



NO. CXCVIII.

JULY, 1881.

VOL. XVII. NO. 7.

THE NEXT GENERATION.

By the Author of the "CLASS RING," etc.

DO you know Max Weatherby? Very possibly you do not, for so many bright lights have flamed up and sunk in this republic within the last twenty years. Besides, advance has been very rapid in most things, and most of all in his department. At present, many a young man executes each week a blackboard picture of such elaborate design and artistic finish as Max never attempted (and never approved), and yet remains unknown, and, worse still, unpaid. But Max, though forgotten, was a genius, and these are not. There are not five men among them who can complete a view of the Jordan Valley in two minutes, or picture a Bedouin encampment in ten strokes. The old story of Rubens, with his laughing boy and crying boy, looks contemptible to those who have watched the inimitable sweep of this artist's wonderful bits of chalk.

That was his department, "Sunday school blackboard illustration." Nobody knows whence he came, nor when, nor how he began lecturing. I believe he came into it gradually, starting with amateur teaching and talking in his own town, from a single desire to facilitate religious instruction, and was led on from this to a larger field. When I first heard of him he was lecturing in Chicago, to large and enthusiastic audiences. He was then a young man, with a wife as light-hearted and fond of adventure as himself, and on leaving Chicago he made a tour of the West with great success. After this he came to the Eastern coast, and "made a good thing of it," men said, in all the great cities, although he always spoke with more pleasure of his reception in small towns where people were most delighted with the novelty and graceful charm of his entertainment.

It was at his second course of lectures in New York that I first heard him. I never shall forget the fascination of the speaker's easy

grace of motion, and of careless attitude, the elegant figure, the alert face, the clear, joyous voice, the rapid, unaffected speech; nor the eagerness with which we watched those strange visions start out of the darkness of the blackboard, and the rapturous "A-a-ah! ah!" which each apparition evoked, before the storm of applause which always seemed to amuse this wonderful man.

"Now," he would say, "you shall see Sam Patch leap over the Genesee Falls." Then he turned and dashed off a number of confused curves and angles in a heedless way, and, laying the broad flat side of a squared bar of chalk against the board, drew it heavily downward; when, lo! the queer dashes were rocks, and over them poured a wild flood of white water; and in another instant something flying out into mid-air, it was a man! it was Sam himself! and before the mad thunders had subsided, with one sweep of an arm the inexorable Max had blotted out this "baseless fabric of a vision." Then, just as we had reasoned ourselves into the belief that our own imaginations were doing more than half the work—that we recognized objects because we knew what they were going to be—the artist stepped forward and spoke our thought aloud, proposing as a test, to give us several nameless sketches. The first of these grew rapidly; a head, a hat, a pair of shoulders, finally a face, and we beheld the "silent man," the most popular hero in the country at that time, and greeted him with vociferous cheers.

I fear, however, that, viewed as practical teaching, the lectures were wide of the mark. More than one superintendent who went home firm in the conviction that when the Sunday of the "Flood lesson" came round, his teachers would be surprised and delighted by a beautiful dove bearing an olive branch (which Max had executed in three strokes of

the chalk), cooled down on finding that the nearest he could come to it was a lively representation of a sparrow eloping with a measuring worm.

But before his victim had discovered the hollow mockery, Weatherby was half way across the ocean, and we did not see him again for several years. His financial success might have warranted so long a vacation, but in fact he had always an eye to work as well as play. He was decidedly a novelty in Great Britain, and it is said that his record in Paris was as brilliant as in any American city. These Parisian lectures, I regret to say, were strictly secular. He had arranged a course of the caricaturing order, based principally on facial indications of temperament, and borrowing force from public events which he knew well to turn to his advantage. The lecture on "Noses" was the favorite. "Here is your stingy man," he would say; "and here is your saucy coquette; very different you see from the scheming flirt." For this "saucy coquette" he drew four or five dissimilar faces, with noses of the same type. "What a humbug you are, aren't you, Max?" a friend once said to him; "you know no more about noses than I do—own up, now." "Oh! not so bad as that," was the answer. "I've taken notes on the subject, and I know what is said by great character painters. I can say, 'you remember that Dickens, or Victor Hugo, in describing so-and-so, represents him thus:' Oh! I know something of the subject. Come! can you tell me what kind of a nose Frederick the Great had? You don't know—there!"

