflict.

The presentation of these two extremes—the representatives of the one drawn from the colliery and iron-foundry regions of Great Britain, and the other from a very small class in this country—left out of the calculation altogether the enormous number of women industries in this country, and the condition of the great middle class, that performs not only its own work, but is forced to the undertaking of the largest part of the unpaid work of the world—that part which sustains our social life, our religions and our charities. Most of this is the result of unceasing service, of unwearied personal effort, of labor which doubles and trebles the value of the money-offerings made for these objects. The unpaid work is not the only labor that this great army of women accomplish; although the general impression conveyed by press and lecturers, this speaker among others, is, that only the direst poverty drives women to any avenue by which they can earn their bread.

But this is far from being the case; the victims of the extremes of poverty are not more numerous than the possessors of great wealth; and both conditions are inimical to work. Where laziness disappears, comfort appears; and the steady practical worker is rarely an object of pity. The exceptions which exist in the case of women in the regions which the speaker alluded to pictured, are frightful, and show a slavery equal in its worst aspects to that which once existed in the South, and destitute of the ameliorating influences of the personal associations which often grew up between master and slave, and the responsibilities of ownership. But these horrors are at least limited in their area, and need not blind us to the real disabilities which still exist for women, nor to the extent to which men are responsible for them. It is, as before remarked, common to speak of all but very poor women as supported by men, and setting aside the fact that nine-tenths of the women who are "supported," earn their living and much more by doing the work, or more of it than they could hire any one person to do, in their own homes, let us look at the paid work which is being performed by women, who must be tolerably educated to do it, and who therefore do not come from the ranks of the ignorant poor.

In the city of New York alone the number of women in shops, stores, arts, industries, and professions, is gathered from various calculations and from returned statistics at about a hundred and eighty-five thousand. These do not include domestic servants, but they do include house-keepers, seamstresses, and nursery governesses. For the rest, they are drawn from the ranks of the workers in shops,

the saleswomen, the business and professional women, teachers, writers, artists, boarding-house-keepers; all those, in short, belonging to these varied departments, who are so connected with their field of labor as to be known and acknowledged, and their names added to the sum total of women earning their own livelihood and that of others. That there are many whose names do not appear, who would not have it known upon any consideration that they are supported by labor outside their own homes, the experience of every reader will show; and while it is measurably true everywhere, it is much more true of large cities, where the chances of obtaining paid work, and doing it quietly—that is without the knowledge of friends, or acquaintances—are more numerous. But one hundred and eighty-five thousand independent women and girls are enough for my present purpose, without touching the pitiful privacy of the thousands who take work home in a paper parcel, that looks like a "store" package, and hide it in a closet; of those who paint, or embroider, or make little fancy needlework articles for a pittance; or the still larger, and much better paid class, who live in nice houses, whose husbands are often members of fashionable clubs, and who do not take boarders, but a "few friends," who not only pay the rent, or "keep the table," but supply the busy housewife and her children with their means of making a nice appearance at church, and paying the bills for the music and dancing lessons.

Talk about extravagance! Women have learned the whole art of economy, of making a little do the work of much, if they have learned nothing else.

But the first business in this inquiry is to find out what the status of women is in these employments, in which their numbers, during the past ten years, have more than doubled, and in twenty years have quadrupled. The answer is creditable to their pluck, their energy, their perseverance, but not to the sense of justice or fair play on the part of men. Where women are employed without let or hindrance, the places are always the menial, the subordinate, the poorly-paid ones; all the obstacles that can be put in the way are steadily held and exerted against the entrance of women into the competitive fields and equal ranks with men. That they have succeeded in winning their way in some instances, notwithstanding these obstacles, does not discredit this assertion. Some women have succeeded in building up a large business, but they find a constant difficulty in the unwillingness of men to deal with women; and there are women wholesale dealers in this city who are obliged to work through men in order to reach their customers, and can only use their initials, not their whole name, so that customers will not be frightened away, or prevented from discovering that it is their interest to deal with honest, prompt, energetic, reliable women. Another obstacle to the entrance of women into business lies in the methods of men, which right-minded women could not adopt. Buyers who come to the city to lay in stocks of goods, are taken in charge by leading salesmen, dined, wined, supped expensively, taken to theatres, perhaps to worse places, in short, "entertained," free of cost to themselves. Naturally it would be impossible for a woman to take her customers about in this way, and her instincts would as naturally revolt from it; for it is a practice as discreditable to the seller as the buyer, and shows the estimate which each puts upon the character of the other.

Women who have acquired the possession of property

through their own talents, industry, and enterprise, are compelled to buy, sell, lease, let, recover, search, and go through all other legal and business formulas, or processes with their husbands, or some other male relative in whom they may have but small confidence, for proxy; the law not recognizing women as legal agents in some cases, and the desire being general, in business, and legal matters among men, to act with men. This, of course, is the inevitable outgrowth of the habit which has delegated all controlling interests and questions to men, and it will take time to eradicate it, and especially to change the current of public thought and opinion, which has long been fixed in this direction; particularly in this country, where women in the past, having been wholly excluded from participation in active affairs, have received no credit for the possession of the business faculty, which has long been exercised and cultivated in England, and especially in France. Forty years ago, a case like this was within the writer's knowledge.

A man in business failed, left his home and his affairs in confusion, and his wife and five children with only his debts and the remnant of their former trade connection to rely upon. The wife had been one of the kind we read about, subject in all things to her husband. She had never had the control of a dollar in money; she could not purchase a pound of butter, or, as she herself expressed it, in recalling those days, "spend a sixpence for a cabbage," without accounting for the odd penny, if there was one over. The loss of her husband at this crisis in their fate at first stunned her, but within forty-eight hours she received a letter stating his probable destination, his despair which had induced him to take this step, and his determination to find a new home in a more congenial atmosphere.

The knowledge that he could not return to censure, or undo the work she might be able to perform, gave her courage. She gathered her children together, told them that "papa" would not return for perhaps a year, that in the meantime she should delegate to the elder the care of the younger, and divide up the work of the house, as they could keep no servant. She also called her husband's creditors together, and asked them for an opportunity to try and carry on her husband's business, and promised at intervals of three months to make good to them, as far as possible, his losses. They agreed unanimously, and did more; they offered to advance her stocks on credit, which, however, she refused, being determined only to buy as she could raise money. She immediately made an auction of the old shop-worn goods and refuse which had accumulated, and with the small sum realized bought fresh goods, and reorganized the neglected warerooms in neat and attractive fashion. The fact advertised itself; every one honored her courage and enterprise. Her success was not extraordinary, for the limits were narrow, and there was only her own indomitable pluck and perseverance to aid her; but she did succeed. In something less than one year she had done all her wildest hopes had ever suggested. She had placed the tottering business on a sure and profitable foundation, had restored comfort to the household, had made three payments on the old debts to the creditors who had befriended her; and when her husband returned, which he was enabled to do, not having succeeded in making a new home, by the restoration through his wife of his credit, he found home and friends waiting to receive him, for he was a favorite in his community in many respects, and the majority were glad to see him reinstated. But strangely enough, though his gratitude at first could hardly be expressed, though he fully acknowledged all he owed to his wife's energy and capacity, it was but a very short time before everything fell into the old groove, and she had to ask and "contrive" in all sorts of ways to gain the means to keep the family in decency and comfort. One

only stipulation did she make and enforce; it was that the payment for the fourth quarter should be made, as she had made the three preceding ones, to the old creditors. Her husband when he resumed the reins considered he could do much better with the money, by "enlarging" the facilities and means, but for that once he was compelled to yield, and notwithstanding his good intentions, and the fact that he resumed his watchful care of the money spent in the household, it was probably, though I do not know certainly, the last payment ever made on the old debt; for a few years later the business in the hands of the husband did break up, and the family removed to new territory.

I have recalled this little episode, which occurred nearly half a century ago, to show first that the development of the business faculty in women does not belong wholly to this generation; secondly, that its possession is inherent, and needs only exercise and cultivation to be superior to much that is displayed by men. Men are more daring, more reckless, but they are less certain of results; while the patience of women, and their habit as well as natural capacity for dealing with the minutiae of affairs, stands them in good stead in business as well as in domestic matters.

Returning, however, to the point from which the question started, the unwillingness of men to have women occupy an equal place, or meet them on equal ground, in trade, business or professions, the consequence is that women are obliged to seek a field of labor for themselves, and one in which they need not fear male competition when necessity obliges them to seek occupation which shall furnish means of livelihood; and these obstacles and discouragements standing in the way, it is no wonder that they wait for the necessity to arise before facing its terrors. It is only a few months since the workmen employed in a shop in New York turned out on strike because on the death of a young man (who was the main support of invalid parents) his place was given to his sister, and also his wages, she being perfectly competent, and having filled the position satisfactorily during his illness. The proprietors were indignant at the behavior of the men; even the "foreman" lifted up his voice in behalf of the girl, who he said "was as good a girl as ever breathed, and the sole support of her father and mother." But nothing could move the brutal obstinacy of the workmen; and though the proprietors expressed a willingness to "fight it out," the girl left "to save trouble," the publicity through the press fortunately getting her another situation.

To this charge of unwillingness on the part of the men, the reply is sometimes made, that it is not good for women to curtail male employments; that it is bad for men and women too; that there is only just so much work, and that if women do their share of it, it throws the burden of support upon their own shoulders, instead of letting it rest where it belongs, on the shoulders of men. But I have already shown that the burden of their own maintenance rests fully as much upon women, even married women, as it does upon their husbands and male relatives. The only question is, How shall they meet their responsibilities, and what degree of justice shall be accorded them in working out their own temporal salvation? A dark picture has been drawn of the nail-making districts in the North of England, where in whole rows of shops women will be found, some not yet twenty years of age, who stand over the blazing furnace wielding the heavy hammer, welding the fiery metal into cable chains that are used for ships, while their husbands stand smoking, or lolling by the door-post, having married "nailers" in order to be supported by them.

But are there no examples in this country of women who toil at the washtub, or work in a factory to support brutal, drunken husbands; who not only refuse to earn their own livelihood, but drink up the hard earnings of their wives?

Are there no examples of men who permit their wives to toil early and late, through sickness and child-bearing, the care of rearing a family, and the accumulated anxieties of a double burden, not because there is any necessity for it, not because they cannot earn enough to support the family in comfort, but because they choose to give only a moiety of their earnings and their income to the support of the family, and compel the wife's ambition and industry to devise ways of eking out this pittance so that the appearance of respectability shall be preserved? It is not usually Americans who are guilty of this flagrant disregard of the first right and privilege of a man, a husband, and a father, that of providing a home and all the comforts that he can command for the family. But the example of others, the speculative spirit, the general disregard of domestic interests in communities where women have only privileges and no rights, have their effect even upon the naturally just and chivalrous natures of American men; and thus even in America, the paradise of women is fast getting to be, not where man the protector is, but where man the oppressor is not.

Another result of the unfairness in regard to the labor question, is this singular one. The universal plea of men, when charged with injustice, is the physical inferiority of women—their inability to cope with men upon equal terms in any field of active labor. Yet a good old lady died the other day who had accompanied her husband through all the chances and changes of his career as a soldier, in male attire—beginning within three months of the day they were married—rather than be separated from him; had drawn him once nine miles from a field of battle where he had been wounded, over a rough and hilly road, to a place of safety, and many a time when he had given out upon a march had tended and cared for him, sustaining his strength as well as her own. The cases are numerous where women have reared large families of children and supported them—a feat no man has ever yet performed—so that if women have not strength they must have something which stands in its place, and for which due credit ought to be given. As I have remarked, however, the claim of superior strength in this race for life does not make the man choose the harder and more drudging forms of labor for his own broad shoulders. No, indeed; these he puts upon the back of the weaker woman. Whenever and wherever she is obliged to be a worker, it is the hardest work, that which men do not want, or would not do for the price, that is reserved for her, and even this is often conceded with a show of great generosity. The only exceptions to this rule are in the cases of exceptional genius, which are exceptions to all rules, and the dramatic profession, in which, the worker always coming before the public in her own person, a woman has the same opportunity as a man of pleasing a public and winning her honors.

Part of the fault lies primarily in the very foundations of the republic, which should in some way have acknowledged the existence of women and their duties and relations to the State. Rhode Island, which has postponed indefinitely even the hearing of the woman suffrage question, has most wisely taken up this point through a resolution passed the last week in February, creating a committee to consider the relation of women to the laws and constitution of the State. Thinking men of all parties, just men, know that women are important factors in educational and philanthropic work, in the administration of public and private charities, in the sustaining of churches and mission schools, in the promptness with which they fly to the aid of the country in any hour of need; and it does not seem a graceful or even fair way to repay the doing of this enormous amount of missionary and unpaid work by classing women legally with infants, imbeciles and criminals. If the country were filled,

as it was founded, by thoughtful, wise, considerate and just men, to whom the very name of woman, wife, mother, is sacred, women as a race might never have suffered. But it is now largely peopled by lower orders of men, who look upon women as the mere slaves of their pleasure; and the contemptuous manner in which the very existence of woman is ignored in the model republic, confirms their barbarous ideas and instincts. If the republic would guard its ideals, and preserve its sanctities, it should acknowledge the existence of its daughters as well as its sons, not necessarily in the same way, but in some way that would differentiate them from the legal companionship into which they are forced, and give them the honorary position due to those who yield the foremost place, and are content in doing the most important work, the highest as well as the most indispensable in this world, that of being the mothers of the race, the creators and guardians and care-takers of the home.

But in the meantime these happy conditions do not exist, and women have nothing to anticipate at present but a hand-to-hand fight for whatever of remunerative activity they may wish to put into their lives. Under these circumstances it is evident that it will not do to hesitate, or pass their days in letting "I dare not wait upon I would,"—they must make their opportunities, remembering that it is success that wins, no matter whether the trade is book-making or boot-making. Women have business faculty; it is in their power to gain control of most of the retail and much of the wholesale trade of the world, just as women have become by quiet persistence, energy and devotion, the very large majority in the educating forces of the country. Talk without work does more harm than good. Get control of the avenues of approach, and in time the citadel, if it is wanted, will yield to terms. Do not wait for large beginnings; waste no time; the active years of life are very few; life itself is very short, and there is so much to enjoy, so much to do. A home of one's own making, art, books, travel, acquaintance with the great of the past through the works that exist, and which furnish inspiration to the armies of workers in the present, are all within the reach of the girl or woman who resolutely sets out to attain them. What does it matter whether or not you know this or that little celebrity of to-day? Perhaps their reputation is only paper; you might be very disappointed in them if you did know them; but you are sure of Shakespeare, and Goethe, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and George Eliot, and hosts of others; and you can invite them, a blessed host, to meet Emerson, and Ruskin, and Tennyson, and Longfellow, at your house, no matter how humble it may be, and you can keep them there, and make your home with them, and have them talk to you whenever you can spare a few moments for such companionship. Men are throwing away their birthright in relinquishing their responsibilities; but does not an old adage say, Man's extremity is God's opportunity? so it is also that of women. What men fail to do for them let them do for themselves. They will find abundant compensation in the doing, in the power it will give them, in the whole arcana it will open up to them of life, its possibilities, its eternal sacrifices, its deathless achievements. Oh! women of to-day, whether you walk in the light or in the darkness, near or afar off, be patient, but not idle; and as the door has been opened a little way in the admission of women to schools and colleges, show yourselves by entrance into the courts and inner temples, by making faithful use of opportunity for the acquisition of all knowledge, and also by seizing every opportunity to put knowledge to good use. There are only two permanent and certain sources of satisfaction in this world—what we know and what we do; and the happiest fact of to-day, so far as women are concerned, is this, that they are permitted to learn more and do more than ever before.



THE CALDERIUM OF THE THERMÆ OF CARACALLA IN ROME.



## The Caldarium of the Thermae of Caracalla in Rome.

**A**MONG the Romans bathing was considered a daily necessity. Every house had its *lavatrina*, which was built next to the kitchen, and this wash-room served also for the purpose of bathing. Not deeming this arrangement sufficient, however, the Romans concluded to build baths on a more extensive scale, which were to be for the use of the public. These *thermae*, as the public baths were called, were erected in all the important towns. They had a large space assigned to them, and were often of great splendor. Affording, as they did, not only greater facilities for bathing than the private baths, they had the additional advantage of being places of amusement, and many a Roman whiled away his time at these *thermae*. Attached to the baths were libraries, museums, gymnasiums, and pleasant walks where the citizens could meet and converse on matters of interest.

The arrangements for bathing were very complete. The heat required was furnished by a furnace, and was diffused throughout the building by means of pipes. The rooms of the bathers were supplied with water of the temperature required from tanks connected with each other by means of pipes. After he had taken his bath, the bather was rubbed with oil or fragrant ointment, and sometimes scented powders were strewn over his body. The baths were open the greater part of the day, and during imperial times they remained opened a part of the night, the opening and closing being announced by the ringing of a bell. A small fee was required from the bathers, but the ædile Agrippa built nearly two hundred bathing rooms which were free to the public for one year, and at his death he bequeathed the baths to the people.

The most celebrated of the Roman baths were those of Caracalla, which were finished in the fourth year of his reign, and were one thousand five hundred feet long, by one thousand two hundred and fifty feet broad. The bath rooms were ornamented with mosaic and statuary, and attached to the baths were rooms for wrestling, a library, rooms for conversation, and a large swimming bath. A part of the ruins is still preserved, which give some idea of the magnificent structure itself. Our illustration represents the place where the lowermost kettle was situated. In the center of the building, underground, the furnace or stove was placed, above which three kettles were arranged; out of the upper, cold water flowed into the middle kettle, out of this flowed tepid water into the lowermost kettle (the caldarium) which became hot. The upper kettle was filled with water from a reservoir, which was supplied from an aqueduct. Pipes with silver faucets conveyed the water from the kettles to the bath rooms. Some idea of the splendor of the Roman *thermae* may be gained from the fact that the Pantheon, itself a magnificent building, formed only a small portion of the *thermae* built by Agrippa.

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## Lionello d' Este Medal.

**N**ICCOLA PISANO may be regarded as the pioneer of the *Renaissance* in sculpture and architecture. This remarkable man was born at Pisa, about 1206, the exact date of his birth, however, not being known. He early distinguished himself by his fine architectural powers, and it was not long before the impress of his genius was seen upon many of the Italian cities, both in their palaces and churches.

Among the most admired of his works is the great Gothic church of Maria Gloriosa dei Frari, in Venice, the left aisle of which contains the tomb of Canova, a pyramid with allegorical figures by his pupils. The vast church of S. Antonio is another fine specimen of the genius of Pisano. It resembles a mosque, crowned with minarets, and has a Romanesque façade. The pulpit of the Baptistery of Pisa is a masterpiece of the great artist. It is hexagonal in form, and is supported by six Corinthian pillars, and adorned with bas-reliefs of great beauty. Not less elegant is that in the Cathedral of Siena. It is octagonal in form, and is supported by nine columns, resting upon lions, playing with their cubs. It is adorned with highly wrought bas-reliefs, representing scenes in the life of Christ. This splendid specimen of art is made of white marble. The tomb of San Dominic, in the chapel of San Domenico, in Bologna, is regarded as one of the best of Pisano's works, being a marvel of beauty in its series of bas-reliefs finished with the greatest care and minuteness. The first efforts at sculpture of this artist, who subsequently rose to such eminence, can be seen in the Cathedral of Lucca. It is a bas-relief, representing the taking down of Christ from the cross, and is grandly conceived and well executed.

The medal which our engraving reproduces, is supposed to be commemorative of the marriage of Lionello d' Este, who is represented as a lion, singing from a sheet of music held before him by Cupid, while the reverse of the medal shows the head of the bride, delicately and carefully sculptured. This bas-relief is finished with all that minuteness and care that distinguished the works of Pisano, and in the lion is shown that wonderful mastery he acquired in depicting animal forms.

At the time Pisano passed into the service of the House of Este, it was in the zenith of its pride and power. The Dukes of Este could trace their descent up to Charlemagne. About the middle of the eleventh century they became connected by marriage with the Guelphs of Bavaria, and from this sprang the houses of Brunswick and Hanover. Thus the Queen of England can claim descent from the House of Este. One of the dukes, Nicholas III., was the founder of



the two universities of Ferrara and Parma. He was the father of Lionello, in whose honor the medal of which we give a representation was sculptured. The latter was a generous and accomplished prince, unstained by any of those crimes which had blackened the fame of so many of his name. The Dukes of Ferrara were celebrated for their magnificence and wealth, many of them being liberal patrons of learning and of art, and many an artist and poet found a welcome at their court.

Of this number was the unfortunate Tasso, who loved not wisely but well the lovely Leonora of the proud and powerful House of Este. It is said that in a fit of sudden madness he kissed the princess before the whole court, which so enraged her brother Alfonso that he threw him into a mad-house. This story is not credited, however, and it is believed that he indulged in too great freedom of speech about Alfonso, who, to punish him, threw him into a place that was at once a mad-house and a prison. While there his beloved Leonora died, and when he heard that she was dying, he wrote to a celebrated preacher, and requested him to kiss her hand and say that he was praying for her. His prayers availed not, and she sank into the dark chambers of death; while he remained many weary years in his frightful prison. When he was released, liberty found him with shattered health and clouded intellect. He was taken to the court of Mantua, but too restless to remain, he wandered away. Yielding to the persuasions of Clement VIII., he went to Rome to receive the poet's laurel crown, which he was destined, however, never to wear. Shattered in health and broken in spirit, feeling keenly the indignity that had been shown him by Alfonso, he could not rally, and died on the eve that was to witness his coronation. The most noted of his poems is "Jerusalem Delivered," a story of the Crusades, an epic poem which has no superior.


Byron, in his *Childe Harold*, thus gives vent to his indignation at the wrong done to Tasso:

"And Tasso is their glory and their shame.  
Hark to his strain! and then survey his cell!  
And see how dearly earned Torquato's fame,  
And where Alfonso bade his poet dwell;  
The miserable despot could not quell  
The insulted mind he sought to quench, and blend  
With the surrounding maniacs, in the hell  
Where he had plunged it. Glory without end  
Scattered the clouds away; and on that name attend  
The tears and praises of all time."

Ferrara has lost the glory that shone over it when the great House of Este reigned supreme, and held there the most brilliant court in Europe. Now the grass grows in its streets, the traveler tells us, and it wears an air of profound melancholy, as if mourning over days departed.

## Duck and Green Peas.

(See Page Engraving.)

E feel much pleasure in presenting to our readers an engraving from the admired painting, "Duck and Green Peas," by the humorous English painter, Mr. Frank Patton. This artist, who is possessed of much comic power, has produced several *genre* paintings of a humorous character, such as "You are no Chicken," and "Puss in Boots," but none reflect more admirably his peculiar powers than the charming picture, "Duck and Green Peas," now in the collection of Mr. Theodore Bryant, an English art collector.

The story, as told in our picture, is simple, but most expressive. The cook, who has been shelling the green peas for dinner, having been suddenly called away from her task,

three ducklings, taking advantage of her absence, coolly saunter from the yard into the kitchen, and spying the peas, begin to make a meal of them. While one is industriously opening a pod for itself, the other two are feasting from a bowl with evident satisfaction. Standing near is the basket from which the cook has gathered her supply, and which seems to have escaped the notice of the young pilferers. The intensely quizzical expression on the faces of two of the feathered trio indicates that they have a realizing sense of their comic situation, and none at all of the heinousness of their offense. Some of us sin knowingly, but these little sinners are evidently under the impression that their deed is quite lawful. The steady fearlessness, too, they exhibit shows that they have no apprehension of a Nemesis appearing on the scene of action in the form of an enraged cook, showing them that in their case, at least, duck and green peas were not meant to go together.

The accessories in this composition are few, and the story told simple and natural. Yet the artist has thrown so much sprightly mirth into the picture that it attracts irresistibly. Perhaps one of the old Dutch masters, in portraying this scene, would have given us all the surroundings of a kitchen; but the English artist, in concentrating the attention on the three figures, has told the story much more effectively. The admirable humor displayed in this composition, the marvelous truth given to the birds, showing with great fidelity the soft down and delicate shading of the feathers, and the life-like reality with which the scene is brought before us, render this a most charming and effective picture.

## Apothegms.

(From the Persian).

### POLITENESS.

THE graceful art and pleasant word  
Go farther than they seem conferred,  
For he who takes and he who gives  
Politeness, in its sunshine lives.

### FALSEHOOD.

He is not wise on any day  
Who follows falsehood's crooked way;  
To give your word, and then refuse  
To make it good, has no excuse—  
Yet many live in such disguise,  
Thinking if they apologize,  
Their smooth discourse will set them free,  
And cover all iniquity.

### USELESS REPROOF.

The serpent eats the best of food,  
And yet his nature is not good—  
To give him added strength and peace  
Will merely make his wrath increase;  
So, on the foolish to bestow  
The wisdom which they cannot know,  
Will neither do them any good  
Nor win a spark of gratitude.

### POSSESSIONS.

The things we use or wisely give,  
Are ours—and are not fugitive;  
They yield to noble ends their worth,  
Their value lasts while lasts the earth;  
But these which we accumulate  
And leave, are but the sport of Fate.

JOEL BENTON.

## Housekeeping in Cities.

THE problem of living in a great city is a very difficult one to nine-tenths of those who crowd its streets and thoroughfares, who occupy its dark, den-like offices, who work in its shops, or in any way contribute to the whirr of activity which makes it a test of the strongest and wholly unfit for the weaker ones among earth's children. The problems do not affect in the same way, nor to the same extent, the two extremes of society, the very poor nor the very rich; for in the one case there are few demands to be met, and nothing in the way of social position or reputation to be maintained; in the other, there is simply the task of so spending money that it shall produce good results.

But these extremes relate directly to a comparatively small number of persons. There are few that are very poor, that is, that cannot support themselves in some sort of comfort by daily labor; there are probably a still smaller number whose fortunes are entirely independent of labor; the great majority are those who occupy the middle ground, the infinite space between the two, which is not by any means equal ground, but takes in the innumerable multitude of workers in every department of industry, trade, letters, and art. Twenty-five years ago it was possible to hire a neat house in the city of New York for five hundred dollars per annum in an unfashionable neighborhood, the same sort of house that now brings from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars per annum, according to the kind of finger-marks that time has left upon the neighborhood. Some it has improved, others it has impaired. Twenty-five years ago, though the prices of provisions have not increased in the same ratio, they were yet much lower than now, while the demand has grown up for many things then deemed luxuries, but which habit has made necessities.

All this has made living and social life among the masses harder year by year, until many have been driven out of town into the country, and whole detachments of little villages have grown up in direct proximity to the great city, and the ingenuity of those remaining has been set to the solution of this one vexed question, where and how to live. The railroad, the elevated road, offer one solution, but the cost, and the difference in time and money expended upon them, nearly balances the difference in rent. Besides, they take the family out to solitary and unknown localities, where friends cannot reach them, and where life is one long expectation of, and waiting upon, the shriek of a locomotive.

A year or two is sufficient for this sort of thing, and then the parties return and try living on a flat, or taking "a few" boarders. Probably, at least four families out of five have vibrated in this sort of fashion in and out of town during the past ten or fifteen years.

People living a steady, old-fashioned life in the country cannot imagine what this means for women, housekeepers, in the city; for domestic stringency always bears most hardly upon women. Most men make social and domestic problems a constant source of irritation, act and talk as if women were the cause of them, and not unfrequently put the burden of their solution upon their shoulders. This makes city life anything but a bed of roses to a conscientious, refined woman striving to meet the demands, domestic and social, which are made upon her within the limits of a small income, or no income at all, for many men prefer to keep their earnings or their profits in their own pockets, and dole them out little by little, each time with a fret or a threat, which is none the less disagreeable because it may not be fully meant. Others make an allowance on the principle of trying how much can be got out of how little, and often these persons are astonished at their own success; for if a woman knows

how much or how little she has to depend upon for the support of her family, she will, by a miraculous system of management, make it "do," or she will go to work in some way to augment it. In a large city she rents her best rooms, teaches, sings, sews, writes, paints, does embroidery, or takes in friends as boarders. Visitors wonder where and how all the money is made that enables the multitude to occupy the long rows of brown stone houses; but when they enter them, they discover that the majority are crowded with occupants, that there is not an inch of room to spare, that there is rarely even a "spare" room for friend or relative, and that family life is sacrificed to the cost of brown stone and "modern improvement."

The French "apartment" system has done something to modify the tendencies of our city life within the past few years, but it is expensive, and reaches mainly the refined professional and more or less well-to-do business classes. A small "flat" costs just as much to rent as a small house; more, if the "flat" house is in a fashionable neighborhood. But there is the advantage of less responsibility in the way of halls, and sidewalk cleaning, and fires; work is more compact and can be done by fewer hands; and social life is more restricted. On the other hand, a "flat" is not a castle where everybody can do just as they please in regard to making noises and dirt, at least not without annoying their neighbors; and to families who have been accustomed to a house there is a sense of unpleasant restriction in the size of the rooms, the close proximity of neighbors, the "shut-in" sense which grows irksome when it can never be relieved by the feeling of any right beyond your door-knob. Still, the cost and grievances of housekeeping are so many in the isolated dwelling that a plan proposed by a practical architect of New York to build "co-operative" apartment houses has been seized with avidity, and "clubs" have been formed for the purchase of the apartments composing them faster than they could be built. The members of a co-operative apartment club, twelve, twenty-four, or more, as the case may be, each pay down a certain percentage of the entire cost, the remainder coming in the form of a small yearly rental, for payment of taxes and other expenses. The money paid down by each individual varies from perhaps seven to ten thousand dollars, according to number and position of rooms, and their rental in addition will perhaps be from three to five hundred dollars. But the apartment they live in they own, and can sell or rent; only in the latter case a majority of the occupants must vote in favor of the tenant.

This is only one and the latest method in which housekeeping problems are solved in New York city. But of course this method affects comparatively few persons; the majority "keep moving" on May-day, hoping to better themselves, but it is hardly necessary to say they rarely succeed.

### Recompense.

WE say, when little children die,  
Happy the souls He takes so soon,  
And yet we question after all,  
Is early death so great a boon?

For blest is ease that follows pain,  
And after toil, how sweet is rest;  
Cherished are joys that sorrows leave,  
And wanderers learn that home is best.

Even the angels cannot know  
The joy of mortals gaining heaven—  
And sinless souls can never feel  
The bliss that follows sin forgiven.

MRS. E. V. WILSON.

## A Winter's Sojourn.

**B**ALTIMORE is one of the pleasantest and prettiest cities of the Union. Each year more people discover its agreeable qualities; and many Eastern people spend the whole or a portion of the winter there. Although not one of the Southern cities proper, the Southern element predominates. One could not ask for a more delightful city in which to spend the winter months, so severe in some of the Northern States. The city abounds with places of interest. Parks, public squares, monuments, fountains, and beautiful churches are scattered about in every direction. Mount Vernon Square is one of, if not the pleasantest; the streets directly about this square are considered the most aristocratic. Mount Vernon Church, built of different colored marble, is near the monument, and is very beautiful. Washington Monument stands at the top of rather a steep elevation. The monument, a Doric column standing on a handsome pedestal, is surmounted by a colossal statue of the "Father of his Country." The top of the monument is two hundred and eighty feet above tide water. The inscription on the four sides of the pedestal is: "To George Washington, by the State of Maryland. Born February 22, 1732. Commander-in-Chief of the American Army, June 15, 1775. Trenton, December 25, 1776. Yorktown, October 19, 1781. Commission resigned at Annapolis, December 23, 1783. President of the United States, March 4, 1789. Retired to Mount Vernon, March 4, 1797. Died December 14, 1799." From the top of the monument one has a beautiful view of the surrounding country.

The hotels are numerous and elegant. The Mount Vernon Hotel has a most delightful dining-room, with a southern exposure, and one side is entirely of glass.

The Peabody Institute is on the corner of Mount Vernon and Charles streets, and is a white marble building of noble appearance. Here we have access to the Free Library, the Art Gallery, School of Design and Conservatory of Music. Mr. Peabody's munificence is undoubtedly appreciated by the many students who here avail themselves of the opportunity to acquire perfection in the arts.

Baltimore street is a scene of busy, hurried life, devoted to business men and women. The fashionable promenade is on North Charles street, and here one may see many of the beautiful Baltimore girls on any fair morning; and they certainly are very handsome. On Charles street, too, is to be found the "Decorative Art Rooms," an outgrowth, it is said, of the New York society, and as successful here as there, if one may judge by the exquisite articles offered for sale, and by the richly-attired patrons, who come and go in their elegant carriages.

The Maryland Historical Society have much to interest the visitor. Here may be seen Gilbert Stuart's beautiful portrait of Madame Bonaparte. We heard many anecdotes of this famous woman, being in the city at the time of her death, when, of course, she was much talked of. During the latter portion of her life she boarded at various boarding-houses, and people said she had many little peculiarities. She never allowed the subject of age mentioned in her presence. She declared that one's age concerned none but one's self, and she declined to discuss either her own or others'. She is reputed to have said that it was a strictly American trait, discussion of ages, and was considered abroad to be in execrable taste. A lady who boarded in the same house with her said she always wore a band of black velvet on her head, an exquisite diamond star just touching her forehead. Not infrequently her dress would be a plain calico one. Her handkerchief was always folded cornerwise and pinned to her belt.

A few days after Madame Bonaparte's death we visited

Greenmount Cemetery. On reaching the spot we came especially to visit—Commodore Clarton's lot—we saw directly across the path a newly-made grave, not a leaf or flower on the bare, lonely mound; and seeing so recent a grave seemingly so neglected, we inquired whose it was, and the reply was: "Madame Bonaparte was buried there yesterday." It was her own wish that no flowers be laid on her grave.

Greenmount Cemetery is indeed a beautiful "silent city." The land once belonged to a Mr. John Oliver, who had a fine dwelling-house there. Mr. Oliver's only daughter fell in love with the son of her father's bitterest enemy. The young couple met clandestinely, and Mr. Oliver discovered it. A servant was armed and ordered to watch the grounds, to prevent the entrance of the young lover. The servant, by mistake, fatally shot Miss Oliver as she was escaping in male attire. Her father gave the grounds for a cemetery to the city. There is an elegant and costly tomb erected to Miss Oliver near the entrance.

The churches of Baltimore are very handsome. The Presbyterian church, on the corner of Madison and Park streets, is especially noticeable, with its beautiful spire, which rises two hundred and fifty feet above the pavement. St. Luke's, Lafayette square, and Grace Church, on Monument street, are the principal Episcopal churches. It is impossible to mention all worthy of especial notice, they are so numerous. The Cathedral is very interesting. The old Ionic porch and huge dome attract attention from all. The interior is very fine. A series of paintings of scenes in the life of the Saviour is well worthy a careful study.

"The Cathedral, an imposing edifice in the form of a Roman cross, stands on the ground where the Duc de Languin's legion encamped when Count Rochambeau halted at Baltimore, on his return with his army from Yorktown in 1782; and there, in the forests which crowned the hills, the French chaplains were wont to celebrate mass. The Cathedral was consecrated in 1821, its foundation having been laid in 1806."

Easter in Baltimore is very different from Easter in the Northern States; though recently there has been more appropriate observance of the day in churches of all denominations everywhere. Such quantities of flowers as are used, in private dwellings as well as in churches! Little gifts are exchanged between friends as at Christmas—the children being specially remembered with beautiful Easter eggs. Easter Monday is a regular holiday. As the day was bright and sunny, we went to Druid Hill Park, already beginning to look spring-like and pleasant. The school children, taking advantage of the holiday and the lovely sunshine, were picnicking all about the park, playing games and rolling down the pretty slopes as if it were indeed summer time. Druid Hill Park has very beautiful natural scenery. The entrance is very handsome; this and the long drive bordered with huge urns is like a foreign picture.

In the yard of Westminster Church is the grave of Edgar Allen Poe; a simple monument marks the spot. It is scarcely the place a poet would select for a quiet resting-place. Separated but a little way from the busy street, just beyond an iron railing, is the monument; it is appropriate and pretty, but few would be attracted to the spot without making a special journey, as we did, to see it. The funds for the monument were raised principally, we believe, by the students of the Grammar-school that is near the church. Its windows overlook the churchyard with its interesting "poet's corner."

Of the many monuments of the city we must mention the Battle Monument on Monument square; the Thomas Wildey Monument, and the Hill and McComas Monument in Ashland square. The old shot tower, nearly 250 feet

high, will always be interesting to visitors. We did not make the ascent, though the view is said to be very extended. Lafayette and Franklin squares are pretty parks surrounded by fine residences. One of the loveliest spots to be found anywhere is Eutaw Place. A succession of squares are thrown into lovely parks adorned with fountains, and urns filled with beautiful flowers. The paths are winding, and here may be seen gayly-dressed children walking about with their white-capped nurses. Blocks of handsome dwelling-houses are on each side. One might think the residents here had indeed found their lives cast in pleasant places. It is impossible to imagine a dull, gloomy day in Eutaw Place; the stranger carries away the memory of a lovely spot always flooded with sunshine. The building of the Young Men's Christian Association is a fine substantial edifice on the corner of Saratoga and Charles streets. The Masonic Temple, a handsome marble building, is also on Charles street. All these places are usually seen by the visitors to the Monumental City. But there are many other places possessing less of general interest that claim attention from those who like *walking* as well as driving about strange cities. We found ourselves one morning far away from our boarding place, in an older portion of the city, searching until we found the high brick wall that surrounds the Winan estate. Years ago the place was an elegant, stately residence. The lovely grounds, separated from the street by an iron railing only, must have been a pleasure to many a passer by. Some over-modest individuals, however, objected to the beautiful statuary displayed in the grounds, and so incensed the owner that he added the brick wall now in existence, over which neither the appreciative nor the censorious can look. It is said there were two organs built in the grounds, the Winans being passionate lovers of music. We followed the wall until we came to the large iron gateway, which was securely fastened. We pulled the bell, and it was answered by a woman from the lodge just within the wall. We asked permission to walk around the grounds that we had heard so much of, but were refused. The owners were abroad and the servants were forbidden to admit any one to the house or grounds. Patterson Park in the eastern portion of the city is very lovely; there is a fine view of the Patapsco River.

Market days Lexington street is filled with people of all grades and conditions of life. The overworked boarding-mistress hurries along anxious to be through with a tiresome duty. The dainty young housekeeper, with the old colored cook accompanying her, to select where she is not quite sure of her own judgment; rich and poor, all bent on the same errands. The market is a scene of great activity at its height, between the hours of nine and twelve o'clock. After that the crowd lessens, and by three o'clock in the afternoon almost every one has disappeared from the vicinity of the market. These public markets are an interesting study even to one accustomed to them—where one can find everything from the most ordinary bit of meat for the poor man's table, to the exquisite dainties for the epicure. The vegetables always look so nice and clean, and fish, flesh, and fowl tempt one on every side. Then the fruit-stands—one cannot surely pass them without buying. Most tempting of all are the flowers—tiny boutonnières, and large, elegant bouquets, flowers blooming in pots, and even a single blossom stuck in a bottle—they all claim our admiration. One wonders where all the negroes hide themselves; one does not see so very many in the streets, but let there be an alarm of fire, the music of passing soldiers, and they gather from all directions: the fat old black women with down-trodden shoes, and darkey girls with their little brother or sister clinging to them, old white-haired men and rollicking young darkies. On a Sunday afternoon it is really amusing to


meet the "people of color" on their way to and from church; they are a well-dressed, orderly-looking set of people; indeed, many are as well dressed, and affect all the manners of "*plain people*." Few cities can offer more variety, beauty and enjoyment to travelers than can the "beautiful Monumental City," "The Liverpool of America."

BALTIMORE.

H. P. R.

## Entertaining in the Country.

BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

N an old book I have lately read," remarks Miss Nolan, "hospitality is called one of the cardinal virtues."

"That is giving it a dignified position," says Miss Bentley.

"But a well deserved one," say I. "In the Bible we are told not to be forgetful to entertain strangers; and Plato, that courtly pagan whose teachings were wise enough to have been drawn from Christian sources, emphatically counsels the exercise of hospitality."

"I have often thought," says Miss Ladd, an intelligent looking girl who has but recently come into the place, "that a more generous hospitality is shown by uncivilized races than among Christians."

"That is a hard saying," I answer, thoughtfully, "and I am afraid there is at least a shadow of truth in it. People do consider too selfishly the personal inconvenience and trifling sacrifices sometimes involved in entertaining friends. It is a pity such a feeling ever does find room in a human heart, for one of the purest, truest, sweetest pleasures in life is the exchange of friendly social intercourse."

"One ought to be willing to make sacrifices on the altar of friendship," says Miss Leigh.

"Don't let yourself think of friendly acts and deeds of kindly courtesy as sacrifices," I say. "The word seems treasonable in that connection."

"The Arabian hospitality is the most perfect in the world, is it not?" asks Miss Ladd.

"An Arab certainly has a lofty idea of it," I answer, "even if, from his mode of life, but little ceremony can be observed. Do you remember the account of the noble hospitality of one of the chiefs in Bukharia given by some traveler? I have it in my scrap-book and will read it to you —"

"When I was in Sogd, I saw a great building, like a palace, the gates of which were open and fixed back to the wall with large nails. I asked the reason, and was told that the house had not been shut, night or day, for a hundred years. Strangers may present themselves at any hour and in whatever number; the master has amply provided for the reception of the men and their animals, and is never happier than when they tarry for some time. Nothing of the kind," continues the narrator, "have I seen in any other country."

"And nothing of the kind will anybody ever see anywhere," remarks Miss Nolan, decidedly.

"We will hardly try to emulate such magnanimous and wholesale hospitality," I say, "grandly generous as it sounds in description. If one kept a hotel and livery stable for the whole traveling public one would have but little opportunity for family duties or anything else. But enlightened people may learn something from barbaric customs. It is not altogether uncommon for entertainers to show their visitors that they are inconvenienced by their presence, or at least make it apparent that a great effort is being made to entertain them."

"That reminds me of your admiration of the way you

were entertained in your visit to Liberty last fall," says Miss Nolan. "You promised to tell us about that visit you know."

"Well I really should like to tell you about one charming festivity I went to with my friends. I have been to a host of stylish receptions and other entertainments in town, but that one delightful, country four o'clock tea will linger in my memory with individual distinctness, when they are all merged in a confused jumble."

"I don't see," says Miss Bently, "how any country company can outdo city entertainments."

"Not in style and splendor, certainly," say I, "but in real pleasure and sociability, most decidedly."

"The afternoon tea to which I allude was given in a veritable old Manor House, and that this old home was inherited from remote ancestors by its present occupants is proved by the curious original patent, given during the reign, and bearing the seal of William and Mary of England, and which is contained in a carved oaken cabinet. With this valuable document is treasured a hoard of bric-a-brac, too rare and costly to be merely hinted at; but it would take hours to do it justice, and it is of the entertainment I am trying to tell you.

"Arriving at the hospitable door," I continue, "which was opened by an old family servant, we were at once ushered into the gracious presence of our hostess, who met us with a welcome full of cordiality, old-time stateliness, and grace which I could but contrast with the conventionality to which all frequenters of city receptions are too well accustomed, and which really is all one can expect, when it has to be shared by fifteen hundred people, more or less, while our country hostess has perhaps fifty guests, each one of whom is personally known to her, and in many instances their parents had also been her friends. There is even a welcome in the wood fires brightly blazing on every hearthstone, and in the soft light of candles burning in silver branches, as the candelabra were called in the old days when they were new.

"The tea and coffee were handed us in cups of exquisite egg-shell china as old as the brightly polished claw-footed mahogany stands by which we seated ourselves to eat the delicious sandwiches and delicate cake made at home from time-honored family recipes. Around these same tables and in these rooms the belles of a hundred years ago had sipped their Bohea from the same creamy cups, and discussed their own and their neighbors' affairs and the graver subject of the war, and perhaps, if they were like their descendants of to-day, did not omit that refuge of stranded conversationists—the weather. I must not fail to tell you, in this connection, that the heavy silver tea service and tankards used on this occasion, and which were carved in high relief, bore an ancient English hall-mark, as silver-smiths of those days called the plate mark.

"In cities the objectionable fashion of not introducing guests to each other is gaining ground, but at this pleasant country gathering every one knew every one else, and if one of you had been there a stranger, as I was, you would have been generally introduced and made much of, for no one was doubtful of their own position or afraid of compromising themselves by being cordial to some one who might prove not to be of our set. I have not time to tell of the lovely flowers, the delightful music, and the choice souvenirs of foreign travel with which the library table was covered. There was time to hear, see, and enjoy all these, for there was none of the hurried coming and going which at city entertainments make all attempts at conversation fragmentary and unsatisfactory, and we departed when the time for leave-taking came, feeling well repaid for our long drive by this glimpse of the true, old-fashioned hospitality, by the

side of which ceremonious receptions, where one sees the hostess only long enough to greet her in set form, and later say good-by, seem like delusions and shams."

"I don't think the hostess can have a very charming time if that is all her guests say to her," says Miss Leigh.

"Neither do I; but probably the weary hours of standing up to receive and dismiss the stream of visitors are cheered by the thought that she is discharging a social obligation."

"But why need a hostess stand up all the time?" asked Miss Nolan.

"Fashion orders her to," I answer. "She stands near the door of her drawing-room ready to address each entering guest, and to avoid making a block at that part of the room, each guest passes immediately on to make room for the next comer. Of course, if there are daughters or sisters receiving with the hostess, they stand in line, and the visitor, if previously unacquainted, is presented to them."

"But suppose," asks Miss Leigh, "you go to a reception where you know no one but the hostess. What would you do then?"

"I don't think you could do anything," I say, "but make the tour of the rooms, take your chocolate or bouillon from the hands of a waiter, and eat your ice or biscuit glacé, if you could relish it under such dismal circumstances, and then make your adieus."

"And not be introduced to any one?" asks Miss Leigh.

"I am afraid not."

"Then I don't want any city gayety," says the girl, decidedly, and I am very glad—indeed thankful I may say—that I didn't accept Mrs. Albert Smith's invitation to Friday teas. I showed you the card, you remember, and I did expect to go, but I have not been to New York this winter."

"But are not people introduced to each other at any social occasions in town?" asks Miss Bently.

"Oh, yes; at evening parties and dances the custom is, I am happy to say, observed to some extent, and at dinners and sit-down lunches it is rather universal. At different houses you find different customs in regard to this matter. At some, and those are among the best, you are sure of being introduced, on all occasions (except receptions or large weddings) to enough people to prevent loneliness and make the time pass pleasantly. It is all very well in theory to say that people who meet at a mutual friend's house are supposed to be worthy of each other's acquaintance, and therefore are at liberty to speak, but the fact is that nearly every one would resent being thus addressed. It seems to me that the effort to abolish introductions in society is not in accord with the kind-hearted desire for another person's comfort that we all ought to have, for no situation can be more awkward than that of one who happens to find herself in a group of strangers who are known to each other. The commonest kindness would suggest to the hostess that an introduction would set the stranger at ease."

"Well," says Miss Gray, "I am getting some new ideas, although I can't say I approve of them. I always supposed it was the business of persons inviting company to see that they had as good a time as they possibly could."

"I hope you will continue to think so," I say, "and as for the rules governing introductions, it is neither kind, nor wise to follow them closely. Good sense, will point out to each person the time and place where an introduction is appropriate. But you must remember that the omission which in town may give discomfort, but will not give offense, would be unpardonable in the country, for there a truer, broader hospitality prevails, and a strange guest un-introduced to the others would feel it to be a personal slight. Do not allow yourselves to ape city ways in this matter, for in country living there is not even the small excuse that city folks have for advocating the cold, uncivil fashion."

## What Women are Doing.

**A Number of Influential Ladies** have formed a "No Crinoline" society in London.

**Miss Parloa** has succeeded Miss Corson as the superintendent of the New York Cooking School.

The "Lily" Club for women between fourteen and thirty has just been organized in London.

**Brave French Women.**—The *Gazette des Femmes* says that two silver medals have just been awarded to ladies for saving life.

The Minister of Public Instruction in France has named eight ladies as officers of the Academy for exceptional services as teachers, and awarded silver medals to eight others for superior merit in the same direction.

**A New Composer.**—At the new theater of Florence a piece, the "Congiura di Chevreuse," by a French composer, Madame Thy, has been successfully produced. She was called ten times before the curtain.

The Association for the Advancement of Women has issued its ninth annual report, which includes a summary of its meetings in Buffalo, Oct., 1881, and a list of members.