I believe Bacon neglected to say that travel maketh an entertaining man. I never met another whose conversation was as charming as Max Weatherby's. His wife, too, was a bright, well-informed little woman with a youthful air, who preferred living in trunks to housekeeping. But the risk in this roving,

homeless life is chiefly for the next generation.

The Weatherby contribution to the next generation numbered five. Effie, the oldest, combined her father's handsome exterior and versatile cleverness with a grace and charm of her own. She had the small compact figure of complete health, a clear, pale complexion, adorned by a few golden freckles (for how can one think of one's complexion while traveling?), light brown wavy hair, almond-shaped eyes, not languid as such usually are, but quick, bright, and laughing; a delicate straight nose, and perfect teeth. The center of every company in which she appeared, she talked softly and rapidly, turning from one auditor to another, mingling French and English idioms, helping out her meaning by unintentional foreign phrases, and by little Frenchy gestures and shrugs. She had the good sense to refuse several foreign offers, and married at twenty, a young American artist, Fred Loomis. They lived in Florence, for economy's sake, and spent unconsciously nearly as much as would have sufficed a thrifty little housekeeper in a large city at home, for Effie was no manager. She used to annoy her husband by suggestions concerning his pictures, drawn from her knowledge of her father's kindred art, until he was relieved by her increasing domestic cares. "They will be happy and shiftless all their lives, I suppose. Fortunate children!"

Oscar, the next, was a bright, handsome boy, but indolent and without a special gift for anything. He did many things well, but nothing long. He could draw as his father did, but was devoid of invention, and of the perseverance which might enable him to learn the details his father could well afford to slight. He spoke fluently French, German, and Italian, not of the best; also Irish, a Swiss patois, and the Yankee dialect, the latter of a modern and heterogeneous sort. He stood low in his studies, and high in his athletic sports, and rebelled because he and his brothers were left at Lausanne while the others traveled.

The third was Olive. She was a quiet, brown little girl, not pretty, although some day she might be more than pretty; with delicate features, and great, wistful dark eyes with long black lashes. She looked timid, yet was not shy with strangers, for she had always been accustomed to them. She seemed ever looking for something she had missed; it was the home she had never known.

Spencer and Waldo were just boys, and will be till my story ends. They were fonder of fun than of books, and had developed into nothing particular.

The year after Effie's marriage was spent in Great Britain; then Oscar was taken from Eton, and the other boys recalled from Lausanne, and the family set sail for Boston. A few months of study prepared Oscar for the sophomore year in college, the boys went to school, and Olive, at her own request, was sent for three years to a boarding-school out of town. She felt keenly the wants in her desultory education; a boarding-school was at least a place where one could stay, or be left, and she hoped to profit greatly by the steady

work of three years. She began to repent as time passed, and her parents were still boarding in Boston. However, she had become attached to her schoolmates, the teachers were kind to her, and the place began to seem homelike. A new anxiety now possessed her. Oscar was tired of continued study, and she feared he would not finish his course. As he would come of age early in his senior year, his mother would think him old enough to judge for himself. As for his father, any important action of one of his children gave him a pleasant shock of surprise. He was very kind to them, entertained them splendidly, treated them with the polite attention he paid to every one, but felt no responsibility regarding their character or discipline.

In the middle of his last year, the boy was fired with sudden ambition, and declared that if "Sis" would come on to commencement, he would "yank the bun;" if not, he didn't care. The poor girl was in a sad dilemma. She had worked so well that, contrary to her first expectation, she would be able to graduate at the close of the year, and possibly with honors. The principal found her crying over the letter, and inquired the cause. She was quite prepared to sacrifice her own prospects. "I am only a girl," she said; "we must make something out of him. The lady was filled with indignation and sympathy, instantly turned over all her plans, arranged to have the commencement a week earlier—the day before the college celebration, and told Olive to write home, promising to be present. Two weeks before the important day, she herself wrote to Mr. and Mrs. Weatherby, informing them that their daughter would be third or fourth in her class, and requesting them to come, if possible, as it would be a great gratification to herself and to her young charge.

Max accordingly "ran on," and made a brilliant speech to the graduates, which appeared in the morning papers. He was pleased to see his little girl looking pretty and modest in the handsomest dress in the room, which her mother had sent for the occasion, and which was much too like a bridal costume. If it had been Effie, he would have expected her to be valedictorian; but he expected little of Olive, although, oddly enough, she was his favorite child. He "ran into town" with her that evening, and the entire family attended the other commencement next day. Oscar's class standing was low, but he took three prizes,—one in French, one in German, the third in Physics. This over, the Weatherbys left Boston, covered with glory, and after a summer tour in Maine, repaired to New York, and took a furnished house, with the intention of remaining for several years. Max was to lecture, Oscar to decide on a career, and Spencer and Waldo were now, in their turn, ready to enter college.