The Ladies of Hancock, Pa., worked very hard recently to secure the success of a no-license excise ticket, and won their cause and candidate.

The "Old Maids" of Syracuse (they prefer that name to the "Yellow Ribbon" Society, first adopted) have formed an organization "for the good of the community and the social enjoyment of the members."

Mrs. Lily Devereaux Blake is agitating a much needed reform—that of having women appointed to take charge of women in the various station-houses of New York City.

Miss Helen Magill, Ph. D., who has spent the past four years in study at Cambridge, England, says that in the higher education of women England leads the world; that a woman can do a higher grade of work in England than in America.

Mrs. Lucinda B. Chandler has started in Chicago a Margaret Fuller Society, "to promote a higher standard of political life and action, a more extended knowledge of political economy and a broader basis of statesmanship."

The Working-Women's Protective Union of New York City, during the past year, has answered 243,649 applications; furnished 41,944 employments; prosecuted 8,093 cases of fraud, and recovered and paid to working women \$26,703.58, in sums averaging \$3.30 each.

An Italian Lady, Signora Giuditta Viappiani, has made a discovery by which the inner leaf of the Indian corn plant, hitherto only used as litter for cattle, or at best to stuff mattresses, may be made the means of a new industry for Italian peasant women. It was exhibited at the National Exhibition at Milan.

The Ladies' State Aid Association has organized a society after the well-known "St. John of Jerusalem," following the "English syllabus of instructions." It includes a system of demonstrative lectures on the practical nursing of the sick, some of which have already been given, and are of so simple a character that "a child can understand them."

The Most Remarkable Funeral ever witnessed in this country was that of a Mrs. Margaret Haighery, in New Orleans, last February, a woman who made a business of cheap and good restaurants, where a man could get a roll and cup of coffee for five cents, who founded and supported three orphan asylums and aided numberless other charities, yet was a humble, uneducated woman, who never wore a silk dress or a pair of kid gloves in her life. Two Governors, the Mayor, and editors of leading papers were her pall-bearers, and the Archbishop of the Diocese conducted the services. In the cortege were the children of eleven orphan asylums, the Howard Association, the members of a fire company of which she had been made an honorary member, and an innumerable concourse of citizens. When it passed the Stock Exchange the members stopped business and stood with uncovered heads while it was passing.

The Society for the Advancement of the Medical Education of Women has issued its annual report. Its object is the enlargement of the college of the New York Infirmary and the establishment of a medical school for women of the character of a university, with a standard as high as any claimed by men. It

has added to the College of the New York Infirmary the chairs of histology and materia medica, and pays for them, though not as they deserve, out of its own funds. Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi is the President, and the Association deserves more liberal patrons.

A Course of Six Parlor Lectures has been given recently with great success by Miss M. Swayze, the well-known reader and lecturer, upon "The Domestic Institutions of Ancient and Modern Times," from and including the Egyptians down to modern times. The comprehensive way in which Miss Swayze deals with her subject makes it supplementary history, history from the social point of view, and a complete record of social conditions as relating to women, and the domestic life of the ancients as well as the moderns.

The New York Infirmary for women and children, of which Dr. Emily Blackwell is Dean, and Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi one of the professors, has issued its annual report, which, as usual, makes a much better exhibit of work than of pay. All the physicians in charge are women, graduates of the College of the New York Infirmary, and their faithfulness and success in treating the diseases of women and children has passed into a proverb. Four thousand six hundred and twenty-five in and out door patients have been treated during the year. As these are women and children, as the Infirmary only charges its pay patients five dollars per week, and never turns one unable to pay away while a bed remains vacant, it follows that it does not get rich very fast, nor even acquire funds fast enough to add to its accommodations. One patient died during the year, two hundred and sixty were discharged in good condition, and of the remainder one hundred and one were cured, forty-nine improved, and twenty still critical, or chronic incapable of improvement.

Anna Oliver's Church in Brooklyn asks for help to raise the thirteen thousand dollars to relieve their building from debt. It is a poor, but brave and honest society, composed exclusively of working men and women, who have built up and maintained a society that is acknowledged a blessing to the neighborhood in which it stands. There are thirteen thousand shares of a dollar each, and women everywhere, Christian women and women who would help faithful work, are invited to contribute by taking one or more shares, each share being entitled to a portrait of the pastor. No money has ever been raised by fairs or charity entertainments of any kind: all contributions have been made by members, except some small donations, and the church, starting from eight persons in 1879, has been self-supporting, and is now carrying on a system of social and public work that brings in every man, woman and child in the congregation, and has become a strong factor in the moral interests of the community at large.

A Woman's Club.—The fourteenth annual report of Sorosis, the Woman's Club of New York City, states that during the past club year, which occupies nine months (from first of October to last of June), there has been furnished by the club membership at its social meetings twenty-seven essays, twenty-four songs, six piano solos, two harp solos, eighteen recitations, two vocal duets, two vocal trios, and one original poem. This list does not include the songs, speeches, sentiments, poems and other things of Anniversary Day, nor those of a brilliant reception given to Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, on the completion of her history of the city of New York. The report further says that eighteen new members have been added to the club, of which some are teachers, some philanthropists, some women physicians and ministers, and one brilliant actress—Miss Anna Oliver among the former, Miss Genevieve Ward the latter. The corresponding secretary's office is no sinecure, for she has sent out two thousand three hundred and eighty notices, letters, resolutions of sympathy, condolence or congratulation, the whole number being inclusive also of one hundred and fifty printed records of the reception to Mrs. Lamb. The expenses for luncheons, postage, printing, waiters' fees and flowers were \$1,463.03; cash remaining in the treasury, \$3,185.47. In addition to this there was a fund accumulated by the Philanthropic Committee, under the chairmanship of Mrs. H. Herman, of \$709.35, from which has been disbursed during the year, in assisting eleven separate cases, \$281, leaving a remainder in bank of \$428.35. Besides these disbursements, the committee has sent away three boxes of clothing—one to Michigan, one to Milton sufferers, and one to Life Saving Service. At the annual election

the president, Mrs. Croly, and recording secretary, Mrs. M. A. Newton, were each re-elected for the eighth successive term. The oldest member, a lovely, white haired old lady, in her eighty-first year, still bright, and sister of Mrs. Dio Lewis, was made fourth vice-president. On the death of a member recently, the services were conducted entirely by the society, a reverend member, Mrs. Phœbe C. Hanaford, delivering the discourse, which was most beautiful and touching, and members Miss Clara E. Stetsman and Mrs. Clementine Lasar Stedwell furnishing most charming and appropriate music. The club celebrated its own fourteenth anniversary on the third Monday in March, and will celebrate the anniversary day of its first president, Alice Cary, on the 26th of April.

The Lecture Platform of the Boston Mercantile Library Association was occupied recently, for the first time in its history, by a woman. The speaker was Miss Lelia J. Robinson, and she talked for an hour, in easy, conversational style, about the admission of women to the bar and her own attempts to gain standing as an attorney in the commonwealth of Massachusetts. It is to her persistent efforts that the bill giving women admission to the bar has become a law.

In Russia twelve female doctors are now officially engaged in teaching medicine to women. Thirty are in the service of the Zemstvos, and forty others serve the hospitals. Twenty-five female doctors who took part in the military operations of 1877 have been decorated, by order of the Emperor, with the Order of St. Stanislas of the Third Class. The number of female students is steadily increasing.

Madame Elsie Von Koerzhr has been made an official delegate from the Canadian Government to Germany and Switzerland, in order to promote and properly organize a system of female emigration, having for its object the rescue of some of the under-fed and over-worked women of the working classes, and also the transplanting to the prosperous soil of Canada intelligent and trained members of the industrial classes, who will find honorable positions and a new life in that thriving section of the New World. A Central Union is to be formed in Berlin, with a thorough organization in different cities for the protection of women traveling alone. Through its committees this organization will endeavor to secure the appointment of certain days upon which women can start, and obtain from authorities temporary homes for resting places, or at least houses where they can be recommended and where they will be cared for, under the supervision of a Union member. Her Royal Highness, the Princess Louise, takes a personal interest in regard to this matter, as does her sister, the Crown Princess of Germany.

A Mrs. Chapman, in New York city, has created a small industry on a large scale for women. She began by making the large collars for children out of two braids, the ordinary "feather edge" and "rick-rack" connected together, or aided in forming designs by lace stitches and crochet stitches, executed with crochet needles and knitting cotton. The demand became so great that her own hands were unable to supply it, and she began to employ women and give instruction in the art, which is not difficult. This was four years ago. Mrs. Chapman has now seven hundred women on her books, living in different parts of this and other States, many on Long Island and in New Jersey. They are mainly married women, and do the work at home, and as a help or in order to have some money of their "very own." Some few ladies come in carriages to get their work, which, of course, is not very remunerative, being of a kind that can be taken up readily and does not require much skill. The pecuniary result of ten hours' steady work amounts to about a dollar. The articles include collars, cuffs, collarettes, dresses, caps, lace covers for the toilet and the like, and might be extended to coverlids, curtains, shams, and other things indefinitely. Seventy-five thousand collars were supplied last year to the wholesale house that takes all of Mrs. Chapman's productions.

**A New Hair Pin.**—A hair pin which, when inserted in the hair, will so grasp and hold the lock or mass of hair inclosed within the prongs that the hair pin will not be liable to drop or work out from the hair, has been patented by Mary T. Foote, of Boston, Mass. The ends of the hair pin are first bent out and then in toward each other, so as to form at the point a clasp which seizes and holds a lock of hair, and the exterior shoulders of which bent portion also prevent the pin from slipping out.

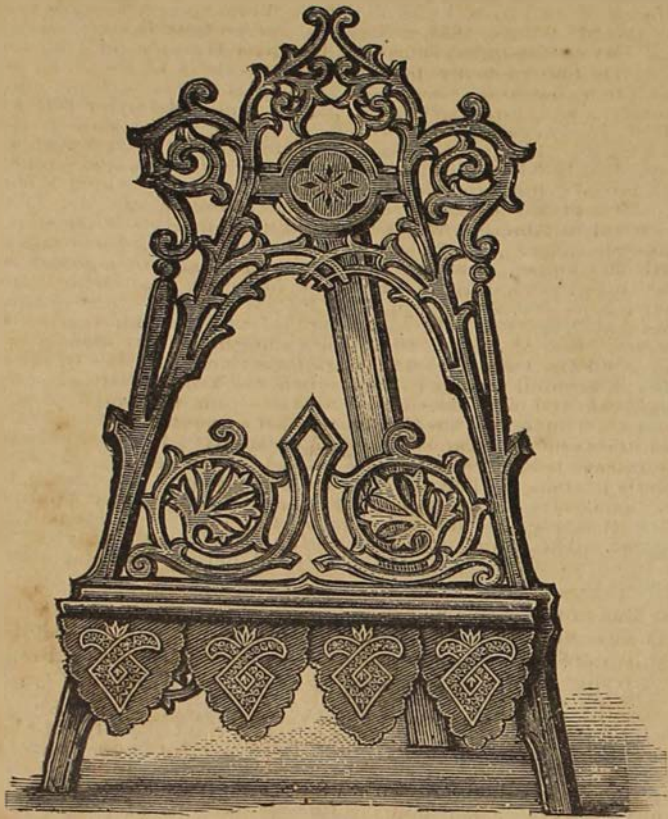
## Esthetic Poem.

### COMMEMORATIVE OF THE POT-LUCK DINNER.

'Twas the night of the Esthetic Pot-Luck, you know,  
 And all the flowers had declared they would go;  
 The vegetables too, had turned out *en masse*,  
 On plaques and platters, in china and glass.  
 The flowers looked beautiful all in a row,  
 In gorgeous attire, dressed out for the show;  
 While the esculents, always more sober and staid,  
 Marched into the Hall on full dress parade.  
 The roses came tripping, in every hue,  
 In fragrance and beauty "too utterly too";  
 And the daisies and buttercups smiling and gay,  
 Came bobbing their heads in the prettiest way.  
 The sunflower was there in her cloth of gold,  
 The tall white lily so pallid and cold;  
 The pinks and the pansies in loveliest bloom,  
 The heliotrope wafting delicious perfume;  
 The meek little violet opened her eyes,  
 And gazed on the scene with enchanted surprise.  
 While all the sweet flowerets that gladden the plain,  
 Came trooping along in the marigold's train.  
 When all the guests had assembled together,  
 And exchanged their remarks on the state of the weather,  
 When the flowers had given the last twirl to their tresses,  
 And demurely commented on each other's dresses,—  
 All at once there was heard in the Hall a *melée*,  
 Just where it began none present could say.  
 Some thought 'twas the bottles,—they always act bad,  
 And others declared the soup had gone mad;  
 But this last, I'm convinced, was a mere supposition,  
 All owing, no doubt, to its mixed up condition.  
 The flowers, 'twas observed, took no part in the action;  
 Altho' they looked on with supreme satisfaction,  
 And clapped their white hands as the tumult grew louder,  
 Increased by the din of the greedy clam chowder.  
 The celery stood up, and in tones rather gruff,  
 Declared the boned-turkey was aged and tough,  
 While the turkey retorted with evident truth,  
 That experience surely is better than youth.  
 The parsley danced round all the fish and the ham,  
 The capers ran over the mutton and lamb;  
 The beets cut up with the turnips whole,  
 The lettuce skipped into the salad bowl.  
 The green peas got the green beans upon strings,  
 The onions suggested unutterable things.  
 The cauliflower tried to stand up on its head;  
 The asparagus wanted to go back to bed.  
 The artichokes jostled the carrots one side;  
 The radishes showed hot temper and pride.  
 The squash and the cucumbers rambled about,  
 And put all the spinach and pickles to rout.  
 The modest potatoes rolled out one by one,  
 The cabbage-heads rolled over to see the fun;  
 The egg-plant looked glum and the salsify spluttered,  
 The parsnips declared they had never been buttered.  
 The corn said the pumpkin was very low bred;  
 And the tongue went about and told all that was said.  
 The bread and the butter, tho' they made no complaint,  
 Looked pale with affright and just ready to faint.  
 And the crackers that never were known to be quiet,  
 Took part with the oysters and joined in the riot.  
 There was great commotion 'mong the reed-birds and quail;  
 The Boston baked beans at the bacon did rail.  
 The sauces and gravies got into a fight,  
 And put all the ducks and chickens to flight.  
 The capons looked on with indifference and scorn;  
 The tomatoes blushed crimson at such goings on.  
 The peppers were biting, as sharp as you please,  
 The ices made every one shiver and freeze,  
 And Prince Macaroni walked off with the cheese.  
 The pies looked flat and the jellies unstable,  
 The fruits ran away to the end of the table.  
 The cake disappeared with the champagne and sherry,  
 The corks flew about in the air to make merry.  
 While the tea and coffee, that always agree,  
 Said they never had been seen in such company.  
 The roast beef tried to quell them as well as 'twas able,  
 And called them to order from the head of the table;  
 But 'twas of no avail, for they kept up their clatter,  
 Till scarcely an edible remained on its platter.  
 And when, after midnight the flowers hung their heads,  
 And began to look drooping and pine for their beds,  
 The whole thing was declared a snare and delusion,  
 And the party broke up with most charming confusion;  
 And darkness and silence fell down like a veil,  
 And ended the picnic and likewise this tale.—SARAH A. KING.



**FANCY WORK**



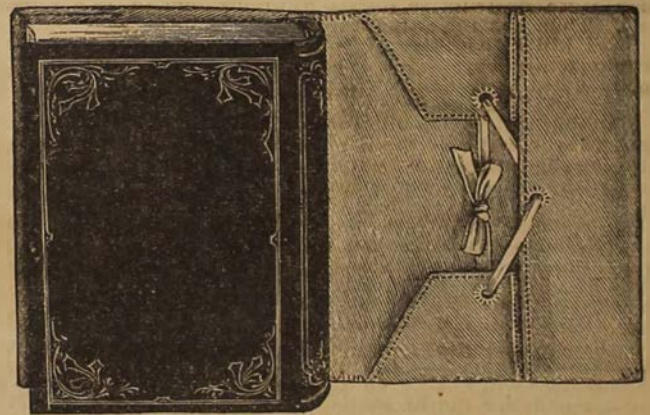
Easel Lambrequin.

**M**ATERIAL for the lambrequin is bronze kid. Cut the kid the desired size, have the edges pinked, then stamped for the embroidery on the right side. The outlines for the embroidery are pierced with a coarse needle, and double lines of gold cord are sewn on in overcast stitch, with brown silk. The space between the lines is filled up with the same silk in point russe. The upper part of the work is put in chain stitch of blue silk. Another design is made of plush, with the pattern stamped on the wrong side and stitched, so that the chain-stitching comes on the right side. Use E sewing silk, and let the colors be neutral tints on dark red plush.



Work Bag.

**T**HE lower part of the bag is made of buckram covered with satin, and a spray of flowers painted in water color on one side, while on the other work the initials or monogram. The bag is a straight piece of plush or velvet, drawn up at the top with a cord and tassels. Sew the bag part very firmly to the lower portion, and finish at each end with large silk pompons with tassels. The handles are of satin ribbon with a quilling of the same fastened through the center.



Adjustable Book Cover.

**F**OR the cover cut a piece of velvet or satin the required size. The edges are neatly and tightly turned and cut, as shown in the design; the edges are feather-stitched or done by machine to please the fancy; eyelet-holes are made and a ribbon passed through and tied to hold the cover in position. On the outside of cover, work imitation of hinges in cross-stitch, and in the middle of the upper side a monogram. A cover made in this way of gray linen, for school-books, will be found very convenient. By making the cover after this design, it is adjustable for all sizes of books, and preserves them greatly from the moisture of the hands, while being read.

## CURRENT TOPICS.

NOTES AND COMMENTS ON EVENTS  
OF THE DAY.INTERESTING SUBJECTS AND NOTABLE THINGS  
WHICH HAVE OCCURRED DURING THE  
PAST MONTH. — CONTEMPORANE-  
OUS HISTORY FROM A FA-  
MILIAR POINT OF  
VIEW.**The Coming War.**

It may not come this year, but Europe is clearly upon the eve of one of the greatest wars known to human history. For the past quarter of a century the efforts of every European nation have been directed toward adding to the numbers of its soldiery and increasing the efficiency of its armies. A merciless conscription has been in force in every country on the continent, and should a general war take place all the able-bodied men will be withdrawn from industry and pitted against each other in the open field. The next war will involve possibly all Europe. Should Russia attack Austria, as it threatens to do, Germany and Turkey will take sides with the latter, and probably Italy, while France, Belgium and Holland would be allies of the great Northern power. For the French people wish to reconquer Alsace and Lorraine, while Holland and Belgium are aware that Germany covets their front on the German Ocean, for its dream is to be a great naval as well as military power. The speech of Skobeloff in Paris to the Servian students, proclaiming the hostility of Russia to Austria and Germany, has resounded throughout the world and is regarded as the prelude to the coming contest. The *bourses* of Europe have been disturbed in consequence, and peaceful populations are in despair in view of the horrors which war may bring upon them.

**Tactics and Strategy.**

Should there be a war in Europe, it will be fought under far different conditions than any previous contest upon record. The breech-loading rifle has made even a more marvelous revolution than that effected by the use of gunpowder. In our civil war the armies fought with smooth-bore, muzzle-loading muskets, which were destructive only within a range of two hundred yards. Then the reloading took time; but the breech-loading rifle will kill at a thousand yards and can be discharged with marvelous rapidity. This renders the bayonet an obsolete implement of war, and a charging column is now out of the question. Troops can be no longer used in mass to hurl against an opposing enemy, as they would be killed to the last man before they could see the faces of their enemies. Hence the battles of the future will be between armies distant from each other, with the troops under cover or protected by rifle-pits and entrenchments. The spade must accompany the rifle. This will prolong battles, and armies may be fighting literally for weeks before a conclusion is reached. The strategy as well as the tactics of armies must correspond with the new conditions, for vast bodies of men can, by means of our improved transportation systems, be concentrated in great numbers upon important points. Hence we get the curious result of battles long drawn out with comparatively short and decisive campaigns. All recent European wars have been remarkably short as well as decisive. War hereafter will not be so picturesque, for gay uniforms are being set aside for clothing the colors of which will not afford an aim for the distant marksman. They are also getting rid of military bands and drum corps, which are useless when there are no charging columns to be inspired by martial strains. War hereafter will be a very mechanical and scientific business, and these vast changes are nearly all due to the repeating rifle, the railroad and the telegraph system.

**Pigs and Alcohol.**

M. Dujardin Beaumetz is making certain experiments with alcohol which it is expected will have great scientific value. He is to read the result of his researches at a convention to be held at the Hague next autumn. Most of the experiments have been made upon pigs, for the reason that those animals have a digestive apparatus which closely resembles that of man, and then of all the other beasts they are the ones that take most kindly to regulated doses of alcohol. His resemblance to the pig is not flattering to the man who is in the habit of guzzling spirituous or malt liquors; but it is expected that these experiments will settle many important questions connected with the action of alcohol upon the animal system.

**Curious Family History.**

One of the most noted families in the country is the one which has descended from General Phillip Schuyler of revolutionary fame. But two of the Schuyler family have gained an unenviable notoriety. A grandson of the Revolutionary patriot was President of the New York and New Haven Railway Company. He was supposed to be a bachelor, but he was really secretly married and had a wife and a large family of children, to whom he was known by the name of Spicer. No reason could be assigned for the concealment of his name to his own family or why he wished to be known in New York society as a bachelor. On the 3d of July, 1854, it was discovered that Robert Schuyler had over-issued 13,286 shares of the New Haven road. It was a grievous loss to many people, among others to the late Commodore Vanderbilt, who lost a large part of his fortune, and it created a world of excitement at the time. Schuyler fled with his ill-gotten gains to Montreal, where he took a sailing vessel to Europe. His family joined him abroad, and he is reported to have died in Nice, Italy, in 1855; at least there is a tombstone in the burial ground in Nice raised to his memory, which records the fact of his death in that year. Subsequently the family returned to America, where they built themselves a mansion on Lake Saratoga. Adjoining the mansion was a chapel connected with the house, in which it was said no one but a priest was known to have entered. There are, however, those who believe that it was secretly occupied by Robert Schuyler, whose tombstone at Nice was said to be a blind to cover his real whereabouts. One of Robert Schuyler's daughters was married to a Reverend Dr. Lamson, and a son of that marriage has just been tried in London for a revolting murder. Young Lamson was a physician and was married to a Miss John, a woman of some means. The wife's brother was a hunchback, frail in health, and it was he who Lamson was charged with having poisoned, the motive being that the wife would inherit her brother Percy John's property. The defense was that Lamson was insane, but English courts are not as lenient as are the American tribunals when that plea is entered, and he has been convicted of the murder. The grandson of the defaulter, Robert Schuyler, will be hung by the neck until he is dead before this magazine is published.

**The End of the Mabille.**

The Jardin Mabille of Paris is no more. It was a vile place, frequented by the most vicious of the population of the French metropolis, and tens of thousands of Americans visited it as a matter of curiosity. Even Henry Ward Beecher admits that when he was in Paris he could not resist the temptation to witness the splendors of this famous, or rather infamous, pleasure resort. The spectacle was a brilliant one, for the music was inspiring but the dancing of a kind that would not be tolerated in any respectable ballroom. Literally millions of people have looked in upon the orgies enacted in this sinful resort. It has not been gotten rid of because of any revolt of the moral sense of Parisian society, but the ground happened to be needed for business purposes, which, it seems, in large cities pay better than the most fascinating gardens of pleasure. It is a curious fact that the most vicious streets in New York in former years are to-day the most valuable for business purposes. Leonard, Church, and Mercer streets in a past generation were noted for the exceptional wickedness of the men and women who lived in them. But the owners of these vile haunts are among the rich men of New York to-day because of the increase in the value of their property.