Olive was nineteen, yet this house, secure only for a short time, was her nearest experience of a home. She did her utmost to make it really a home; for the younger boys, at least, it was not too late, and they seemed to appreciate her efforts. It was little she knew, poor child! but every passing hint was eagerly caught, and the inherited artistic taste was of great value.

Oscar was still deliberating. He and his sister held long discussions, which seemed ever upon the verge of result. He was open to conviction; one course seemed as good as another—and as bad. He was always cool; she was always patient; and so two or three months passed away.

"The ancestral art is played out, you know," he would say. "People will go to hear Max Weatherby, but they know it all before. Besides, if I can draw, I can't talk; and that, added to the everlasting studying, and the bones, throws out all the professions. A mercantile life, now, that is what would suit me."

But he did not deny that he had no head for business, and failed to make his own accounts balance. He fancied the life of a commercial traveler, but had the sense to see that the interests of his firm would suffer inevitably. In fact, he was too honest to recommend himself to any one, in any capacity. Finally, he accepted a good position in a dry-goods house, procured by his father's influence. Olive was doubtful, yet glad to have him settled. But in a few weeks he had discovered that it was altogether the wrong thing. When she received this unexpected intelligence, the girl sat silent for awhile, gazing into the fire, stifling her renewed disappointment and foreboding. Then she asked, suddenly,

"How would you like engraving? illustrating books, and all that?"

"First rate!" he answered, brightening at a new idea.

"Then stay where you are for the present, and we will take lessons in engraving, you and I, and see how it works. I do believe we have hit the right thing, now!"

So the lessons began, and it soon transpired that her work was prettier, as well as more correct and thorough, than his. But her interest infected him, and all went well, until one evening he came home and announced that he had thrown up his position.

"What's the use?" said he to his sister. "As long as I'm going to leave anyhow, I may as well put all my forces into the next thing."

Ah! it was always the next thing! She had her little private cry over it, and came down-stairs again. Her father was just then coming out of the reception room, with another gentleman. He glanced upward as he heard her.

"Bring me some tablets, will you, daughter?" said he, in his customary tone of formal courtesy. As she returned with the tablets, and the pencil for which he would certainly have asked her to go back, she gained a good view of the stranger. He was not more than twenty-three or four, and was what girls call nice-looking; but the thing most noticeable in him was the expression of earnestness and self-reliant manliness visible in every feature and motion. There was a manly gentleness, too, in the quick courteous movement he made, supposing she wished to pass.

"A little more light, dear," said her father in his former manner.

The young man's eyes met hers suddenly. There was in them a gleam of mingled feeling which answered strangely to her own. She was hurt, grieved, slighted, as much as disappointed, this evening. The world was too hard for her, and nobody cared. His look seemed to tell her that his treatment of women was something quite different from that which she had known. He had a mother, perhaps sisters; he would never ask them to wait on him, and he would always be considerate and affectionate. He made a slight motion, as if to perform for her the little service requested by her father, but turned away instantly, as if understanding that perhaps his interference would be unwelcome. Mr. Weatherby made his explanations rapidly, with brisk touches of the pencil.

"There! I believe that is all that will be necessary," he ended, tearing off the leaves and presenting them with a bow.

"I am greatly indebted to you, sir," returned the other; "there seemed to be a gap somewhere between the lecture and the board, but this now makes all clear. You are very kind."

"Not at all, not the least! What a fine bright evening!" and he followed his caller out into the darkness. Olive stood looking after them.

"Who was that?" she asked her father as he closed the door.

"A young man who didn't comprehend my last lecture," replied he with an amused smile. "One of Wilkins' book-keepers, I believe. Smart fellow." She passed into the room, and found a card on the table—"Wm. L. St. John."

She had met plenty of young men, most of them being of the roving and inconsequent order; many of them were liberally educated, and refined by travel and artistic culture; they were usually either handsome or clever; they appeared well in society, and possessed those qualities and accomplishments which fascinate young girls; yet now for the first time was she strongly impressed. This young man was what she wished her brothers to be—steady, industrious, home-loving. His face was easily read, and Olive's were practiced eyes. She had his biography already, he had always lived at home, he had studied diligently while study was the business of life for him, then he had set about earning his living with a will; he was probably a church-member, "in good and regular standing," and it was evident that he was working for some Sunday-school. He was strong and true; his mother's heart would never need to ache for him.

She sighed faintly, and dropped the card.

The Weatherbys had acquired the travelers' habit of attending church but once each Sunday, giving the evening to sacred music at home. True to the old saying, the children of the "Sunday-school man" had seldom entered Sunday-school. A week or two after this incident, Olive resolved upon reform, and thus it chanced that the scholars of a certain downtown school stared curiously one afternoon at a quiet young lady in a stylish costume, who

waited near the door for some one to welcome her. A gentleman who was dodging about behind a great blackboard caught sight of her also, and hastened toward her.

"Miss Weatherby, I believe. Will you be so charitable as to help me?"

She raised her astonished eyes, and knew Mr. St. John's bright, earnest face. "If you would have the kindness to look at the board."

"I know so little about it," she answered, but followed him.

"Oh! but it is large!" she exclaimed, when they stood before the drawing, which was still unfinished, and turned away from the children.

"Too large?" questioned her companion, who failed to recognize the foreign idiom which still cropped out occasionally.

"Oh, no! but in our travels my father has been obliged to be content with whatever presented itself, that is, was presented—I mean whatever he could find. But this is beautiful."

"Won't you please criticise?"

"That index—is it not the left hand?"

"So it is! Well I suppose that is against rules, but it seems to look just as well. It must be because I am an ambidexter, if you know what that is."

"And the left hand serves you quite as well."

"Yes, one is as handy as the other."

A merry side glance from the dark eyes apprised him that he had perpetrated a pun. It occurred to her to say something about his *dexterity* in drawing, but she wisely refrained, and the young man went in search of the superintendent, who hailed her joyfully as a new teacher. She insisted, very properly, that her true place was that of a learner, and was accordingly taken to the Bible class.

St. John walked home with her. His home lay in the same direction, and if he went a trifle out of his road, she did not discover the fact for many weeks. To him, she was only Max Weatherby's daughter, and he was an enthusiast in search of information. Thereafter Spencer and Waldo always accompanied her, and St. John easily fell into the habit of joining them on the homeward walk. Each of these two young people was a novelty to the other. She was Max Weatherby's daughter, and had visited a hundred cities. He was a book-keeper, and the son of a book-keeper, a New Yorker in birth and ancestry. He was curious about customs and modes of living in different countries, and particularly in different parts of America; while she amused him by her naïve interest in common things. She was like Chesme, and the other goblins who talked with Johnnykin, who loved to hear about an actual boy, who washed in perceptible water, and ate a trustworthy breakfast.

Several weeks later he received from Max the invitation to call, which he had hoped in vain from his daughter, accepted it, and became a frequent visitor. But calling at the Weatherbys was not calling on Miss Olive. On three evenings in the week she and Oscar

took their lessons in wood engraving; at other times she assisted the boys in their studies, or brought her work to the parlor, and sat silent while her parents entertained. The acquaintance under such conditions seemed to make slow progress. Notwithstanding, he watched her, and she listened to him, and so, half unconsciously, the friendship grew, or rather who can truly tell how such friendships do grow?

One evening in April, St. John was ushered into the reception room, and seeing the parlor door open, walked quietly through. He was startled to find Olive alone in a great easy chair, her head resting on the wide arm cushion, her arms entwined about it, while her frame shook with noiseless sobs. He was about to retreat, when she raised her head quickly and saw him.

"I beg your pardon," said he, advancing, "I should not have taken the liberty—"

"Don't mention it," interrupted the girl, "you should feel entirely at home here now. Papa is speaking somewhere to-night, and mamma is with him."

"I am sorry that I—" he began again, but again she stopped him.

"No, no! I am lonely, and I am glad you came."

"Is not this the evening for your lesson in engraving?" asked St. John, to lead out of the embarrassment. She turned away her head, and answered constrainedly.

"Oh! Oscar has stopped the lessons; he has just found something he likes better." Then suddenly she gave way, and hid her face in her hands.

St. John was about to speak, but bit his lips and caught his breath quickly. He stood leaning on the mantelpiece, looking down at her compassionately. Some inward power was exhorting him, with what seemed almost an audible voice: "Keep still, you fool! don't you know you have only six hundred dollars a year?" "What in nature has that to do with the case?" he retorted angrily; but he clenched his hands, recovered his self-control, and waited.