**Almost Buried Alive.**

What appeared to be the remains of Miss Josephine Ryman, of Evansville, Indiana, lay on her bed at her home in that city. The friends had come to see the corpse, the priest had performed the funeral rites, the shroud had been put on and the body was about to be removed to the coffin. Before doing so, one of the sisters proposed to remove the hair. The long locks on one side of the head were cut, and then the body was turned to remove the tresses on the other side. Suddenly there was a twitching, and the girl supposed to be dead was sitting up in bed, having just recovered from a trance. It seems she was conscious of the terrible fate that awaited her, and of the condition she was in. She recalls the priest touching her arms and head, the last kisses of her relatives and friends, what was said about her; but, though conscious and in mortal terror, there she laid stiff and rigid. She could not move a muscle or make a sign, and she fully expected to be buried alive. It was not until they moved her body to cut off her hair that she was able to give any sign of life. There is scarcely a doubt that many people are buried as dead who are only in a trance. A person who died recently in Boston left word for his physician to sever his head from his body so as to be sure that he was dead before committing him to the grave. But after all, would not the death by a modern burial be a painless one? Life would soon be extinct after the coffin had been screwed down. Juliet, in Shakespeare's play, is laid on a bier and taken to the tomb of the Capulets, but this is not the method of burial in our time, and there is little danger of life being in the body when the clouds first fall upon the coffin.

**Earth's Convulsions.**

Great earthquakes are reported from Costa Rica, accompanied by unusual loss of life. In one town many people have been

killed. The greatest and most destructive earthquake on record is that of Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, in which it is estimated that 60,000 persons lost their lives. It is an open question among physicists as to what is the cause of earthquakes. They are known to occur most frequently in countries where volcanic action is most active. All who have experienced an earthquake speak of it as a most awe-inspiring visitation. We are so accustomed to regard the earth we tread upon as solid and unshaken, that it seems as if chaos had come again, when the very ground under our feet reels and totters and becomes as apparently unstable as water or quicksilver. All sense of security for the time being is lost. Earthquakes and volcanos are frequent on the isthmus which connect North and South America. Undoubtedly there is a steady upheaval of land from the sea, and the isthmus is widening every decade, all because of volcanic action.

#### An Inland Sea.

This was what John C. Calhoun called the Mississippi River when he was urging that it ought to be cared for in the way of levees by the General Government. Had Calhoun lived till the spring of 1882 he would have found the Mississippi to be a real inland sea, in some places forty miles wide. It is all over now, but such a disaster should never be permitted to occur again. The General Government should see to it that from the Gulf to Cairo such levees would be built as would forever confine the Mississippi to its natural banks. An incalculable cost has fallen upon the country because of this neglect by the General Government. Hundreds of lives have been lost, property to the amount of thirty or forty millions destroyed, and the land available for cotton or other crops restricted by many millions of acres. We are a great, rich country, but would be all the richer for a generous expenditure for public works. Uncle Sam ought not only to build levees, but he ought to connect the Mississippi with Lake Michigan by water, and enlarge the Erie to the dimensions of a ship canal. The waterways to the Gulf and the Atlantic would then be a check to the extortions of the railways.

#### Suffrage in Italy.

Only a mere fraction of the male population have been able to vote heretofore in Italy, but the new Parliament have decreed manhood suffrage. Vast numbers will be added to the polling lists, and Deputies will be hereafter elected under very different auspices than the Parliaments elected when Victor Emanuel was alive. Fears are expressed on two points. Will the priests' party and the Radicals be strong enough to outvote the moderate men of the country? Should the Catholic party succeed the Church will become again a mighty power in the State. On the other hand, should the Communists, Socialists and Radicals get the upper hand, disorders of all kinds would probably ensue. Free institutions are making steady progress in Europe. France has universal suffrage, Italy and Germany manhood suffrage. The late Lord Beaconsfield doubled the voting population of England, and one of Mr. Gladstone's pet measures is such an enlargement of the voting lists as will take in the better class of the rural population. The troubles in Russia are entirely due to the Czar not being willing to grant any political reforms.

#### The Bulls and Bears.

As every one knows, the bulls favor higher prices, the bears lower prices. The former go long of the market, that is, they buy stocks with the expectation that they will advance, but the bears go short of the market, expecting prices will go lower, so that they can make money by delivering stocks at a cheaper rate than at which they sold them. On the 1st of January, '79, to the 2d of July, '81, when President Garfield was shot, the bulls had the markets of the country pretty much to themselves. Property of all kinds advanced in price, and the bulls made vast fortunes. But the whole aspect of things has changed since last summer. A shorter crop not only gave the bull movement a pause, but began to send down prices, and the difference in market values, as shown in the stock lists of June, 1880, June, 1881, and March, 1882, is something enormous. The sum total represents hundreds of millions of dollars. The bulls are now praying for a great grain and cotton crop during the coming harvest season. Should we have any such yields as we had in '79 and '80, and a foreign war break out, we would see a restoration of the flush times of '79, '80 and the spring of '81. Should, however, there be a crop failure this coming summer, it would be a very serious matter for the country.

#### In the Mouth of a Volcano.

An astronomical observatory on the top of Mount Etna has just been completed. It is built at an elevation of nearly 10,000 feet above the sea, and is the highest spot in the world occupied by an observatory. The site, be it understood, is inside the crater, and when an eruption takes place the base of the observatory will be surrounded by liquid streams of red-hot lava. It is believed, however, that the eminence upon which the edifice is constructed will remain solid. Owing to haze and obscurations in our atmosphere there are very few nights in the year suitable for observation. But the Etna observatory will be so far above the zones of disturbance and obscurations that it will give it advantages far superior to any watch-tower in the world. The expense of this observatory is borne by the city of Catania. It is not, however, to be a local institution, for men of science from

all parts of the world are invited to make use of it. *Apropos* of this matter of observatories, two of the buildings on the summit of Mount Hamilton, in this country, for the Lick observatory, have been completed, and the great telescope, the greatest in the world, will be completed before the close of the year 1883. This immense instrument is to cost \$50,000. The apparatus will be very complete, and the only observatory in the world that can compete with the Lick, is the one just completed on Mount Etna.

#### Great Exhibitions.

New York, Boston, Baltimore and Chicago, after having considered the subject, have all abandoned the idea of giving a great world's fair. It was proposed to hold an international railway exhibition at Berlin; that, however, has been given up. But it seems that during the summer of 1883 we are to have the greatest agricultural fair ever held in the world. The site has not yet been chosen, but it may be held on the west side of the Central Park in New York, or on Long Island near Coney Island. It is estimated that it will have ten millions of visitors. Immense numbers of people would come from the West and South, partly to see the fair, but many, no doubt, to indulge in sea bathing on the magnificent beaches of Rockaway and Coney Island. Agriculture is a great interest in this country, for without our grain and cotton crops we would have no foreign trade. Our tariff makes domestic goods artificially dear, and so we have nothing to market in the rest of the world but food products, cotton and bullion. Agricultural nations, in the long run, become impoverished; for land and labor have to bear all the fiscal burdens of the world. Farming in this country pays because of the increasing value in farming lands, and not from the actual sale of the products of the soil.

#### The Chinese Must Go.

Congress has passed a bill putting a stop to the immigration of Chinese laborers, and undoubtedly the President will sign some bill of the kind. On its face such an enactment seems monstrous in a free country. China itself is regarded as a barbarous country, because of the desire of its people to exclude foreigners. France and Great Britain went to war to force the Chinese to open their ports and trade with other nations. Yet here is the free republic of America adopting the policy of these semi-civilized people. But the people of the Pacific coast have insisted upon putting a stop to this undesirable immigration, and Congressmen argue, if a whole community is unanimous as to the evil effects of Chinese competition in the labor market, there must be some good reason for the position they take. It is obvious that the cheap labor of the Chinese reduces the standard of comfort of the American workmen. The Chinaman is not in favor with any class of Americans. The laborer objects to him because he works cheaper; the commercial classes because he does not spend his money in clothing or any of the ordinary necessities or luxuries of life. Christian people abhor the Chinaman for his heathenism; then, all decent people cannot fancy immigrants who have no family ties and whose women are all wantons.

#### British Clergymen in America.

Some of the leading evangelical congregations in New York city have seen fit of late years to go abroad for the kind of ministers suitable to their tastes. The Rev. John Hall is an Irishman; Dr. Taylor, Dr. McCosh are Scotchmen, and Dr. Bevan is an Englishman. The last named is going back to London. He complains that in this country the orthodox clergyman is given too little liberty. He is forced to confine himself to his congregation and pastoral duties, for if he steps outside of those he is given to understand that his congregation does not approve. So Dr. Bevan gives up his splendid salary and the care of one of the richest congregations on Fifth Avenue, to go back and preach in London, where he is at liberty to become a member of school-boards and to take part in politics, if he so wishes. Indeed he is of the opinion that the dearth of commanding talent in the American orthodox pulpit is due to the limitation of the sphere of the clergyman. A Dr. Miln, in Chicago, also an Englishman, has been forced to resign his position, because of his avowed agnosticism. An agnostic, be it understood, is a person who don't know. There may be a God or there may not; the soul may be immortal or death may forever end all conscious life, so far as we are concerned. Dr. Miln publicly announced his inability to believe in these two cardinal dogmas of the Christian faith, so his congregation thought he had best retire, and he has done so.

#### Bankruptcy.

We have had many national bankruptcy laws in the United States. They have all had the same result. A number of rogues and some honest people have been enabled to start in business again. The lawyers and courts have eaten up the assets, while the creditors have been fleeced. Thomas H. Benton said of the bankruptcy law, which was repealed in his time, that only one per cent. of the assets was returned to the creditors. This has been the history of all the subsequent bankruptcy laws. The commercial men of the country have laid before Congress a new law, the provisions of which are based upon the experience of France and England. It does away with fees, pays fixed salaries,

and puts in force a machinery to wind up estates expeditiously and cheaply. But six-sevenths of the members of Congress are lawyers, and our national Legislature will pass no law that does not permit the plunder of estates. Some revelations have recently come to light in New York, showing the corruption of our courts due to lawyer legislation. Certain insurance companies and savings banks which became bankrupt passed into the hands of receivers appointed by New York judges. In every case the assets were divided between the receiver and his lawyers. As all the expenses were paid by order of the court, there can be no reasonable doubt that the judges themselves had their share of the plunder. The lawyer is supreme in American politics, and dearly have our people to pay for it in the miscarriage of justice and the spoilation of estates.

#### In the Cradle of the Race.

Railroad building has begun in the far East. The next quarter of a century will see Nineveh, Babylon, Damascus, and the cities familiar to us through the most ancient of ancient history, within easy communication of the rest of the modern world by a complete system of railways. A road, 500 miles long, is now under way from the Black to the Caspian sea. It runs along the valley of the river of Cyrus, south of the Caucasus, and from a portion of it Mount Ararat is in sight. It seems incredible that there should be business to justify railroads in these graves of old nations, but wherever human beings live they must travel, and food and clothing must be transported from one point to another. The steel rails will soon girdle Mesopotamia, Central Asia and Arabia, and will help to bring about the poet's dream of the parliament of men, the federation of all the nations.

#### The Pity of It.

Why is so much attention paid to the Mormon polygamy and so little to our own scandalous marriage and divorce laws? Polygamy is bad enough, Heaven knows; but where it affects one family, our loose marriage laws injure ten thousand homes. John R. Harbeck was married recently to a woman in New York; another woman comes forward and claims that she is his wife. She had lived with him, it seems, and there were those who testified that Harbeck had traveled with her in different parts of the world and had called her his wife. She invited a young lady friend to stay with her, and it was this friend whom Harbeck subsequently married. The claimant admitted that her first husband was living when her intimacy with Harbeck first commenced. The difficulty in this, as in similar cases, is the indefiniteness of our marriage laws. Some formal ceremony ought to be demanded for so serious an event in life as the marriage of a man and woman and the possible founding of a family. It is an incitement to crime when loose women have it in their power to claim to be wives in order to extort blackmail. The family should be carefully guarded by the law; but we will never get this matter into proper shape until the Constitution is so amended that a national act can be passed, defining what constitutes a marriage, and providing proper limitations to divorces.

#### The End of the World.

Richard W. Proctor, the astronomer, has created quite a scare recently. He ventured to suggest that perhaps the world would come to an end about the year 1897. The comet of 1668, one of the greatest upon record, returned in 1843, and some astronomers believe it will reappear in 1897, so near the sun that it may fall into it. If its substance is solid or if accompanied by meteorites composed of substantial matter, the effect of its fall upon the sun would be to develop a vast amount of heat throughout the solar system, and so destroy all animal and vegetable life upon this globe. That such accidents do happen throughout the universe is very probable, for it is known that stars suddenly blaze out and then disappear forever. A star in the Northern Crown in 1866 for a few days shone out with a wonderfully increased light, clearly due to an addition to its temperature, and such an accident may happen to our sun. It is known that the best portions of our globe were at one time subject to glacial action, that is, icebergs and a frozen sea covered the greater part of the northern hemisphere. The sun at that time must have withdrawn some of its heat, and a catastrophe of an entirely different character may also occur. However, 1897 is some time off yet. Then, it is not settled the comet of '43 is due at that time, and furthermore there are serious doubts as to whether the fall of a comet into the sun would have any appreciable effect. Astronomers have reason to believe that the earth has been several times touched by the tail of a comet, without its inhabitants being aware of it. It is hardly worth while keeping awake at night, thinking over the possible effect of a comet striking the sun in 1897.

#### A Forest of Agate.

In building a railroad some thirty miles from Denver, the workmen encountered a remarkable obstruction in the way of a buried forest. Trees were found of all sizes and of many varieties, but they were all petrified and turned into an agate stone. We have not as yet begun to know all the marvels buried beneath the soil, telling us of the wonders of the ancient world.

#### Our Horses in England.

The marvelous performances of American horses in England and France last season, are naturally directing the attention of

our countrymen to what may happen during the coming season. Many foolish Americans will lay large wagers of money upon the American horses of this year, because of the success of two American horses last year. Among the horses that will take part in the races this year are Foxhall, the winner of the Grand Prix, Iroquois, the winner of the Derby, Gerald, Sachem, Arnza, Mistake, Naereid, and of course many others, these being the most famous. American sporting men say that our climate is better suited to the horse than that of Great Britain. The horse is a native of a warm, clear climate, and hence the superiority of the Kentucky horse over those produced under more northern skies. The contest in England of the next two or three years will show whether or no the American race-horse is superior to the English stock from which he originally sprung.

#### Very Ancient English.

Ethnologists say that the people whose earliest traces are found in England were like the modern Australians. They were black men with low brows, and were very inferior specimens of humanity. These were all destroyed during the glacial period, when Great Britain was covered with icebergs. After the ice age, and when Britain became habitable again, a new race made its appearance, some of the descendants of which are a part of the English nation. What they were originally we only know from tombs or barrows, in which are found their skeletons, weapons, domestic utensils and ornaments. They were a dark, short and thick-set race. Their skulls were very long and narrow. They were unacquainted with metals, and used stone implements in war and agriculture. They seemed to live in little communities after a socialistic fashion, and it is certain that they had some domestic animals, among others pigs. These stone-age men, as they were called, would cut a sorry figure beside the Englishman of to-day, for the latter is the product of mixed and very much superior races.

#### Religion and Marriage.

A case has just occurred in England, which shows how little equity has to do with law in that country. Lord Camoys belonged to an old Roman Catholic family. The daughter of the present lord was asked in marriage by a Protestant gentleman of means named Ellis. The lady would not consent until her wooer entered into a solemn contract that if children were born to them, they should be brought up in the Roman Catholic faith. After marriage children were born, but as the time came for them to be educated the father violated his contract with the mother, and the children were trained in Protestant schools and required to attend the Protestant services. The wife appealed to the courts and showed the contract, but the judge held that the contract was void, and that the English law gave sole authority in such matters to the father. The wife then brought charges against the husband of cruelty and infidelity. She alleged and he did not deny that he visited improper houses, but again the court held the charge of actual guilt not proven. The cruelty consisted in abusive language and in denying her access to her children. But the Solicitor General again held, that although Mr. Ellis was insulting and abusive to his wife, as he had never struck her the charge of cruelty could not be sustained. Then again a father under the English law is justified in denying a mother access to her child. Mrs. Agar Ellis' case seems hard. Her husband has been cruel to her, he has visited improper houses, he has violated a solemn agreement entered into before marriage, he will not let her see her own children, and finally the court decides that she has no grounds for a judicial separation. This may be law, but it is not equity.

#### The Franking Privilege.

Many years ago the law permitted letters to pass through the mails free, which bore the initials of a member of Congress. The theory was that any communication between a Congressman and his constituents should be untaxed. But the franking privilege was abused, for the Congressmen sent great packages, books, political documents, through the mails in their own interest, and that of their friends and the political parties to which they belonged. The press made a row about the matter and the franking privilege was taken away from members of Congress. As, however, their correspondence is necessarily very extensive, postage is a very serious item, and an effort is making to again give Congressmen the right to send their letters free. There is a great howl about this in the press, but no interest in the country is more fostered by the General Government than the publishing of newspapers. There is a profit of two-thirds on every three cent letter carried in the United States. But the loss on newspapers and other publications amounts to about fifteen million dollars per annum. Huge tons of matter are sent from one end of the country to another for trifling sums. The Government has a profit of over \$8,000,000 per annum on letter carrying, but loses double that amount on newspaper carrying. But this is a matter on which the press of the country is unanimously silent.

#### Our New Navy.

In the war of 1812 our militia did not distinguish themselves in contests with trained English soldiers; in fact we were beaten nearly everywhere on land, and suffered the humiliation of the capture and the burning of our capitol by a mere handful of

English soldiers. But the navy of the United States proved superior to that of Great Britain. Our ships were swifter and larger than those of the enemy, and our guns were heavier. It is conceded that in the next naval war, should one happen, that nation will bear off the prize which has the swiftest vessels armed with the largest guns. The great steamships now building in England, easily make 16 and 17 knots an hour, but the new vessels proposed in Congress for our navy are not expected to make more than 14 or 15 knots an hour. The little republic of Chili, however, which has shown such wisdom, bravery, and skill in its war with Peru, has just put a vessel into commission called the Arturo Prat, which on its trial trip made 17 1-2 knots an hour, while it carried guns which have a range of 6.21 miles, or 10,000 meters. This Chilian vessel, in case of war, with equal seamanship, would equally vanquish any of the vessels proposed to be built by this country. The Chilian ship is all machinery and guns. Clearly if we have a navy, it ought to be at least equal to that of the Chilian Government.

**Lawyers, Lawyers, Everywhere!**

The pursuits of the members of the present Congress are told in the following table :

U. S. SENATE.

Lawyers.....	57	Manufacturers.....	3
Bankers.....	5	Miners.....	2
Railroad officials.....	3	General business.....	2
Professional politicians.....	3	Farmer.....	1
Merchants.....	3	Editor.....	1

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Lawyers.....	195	Railroad officials.....	3
Professional politicians.....	19	Civil Engineers.....	2
Merchants.....	17	Miners.....	2
Editors.....	12	Mechanics.....	2
Farmers.....	11	Clergyman.....	1
Manufacturers.....	10	Capitalist.....	1
Physicians.....	5	Metallurgist.....	1

Some day the people of this country will revolt at this exclusive rule of one profession. Our Congress should have a large proportion of business men, of scholars, and especially of farmers. Certainly not more than twenty per cent. of either House should belong to the profession of the law.

**A Contrast.**

There have been many attempts upon the life of the Queen by lunatics and tramps in Great Britain, but with very rare wisdom the courts of that country avoid all fuss and display in dealing with these would-be regicides. They are tried immediately, imprisoned promptly, or sent out of the country. A miserable creature by the name of MacLean has just made an attempt upon the life of the Queen, but the English law officers have quietly put him out of the way, and his trial makes no figure in the newspapers. The assassin who killed Mr. Percival, an English Prime Minister, was tried and hung within a week; but we made a hero in his own eyes of the wretched dead-beat who murdered President Garfield. It will be a full year after the commission of the crime before he will be hung, if indeed he is ever hung at all. Clearly we might profit by the example of the English courts in dealing with this class of criminals.

**A Much Talked-off Russian.**

General Skobeleff is now one of the foremost figures of the age. He first won distinction as a skillful and daring soldier, but he has recently become the talk of the world on account of the sundry apparently indiscreet speeches and public utterances he has delivered himself of recently. According to him the mission of Russia is to rule over the Slavonic nations, and he announces that his country is about to contest Germany's supremacy on the battlefields and in the councils of Europe. There is no doubt but what this young general is to-day the idol of the Russian people, and should a great war break out, he would inevitably become a central figure in the contest. He has done good work in Central Asia and against the Turks, but it does not at all follow that he will be equally successful in coping with the disciplined legions of von Moltke.

**Poor Eugenia.**

The ex-Empress of the French is now a poor old and feeble woman. The greatest beauty of her time has become a prematurely aged woman. A lady writer who has seen her recently, says :

"The tall, erect, and stately figure is bent and drooping; the queenly air is akin to that of the mendicant; the fair locks in their luxuriant wealth of tresses are white as the driven snow and thin and scanty in appearance; the large, expressive, and animated eyes, half violet and half blue in recurrent tints, are gray, watery, and leaden looking; the oval face is wrinkled and worn by cruel care, and the blush of beauty is supplanted by a sepulchral whiteness. It has been my lot to see other queens in exile, other magnates dethroned, but no one so strongly arouses sympathetic sorrow as does this widowed, childless, parentless, isolated ex-Empress. But one consoling comfort is hers. It is in feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and comforting the afflicted. Where the poor wear not their wants on their sleeves, there you will find the prematurely aged and tottering lady, rescuing a social wreck and holding out a hopeful beacon."

**Queen Victoria.**

Queen Victoria, after being shot at by a lunatic, has gone to Mentone for her health. It is an open secret that her physical system is very much impaired, and there are those who believe that she will die before this time next year. The English Courts have shown great good sense in dealing with McLean, her would-be assassin. There was no fuss made over him, as Americans did over Guiteau, but he was quietly put out of the way. All accounts agree that the Prince of Wales was never so popular as he is to-day. He is a liberal patron of arts, is gracious in his demeanor and with great temptation, is guilty of no vulgar scandals likely to lower his dignity in the eyes of the British people or of the world. It is well for royalty in England that this is so, for were he an obstinate old madman like George III., or a vulgar sensualist like George IV., the English people would soon deprive him of his crown and throne. It is quite safe to predict that the first fool, madman or debauchee who ascends the English throne, will be the last of the race of kings in Great Britain. England governs itself to-day, and is a monarchy only in name and outward form.

**Russia's Troubles.**

Another batch of Nihilists have been tried, three of them women, and some of them have been sentenced to death and others to transportation for life or for twenty years. The coronation of the Czar has been postponed until June, for the reason, it is said, that his wife expects to become a mother in April. It is known that he lives under constant apprehension of his life. The poorest subject to the realm is happier to-day than the mighty Czar of all the Russias, for the latter cannot take a journey, eat a meal or retire to his bed, without fearing ambush, poison or assassination.

**A Speculative Hostess.**

Madame Adam is one of the foremost literary women of France. She edits a leading review, and her *salon* has been the headquarters for the leading politicians, literary men, artists, financiers, and people of fashion of Paris. She is a regal hostess and a woman of great conversational abilities. Her position demanding large expenditure she speculated upon the bourse, but in the collapse of the *Union Générale* she lost nearly all her money, and may have to give up her reunions and her expensive establishment. Literary people and artists rarely make good speculators. They are sensitive to impressions, are too easily elated by good news and too much depressed by adverse circumstances. Hence they are apt to buy at the top of the market and sell when the lowest point is reached. A successful speculator must be stolid, unimpressive, and satisfied with moderate profits.

**Old Age.**

Mrs. Sarah Wilkes Banta was one hundred years of age on the 17th of March, 1882. Her husband died in 1824. She had nine children, twenty-four grand children, twenty-five great grand children, and four great-great-grand children. The age of Mrs. Banta is very well authenticated, but nineteen out of every twenty alleged centenarians are really not such. Were all men and women to live correct lives and be well born, they would last the best part of a century; but our habits are such that persons over ninety are exceedingly rare on this earth. Of all the kings, great nobles and others whose births have been carefully recorded, not one has reached a hundred years of age. A writer on vital statistics says that of every ten children born in Norway, seven reach their twentieth year; that in the United States about six reach that stage; in France five reach it, and in Ireland less than five. In Norway of ten thousand born, one out of three reached the age of seventy; in England one out of four, in the United States less than one out of four, and in France less than out of eight. In other words, in Norway the average length of life is thirty-nine and one-half years, in England thirty-five and one-half years, in France not quite thirty-three years, and in Ireland about twenty-nine years. Mrs. Banta looks as if she may have several years of life yet, and she states that her habits of living were very much those of other people.