Presently she looked up, and said, with a little hysterical laugh:

"There, never mind me; it's over now."

"Perhaps he has found the right thing now," said he.

"Oh! it is always something else," she replied, and then they tried to talk of other things.

St. John went home a sadder and a wiser man, as he must be who has gained a knowledge of his own heart. His case looked hopeless enough, but he believed in the future, as a young man will. Two years ago he had five dollars a week; what might not happen in another two years. As for any other obstacle,—why should he think of any other?

Not long after, he and Olive walked home from Sunday-school together. The boys were not with them. St. John was in fine spirits. His salary had been raised, and was not two dollars a week a hundred a year? His laugh was gayer, his wit more sparkling than usual.

Olive, on her part, was quieter, yet more friendly. When they reached her door, she raised her dark eyes, which were a little wistful, and said brightly :

"I am afraid this is our last walk, Mr. St. John; we are going away."

"Going away!" he repeated, the light and gladness all gone.

"Yes. The boys will remain, and Oscar has his own plans now; but papa and mamma and I are going to California, and round there. We shall be back next year. I hope; certainly, the year after." She spoke as another girl might have spoken of a trip up the river.

"You are surely coming back?" said he, recovering with an effort.

"Oh, yes! I think that is pretty sure; although papa's movements are always doubtful," and a shade came over her bright face. "But it is borne in upon me that we shall meet again in time, Mr. St. John," she added gayly.

"I hope there will be a home for you some day, Miss Olive."

"Oh yes! I hope so. Papa will be too old for this kind of thing by and by, and the boys will settle somewhere. I wanted to stay here with them, but mamma would not hear of it, and of course I suppose it wouldn't be proper. We have made a very pleasant arrangement for them, and I hope we shall be with them again next year."

"I should like to see the boys occasionally," said the poor fellow, bravely.

"Oh! thank you, I wish you would! I like to think that they have friends near them. I shall see that you have their address." She had drawn off her glove, and now she laid her warm soft hand in his, looking up with a grateful smile.

"Shall I not see you again before you go?"

"I am afraid that is impossible, as we are going to-morrow; so we will say good-bye now, for a year or two."

"You won't forget me, Miss Olive?" That last foolish question we all ask.

"No, indeed! I have not so many friends that I can afford to forget so kind a one." The frank trustful eyes met his unshrinkingly.

"And you will let me know when you come to the city again?"

"Oh yes! you will know. The boys will tell you all about us. Good-bye!"

Her face was so sweet and unconscious, her speech so free and friendly, that he would not make the parting harder for her by a single word. So he merely said, "Good-bye," raised his hat, and walked away.

He looked back once, and saw her small figure and bright face as she stood on the steps, gazing after him, and lifted his hat again in reply to her salute. Then he passed on into the months of absence, with the lover's "Auf Wiedersehn" in his heart, not altogether sad.



Angelica Kauffmann.

EVERY traveller who makes his way into Italy over the far-famed Splügen Pass, goes through the town of Chur, an ancient Rhaetian village, shut in on all sides by mighty mountains, from whose rugged defiles dashes the silvery Plessess, to pour its foaming waters into the black torrent of the Hinter Rhine. More than a century and a half ago, a girl was born in one of the old houses which overhang the rushing Alpine stream,—the only child of a German artist and his Swiss wife.

Johann Joseph Kauffmann was a native of Schwarzenberg, and had been invited to Chur by the Bishop of the diocese to restore some valuable paintings in the venerable cathedral. While there he married Kleopha Lusk, a native of the town; and, in 1741, the daughter was born whose fame should be spread over the whole world, and cause the artist father only to be remembered as the teacher and guardian of this gifted child.

Angelica very early showed a love for art; and the proud father gave her every aid and encouragement in his power. How different were her youthful experiences from those of her friend Raphael Mengs, whose early artistic inclinations were thwarted, repressed and hampered in every possible way.

When nine years old Angelica's efforts at portrait painting in pastel created universal surprise, and excited great hopes of future excellence in her parents' minds. In 1752, Kauffmann removed to Como, that lovely town on the loveliest of all lovely lakes, where Angelica's

opportunities for study were greatly increased.

So marked also at this time was her musical talent, and so extraordinary the compass and timbre of her voice, that many of her friends were urgent that she should dedicate herself solely to a musical career. And it appears that there was for some time a serious struggle in her own mind as to which branch of art should have the preference.