**Ho, For Europe.**

The Atlantic ocean is thronged with steamers. Those which are coming this way are filled with poor but hearty immigrants, who expect to make permanent homes on this continent. The outgoing steamers hold only cabin passengers who go abroad to see the world, make some purchases in foreign markets, and then return to their own country. These transplantings are beneficial. The rich American is the better for his excursion, the poor European in time becomes a citizen of a free republic. People who do not immigrate or change their locations are apt to become stagnant and non-progressive; but any transplanting, if the new conditions are not unfavorable, benefits plants, animals and man. Many Americans this year have taken to visiting objects of interest in their own country, instead of going abroad. Many have gone to Florida during the past winter; tens of thousands will visit Colorado and the Pacific coast this year, and during the coming summer season more people from the interior will visit the seashore than ever before in the history of the country.



## DESSERTS, PUDDINGS, AND PIES.

**Holiday Pudding.**—Take two large lemons and grate off the peel of both. Use only the juice of one, unless you like a very tart flavor. Add to the lemon half a pound of fine white sugar, the yolks of twelve and the whites of eight eggs, well beaten. Melt half a pound of butter in four or five tablespoonfuls of cream. Stir all together, and set the mixture over the fire until it begins to be pretty thick, stirring all the time. Take it off, and when cold fill your dish a little more than half full, having previously lined its bottom with fine puff paste.

**Solid Syllabub.**—One pint of thick cream, half a pint of lemon syrup, and powdered sugar to your taste; put in the juice of one orange and half the rind grated. Whip it up the eve of the day when you design it for use, but do not fill your glasses or garnish with it until the day after it is made, if you wish it to be quite solid and stand.

**All the Year Pudding.**—Line a pie dish with paste, spread on three ounces of jam (raspberry is the best), then beat well in a basin the following: three ounces of bread crumbs, the same of sugar and butter, the rind and juice of half a large lemon; add this to the pastry and jam and bake half an hour.

**Whipped Cream Pie.**—Sweeten a teacupful of very thick sweet cream, and make as cold as possible without freezing. Line two small pie tins with moderately rich crusts, pricked in several places to prevent blistering, and bake in a quick oven.

Flavor the cold cream and whip as you would the eggs for frosting. When the crusts are cold spread on the cream, and if you like to add a finish, spread bits of jelly over the top.

**Strawberry Cream Tart.**—Line a dish with paste and fill with strawberries, made sweet with powdered sugar. Cover with paste, but do not pinch it down at the edges. When done, lift the top crust, which should be thicker than usual, and pour upon the fruit the following mixture: one small cup of milk, half cream if you can get it, heated to boiling; whites of two eggs, beaten light, and stirred into the boiling milk; one tablespoonful of white sugar; one half teaspoonful corn starch wet in cold milk. Boil these ingredients three minutes, let them get perfectly cold and put into the tart. Replace the top crust and set the pie aside to cool.

Sprinkle sugar over the top before serving. Raspberries may be substituted for strawberries.

**Snow Pudding.**—To one half pint of cold water put one half package of gelatine; let it stand for a half hour, then add one half pint of boiling water, two small cups of sugar, and juice of two lemons, and let stand until cool; strain and break in the whites of three or four eggs; beat in a cool place until stiff; pour into mold or dish.

**Transparent Pudding.**—One half pound of butter; one pound of sugar; six eggs, whites and yolks separately; juice of one lemon; grated rind of two; one nutmeg; one half glass of cream. Cream butter and sugar; beat in the yolks, the lemon, spice and cream, stirring in the whites at the last.

Bake in pie-crust, open.

If you wish to have this pudding extra nice, beat up the whites of but four eggs in the mixture, and whip the whites of four more into a meringue with four tablespoonfuls of sugar and a little lemon juice, to spread over the top of each pie. Eat cold. Very nice baked in patty-pans.

**Quince Snow.**—One-third pound of quince marmalade to whites of two eggs and quarter pound of sugar; pile in a pyramid in a dish and bake yellow.

**Lemon Meringue Pudding.**—One quart of milk; two cups of bread crumbs; four eggs; one half cup of butter; one cup of white sugar; one large lemon, juice and half the rind grated; soak the bread in the milk; add the beaten yolks, with the butter and sugar rubbed to a cream, also the lemon.

Bake in a buttered dish until firm and slightly brown. Draw

to the door of the oven and cover with a meringue of the whites whipped to a froth, with three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and a little lemon juice.

Brown very slightly; sift powdered sugar over it and eat cold. An orange pudding may be made in the same way.

**Cup Plum Pudding.**—One cup each of raisins, currants, flour, bread crumbs, suet and sugar; stone and cut the raisins, wash and dry the currants, chop the suet, and mix all the above ingredients well together; then add two ounces of cut candied peel and citron, a little mixed spice, salt and ginger, say half a teaspoonful of each; stir in four well-beaten eggs, and milk enough to make the mixture so that the spoon will stand upright in it; tie it loosely in a cloth, or put in a mold; plunge in boiling water, and boil for three and a half hours.

**Chocolate Cream.**—Soak one fourth pound of chocolate in water until perfectly soft.

Dissolve some gelatine in boiling water, yolks of six eggs, mix chocolate with one and one half pints of milk, one cocoanut, two spoonfuls of sugar, one small tablespoonful of starch (previously mixed with a little milk). Stir fast over a quick fire until it boils. Cool a little and mix with the eggs well, then throw all together in a pot. Beat the whites very stiff and stir in with the rest. Put in the gelatine. Pour into a mold. Put on ice.

Whip one half pint of cream, spread over the top, and sprinkle on cinnamon.

**Favorite Plum Pudding.**—One pound of beef suet shredded fine, three quarters of a pound of stale loaf bread, three quarters of a pound of raisins stoned, the same of dried currants, washed and picked, two ounces of grated blanched almonds, ten eggs beaten as for cake, three quarters of a pound of white sugar, mix with a pint of nice cider, a quarter of a nutmeg, and quarter of a pound of sliced citron.

Boil four hours. In boiling, the pudding should be well packed into the mold (which should be scalded and floured), or tied tight in a cloth, not leaving room to swell, as is the case with pudding made with flour.

**A Nice Dessert.**—Half a pint of rice put into a little cold water, boiled until nearly soft; pour into this a pint of rich milk, boil again, stirring it all the time. Sweeten with half a pound of sugar, and serve with a little rose water to your taste. Dip *blanc mange* molds in cold water, and fill with the rice, which should be of the consistency of thick mush. It will harden in a short time and turn out prettily upon a flat dish. Eat with preserves and cream, cream sugar and nutmeg, or even custard or syllabub.

**Baked Apple Pudding.**—Boil six apples well; take out the cores, put in half a pint of milk thickened with three eggs, a little lemon peel, and sugar to the taste; put puff paste around the dish, bake the pudding in a slow oven, grate sugar over it, and serve it hot.

**Cream Custards.**—Sweeten a pint of cream with powdered white sugar; set it on a few coals. When hot, stir in white wine until it curdles; add rose water or essence of lemon to the taste, and turn into dessert dishes or cups.

Another way of making them is to mix a pint of cream with one of milk, five beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of flour and three of sugar.

Add nutmeg to the taste, and bake in cups or pie plates in a quick oven.

**Chocolate Pudding.**—One quart of milk, one cup of sugar, one third of a cup of Baker's chocolate, one whole egg and yolks of three more, two spoons of corn starch. Leave out a cup of milk to mix the ingredients. Boil those until the milk begins to thicken, then pour into your pudding dish. When cold, make a frosting of the whites of three eggs used, and stiffen with sugar; a little vanilla, pour over the pudding and set in the oven three minutes. A little chocolate beaten into the frosting is also very nice.

**Cocoanut Pie.**—One pound of grated cocoanut, one half pound of butter, one half pound of powdered sugar, two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice, four eggs, whites and yolks separated, two teaspoonfuls of vanilla. Rub the butter and sugar together; beat light; stir in the beaten yolks, then the lemon; lastly the cocoanut and whites alternately.

Bake in open shells. Eat cold with powdered sugar sifted over.

**Pippin Pies.**—Twelve fine ripe pippins pared and grated, one pound of white sugar, one half pound of butter, six eggs whites and yolks separately beaten, one lemon, grated peel and juice with nutmeg.

Cream the butter and sugar; stir in the beaten yolks, then the lemon, nutmeg and apples; lastly the whites and cocoanut alternately. Bake in paste with cross-bars of the same on top.

**Farmer's Own Pudding.**—Three pounds of Indian meal, one pound of beef suet skinned and chopped fine, one pound of dried currants, one teaspoonful of super-carbonate of soda.

Mix these ingredients thoroughly together, then add a pint and a half of molasses, stirring it in; and finally add *boiling* water until the whole is of the consistency of mush.

Do this at night, and boil the pudding the next day in a bag for four or five hours.

Water must boil hard when pudding is put in, and be replenished with *boiling* water in an hour or so to compensate for that which will be evaporated in the boiling. This pudding may be served with or without sauce, and is good warmed over the second day.

*Sauce* for above pudding:

One pint of molasses, one lump of butter size of a large hen's egg, one tablespoon heaping full of brown sugar, one heaping teaspoonful of ground cinnamon. Boil about half an hour.

**Almond Custard.**—Take a quarter of a pound of almonds, blanch and beat them very fine; then put them into a pint of cream with two spoonfuls of rose water; sweeten to taste.

Beat up the yolks of four eggs very light and put them in; stir all together one way over the fire till it is thick, and then pour it into cups.

**Prune Pies.**—Soak a pound of prunes over night so that the stones will slip out easily; stew in some water with as many raisins as you wish, and sweeten; use less water than for sauce; when both are soft, grate in the rind of two lemons and fill the pie, allowing two crusts.

**Pineapple Custard.**—One pineapple cut fine, two cups of sugar, two cups of milk, four eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, sugar and milk; add the pineapple, then bake in a moderate oven. This will make two pies.

**Sweet Potato Custard.**—Boil two common sized potatoes; mash fine with one tablespoonful of butter, put in half a cup of sugar, half a cup of sweet milk, mix well; break in three eggs and stir thoroughly; make a good pastry crust, and pour in enough for two pies.

**Sweet Potato Pudding.**—One pound of mealy sweet potatoes. Firm yellow ones are the best. One half cup of butter, three quarters of a cup of white sugar, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of nutmeg, four eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, one lemon, juice and rind, and one glass of brandy. Parboil the potatoes, and grate them when quite cold. If grated hot they will be sticky and heavy.

Cream the butter and sugar; add the yolks, the spice and lemon; beat the potato in by degrees and until all is light, then the brandy, and stir in the whites. Bake in a deep dish well buttered, without paste. Cool before eating.

**Cable Pudding.**—Bake in two layers. One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, three and a half cups of flour, three eggs, one half teaspoonful of strong soda, one teaspoonful of cream tartar; use yolks in cake; save whites for top.

Beat whites to stiff froth with sugar. After spreading on the whites, put cake in oven and let it brown.

Cut and sugar pineapple (or any other fruit in season), several hours before using, and put between cake when hot.

**Strawberry Tapioca.**—Soak over night a large teacupful of tapioca in cold water; in the morning put the half of it in a yellow-ware baking dish, or in the porcelain one of a silver pudding dish. Sprinkle sugar over the tapioca; then put on this a quart of berries, sugar, and the rest of the tapioca. Fill the dish with water, which should cover the tapioca about a quarter of an inch. Bake in a moderately hot oven until it looks clear. Serve cold with cream or custard. If not sweet enough add more sugar at table, and in baking, if it seems too dry, more water is needed.

**Orange Sponge.**—To one pint of isinglass dissolved in a pint of boiling water and strained, add the juice of six oranges and

two lemons, half a pound of sugar, and one ounce of flour, sifted fine. Mix all well together; when nearly cold, whip until it becomes a sponge; then put it into a mold. If whipped too warm it will turn to a jelly. It is better to make it a day before you use it.

**Jam Tarts.**—Roll the crust out to the thickness of one quarter of an inch; lay it upon a pie plate and cut four or five holes in it to prevent its puffing up in the middle. Bake quickly, and when done set away to cool. Then spread jam on about three quarters of an inch deep. Leaves and flowers or devices of any kind can be cut from the paste, and baked upon a flat pan, and after the tart is filled laid upon it for decoration. Fill the tarts with jam, and glaze with a little jelly that has been first melted.

**Baked Quinces.**—Cut some quinces in half, neither paring or coring them; cook them in boiling water until nearly tender; then put them in a baking pan with some of the water they were boiled in; cover them with sugar and place in a hot oven, basting often with the syrup. When they are cooked put them upon a dish and place a lump of butter upon each quince; turn the syrup over them and serve hot. Use cream or sugar and wine for dressing.

**Molasses Pudding.**—Four cupfuls of flour, six eggs, two and a half cupfuls of molasses, one and a half cupfuls of butter, or butter and lard mixed, one cupful of butter or some cream, and a teaspoonful of soda. Season to your taste with cinnamon, ginger or cloves, and eat with hot boiled molasses as a sauce; or else cold molasses, prepared by adding a small pinch of soda, and stirring until it froths up well. It may be made more palatable by the addition of lemon or nutmeg as flavoring.

**Summer Mince Pie.**—Six soda crackers rolled fine, two cups of cold water, one cup of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of *sour* cider, one and a half cups of melted butter, one cup of raisins, seeded and chopped, one cup of currants, two eggs, beaten light, one tablespoonful of cinnamon and allspice mixed, one teaspoonful of nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cloves, one of salt, one of black pepper.

**Apple Folly.**—Two eggs, one cup of white sugar, three sour baked apples, vanilla. Beat the whites of the eggs and the sugar together, then add the inside of the apples, which should be roasted soft; flavor with vanilla; beat this to a stiff froth. Any kind of jelly can be used instead of apple. To be eaten with delicate cake or biscuit, and makes an ornamental dish for dessert or tea.

**Coffee Custard.**—Make a good strong extract of coffee—by dripping it as slowly as possible—for ten people you will want two cupfuls; take eight of the same measures of milk, and into the milk beat the yolks of six eggs; add three ounces of powdered sugar; mix into this the two cupfuls of coffee; as coffee differs in strength, better taste to see that it is sweet enough; pour the mixture into cups and put the cups into a pan not too deep with boiling water; the level of the water should reach middle of cups. About fifteen minutes moderate boiling is enough.


**Tomato Pie.**—Peel ripe tomatoes and slice. Sprinkle over a little salt and let them stand a few minutes; pour off the juice and add sugar, half a cup of cream, one egg, nutmeg, and cover with a rich paste and bake in a moderate oven over half an hour.

**Chocolate Butter.**—Stir quarter of pound of butter over the fire until quite soft and creaming; put two good cakes of vanilla flavored chocolate on a tin plate and sprinkle them gradually with milk until they become so soft that you can mix them with the butter, then stir them well into it. Serve cold in whatever shape you like.

**Frothed Orange Cream.**—Make a pint of cream very sweet, put it over the fire; let it just boil. Put the juice of a large orange in which a bit of the peel has been previously steeped, into each glass (they must be narrow and deep like jelly glasses), and when the cream is almost cold, pour from a teapot upon the juice, holding it as high as possible.

**Alexandria Pudding.**—One pint of sifted flour, three gills of milk, one gill of rich cream, six apples, four eggs, a salt-spoon of salt; pare the apples and take out the cores without cutting them. Beat the batter very smooth and pour over the apples.

Bake one hour; serve with cream sauce.



# DIAMONDS OF THOUGHT

He wins at last, who builds his trust  
In loving words and actions just.

Every good principle is more strengthened by its exercise, and every bad appetite is more strengthened by its indulgence than before.

**Forgetting.**—We talk of forgetting. As a matter of fact, we never forget anything. An impression made upon the mind remains there forever.

**Obedience** is a habit, and must be learned, like other habits, rather by practice than by theory, by being orderly, not by talking about order.

In some things habit is a greater plague than ever afflicted Egypt; in the formation of character it is an inestimable advantage.

**Health, beauty, vigor, riches, and all other things called "good,"** operate equally as evils to the vicious as they do as benefits to the just.

**Do all the good you can, to all the people you can, as long as ever you can, in every place you can.** This is the advice given by old Scotch David to his lassie.

To think we are able is almost to be so; to determine upon attainment is frequently attainment itself. Thus earnest resolution has often seemed to have about it almost a savor of omnipotence.

The world is not won by denunciation. Tell a boy that he is disagreeable, and how quickly one loses influence over him. We must commend the good in people.

**The Use of Perfume.**—Mr. Ruskin has said of color that its true beauty lies in the moderate use of it. The same may be said of perfume, especially as applied to personal use.

**Self-Denial.**—The value of self-denial does not reside in itself as an end, but only as a means to a higher state in which it is no longer needed.

A mechanic's wealth is real, it consists in his strong arm, his expert hands, his knowledge of his trade, his physical endurance, his reputation as a superior and faithful workman.



# SPICE BOX

When is a girl like a music-book?—When she is full of airs.

"What is that man yelling at?" inquired his brother of Tommy.  
"At the top of his voice," replied Tommy.

Do not despise a man because he is poor, he may become rich: nor rich, he may become poor.



WINTER BY SPRING DRIVEN AWAY.



DELICATE GROUND.

Augusta:—"Get up, unhappy man! You are kneeling on Mamma's train."

A gentleman who took to medicine late in life said to a friend, "You know the old proverb—at forty a man must be a fool or a physician?"  
"Yes," was the reply; "but, doctor, don't you think he can be both?"

If a two-wheeled vehicle is a bicycle, and a three-wheeled a tricycle, it does not follow that the one-wheeled is an icicle. It is a wheelbarrow.

"My dear doctor," said a lady, "I suffer a great deal with my eyes." "Be patient, madam," he replied; "you would suffer a great deal more without them."

**Before and After.**—Before marriage she was dear and he was her treasure; but afterwards she became dearer and he treasurer, and they both knew how it was.

A man can never succeed at pocket-picking until he gets his hand in, and out.

A grave historian says: "People cannot live on probabilities." The probability is that they cannot.

**How She Managed.**—"How do I manage to rid myself of bores?" said a clever woman; "nothing is easier. When I want to send a man away, I talk to him about myself. When I want him to stay indefinitely, I talk about himself."

**Take Your Choice.**—Lady lodger: "Your dog, sir, is unbearable. He howls all night." Male lodger: "Indeed! Well, he doesn't play the piano all day."

**Sensitive Music-teacher:** "Oh, yes, Miss Clotilde likes playing tunes well enough; but she shudders at the very mention of the scales!" Retired grocer's wife, deprecatingly: "Yes, Clotildy was always rather high feelin'; and don't like nothin' that belongs to the shop."





# MIRROR OF FASHIONS

FURNISHING IN STYLE  
THE COSMOPOLITAN BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE  
AND THE PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE

## Review of Fashions.

**V**ARIETY is the characteristic of the summer fashions, variety in color, delicacy of fabric, abundance of lace, and masses of flowers. There are, of course, very quiet fabrics and very sober styles for those who want them, and there are always some who adhere to a gentle gravity in their dress; but the prevailing tone is pronounced, and would be much more so than it is, were it not that judgment and taste blend colors and designs in material and form in such a way as to qualify results, and save them usually from the vulgar and the bizarre.

There is a sort of intoxication, however, in the wealth of resources displayed so lavishly—a bewildering sense of possibilities—out of which it is very difficult to gather just what is needful for individual wants. It is like having the ocean to draw from, when what is required is a single cup of cool water; but the best way is not to see the ocean in that case, but just to go to the best spring, and draw the sufficient quantity of water, for the entire ocean as a daily beverage would be found inadequate, or at least not satisfactory.

One of the peculiarities of the season consists in the number of dark straw hats, and the frequency with which they are worn with light costumes. Dark red straw hats with large brims, and dark red mitts, are not at all unusual as a morning or country outfit, with light satine and even white dresses. Olive and tan are used in the same way—tan-colored gloves of undressed kid, very long, and in the Bernhardt style, being exceedingly fashionable with all light, and dressy costumes, and often accompanied by large black chip hats.

Another peculiarity of these hats is the fact that they are uniform in color—that is, without contrasting color in the trimming. They are all red, or all bronze, or all olive, or all old-gold, or all black—the ornamentation consisting of a scarf of silk or ribbon, and feathers, or a spray of leaves, and perhaps a lyre, or lizard for ornament enameled in shades of the foundation color.

Cream, ivory, putty color, fawn, mouse, and wood brown, are all favorite foundation colors for spring costumes—the contrasts to these being introduced in the way of rich satin stripes—olive, old blue, dead leaf brown, and yellow, or venetian red. The stripe is used for hip sashes, or for large collars and cuffs, with loop or bow at the back. Other spring costumes are in solid colors, such as olive, dark

myrtle green, mouse brown, or fawn, enriched with very deep open embroidery, put on as flounces across the front—as pockets, collar, cuffs and bordering for the basque. With these, bonnets of satin, covered with iridescent starred crowns, and bordering of beaded lace to match—would look well—or the bonnet might be of cream Spanish lace, with a cluster of small red satin poppies, or sunflowers in miniature.

A very prevalent style is the coat dress with lapels turned back, and faced with *satin mercilleux*. The skirt may be of silk, or satin with knife-plaiting put on as graduated flounces across the front and round the bottom. The coat may be of velvet, or red, or gold brocade, but if not either of these it should be something that differentiates itself from the skirt in a striking, yet harmonious manner.

There are some decided subjects for congratulation in reference to the summer fashions—among them the continuance of the short dress, the absence of the offensive bustles, and the disposition to retain designs of real utility, as the polonaise and others. Young girls can dress exquisitely if they please, upon very small means, by choosing the pretty satines—equal to foulard now in appearance and texture—or the dainty lawn, and making them up themselves, after such patterns as the “Mistia,” the “Fantine,” and the “Vilma” costumes. Materials cost but little comparatively; the expense and waste is in the making, because no economies can be used in cutting, lining, or trimmings except among that useful and almost extinct class of dress-makers who used to go round from house to house, and often made christening and bridal robes for the same family.

The “Jersey” qualified in many ways still maintains its place, and makes charming dresses for young girls in the new stripes, and combinations of materials in costumes. One of the prettiest is a fine all-wool cloth striped in old blue, and a very dark wine color—both dull shades. The straight skirt is made up in hollow plaits which only show the blue and the dark color in the hollow of the plaits; the Jersey is of the solid old blue, ornamented with a broad scarf laid in folds of the striped material, which also furnishes the collar and cuffs.

Lace has been supplanted somewhat by the open embroidery which is beautifully executed, and not expensive considering its effectiveness as a trimming. Still there are always some who prefer lace, one of the reasons being that it can be used and used again, while embroidery—especially machine embroidery—looks rough and worn after a season's

usage. But there are certain fabrics for which the embroidery on the material, and particularly the open lace effects, seem well adapted. These are the fine all-wools in solid colors, the black and colored nun's veiling, the black open wools, and the white linens, and close Victoria lawns. For all these the open embroidery effects are especially to be commended, and for the close sewing-silk grenadines they furnish a finer and richer, as well as more appropriate, method of decoration than any other offered of late years.

### Illustrated Designs.

**T**HERE is nothing in which women of taste take greater delight than a pretty morning dress—and a toilet of this kind is especially useful, and fitting for the bright mornings of our May and June. Propriety always decrees that the dress worn in the street shall be quiet and somewhat uniform—but at home, and in the morning when one's clothing should have some correspondence with the sweet freshness of earth, air and sky, delicacy of tint—daintiness of pattern may be indulged in without let or hindrance.

There is the "Clemence" morning dress, for example, a simple princesse design, adapted to the spring satines and summer cambrics in primrose, English hawthorn or fly patterns. The grounds are dark, olive, green, navy blue, or dead leaf brown; and there are some that are old gold, venetian red or cream, and upon these the patterns are set close and in perfectly natural colors and shadings. The effect is lovely. Folds of mull may be arranged on the waist if preferred to the shirred trimming, extending round to the back, or a handkerchief of mull may be worn. The finish of the dress is such that it may be used with a small mantelet or half shawl for morning walks in the country, and need only be changed in season for dinner; while by elderly ladies it may be very suitably worn all day, provided it is made in silk, or some dark handsome material.

The "Millicent" apron we wish to call particular attention to because it is a design of many useful possibilities. The sight of it recalls the "dusting" sleeves and apron of our young days—the first of which were long and full as these are—the second of which was a long all round apron with a bib, often put on with the sleeves over a white dress and whipped off at a moment's notice if carriage wheels upon the gravel road announced the approach of visitors. But this is a great improvement upon that primitive idea. The "Millicent" is, to all intents and purposes, an over-dress as well as an apron, and is or may be very prettily made in solid color, linen or gingham, or in any pretty stripe, check or figure with ornamental border. Put a plaiting round the bottom and fill in the neck or cut it high, and you have a capital model for summer working and walking-dress, field dresses, garden dresses, boating dresses, or any other that needs to be simple and useful. Teachers and school girls have a boon in the "Millicent," for, as before remarked, it can be used for dress or apron, is easy and a model of coolness and comfort, besides being especially designed for protection.

If a pretty polonaise is wanted for summer lawns and cambrics we recommend the "Emerenz," because it is practical as well as effective. The fullness is arranged by means of drawing strings which produce the effect of shirring, and can be let out plain when the garment is laundered. It is so well finished at the neck and sleeves that it is suitable for excursions without any additional wrap, and makes a complete dress with the addition of a walking-skirt upon which is a single gathered flounce. The most

suitable trimming is the border that sometimes comes with the material or open embroidery; and the buttons should be pearl.

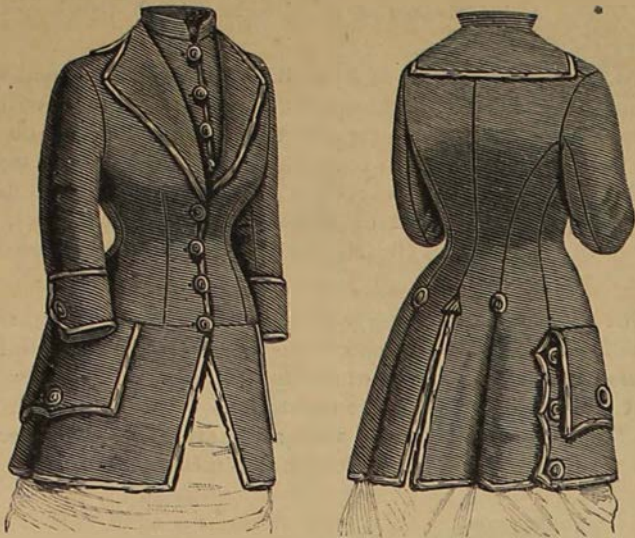
A most graceful and becoming design for a basque for a spring suit is the "Lavinia." It possesses all the newest and best features, and is particularly desirable for costumes in solid colors in wool, with trimming of satin, or *satin merveilleux*. It may also be made in figured or embroidered materials in combination with plain—also in check with plain—although it is not now so usual to use check, plaid or stripe for the basque as for the skirt, the solid color being reserved for the body portion of the dress. The plaited vest, the side paniers, the plaited lapel back, are all points which distinguish the design and class it with the best and latest models. The cord finish across the front is also good.

The "Margarita" blouse waist is intended for lighter and thinner stuffs and materials, for foulards, for linen lawn, batiste, cambric, gingham, and the like. It is very useful for morning wear over a silk skirt, or a skirt of which the waist has become worn. It may also be made to complete a muslin or percale dress, the skirts requiring only the finish of a plaited edge to match the waist.

Overskirts are less in vogue than formerly, but some young ladies like them, and do not feel that they can make a summer dress without either polonaise or over-skirt. The "Ottoline" shows one of the simple summer styles. The two sides are not alike, one being draped high, the other extended and having a ruffle for finish. The "Hermia" jacket gives one of the new designs in the pretty and almond tinted cloths edged with old gold satin. The fit is close and perfect, the seam across the front forming the "coat cut" which takes away every crease and wrinkle. The collar is square at the back, but extends to points in front, giving a small vest effect.



**Margarita Blouse.**—This simple and practical design is a perfectly loose sacque, confined at the waist by a belt. The blouse is cut quite short all round and lengthened to the required depth by the addition of a side-plaiting placed on the lower edge. The elbow sleeves are trimmed with similar plaiting, which also forms the collar. This design is appropriate for any class of dress goods, especially washable materials, light summer fabrics, and the lighter qualities of silk or woolen goods. Lace ruffles arranged in a *jabot*, as illustrated, are a dressy finish, but may be omitted, the plaitings furnishing all the trimming absolutely required. This model is shown elsewhere in combination with the "Ottoline" overskirt. Price of patterns, twenty cents each size.



Description of Cut Paper Pattern.

HERMIA JACKET.

BUST MEASURE, 38 INCHES.

**T**HIS stylish and elegant model—a pattern for which is given in this number—is tight-fitting, with a single dart in each side of the front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back which is left open below the waist. The front and side gores are cut quite short, and a separate basque skirt is added to give the required length. Large pockets and cuffs, and a square collar and *revers* complete the design, which is adapted to any class of goods suitable for out-door garments. It may be trimmed, as illustrated, with bindings of silk braid, or finished with several rows of machine stitching near the edges.

Half of the pattern is given, consisting of eleven pieces—front, side gore, side form, back, basque skirt, pocket, two collars, cuff, and two sides of the sleeve.

Join the parts according to the notches. Baste the darts in the front and fit them to the figure before they are cut off. The holes in the pocket correspond with those in the skirt piece. These can either serve as real pockets, or they can be sewed in with the seam at the upper edge of the skirt and the pockets inserted underneath. The upper edge of the skirt is to be joined to the lower edge of the front and side gore, according to the notches. The back edge of the skirt is to be lapped over the front of the side form, so that the holes in each will match. The extensions on the back edge of the side form and front edge of the back are to be joined in a seam, according to the notches, and laid in a plait turned toward the front on the inside. The seam down the middle of the back is to be left open below the lower notch. The small collar is to be sewed to the neck, according to the notches, and left standing all around. The large collar is to be sewed to the back of the neck, according to the notches, and brought down the front in a line with the row of holes. The cuff is to be sewed to the bottom of the sleeve, according to the notches, and the pointed end lapped over on the outside so that the holes in the cuff will match. The notch in the top of the sleeve is to be placed at the shoulder seam.

Cut the fronts lengthwise of the goods on their front edges, and curve them in a little at the waist line in fitting, if necessary. Cut the side gores, side forms and back pieces with the grain of the goods in an exact line with the waist line; the basque skirt with the front edges lengthwise; the large collar lengthwise and without a seam down the middle of the back; the small collar either bias or straight; the

cuffs and pockets straight, and the sleeves so that the parts above the elbows shall be the straight way of the goods.

For this size five yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, or two yards and a half of forty-eight inches wide, will be required.

Patterns in a smaller, and two larger sizes. Price, twenty-five cents each.



Hermia Jacket.

**T**HIS stylish figure illustrates a back view of the "Hermia" jacket, made up in light tan-colored cloth, with silk bindings. Large fancy buttons ornament the seams and pockets. The jacket is fitted with a single dart in front, and has wide *revers* set on. Brown straw hat, trimmed with a scarf of Manila-tinted satin reps and *écru ficelle* lace, and two brown ostrich feathers curled over the right side. The jacket is also illustrated among the separate fashions. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

FASHION ranges itself on the side of small bonnets, and very large picturesque looking hats, but the poke holds its own.

## Stylish Hats.

No. 1.—Fancy Manilla straw hat, with broad, flaring brim, turned up in front. The trimming is composed of a scarf of Sicily red satin and an ostrich plume of the same color, curling toward the front. A gilt dagger is placed in the folds of the scarf at the back.

No. 2.—This lovely hat is a youthful shape in *écru*-tinted Tuscan braid, with high square crown and brim reversed in coronet style in front. It is trimmed with a scarf of lichen green satin and a large cluster of *roses du roi* at the left side. The brim is faced with dark green *satin merveilleux* to match the scarf.

No. 3.—An original and striking shape in fine black French chip. The brim is reversed squarely all around, shading the face, and is trimmed with garniture of jet beads in *appliqué*. A folded scarf of black *faillotine* is placed around

the crown, and a cluster of fine black ostrich tips is placed at the right side.

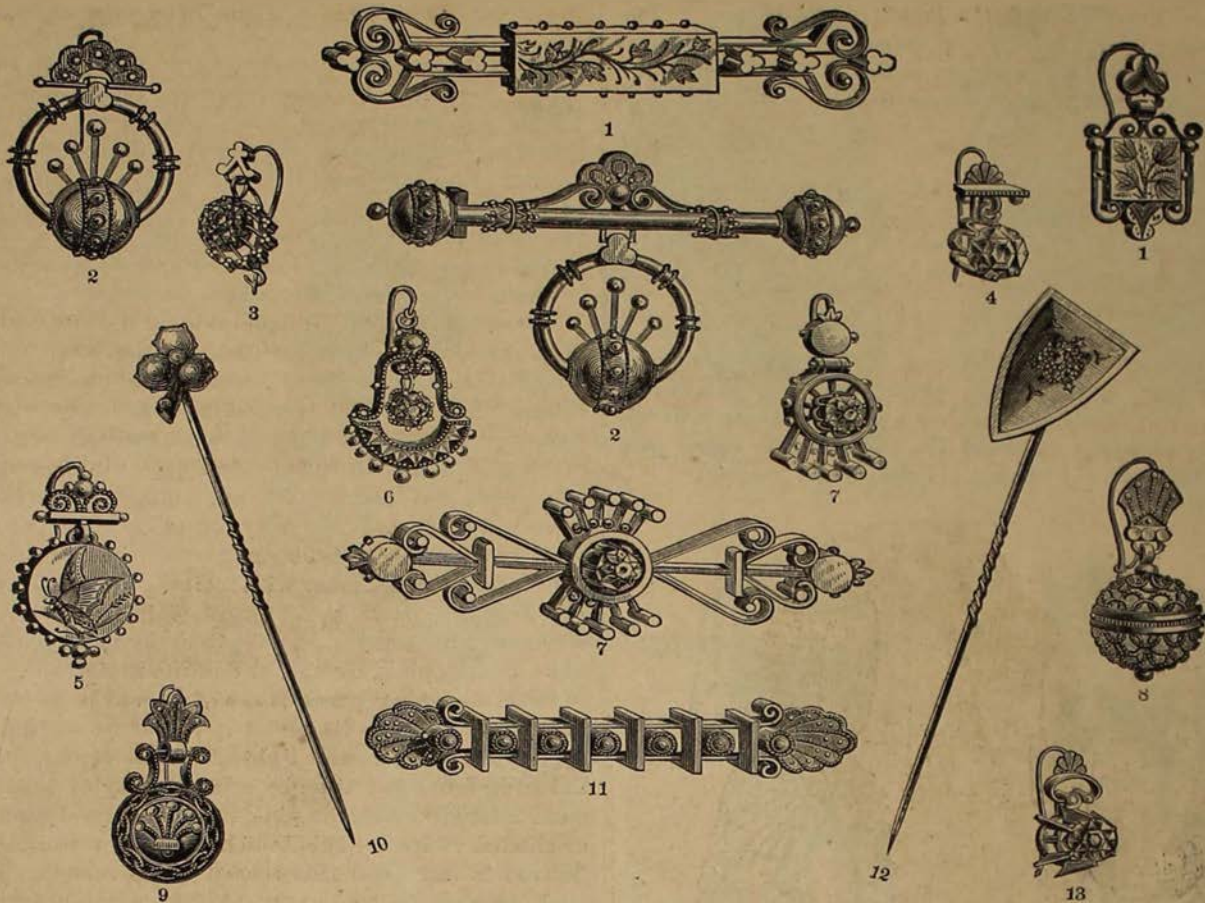
No. 4.—A pretty hat of *écru*-tinted satin straw, lined with eglantine pink satin Surah under the brim. A long willow-green ostrich plume droops across the front, falling on the right side, and the end is concealed by a large bow of tawny gold-tinted watered silk ribbon at the back. Two large rosebuds, a pink tinted tea-rose and a *Maréchal Niel*, are placed at the back on the right side just beyond where the plume terminates.

No. 5.—This charmingly youthful hat for a young miss, is a large shade hat of coarse Manilla straw, with broad *retroussé* brim. A cluster of scarlet poppies, wheat-ears, and field grasses ornaments the right side of the brim in front; and the outside is trimmed with a wreath of loops of scarlet and yellow ribbon with a cluster of similar flowers.

1  
4

STYLISH HATS.

2  
5



Lace Pins and Ear-rings.

No. 1.—“Rolled” gold lace-pin and ear-rings composing a very pretty set of entirely original design. The center of the lace-pin is an oblong flat bar of highly polished gold, engraved with a light running vine; at either end of the pin are scrolls supporting small trefoils of polished gold. The ear-rings match in design and have solid gold wires. All the polished gold that is seen on the outer surfaces is solid. Price, \$6 for the set.

No. 2.—This handsome set of “rolled” gold comprises lace-pin and ear-rings of entirely unique design. The bar of the lace-pin and the trefoil ornament at the top of the pendant hoop are of highly polished gold, but the remainder is in Roman gold with a dull satin-finish. The ear drops match in design, and have gold wires. Price, \$4.75 for the set.

No. 3.—Solid gold ear-drops with solitaires, pure white stones set high in knife-edge diamond setting, a rim of polished gold trefoils surrounding them. The pendant setting swings from a trefoil ornament which composes the top of the ear-ring. The stones are set in patent foil backs which increases their luster so as to render them undistinguishable from genuine diamonds. Price, \$4.50.

No. 4.—Solid gold ear-rings set with pure white stones. The setting is in the latest style of diamond mounting, and the stone has a patent foil back which gives it the brilliancy and beauty of a genuine diamond of the purest water. The upper part of the ear-ring is daintily chased. Price, \$4.25 per pair.

No. 5.—These pretty “rolled” gold ear-rings are of entirely novel design, being composed of *plaques* of highly polished gold, engraved with a butterfly on the surface. The upper part of the ear-ring is a scroll above a bar of highly polished gold. The ear-rings have gold wires, and all the polished gold that is seen on the surface is solid. Price, \$2.25 per pair.

No. 6.—Ear-drops of turquoises and brilliant white stones set in “rolled” gold. An arc set with blue turquoises forms the lower part of each ear-ring. Scrolls of filigree suspend it from the upper part, and in the center swings a pure white stone set in diamond mounting, with patent foil back, which increases the brilliancy of the stone exceedingly, causing it to appear like a genuine diamond. The wires of the ear-rings are solid gold. Price, \$2.50.

No. 7.—A stylish set—composed of lace-pin and ear-rings of “rolled” gold, set with brilliant white stones. The lace-pin is a succession of voluted scrolls with a flat *plaque* of polished gold at either end, and a circular rim of highly polished gold in the center surrounding a high-mounted setting containing a pure white stone set with a patent foil back which greatly increases its brilliancy, and imparts to it all the fire and beauty of a genuine diamond. Small bars terminating in tiny *plaques* of polished gold, radiate from above and below the central setting. The ear-rings match in design, and have gold wires; and all the polished gold that is seen on the outer surfaces is solid. Price, \$5 for the set.

No. 8.—Ball ear-rings of “rolled” gold. The balls are of burnished gold, with filigree linked work and a double rim of highly polished gold around them. They swing from a shell-shaped ornament at the top. Price, \$2.25.

No. 9.—A neat style of ear-rings in “rolled” gold, composed of swinging balls of burnished gold ornamented on the surface in front with filigree. The ball swings from a shell-shaped ornament of filigree which composes the top of the ear-ring. The wires are solid gold. Price, \$2 per pair.

No. 10.—Scarf-pin adapted for the use of either gentleman or ladies. The pin is solid gold, twisted near the center, and the head represents a clover-leaf composed of a ruby, pearl and hematite, with a single small pearl set in the center and in the stem. Price, \$4.25.

No. 11.—Turquoise and “rolled” gold lace pin. The bar is a lattice of knife-edged polished gold, in the interstices of which are set seven turquoises. Each end of the pin is a scallop-shell in filigree and Roman gold. The polished gold rims of the lattice-work are solid gold. Price, \$1.75.

No. 12.—Gentleman's gold scarf-pin, the upper part forming a triangular shield with highly polished gold rim and sunken burnished gold surface, in which is set a white stone sunk in the center. The pin is twisted near the center. Price, \$4.

No. 13.—A beautiful ear-ring of solid gold in knife-edge work, supporting on a high setting, with a light black enamel on the lower part, a pure white stone as brilliant and showy as a real diamond. It has a patent foil back which materially adds to the luster of the stone. The upper part of the ear-ring is finely chased. Price, \$4.50 per pair.



**Emerenz Polonaise.**—Very simple and practical in design, although extremely graceful and stylish, this polonaise is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, a deep dart taken out under each arm, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The apron front is draped in shirrings, and the side forms are cut with extensions, which are shirred and draped over the *bouffante* back drapery. A rolling collar and cuffs to match complete the design, which is especially adapted to summer fabrics and goods that may be laundered, as the *shirring* should be run on drawing strings which can be let out when the garment is to be washed, and drawn up again when afterwards. It may be trimmed with ruffles or embroidery, as illustrated, or in any other style, according to the material selected, any class of dress goods being appropriate for the design. The front view of this polonaise is shown *en costume* on the cut illustrating “Cotton Dresses.” Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

GLOVES are very long and draw upon the arms in what is known as the “Bernhardt” style, without buttons, or with (strictly) three at the wrist. Shades of buff and tan are the favorites, and they are more fashionable undressed than smoothly finished.

## The New Parasols.

THE largest manufacturers of parasols in this country have taken a new departure in the details of their construction and finish, and offer a variety of more effective designs than were ever before presented to the public. The colors are rich and handsome, and a great deal of taste has been exercised in the disposition of rich and beautiful materials. The large size is not a novelty, and assists in giving an appearance of great distinction.

The novel features, for which ladies are indebted to W. A. Drown & Co., of Philadelphia and New York, consist of a handsome shirred ruffle, to the edge of which is attached a wide ruffle of Spanish or embroidered “Barcelona” lace; a lined bow, with ends edged with lace, and some very novel sticks of cork with twisted root-tops, sticks of English ash with coiled ring tops, or of carved ebony and box-wood, the former with old copper or silver tops, hammered, the latter with ivory or porcelain tips, inlaid, and with Sevres effects. The materials used are satin, moire, and narrow-striped satin with moire. Pongee is used largely for Summer parasols, but not plain; it is employed as alternate ruffles with cream Spanish lace and lined with pale blue, shrimp pink, canary, or delicate heliotrope. The sticks to these charming parasols are of carved bamboo, of Whangee rattan, with coils and twisted hoops at the top, or of cork with root-top, the lightest of all sticks. The dainty finishing touch is put on by a large spray of delicate flowers, such as hedge roses, the pink English May-blossom, daffodils or shaded violets. This bunch, or rather trailing spray, of flowers is universal this season; it is seen in pale yellow with shaded foliage upon cardinal parasols, covered with black lace, in variegated roses upon black and in bright red, and white chrysanthemums upon gray, and narrow clustered stripes of black and white. Some very handsome parasols, of which Mr. Drown has only a few, that cannot be duplicated, are in shades of soft almond and lichen green, with borders specially made in shaded satin, the lower edge embroidered in gold or silver thread. The lace finish, the bow and the flowers, are, of course, not omitted, as these accompany every style. Embroidery is not, however, as a rule, used this season; the color, the shirred ruffle, the lace, the flowers and the elegant scarf bow being all sufficient for ornamentation. This house has returned to the old method of placing the lining over the inside frame, the linings of the past two years having exposed it. This may or may not be considered an improvement.

The most sober and permanently useful parasol is of rich black moire, lined with old gold or Venetian red, and bordered with a handsome shirred ruffle edged with wide Spanish point or embroidered Spanish lace. The stick may be of carved ebony with hammered silver top, or of palm with carved ivory top. The bow and flowers are matters of taste, but the bow will usually be liked. Some handsome black parasols are composed of alternate ruffles of black satin or satin de Lyon and black Spanish lace, with deeper ruffle shirred and edged with deeper lace for border. The bow is sometimes omitted from these and a finer spray of flowers added, some rich hanging tulips or lovely crushed roses.

“Coaching” sun-umbrellas are very handsome. They are of double-faced silk, brown, dark green and the like, with gold or garnet on the side. They have crooked root or Malacca handles, with double-faced ribbon tied in a graceful bow at the top. The plain sun-umbrellas are in fine twilled silks and dark shades of color; the only novelty about them consists of some very pretty carved Japanese handles. The demand for handsome high-priced parasols is greater than ever before.



**Clemence Morning Dress.**—Although simple and practical in design, this model is very graceful and stylish. It is a tight-fitting princess dress, with the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. Fullness is imparted to the skirt by means of extensions cut on the side forms and back pieces and laid in side-plaits underneath a short distance below the waist line, giving a “Marguerite” effect to the back. The front of the waist is trimmed with a shirred drapery, the sleeves are shirred full about the wrists, and shirred pockets ornament the sides. A large sash-bow below the waist at the back, and a half-belt of narrow ribbon tied in a long looped bow in front are added, and the skirt is trimmed with narrow plaited ruffles of the material. This design is suitable for any class of dress goods, especially materials that may be laundered, and may be trimmed as illustrated or in any other manner appropriate to the design and material selected. The front view of this dress is shown on the cut illustrating “Morning Dresses.” Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

**Ottoline Overskirt.**—A remarkably graceful overskirt, composed of a draped apron drawn up very high at the right side, and a narrow back drapery gathered to form a ruffle on the left side and draped to give the effect of a deep *burnous* plait at the right. This design is very suitable to any class of dress goods, especially fabrics that may be laundered, as it is easily arranged. It may be trimmed simply or elaborately, according to taste and the material employed, bands of a contrasting material, as illustrated, having a very good effect. This overskirt is illustrated elsewhere in combination with the “Margarita” blouse. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

Our “What to Wear” for the Spring and Summer of 1882.

THE enormous circulation that this publication has attained shows that ladies generally recognize it for what it is—a *multum in parvo* of information and direction in regard to dress and its belongings—taken from the most useful and practical side. In a handy form for reference are found all sorts of useful facts in regard to costumes, fabrics, out-door garments, hats and bonnets, children’s clothing, hosiery, and all the details of the toilet, illustrated, and embodying many new and exclusive styles. “WHAT TO WEAR” for the SPRING AND SUMMER of 1882 is now ready. The price is only fifteen cents, postage paid. Address, MME. DEMOREST, 17 East 14th Street, New York, or any of Mme. Demorest’s Agencies.



**Lavinia Basque.**—An especially graceful and novel style of basque, open in front over a plaited vest and draped at the sides in paniers, with a postilion at the back. The basque is tight-fitting, with a single dart in each side in front, a deep dart taken out under each arm, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The demi-long sleeves are finished with deep “Mousquetaire” cuffs, and the front is laced over the vest with a cord. This design is appropriate for almost any class of dress goods, and is particularly well adapted to a combination of materials, as illustrated. The front view of this basque is illustrated elsewhere. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

VERY COOL, and pretty summer skirts are made of a thin French lawn, with flounces to the waist at the back, and a pointed yoke in front at the waist. The lower part of the skirt is drawn in at the back.



## COTTON DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—This charming summer costume is composed of cream-tinted satine, figured with a floral pattern in *jardin-ière* colorings. The design illustrates the “Emerenz” polonaise, which has an apron front draped in the middle with shirrings, and extensions on the side forms which are shirred and draped over the *bouffant* back drapery. The polonaise is trimmed with a ruffle of open-work embroidery, and arranged over a short gored skirt, trimmed with alternate ruffles of satine and embroidery. The rolling collar and cuffs to match, are of white linen, embroidered. The polonaise is also illustrated among the separate fashions. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size. Skirt pattern, thirty cents.

FIG. 2.—Morning costume of dark blue percale, spotted with white polka-dots. The design is a combination of the

“Margarita” blouse and the “Ottoline” overskirt arranged over a short walking skirt, trimmed with deep kilt-plaited flounces. The blouse is composed of percale with small white dots, while the plaiting, collar and sleeve-plaitings are figured with a much larger polka-dot. The overskirt is made in like manner, with the flat band garniture of the larger dotted material, and the overskirt itself of the smaller figured. The plaitings on the underskirt are of the small polka-dotted percale, faced up with deep bands of the large dots. The belt and bows at the neck and on the sleeves are of crimson satin reps ribbon, and a *jabot* of white “fan” lace finishes the front of the blouse. The overskirt and blouse are illustrated separately among the double illustrations elsewhere. Price of blouse patterns, twenty cents each size. Overskirt pattern, thirty cents.



## The Dressmaker's Lament.

BY HELEN M. TODD.