In her eleventh year, Angelica painted a portrait of the Bishop of Como, which, being exhibited, created boundless enthusiasm regarding the young artist in the minds of the impressionable Italians. Numerous orders came pouring in, and this probably decided the question as to the future profession of the young maid.

The years spent in Como were very happy ones; and Angelica refers to them in old age as the happiest of her life. In a letter written not long before her death she says: "You ask, my friend, why Como is ever in my thoughts? It was there I began in my girlhood to know the delights of life. Como was to me a paradise. The sunny shore, the transparent lake, the shady parks, the stately palaces,

the picturesque country seats, the graceful pleasure boats,—were all parts of one continuous and vivid picture, which entranced my fancy, and made my hours and days sweet at the time, and doubly "sweet in remembrance."

In 1754, a change of residence was made to Milan; and though it was bitter pain for poor Angelica to tear herself away from her beloved Como, yet it proved a fortunate change. Indeed Angelica's youth was a succession of changes, all of which led to her rapid advancement and development.

In Milan a whole treasury of art was opened before her. She had, it is true, studied from antique casts and ancient engravings under her father's direction; but now, for the first, she saw paintings of rare beauty and artistic excellence. Leonardo da Vinci had established in Milan a school whose characteristics were quiet simplicity, fine moral tone and harmony of expression, combined with minute finish.

The study of such pictures had no doubt a decided influence upon the young aspirant's taste and work; and the society in which she was brought in Milan, while still so young, helped to give her that modest ease and grace of demeanor which distinguished her in after life, and enabled her to move in the highest society without awkwardness or *gaucherie*.

She formed the acquaintance of the Duke of Modena, then governor of Milan, while copying pictures in his collection, and was introduced by him to the Duchess of Carossa. Her successful portrait of this princess, gave rise to many other commissions from the grantees of Milan; and it was not only advantageous to the young artist in a money point of view, but also

in affording her occasions for seeing and studying human nature and the ways of the world.

When Angelica was sixteen her mother died; and her father, unsettled by this great grief, retired to Schwarzenberg, where he and Angelica together undertook the decoration of the church in fresco. The pictures of the twelve apostles in the Piazzetta are Angelica's work, copied from copper-plate engravings. After the completion of this undertaking, father and daughter went to Florence, where Angelica devoted herself to the study of those masterpieces for which the galleries of that city are so famous.

But Florence could not satisfy her longings. Rome, the city to which every Christian and every student's heart turns, as the needle to the pole, was reached in 1763, when Winkelmann stood at the zenith of his fame. A close friendship sprang up between the young, blooming woman of twenty-two, and the man who had already done the work of a life-time. A portrait of Winkelmann which Angelica drew and etched herself, proves from its expression and characteristic pose how thoroughly she understood her subject. And Winkelmann boasted not without some satisfaction and certain pride that his portrait had been etched by a "schönen Frauenzimmer."

Soon after this she received a commission to copy some of the portraits in the Royal Gallery in Naples, and in that "Beloved Land of the lapis-lazuli sky,—the ultra-marine sea, the tawny shore,—the dazzling white cottages with the roofs of dusky tiles, the trellised vines, the festooned olives, the gardens bursting forth with oranges, figs and lemons," she spent months filled with happy work and ceaseless pleasure.

In 1764, she was again in Rome, where she passed a year studying architecture and perspective under Winkelmann; after which she went to Bologna to complete her acquaintance with Italian art, by studying Caracci, and to Venice to study Titian, Tintorello, and Paolo Veronese.

In Venice she made the acquaintance of an English lady of rank, who induced her to accompany her to England. This part of Angelica's romantic history is very charmingly told in Miss Thackeray's, "Story of Miss Angel." Angelica had previously formed the acquaintance in Naples of several English families of high position, who had assured her of an increase of fame and fortune should she venture to visit the British Isles. And the prediction proved true; for no sooner had Angelica reached London than all doors were opened to her. She was invited to court to paint the portraits of the royal family, the greatest artists and littérateurs of England flocked about her. She was elected a member of the newly formed Academy of Fine Arts, an unheard-of honor in those days for a woman; and Sir Joshua Reynolds made her a tender of his name and fame.

But thorns lurked among the gay and perfumed roses of her London life. An adventurer, assuming the name and title of his former master, Count Von Horn, after enacting for some time the part of the admiring friend, finally declared his love, and urged her to save

him from some dreadful and undeserved calamity, by marrying him in haste and in secret. Blinded and confused by the haste and mystery, and her lover's importunities, Angelica consented, and the marriage ceremony was performed, without legal formalities or witnesses, in a retired Roman Catholic chapel in the neighborhood of Golden Square, Regent Street, where Angelica was then living, and which Dickens has since immortalized in *Nicholas Nickelby*.

But the deception lasted only a brief time—her father's rage, when the secret was disclosed to him, hastening the end. Notwithstanding the proof which was brought to Angelica of the man's character, his undoubted desire to wed her that he might avail himself of the results of her toil, so strong was her feeling of duty, that she declared her intention to abide by the step she had taken until it was known that he had another wife then living in London. The marriage was then declared void by the courts, and she was again free.

After this unfortunate occurrence, she lived in the strictest retirement; but even so, she received many brilliant offers of marriage. In 1781, she accepted the hand of Antonio Zucchi, a Venetian historical painter, who had won considerable reputation for himself in England, and who had long loved her without hope. Shortly after her marriage, her father's health, which had been much tried by the fogs and mist of England, failed, so as to require an immediate change to a more friendly climate.

They all then returned to Italy, where Kauffmann, died the following year. To soften their sorrow, Zucchi and his wife took up their permanent residence in Rome, where their house became the rallying point for the artistic and scientific circle in that city. Notwithstanding the demands of society and her new relations in life, as well as her weakened state of health, her passion for art and interest in her work continued as unabated as in the freshness of her youth.

Goethe, in his essay upon Winkelmann and his century, says of Angelica's pictures, "Serenity, grace, pleasing forms and colors are their characteristics; no living painter can surpass her in charm of delineation or in tasteful expression." Yet he complains in one of his letters of the sameness of her productions and the weakness of design and defective drawing, which occasionally marred her otherwise charming compositions. This he attributed to the fact of their being only the "graceful childlike play of fertile fancy," instead of the result of long, serious study of the human heart, slowly and laboriously developed, forgetting how rare are such creations.

Among her works are many character pictures, such as *Allegro* and *Penseroso*; poetical portraits, such as *Sappho* and *Sophonisba*; pictures from home and family life, and simple allegorical sketches. And though many of them might be to-day styled "sentimental," yet we must continually bear in mind that it was essentially the "romantic" age in which she lived, an age which could delight in the

"Sorrrows of Werther," a book which even Germans who adore the name of Goethe cannot now read without a feeling somewhat akin to sea-sickness.

The older our artist grew, the more was her art the very breath of life to her, and work her greatest joy and consolation, even though wearing upon her brow the laurel wreath of fame as no other of her sisters had yet done, and though courted and fêted by all the eternal city, held of best and wisest.

Her happiness was first broken in upon by the death of her husband in 1795, and then by those great political events which shook the world and threatened to reduce her to poverty. A serious illness followed these troubles, from which she recovered by slow degrees sufficiently to revisit Florence, Milan, her beloved home, and Venice.

The following five years were passed in work amid many anxieties induced by the political state of the continent, and the loss of the most valuable of her rich collection of art, which had been carried off to Paris during the Napoleonic usurpation.

She died in 1807, sixty-six years old, after having distinctly repeated to friends by her bedside one of Gellert's beautiful hymns. All Rome mourned her loss, and followed her to her long home in the Church of Santa Andrea della Trata. Her bust was placed in the Pantheon, but afterwards removed to the Gallery of Busts of distinguished artists, poets, and philosophers, on the Capitoline Hill, where it stands between her friends and countrymen, Winkelmann and Raphael Mengs.

L. P. L.

A Plate and a Story.

BY AUGUSTA DE BURNA.

DELPHINE had made up her mind. After hearing all the pros. and cons. put before her in various lights, by Aunt Melanthy, concerning the ill-advisability of "marrying in haste," Delphine had weighed the matter, and, looking at the case as one between reason and folly, had finally decided in favor of reason. Not even to herself, however, did Delphine acknowledge that she had for a moment hesitated between her head and her heart. She thought it was merely a change of plans that Aunt Melanthy was proposing, when in her acquiescence to the proposal, it was very nearly a change of character for Delphine. Of course all the foolish fancies and pretty beliefs in which girls of eighteen are prone to indulge, concerning love in a cottage, were thrown to the winds after his wise decision; and so, instead of saying "yes" to the warm importunate pleadings of her lover, Ralph Wragburn, whose earnest desire it was that they should marry at once, upon the meagre income of a young village lawyer, Delphine said "No," very decidedly, and accepted Aunt Melanthy's invitation to go south with her as