'Tis cut and baste, and trim and stitch,  
From early morn till late at night,  
With aching back and cramping hand,  
With dizzy brain and blurring sight.

'Tis shir in front, and drape at back,  
Revers at left, and fold on fold  
Across the right is laid, then piped  
With satin, or with silk, old gold.

All forms a head could e'er conceive,  
And all a busy brain invent  
Of circles, rhombs, squares, angles, cones,  
Conglomeration's full extent.

This suit is plaited, box and knife,  
The latter headed with a ruff;  
'Tis gathered, tasseled, panelled, piped,  
And over all a narrow puff.

'Tis slashed up here, and slashed off there.  
'Tis turned and corded, then it's faced,  
In front a vest is buttoned close,  
Beneath with strings 'tis tightly laced.

'Tis fringed and netted, braided, gimped,  
With scores of buttons loosely sewed,  
And ends, and loops, and knots and twist,  
And *last* 'tis bowed and bowed and bowed.

Oh, weep not for the galley slave,  
His bond binds only hands and feet;  
But she who makes your dress is bound  
By bonds, not partial, but complete.

His lungs are free from trimming dust,  
His ears acute, his vision clear;  
Her plaintive moan is ever this—  
"This suit will not be done, I fear."

"Oh, for the wings of doves," I cried,  
"To bear me to some distant isle,  
Where fashion plates were never seen,  
Nor heard these words—"the latest style."

Vain wish, tired soul, work on, toil on,  
And should your wheat prove only tares,  
Be strong and brave. stand at your post,  
And if you fall—why, then—who cares?

Thus did I murmur o'er my lot:  
My eyes accustomed were to keep  
Long vigils, when sweet Morpheus came  
And rocked me till I fell asleep.

I dreamed that through my shoulders flashed  
A sense akin to tiny stings,  
And looking round at them I saw,  
Oh, joy! a pair of monstrous wings.

Yes, wings, no shams, real feathered wings,  
Wings like the wings of any bird—  
(Have ever eyes such wings beheld,  
Or of them have ears ever heard?)

Adieu, adieu, ye plaits and puffs,  
I said, and gave a sudden spring,  
And, as I floated upward, cried,  
"Good-bye, my friends, I'm on the wing."

"Divide my wealth just as you please,—  
Since I may never here be seen,—  
My thimble, cutting-board, and shears,  
My scissors, tape, and dear machine.

"I seek a land of peace and joy,  
A home with plenty ever blest,  
Where aching limbs at last feel ease,  
And weary brains find perfect rest."



Lavinia Basque.

**A**N essentially graceful basque which completes a costume made of the new wool grenadine, in a Spanish lace design, combined with *Surah*. The costume is of the same color throughout, dark myrtle green, the body of the basque, the alternate flounces on the front of the skirt and the drapery at the back made of the grenadine, and the plaited *plastron* on the basque, and remaining flounces on the skirt of the *Surah*. The front of the basque is laced with gilt cord over small gilt buttons, and deep cuffs on the sleeves and a full *ruche* at the neck of flat Valenciennes lace, *écru* in tint, complete the design. The effect is heightened by the addition of a cluster of Jacqueminot roses on the left side near the shoulder. The double illustration of this basque is given among the separate fashions. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

CHALLY, plain and printed, in lovely, delicate colors, is an artistic revival of a favorite old fabric; and, we are glad to see, one of the successes of the season

## The History of a Walking-Jacket.

**T**HE fire was blazing brightly within while the day was growing colder without, and as I sat there in my bright little chamber, with a brand new dress lying across the bed and a cloak that had been worn into the third winter, lying over my lap, I became more and more convinced that the two would never do to go out together. And from that I fell to thinking how I was going to make fifteen dollars, for that was all I had, do double duty in the purchase of a new cloak; for I did not want one that would cost less than thirty dollars. How often we of modest means are thus perplexed by questions hard to solve!

After giving the subject a degree of consideration that was worthy a better one, I reached a decision; and that was, to be contented with an English walking-jacket. I thought that while it made no pretensions to elegance in the way of trimming, yet a handsome material made up plainly at a cost of from twelve to fifteen dollars would be in better taste than a cheap cloak.

The next morning I started out on a visit to the most reliable houses, and after a faithful search of three hours, I was more than disappointed to find that not even a walking-jacket in any desirable style could be had for less than twenty dollars. After another troubled deliberation I decided to resort to the last expedient, that of buying the material and turning cloak-maker myself. I had by this time turned homeward, but I retraced my steps and went—not to a dry-goods store, but to a merchant tailor's—my husband's—and there found just what I wanted: a remnant of one yard and a quarter—double width, heavy, handsome English diagonal cloth of a brownish tan color, and quite as pretty as anything I had seen made up for twenty dollars; it cost five dollars and a quarter. I bought of pure silk velvet of a harmonizing shade and of the quality that is used in men's wear, which is its best recommendation, a half yard cut on the bias, which was ample for collar, pocket-flaps, and ornamental pieces for the sleeves. The other linings consisted of a half yard of farmer satin for facing the front, a half yard of silesia for pockets and for binding the seams; a half yard of buckram, two dozen buttons, and two spools of silk thread. The whole bill including a pattern was eight dollars and seventy cents.

I came home, and if the fate of the nation had depended on the result, I could not have been more in earnest in my undertaking.

And now I am going to give, for the benefit of fair readers who may go and do likewise some time, a graphic description of the making of this walking-jacket.

By way of preface, it should be stated that an amateur cloak-maker should never go to work in a hurry—a professional, who can better afford to, never does.

In the first place, the pattern was laid on the goods entirely before any cutting was done, to be sure that there was enough material, and then carefully secured. There was just enough material and none to spare. After basting up the seams three-eighths of an inch deep, the coat was tried on, and with very little change was pronounced a perfect fit. The fronts were then separated from the back, the pocket slits made and the pockets set in: these were made of silesia, and cut an inch and a half wider than the slit; their upper edges were sewed in a seam with those of the slit, so that the seams would come on the wrong side; an important point right here was *to not* turn the woolen goods over in the seams, as that would have made it bungling, but to let the goods, where the slit was cut and the seams sewed, lie as if there were no seams there; it will be perceived then that the silesia showed itself on the right side; this was all right, and

only needed a row of stitching on the lower edge to fasten it down; these seams, by the way, were made quite narrow.

Now this was all hidden by the pocket-flaps which were cut of velvet and lined with farmer's satin; they were basted and sewed in a seam on the wrong side, except at the top edge where it was laid two inches above the pocket slit and sewed on so as to fall over the latter; the lining was then caught down to the jacket an inch below the point where it was sewed on—thus hiding the raw edge: the jacket was then sewed up with the edges hidden. A simpler style of pocket could be made of the material, trimmed with velvet and stitched right on the outside of the cloak; but the advantage in the pocket adopted is, that it will hold more, and is not so easily entered by light fingers.

Before joining the fronts with the back, there was cut of farmer satin a facing four inches wide, and a buckram interlining, an inch or so narrower for each front; if the buckram be allowed to extend even with the facing and then be turned over and hemmed down with it on the cloak, the effect will be a drawing in the cloth on the right side, even though the stitches do not come through: it is therefore cut narrower and held in place by a row of stitching; the satin is then turned over and hemmed down by hand. The next step was to bind with velvet the lower portion of the back edge of the side forms which extended an inch over the back pieces: this little flap was then laid smoothly down on the backs and stitched close to the velvet, where the stitching was not seen. The back and fronts were then rejoined, and at the same time a bias strip of silesia an inch and a half in width was sewed in with the seam, and the same thing was done in sewing up all seams; they were then laid open and carefully pressed; then the remaining edge of this silesia was hemmed over and entirely hid all the raw edges. This gave the garment that finished appearance that was exceedingly satisfactory.

The bottom was finished by stitching a narrow bias facing of the satin on the edge, then turning over the cloth as if for a hem, about three-fourths of an inch deep, and then hemming the facing down. In all of the foregoing work it was highly important that close basting should be done; indeed, it was absolutely essential to a smooth and workmanlike finish.

The next thing to be done was to cut and make the collar, which was cut two inches larger around the neck than the coat; this was to insure enough to turn in where it ended. The velvet and satin and buckram interlining were sewed in a seam on the wrong side, turned and carefully basted over and over to hold the material all smoothly together; and in doing so, the linings were stretched a little so that when they were hemmed down on to the cloak, they would be a little smaller than the outside, thus preventing the outside lining from showing, and at the same time insuring a better turn-over to the collar. Then came the "tug of war," in commoner words, the setting on of the collar; for I knew that unless it was perfectly done, all the neatness and pains-taking care everywhere visible about the jacket would be lost sight of. I cannot say of this engagement that it was a "short, sharp and fierce struggle," my patience testifying that it was quite the reverse. But the experience, trying as it was while it lasted, was an excellent teacher. The care consisted in not stretching in the least either the collar or the edge of the jacket to which it was joined; and also in allowing no fullness in either; this sounds very simple, but try it, fair reader, and if you succeed you are justified in thinking you were born for greater deeds.

Then came the sleeves; the inside seam was sewed and pressed; they were then finished about the wrist as the bottom of the jacket was; the ornamental pieces, lined as the other

trimmings, were sewed in with the back seams just above the hem and then turned over on the outside of the sleeve and fastened down by two buttons; the seams made by sewing in the sleeves were pressed and covered as the others were; those of the sleeves were tightly hemmed down after pressing. The jacket was now finished, except buttons and button holes. I did not attempt the latter, but sent them down to be done by my good-natured tailor; and they were made in a manner that gave an air to the little jacket of which my inartistic fingers were incapable. After it was all done, my friends guessed that it cost in the neighborhood of twenty dollars. Surely here was a tangible reward of self-denial that was far more gratifying than the possession, under the circumstances, of a thirty dollar cloak.

S. M. C.

### Spring Bonnets and Hats.

THE general features of the spring hats and bonnets are not very different from those of last season, but the details are changed in many ways. Hats are large, bonnets are small, and bonnets set close to the head. The hats have broad brims artistically thrown back from the face or indented. In addition to these very decided styles, there are pokes with high crowns and projecting brims, and large hats to which a bonnet effect is imparted by a Marie Stuart indentation in the brim, which encloses the face demurely upon one side, and sweeps away from it in wide, opera-hat style on the other.

The straws are both dark and light; the pale "putty" tints are very fashionable in a fine glacé braid, which has a smooth and shining effect. These are faced with soft silk or satin, in very pale pink, blue, or lichen green, and trimmed with long, exquisitely soft and shaded plumes, without any ribbon whatever. Feathers are very much more used upon hats than flowers, but flowers still continue to be used upon bonnets, especially small bonnets, although they are often mingled with feathers.

There is not, in fact, much that is summery looking about the bonnets; they look more like those that are worn in the winter for receptions and the theaters; the foundations are overlaid with lace, and are often of crape or silk, while some bonnets have black velvet brims combined with chip crowns, the brims edged with one or more rows of pearl beads, the trimming consisting of large shell of cream Spanish lace and white marabout feather tips, with crushed roses.

"Mahogany" color is in high vogue in crape, and a new lace, which is laid over crape, and there is a more or less successful endeavor to reproduce the art shades, such as Venetian red, terra-cotta, sapphire, the art green, and the like, in all millinery materials. Lace strings have been revived, and are very long; pins are used with artistic heads to fasten lace and pin down garniture here and there, but other than this metal ornaments are not much used, and even pins more often have pearl heads than silver or gold, and are small and dainty, while beads and beaded trimmings have disappeared entirely from bonnets, except as an edge or border, in pearls or colors matching the straw.

The summer hats, the latest received, are larger than those that appeared at first, and for the watering places, for garden hats and the like, the size, it is said, will be enormous. Some of the fancy Tuscans have reappeared in braids and a pretty mixture of the thin crinoline, or "Neapolitan" braid with a Belgian edge, which shows a tint of the lining through the intersecting lines.

RIBBONS are very wide and beautifully embroidered in natural flower and vine patterns.

### Outer Wraps and Garments.

AFTER a decided change in any direction it seems usual to rest for a time on the laurels which have been achieved, before taking a fresh start. This is what has been done with regard to cloaks, wraps, and mantles. The "Mother Hubbard," which did not prove much of a success, the influx of colors into mantles of every description, and the enormous popularity achieved by the small mantelet-visite, the capes, and other small articles, have rather discouraged invention in this line, and made manufacturers glad to make up such stock as they were sure of, than run more risk at present.

This spring the dolman and the jacket are leading styles, neither very long, medium in fact, and made in pretty light cheviot and heather cloths, in cashmere, in satin, and in merveilleux. There are also some lovely summer wraps in heavy Spanish lace, trimmed with ruches and ribbons, or formed partly of satin and partly of lace, but they are all of the same character as those of last year,—small, dainty, tied in front, tied in at the back, underneath, or reaching only to the waist, like capes.

Capes formed of a netted mesh made of chenille, or a floss-like cord, are heavily fringed and very pretty; and there are some lovely small China crape shawls, in black and white, richly embroidered, that furnish suitable summer church wraps for elderly ladies. They suggest also a possibility of utilizing crape shawls of a larger size, by draping them high upon the shoulders, shirring the double corner, which should be left to fall over the basque at the back, confining it with a belt which is fastened underneath, and brought to the front where it should be clasped over or under the knotted ends, whichever is preferred.

If the crape shawl is too large for this purpose, sacrifice the fringe, or use it for art decoration, and make up the body part into a polonaise, which trim with Spanish lace and loops of satin ribbon; it will be found delightful over a satin skirt; with these a small netted chenille cape may be worn for a street finish. Crape, being difficult to keep in place, should be draped rather high and the folds held underneath by a stay of some braid.

A combination of moiré is often used with cloth, for jackets, the silk being let in as pleated gores, or put on as collar and cuffs; the collar must of course match strictly.

### Portfolio of Fashions.

LADIES who use paper patterns know how difficult it was at one time to form any correct idea of the way a design would appear when made up; and many a nice piece of silk or woolen goods has been minced, by being cut after a pattern which was found unsuited to its purpose, or the taste of the wearer.

This danger exists no longer; not only are paper patterns furnished with illustrations which reproduce them in facsimile, but our "Portfolio" enables every lady to choose for herself, from clear, enlarged figures, just the model which will be likely to suit her style, height, figure, etc. It is a boon indeed which no lady who uses patterns should be without. Sent on receipt of fifteen cents in stamps. Address Mme. Demorest, 17 East 14th Street, New York, or any of Mme. Demorest's agencies.

THE LARGE RED STRAW HATS are fashionable and very becoming for little girls of from eight to ten years.

NETTED CAPES in black and tinted white, made of chenille or soft silk cord, and heavily fringed, are in high vogue.



MORNING DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—Morning dress of white linen lawn figured with blue sprigs. The model illustrated is the “Clemence” morning dress, which is cut in princess style and trimmed with plaitings of plain blue lawn and ruffles of white Newport lace. The sleeves are shirred around the wrists, and a shirred drapery on the front of the waist, and a pocket finished to match, ornament the dress. An “Anne of Austria” belt of blue satin ribbon is tied in front. Morning cap of white mull muslin, trimmed with Newport lace and blue ribbon. The double illustration of the “Clemence” morning dress will be found among the separate fashions. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

FIG. 2.—A convenient and graceful model for an apron to be worn as a complete protection to the home dress. Our illustration shows the “Millicent” apron, made of *écru* tinted linen, trimmed with a wide band of hand embroidery in crewels, upon either side of which are plain bands of red linen stitched down flat. The large pocket is trimmed in the same way. The double illustration of this useful apron is given among the separate fashions. Pattern a medium size for ladies. Price, twenty-five cents.

### Spring Mourning.

WHILE mourning has in some respects become more rigid of late years, in others it has taken on a great deal of latitude. Since “black” has become a sort of uniform for women, it is necessary to make mourning conform rigidly to certain rules, or it is useless to attempt mourning at all, and many content themselves with wearing their black dresses, and omitting the little accessories of flowers, and ribbons, and jewelry, which usually serve to brighten these toilets.

But there is a small, and somewhat exclusive class who, as before remarked, adhere more strictly than ever before to what custom, rather than fashion lays down as the ceremonial, or etiquette of mourning attire, and this etiquette derives many of its features from individuals, whose good taste has become an authority that is binding upon those who come within its influence.

One of these canons is the absence of whatever is bright, glossy, strikingly ornamental and showy from mourning attire. It discards jet, the use of satin, of lace (until the

second year), of ribbons, and artificial flowers. It demands soft, thick, dull silks, such as armure, softly draping all wool fabrics such as black vigogne, or Henrietta cloth, and uses crape in masses, rather than in narrow lines of trimming. For example—above knife-pleated flounces of silk or wool, heavy English crape will form an apron laid in folds, and be used also for a coachman's cape, or small mantelet, lined with black foulard. The bonnet will be entirely of crape, trimmed with folds, and a bow of crape only, and the parasol of dull heavy silk will have a deep shirred ruffle of crape lined with silk, and edged with a crimped fringe, which is made of narrow tape, and has no gloss or sparkle. Instead of the cape, a small mantelet may be made with a shirred center of crape, a lining of foulard, and a soft, thick fringed edge to match the parasol.

Vigogne is a lighter and softer material than Henrietta cloth, and particularly desirable for house-dresses, which are made in the princess style, without drapery or overskirts, and with only a fine knife pleating, headed by a fold of the vigogne round the bottom. The sleeves are slightly full at the top, and padded so as to set up from the shoulder. In winter the padding may be of wool batting, in summer a stiff lining is cooler. If mourning has reached a stage where it can be lightened a little, the "Ethelreda" princess dress will be found a charming design for silk or wool, the square *guimpe* at the neck being formed of gathered or pleated mull, with a soft *ruche* at the neck, or a fine triple pleating. We repeat the words fine and soft, because they should never be lost sight of in the making of elegant mourning, these qualities being needed to neutralize the absence of color and ornament.

The first relief experienced in mourning is the getting rid of heavy crape, which, in warm weather especially, is almost intolerable wear. This is not required after the first six months—when it has usually become shabby—although widows often refuse to lighten it for a year. It may be removed, however, with perfect propriety, but the trimming of the dress must be restricted to knife pleatings, and folds of the material, and the black finish at the throat and wrists changed only to closely laid pleating, or crimped ruffles of lisse or muslin. Street suits made for this period are best composed of vigogne, and for young, or young married ladies may have a trimmed skirt edged with knife pleatings, and a handsome coat basque, the lapels and collar lined with twilled foulard silk. A small mantelet or visite, with crimped fringe trimming, or a border of closely-laid knife pleating would usefully and neatly finish it. The hat or bonnet should be fine, dull black chip, lined and trimmed with soft silk and feathers.

Tamise is a good summer material made over silk and trimmed with itself, and white lawn may be worn the second summer of mourning with black ribbons, or a black hat and black trimmings. White and black undressed kid gloves may be worn, but not colors, and a bunch of violets may be indulged in at the waist, hand, or the throat. The dull, gutta-percha jewelry, unmounted, is much more elegant than "jet" in mourning, the latter having become so very common; but jewelry of any kind should be used very sparingly and is little needed, for in deep mourning no woman would think of going into the gay world. Black onyx may be worn by those who possess it, and some designs are very simple and good, while it has more "character" than either jet or gutta-percha. Simple pearls may be worn when the mourning has been lightened enough to permit of evening dress. Veils are matters of taste, but deep mourning considers them indispensable, though it has, to a great extent, gotten rid of the disfiguring widow's cap.



**Millicent Apron.**—This is a practical model, admirably adapted to the requirements of artists, students, and ladies engaged in active household duties, for which a complete protection to the dress is needed. It is fitted to the figure with a single dart in each side of the front and side seams, and the skirt in the back is shirred and sewed to the bottom of a plain waist. The full sleeves are gathered at the wrists, and a large pocket is placed on the right side. White, buff or brown linen, cross-barred muslin, or any other material generally selected for this purpose may be employed in reproducing this model, which can also be utilized as a tennis apron if desired. It may be trimmed as illustrated, with bias bands of a contrasting color and embroidery, or in any other style in accordance with the material, or to suit the taste. The back view of this design is shown on the cut illustrating "Morning Dresses." Pattern in a medium size for ladies. Price, twenty-five cents.

### Children's Fashions.

OF NOVELTY there is little to speak of in the fashions, as they make their appearance, either in the shops or on the thoroughfares, at least in the dress of children. It seems to have fortunately reached a condition so near perfection that to change it in essentials would be to mar it, and indeed, it is difficult to tell how it could be improved. Doubtless, some costumes worn by boys and girls are more fanciful and more costly than is necessary; but the foundation idea has been perfectly simple for several years past, and it remains so. It is for girls, a whole dress, into which pleating may be inserted to give fullness to the skirt, or upon which ruffles, pleated or gathered, may be put as flounces. There is no compression about the waist, only a complete and closely outlined design which can be adapted to every figure. This is the main feature of nine-tenths of the girls' dresses and garments of to-day, up to the age of fifteen, and it is so good that it gives a certain style and refinement to even the commonest materials.

When one compares these designs, so convenient and useful, with the dresses in which little girls were compelled to exist twenty years ago, we may well be congratulated on having made some progress. Their bare little legs, summer and winter, were exposed to the knee by very short, widely

distended skirts, in which they could neither sit, walk, stand or lie down, excepting as little puppets or embryo ballet dancers. Yes, we have made great progress since then, and in nothing that has proved more useful and beneficial to health than in the dress of our children, particularly our little girls.

The variations upon it are in material, color, and trimming; pleated plastrons are inserted, which extend entirely down the front or down the back; sashes or folds head the flounces, producing a "Jersey" effect, and trimmings are put on outlining jacket bodices, Breton waists, and other pretty designs, which are simulated, without in the least impairing the ease and comfort of the dress. If anything was needed to enhance these effects, the colors and combinations supply it, which have of late years done so much to heighten and refine the attractiveness of clothing. The beauty of the new dark olives, wine reds, garnets, mastics, and old gold shades, seems greater by contrast with the golden hair and fair tints of childhood.

Among our illustrated designs will be found some very pretty suggestions for the costumes of girls, which may be suitably made in any of the finer summer materials. The "Mistia," for example, for nuns' veiling or any thin silk or wool tissue, with striped goods or silk Surah, in the same or contrasting color for the panier sash. The "Greenaway" apron is usually made in some pretty red, old blue or olive material, trimmed with flat embroidery upon the yoke; but it is a simple and convenient pattern for gingham, holland, or any other preferred washing material, and accompanied by a little high neck waist, as illustrated, of muslin, is as pretty a dress as need be desired. The "Leah" dress is another of the "Princesse" designs, and consists simply of a well cut Gabrielle, trimmed with two flounces, and a sash which forms a rounded apron in front; round shirred collar of the embroidery.

There is no change in the hats for children. They are large, the straws glacé as last year, at least a large proportion of them, and the deep wine reds, the dark olives, the browns, and the navy blues are worn with the lightest and even with white dresses. Mastic suits alone are usually accompanied by mastic hats or bonnets, trimmed with mastic ribbons

THIN CRÉPE is revived as one of the most fashionable materials in summer millinery.

POLKA-DOTTED NECKERCHIEFS are a rage. The square is of mull, in some pale blue, pink, cream, or yellow tint, and the "dots" are as large as a twenty-five cent piece.



MISSES' DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—A graceful costume of polka-dotted *foulard* for a miss of from twelve to sixteen years of age. The groundwork of the *foulard* is cream-white and the dots blue; and the model illustrated is the "Mistia" costume, with the gored skirt trimmed all the way up with alternated gathered ruffles of the *foulard* and cream-tinted Oriental lace. The shirred panier is finished at the back with a large bow of blue ribbon. Collar of mull, trimmed with Oriental lace and fastened with a spray of geranium flowers. Slipper ties of black French kid, tied with blue ribbon. The double illustration of the "Mistia" costume will be found among the separate fashions. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 2.—This pretty little dress of white French nainsook is trimmed with embroidery set plainly on the edges of the two shirred flounces that trim the skirt, the draped apron and the sash ends. The design illustrates the "Leah" dress, which is tight-fitting, in princess style. A shirred collar and cuffs complete the model. The double illustration of this dress will be found among the separate fashions. Patterns in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



“Greenaway” Dress.

**T**HIS dainty little dress is of China blue, tinted mull muslin, gathered to a square band which forms the yoke, and is cut low over a *guimpe* of white India shirred at the neck in “Mother Hubbard” style; and long, full sleeves shirred at the wrist. The stockings are blue lisle thread with ribbed stripes, and the shoes are French kid, cut low, with blue satin bows. The model illustrated is the “Greenaway” apron or dress, being equally appropriate for either purpose. The double illustration will be found among the separate fashions. Patterns in sizes for from four to ten years. Price, fifteen cents each.

“Greenaway” Apron or Dress.—A quaint and pretty design, appropriate either for a dress or apron. It is a perfectly loose blouse mounted full upon a square yoke which is only a band disclosing a full, shirred *guimpe* drawn up around the neck. It is a very suitable model for any of the materials that are usually selected for children's dresses, especially for washable goods; and may be trimmed according to the material employed; a combination of materials, as illustrated, being very effective. Patterns in sizes for from four to ten years. Price, fifteen cents each.



children's dresses, especially for washable goods; and may be trimmed according to the material employed; a combination of materials, as illustrated, being very effective. Patterns in sizes for from four to ten years. Price, fifteen cents each.



**Mistia Costume.**—This simple and pretty costume is arranged with a short, gored skirt, covered with gathered ruffles, and a *basque* to the lower part of which is added side paniers shirred in front and terminating under a very large bow at the back. The tight sleeves are finished with shirred cuffs, and a deep round collar completes the *basque*, which is tight-fitting, with a single dart in each side of the front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the arm-holes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The design is suitable for any class of dress goods, especially those which may be laundered; as any other trimming may be substituted for the gathered ruffles on the skirt, and the paniers can be easily removed and rearranged. The front view of this costume is shown on the plate of “Misses' Costumes.” Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

**Leah Dress.**—A graceful and simple style of dress for a young girl. It is in princess style, nearly tight-fitting, with a single dart in each side in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the arm-holes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The skirt is trimmed with two shirred flounces, and an apron is draped across the front with a large bow of the material, ribbon or silk, concealing the joining at the back. A shirred collar and cuffs complete the design, which, although suitable for any variety of dress goods, is especially appropriate for washable materials. It may be trimmed, as illustrated, with embroidery, or in any other style to suit the material selected. This design is shown on the cut illustrating “Misses' Costumes.” Patterns in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



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LONG STOCKING mitts, in delicate shades, with a fine pattern in open work, are much used with light costumes.

BLACK CHIP bonnets are very pretty, faced with shrimp pink, and with a plume of three large ostrich tips at the side, shaded in the shrimp tints.

SASHES are draped over the hips, instead of tied around the waist; only "baby" bodices are confined at the waist, and these by broad belts, not by sashes.

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WHAT TO WEAR, AND HOW TO MAKE IT, is a large octavo, of 128 pages, mailed free on receipt of fifteen cents in stamps. Address MME. DEMAREST, 17 East 14th Street, New York, or any of Mme. Demorest's Branches.



"A. M. W."—1st. Detroit is sometimes called the "City of the Straits." *Détroit* is a French word, meaning "strait." The Strait of Messina divides Sicily and the city of Messina from Calabria. It is a very interesting neighborhood, famous in Italian romance, and the spot where the Fata Morgana, that curious illusive spectacle, dates from. 2d. The "Dark Ages" may be reckoned from about the third to the fifteenth century—from the fall of the Roman Empire to the discovery of printing—which was followed by the discovery of America. 3d. "Chivalry" has been defined as the moral and social side of the history of the Middle Ages. The word is from *cheval*, a horse, and means an assemblage of knights famous for deeds of arms and devotion to women. Mills' History of Chivalry is considered very complete, but the subject is interwoven with all history and all romance of the feudal period. 4th. The reign of the house of Lancaster in England was preceded by that of Plantagenet, during which flourished the wars of the roses, represented by York and Lancaster. The first Lancastrian king was the Earl of Richmond, who derived his claim from his mother, and reigned as Henry IV. after the death of King Richard II. in the battle of Bosworth Fields in Leicestershire. The dynasty, which began in 1399, ended in 1461 with the death of Henry VI. The house of Tudor began with Henry VII. and ended with Queen Elizabeth, who was the last of the Tudors, her death occurring in 1603, the beginning of the seventeenth century, the most important in English history, for it witnessed the consolidation of England, Ireland and Scotland into the United Kingdom of Great Britain.

"A. S. B."—We should advise you to make over the checked silk upon a lining for your two girls, combining with blue or cherry color, and using the color for the binding of ruffles and for sash bows. The style of making will have to depend upon the amount of material, but the princess form is best. For yourself we should advise a cool foulard or washing silk to any other fabric. Grenadines are useful to have, if you can afford two nice summer dresses, but they must be of good quality and made over silk foulard or fine French twilled silk, else they are hot, uncomfortable and not at all lady-like looking. "Sewing-silk" grenadine, made over thin black foulard, and trimmed with fine real silk Spanish or black thread lace, or with very fine jet passementerie and lace, makes a beautiful dress, which lasts a long time, but it is expensive and needs to be "saved" by another, else heat and dust destroy its beauty long before it is worn out. The "Arietta" costume is a very pretty model, and you might ruffle the skirt if you preferred this to plaiting. There is a washing silk this season which would suit you; it is in fine corded stripe or check, thick and soft like louisine, and will wear and wash like cotton cloth; it is \$1.50 per yard. Certainly, an ivory white linen or lawn would be very pretty for you; make it with two plaited ruffles upon a walking skirt, a simple overskirt and basque. Your dark blue bunting is all wool and a good shade; remodel, if needed, and wear it; put with it plain silk matching in color if it needs re-trimming. Thanks for your good opinion. You will find on the cover of the MAGAZINE information in regard to club premiums.

"SINCERE FRIEND."—Wear fine white plaitings with your black dresses, and to further lighten them a piece of straight tulle, whole width, brought together at the throat, and the ends carried down the front to the top of the waist. Make your cashmere with a deep kilting, a shirred front and draped back; deep basque after the "Contessa" or "Marquise" pattern. The former could be trimmed with passementerie cord, which would give it a more dressy appearance. Your ideas are very good for your boys' summer suits. We should advise, however, one complete sailor suit of flannel for each, the others, gray linen, short pants and bodies, with dark blue sailor collar and cuffs. The flannel suit is very useful for rides, for cool days, little excursions, and the like. Or, instead of the sailor jacket, you may make blouse aprons of linen, the collars attached to the waists serving for their finish. Oiled floors look very well; they only require to be done over occasionally. Why not cover the center of your oiled floor with a pretty drugget? the cost would not be more than ten dollars. Write the name and date, but omit the text. Nuns' veiling, bunting, or cheese cloth, are the cheapest and prettiest materials for young girls. Make it up after the "Mistia" pattern, or the "Olivia," which is less trouble. The "Queenie" skirt, and "Lilla" basque would make a pretty costume for a girl of that age. Plain white lawn dresses without the velvet collar, and with black ribbons, would be more mourning than with the velvet collar and cuffs, as velvet is not considered mourning at all. Your handwriting indicates natural refinement and cultivated intelligence. Your antecedents must have been good.

"SUSIE."—The "Class-Ring" has never appeared in book form to our knowledge.



"Mrs. L. M. K."—There are no exact, which is what we suppose you mean by "perfect," rules for æsthetic dressing. Æsthetes wear nothing that is starched, or stiff, or artificial, not even flowers. Their materials are fine, soft, pure wools, silks and cottons; their skirts, whether long or short, have but little trimming and preserve the long lines and curves unbroken. They restore the picturesque sleeves and hats, the long sweeping plumes, the girdle, the chatelaine, and the embroidery on the fabric in natural designs and colors. The æsthetic colors in stuffs are cream and ivory white, peacock blues, myrtle greens, terra cotta and Venetian reds, olive and sage greens, dead leaf brown, old gold, sapphire shades and the like. We do not know what you mean by the "Peerless Lily," but we agree with you that your daughter, as described, would be well suited to the æsthetic style of dress. The "Ethelreda" princess dress would perhaps suit her.

"L. B. B."—Debege is the most inexpensive and at the same time most useful material for a traveling dress in the far West you could select. Choose brown, and trim it, if at all, with good plain silk of the shade; satin frays, and is less fashionable for this purpose than silk. Your ulster should be made after the "Scarborough" pattern, of fine cloth or suiting, in all wool, of a dark heather mixture, in an invisible check or stripe, the hood lined with dark satin or silk of the ground shade. Do not make the mistake of buying a poor or mixed material for an ulster, as it so soon looks shabby. Take no more dresses with you than you will need; a black grenadine with full lace or jetted cape would be good for church wear, and a pretty checked gingham or cambric for morning; you know best whether you will be likely to need any lighter dress for excursions, etc., than your traveling dress. The gingham should be made as a walking dress, not a wrapper, as it will be so much more useful. A brown straw bonnet and a white straw bonnet are what you will need, both with brims shading the face. Trim the brown straw with brown satin de Lyon ribbon, and foliage in shades of green and brown. Trim the white straw with heliotrope silk and daisies, or very pale pink and daisies, brim faced with same color.

"Mrs. E. H. H."—It is rather difficult to suggest a material upon which your deep coffee-berry lace would look well, but we have tried it on pongee, laid flat upon the fabric, with very good results. We should advise a house dress of pongee, cut princess style, with a narrow single plaiting round the bottom of the material, and the lace used to outline a deep jacket bodice, and also laid in rows across the front, with folds between it, would be very effective. Make your clothing in single layers, well cut, and your dresses whole, that is, all in one piece, with flat trimmings outlining the design.

"G. C."—Certainly; our Purchasing Bureau will purchase and forward any articles desired. Lace caps are always worn by infants for out-of-doors more or less; this season they are plain, close, old-fashioned, with ruche framing the face; some are lined with thin silk. Good passementerie is a very effective trimming for cashmere; velveteen is too heavy and not suitable for trimming. Do not get a coarsely jetted passementerie, it vulgarizes rather than ornaments.

"Mrs. E. D. Y."—The "Roscoe" suit and the sailor are both good for little boys just putting on trousers. The "Roscoe" is the more manly and suitable for a Sunday suit. For every day there is nothing better than the short trousers buttoned upon a "shirt" waist, with a blouse apron of linen belted over, if anything additional is needed for cleanliness or comfort. The black lace is somewhat rusty; we do not know what you could do with it, for it is not handsome enough for its width, and would look well neither upon black nor white.

"KANSAS."—We furnish infants' patterns both singly and in sets,—skirts are made with bands, two widths of flannel, or cambric, is the proper width for infants' skirts and slips. We greatly prefer fine all-wool flannel to the mixed silk and wool. Mixed fabrics never wash so well as those that are pure. Silk and wool flannel would answer for sacks, not for petticoats. Three-quarters of a yard from the waist down is quite long enough for slips, the fine robes may be a quarter of a yard longer. Skirts to be worn under slips should be two inches shorter than the slip itself.

"VIVIAN."—It would certainly seem as though hospitality demanded that you should not send a visitor and a friend away hungry. "Tea" is such an almost universal Sunday afternoon or evening meal, that its omission occasions a real difficulty in the case you refer to. There are plenty of ways of meeting it, however, and the simplest is a "cup of tea" for those who want it, put on a stand, or small table in a corner of the parlor, with such small accompaniments as thin slices of brown and white bread and butter, and simple cakes. Something rather more substantial might be supplied for the guest, if required. This is much better than setting a family table, and affords an opportunity of using a dainty little service, if you have one. Plates are unnecessary.

"SINGER."—Short straight skirt of black satine, trimmed with two panels of gold satine—the lower one double the width the upper, and spaced between. Low square bodice, trimmed with bands to match, upon which should be lines of embroidery in mixed colors. Long coat sleeves to the wrist of the black satine, with puffs of white muslin, and *guimpe* of white muslin full to the throat. Head-dress—straight piece of

black satin or lace trimmed with border and rows of gold braid. Apron of olive green satine, long and straight, with three rows of the gold-colored embroidery same as used upon the bodice for its decoration. Hose striped black and gold, black kid slippers, strapped over the front. This is more Neapolitan than Spanish, but it is sufficiently Spanish, and very pretty. A necklet of coins should be worn around the throat, and another around the head—bracelets to match.

"ETIQUETTE OF MOURNING."—See mourning article in present number. Also in What to Wear for the Spring and Summer, now ready, price fifteen cents. Fashions do not change in mourning excepting so far as forms and shapes conform to existing modes. The limitations of mourning are such that if a lady follows the letter strictly there is little choice, and if she does not, she might as well not be in mourning at all, for mere "black" is more commonly worn than anything else.

"DILEMMA."—Do not burden yourself with many clothes, or many little things in the way of accessories. A light beige traveling dress, brown in color, should be made with a trimmed skirt, simply, so as not to be burdensome, and a basque, which in very warm weather could be exchanged for a waist of foulard or batiste. The nicest and coolest ulster would be one of dark French twilled silk, olive or bronze, but if that is too expensive, have a "Scarborough" in a fine heather mixture, with a hood lined with silk of the ground shade. A pretty dress of washing silk, or a *chally* for Sundays and dinner wear at hotels will be required, a small fichu of Spanish lace, and a spray of wild roses (artificial) for extra dress. A walking dress simply made of gingham, and a morning dress of cambric. These, with two changes of underwear, an extra straw bonnet, besides a dark one for traveling, and a good gauze veil long enough to pass round the neck and tie, are indispensable. In your satchel always carry, in addition to hair-brush and night-dress, a small whisk broom, a small flask of bay-rum, a vial of glycerine, a small bottle of vaseline jelly, and box of violet powder. These little articles are an immense comfort. Carry also your own soap, white castile, and a couple of wash-cloths—they are never found at any place where you stop—and are indispensable to comfort. Buy your shoes half a size too large and break them in before starting. Arrange everything as compactly as possible, so you will be always ready, so that you will give your husband as little trouble as possible, and be able to take advantage of all your opportunities.

"KNAPPA."—You are evidently a very nice and appreciative little girl for seventeen years, and deserve to be suited with a hat and a wrap. Your idea is not bad of creamy Spanish lace with a cluster of mosey rose-buds, and you can easily arrange a pretty Spanish lace mantle, or fichu knotted in front, and with a cluster of rose-buds to correspond with those in your hat in the folds. In fact, a fichu of this description is the easiest and daintiest solution of your problem. The hat, too, would be very pretty, but too much like a winter evening bonnet, and too old for you; you would look much quainter in a large leghorn tied down with pale pink ribbon, and ornamented with white ostrich tips, or in an English straw faced with blue or pink silk, and garnished with roses. Brown will combine with your gray better than any other color, but if it was made up by itself, and only relieved with another color, wine color might be used with very good effect. Gray is so cold that it needs a warm contrast to give tone and character to it; gray and blue put together freeze each other unless white is used as a medium. You could make pretty lambrequins of Madras muslin over your Swiss curtains; this would give a blending of color and a charming effect, without excluding light. We can send pictures, or anything desired, through our Purchasing Agency. There are lovely Evangelines, Loreleis and St. Ccelias; but we cannot give exact prices. The cost of pictures is arbitrary, and depends so much upon the present demand, or a scarcity.

"Mrs. A. D."—Onyx jewelry is now very little used, but pearls are always in vogue. The difficulty about pearls is that there is nothing to illustrate. The most expensive pearl necklaces consist of a simple straight row, the cost and rarity arising from the size, perfect form and color of the pearls. But pearls have fallen somewhat into disuse from the imitations with which the market is flooded, and from a popular impression that they are ominously sad, reflect no light and bring no joy—that they are "frozen tears."

"SUBSCRIBERS."—A great many people use iridescent bead trimming upon black who consider themselves well up in matters of taste, but we do not think such a combination strictly correct or to be commended. Fine jetted trimming looks best on black; iridescent, such as bronze, ruby and amber, or gold, looks best upon a shade of bronze, dead leaf, or wine color. the predominant bronze, bottle green or wine color in the trimming harmonizing with the color of the dress.

"LADY OF THE LAKE."—The "Augustan" age is that period in the life of a country when it is supposed to have reached its acme of purity and refinement in any department of intellectual activity. The time of Queen Anne is spoken of as the Augustan age in literature in England, that of Louis XIV. that of France, according to Dr. Webster.

"LAURA E. R."—A tailor-made suit of water-proof cloth is the most suitable dress you can wear upon such a trip, and a water-proof ulster over this, with hat to match. Your writing is pretty and precise.

"READER."—"Make all you can, save all you can, give all you can," was said by John Wesley.

"PITTY-PATTY."—

"None but an author knows an author's cares,  
Or Fancy's fondness for the child she bears."

was written by Cowper.

"A YOUNG LADY."—You would have to select a shade of leaf or bronze brown, because your silks would not well take any other; a shade as nearly like the darker one of the two would be good. Make a fine all-wool polonaise in the same color to wear over it, and trim with the silk.

"MRS. J. V. C."—It is usual here to scrape the white paint off such portions of the wood-work as we may wish to have darkened, and then make a base upon which "graining" can be executed. This is the only way that light painted wood can be darkened permanently. Glad you are interested in our "Home Art and Home Comfort" papers. You will find them always valuable and well worth careful attention.

"ZENELLA B."—White shades are not now fashionable. Dark myrtle green, plain or with gold borders, light brown, or almond tints with gold, and even red, are used. We prefer dark myrtle green to any others. Full curtains of embroidered muslin are very pretty for a cottage, and straight lambrequins of chintz or Madras muslin. If the latter is used, the lower half of the windows must be shaded by old-fashioned drawn curtains of Madras muslin to match the lambrequins. Edge cotton lambrequins with a shirred ruffle or ruche. The bride's parents have the first right. Fine knife-plaitings, headed with folds, would be the most suitable trimming for the Henrietta cloth dress, which should be made with trimmed skirt and deep basque, coat-shaped at the back. The skirt may be plaited straight or draped at the back.

"MRS. W. G. P."—Have your green silk dyed—the color is unwearable. It is great folly to keep old silks until they are out of date; better use them up for linings or children. Your black dotted silk you might utilize by making a trimmed walking skirt of it and arranging a black or white woolen polonaise to wear over it; or your velveteen sack, if a good color, would make into a basque for the purpose, alternating it for the summer with a white blouse waist. Shawls are not now fashionable, and lace mantles, etc., are more worn than "points." Use poles instead of cornices for your curtains.

"ESSIE."—Renaissance is derived from two Latin words: *Re*, again, and *Nascor*, to be born; literally it means, to be born again. In modern parlance it means the revival of the work, the beauty, the artistic forms of the middle ages; a renewal of ancient life. Victor Hugo classes the sixteenth century as the era of painters, the seventeenth as that of writers, philosophy as flourishing in the eighteenth, and prophets and apostles in the nineteenth. The truth is, we of the nineteenth century have all the past to draw from, and we ought to combine the great and distinguishing characteristics of those that have preceded us. King of Greece, George I., who succeeded Otho I., who resigned the throne, is the son of the King of Denmark, and brother-in-law of the Prince of Wales and Czar of Russia, one of whom married Alexandra and the other Dagmar, Princesses of Denmark. The members of this family, brought up wisely and well by careful parents, have risen to extraordinary elevation. Lord Beaconsfield died last year.

The *original* Rogers trade-mark refers to forks only: it has no value as a criterion at present. The way to make sure of what you buy is to deal with reputable and long-established firms, who have a reputation to sustain. "Curacoa kid" is a trade-mark for leather manufactured from hides imported from Curacoa; whether it is of greatly superior quality we do not know. Oatmeal canvas is a fashionable canvas for decorative work; it varies in price, but averages fifty and sixty cents per yard. It is quite proper for country people to announce their own hour for retiring when they entertain city guests, and naturally the guests would then retire to their rooms. As it is customary in all well-regulated houses to supply guest-chambers with books, writing materials, and accommodations for making use of these resources for passing away time, visitors are at no loss for amusement or occupation if their hours of retiring should be later than those of their entertainers.

"S. J. W."—Trim the skirt of your wool dress with knife-plaited flounces of the material, folds across the front and draped back. Trim the basque with collar and cuffs of black velvet. We do not know the price of the "Japanese silk" sample; it is out of the market, and has been for a long time.

"CLAIRE I. W."—The velvet would hardly be suitable for summer, would it? It might do for occasions, but you would require something lighter for change. If velvet, choose dark green, with a polonaise of pale tinted wool, and velvet collar and cuffs. Trimming would increase the weight, but you would not like a short skirt without it. A wide brimmed leghorn hat would suit the dress. Ladies wear chatelaine watches of nickel or silver.

"ALPHA."—A great deal of latitude is allowed for informal receptions; you may invite young people you know very slightly, or not at all, by

allowing some ladies you can rely upon, and who do know these persons, to enclose their cards with your own. Certainly, it is very common for ladies to go to afternoon tea without escort, but you should see that they are provided for in going to tea. All that a gentleman need do is to escort them to the place where it is served, and direct the servants to attend to their wants. Could you not send invitations by a servant or special messenger? You will need a gentleman's dressing-room, certainly. Theater parties are conducted in various ways; sometimes the box is purchased and the tickets distributed among the party, which is directed to meet at a given time. At the close of the entertainment the host usually gives a little supper, and the members of the party take their different ways to their homes. Sometimes it is supplementary to a dinner given by the host, who is often a bachelor, and quite often, nowadays, ladies give matinee theater parties, preceded by a little lunch at the house of the hostess, from which point the party proceed to the theater, separating at the close of the performance. Short dresses are always worn; velvet or brocade coats and trimmed satin skirts are very fashionable on these occasions. Carriages are not obligatory, unless the persons invited are unaccustomed to more democratic methods.

"COUNTRY GIRL OF 20."—The "Desiree" costume will give you a good design for your olive green silk, or the "Arietta." The former has three plaited flounces upon the skirt, a pointed apron, tied at the back with a large bow of moire ribbon, and a tight-fitting basque with shirring. The "Arietta" gives a kilted skirt and polonaise, and is really better adapted to woolen or combination materials. A string of genuine pearls would cost a small fortune, anywhere from two hundred and fifty to five thousand dollars. But strings of pearl beads can be bought from fifty cents to five dollars; our Purchasing Bureau can supply either with promptness and entire satisfaction. A large hat, lined with shrimp pink and trimmed with cream Spanish lace and roses.

"MACRAME."—The lace is made by knotting twine according to patterns more or less intricate. Our Purchasing Bureau can supply patterns and materials.

## Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

WHEN the message was flashed over the wires, "Longfellow is dead," every heart replied, "The poet never dies." Kingdoms totter and fall; cities are swept away; palaces crumble into dust; and works of art are demolished; but mind, imperishable mind, survives the wreck of matter and lives forever. The true poet never dies. In the words of Byron, although there is

"Not a stone on their turf, nor a line on their graves,  
They live by the verse that immortally saves."

Standing by the newly-made grave of the King of American Bards, who does not feel that he needs no eulogium to keep his memory green? His best eulogium is his own poetry; and its golden links will keep him with us "forever and forever." Pure, deep, and true flowed, like some crystal river, his stream of song. The world around and beyond him recognized his divine right to sing; and the song that arose and mingled its music with the Charles River, floated across the Atlantic, and found a resting-place in English homes and English hearts.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born February 27, 1807, in the city of Portland, Maine. Early distinguished for his intellectual powers, at the age of fourteen he entered Bowdoin College, where he graduated in his eighteenth year. During the period of his college life, some of his most beautiful poems were written and published, such as "Sunrise on the Hills," "An April Day," and "Woods in Winter."

Longfellow, unlike many others, never had to struggle up to success. He ascended the heights by easy steps, his powers gaining ready recognition, so much so, that when but nineteen he was invited to become Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in the college where he graduated. Instead of accepting the call then, he went abroad for three years and carried on the study of the languages, perfecting himself in French, German, Spanish, and Italian.

When twenty-two, with a reputation established for scholarship and poetical genius, Mr. Longfellow entered upon his duties at the college. Here he remained five years, and then accepted a professorship at Harvard, going abroad first for a year. It was during this visit that a cruel blow fell upon his heart; his young wife died at Rotterdam, and the world so bright to the poet's heart, suddenly became shaded. He came back, sad and subdued, and entered upon his work at Harvard, and for seventeen years he there retained his professorship.

"Sorrow shows us truths," says the poet, "even as the night brings out the stars." Then it was that Longfellow gave to the world some of his most pathetic and touching poems. What he

"Had learned in suffering, he taught in song,"

but his song was ever that of the Christian, holding up the lights of im-