companion for the winter. Her wardrobe was quite ready, for, to tell the truth, she had been sewing diligently all through the summer on the pretty things which were to have been part of her *trousseau*; and the tiny stitches in the long white seams were full of vastly different thoughts from those she should now entertain while wearing them upon this journey with her aunt. It was all Aunt Melanthy's doings, this change of plans; but then every one knew Melanthy Miles, as a girl, had been possessed of most excellent judgment; and Melanthy Gray, as a woman, was undoubtedly the same sort of person; and by her brother Daniel's family, at least, her suggestions and advice were always accepted and acted upon. When, in addition to her good moral qualities, it may be understood that Mrs. Gray's principal and income were on as firm a basis as her principles and generous outgoes, it will not be wondered at that her word, in most matters, was received and responded to by her friends generally.

Ever since her brilliant marriage to old Jacob Gray she had lived abroad. Three years of her widowhood had been passed there; and now, upon her return home, after fifteen years' absence, she was making a short visit at the old homestead, just out the little village of Midland, where her brother Daniel with his wife and daughter resided. Fifteen years had made some difference in the appearance of her niece since last she saw her; and she found the child that she had left in short curls and pinafores, a charming young lady in all the regulation appurtenances; the chate-laine braids, crêpe finger puffs, and sweeping trains of the period, and, more than that, possessed of a most beautiful face and figure.

"What would they say of her in Rotten Row, I wonder?" thought Mrs. Gray, as she scanned Delphine from top to toe. "Why Mrs. Langtry isn't half as handsome! What a pity for her to waste her sweetness on this desert air! she ought to be in society." And it was then that Aunt Melanthy made up her mind that it would never do for her beautiful niece to marry the poor and unknown young man to whom she found Delphine was engaged, when, with her beauty as an attraction, a season in society might produce for her a husband of wealth and position.

"Why, Daniel, Delphine is handsome enough to marry anybody; it is too bad to allow her to be thrown away on a nobody!" said Mrs. Gray to her brother, laying her little plans before him, not long after her arrival. "Let this talk of marrying subside for a while. I will take Delphine off with me for the winter, and you see if she won't forget all about this 'love in a cottage' stuff, and be perfectly willing to accept a husband who can set her jewel of a face and figure in a style befitting it."

"But, Melanthy, you don't know our Delphine, when you speak of her in that way. She's as stanch and true, where her heart is touched, as—as—"

Mr. Miles hesitated; he suddenly recollected that his sister Melanthy had in her youth jilted a young lover whom she loved, for an old lover with money; and it didn't appear to

be exactly the thing to compare Delphine's constancy to *hers*.

"But I know *girls*, brother, and I don't believe that your one is different from the world's ninety-nine; she may fret a little at first, to be sure. I know something about that. But diamonds will outshine tears any day, and I speak from experience there also; and when Delphine once mixes with, and sees life and society, she will crave all they demand. Let me manage this affair. You know I have your interest at heart, Daniel; and if Delphine marries to *please* me, all that I have shall be hers some day. I will promise you this much: if I find my scheme fails, I will bring Delphine home to you, and say no more against her marriage to this impecunious young man, who has nothing, so far as I can see, but his moral *worth* with which to provide for a wife and family."

"That is more than some of the men who wear diamonds and hold bank stock have, Melanthy. *Moral worth*—it's good capital to start on."

"But it's much better evenly mixed with wealth and position, Daniel. Of course I shall see that Delphine marries an honorable and upright gentleman, but I want her to have some diamonds and ducats as well."

Not altogether in this vein, however, did Aunt Melanthy approach the innocent victim of her pet scheme. Ah, no! she knew too well the ways of woman's heart to plunge at once into direct opposition to Delphine's dreams of hopes and happiness. She was wary and wise; and very charming indeed were the pictures she painted of life and society abroad.

"And even here, too, my dear," she would add, after gaining Delphine's attention and interest in some brilliant relation, "when one is really of, and in it, American society is delightful; you ought to see something of fashionable life before you marry and settle down into humdrum village life."

"But why, auntie?" Delphine would ask with a smile. "I shall never set sail out on the deep sea after Ralph; and I intend to hug the home shore; our little barque will cruise only in inland ponds and streams, so we don't need to know about the difficult, dangerous channels, or entrancing gulf stream of society's great ocean."

"Of course you will never have a chance after your marriage, my dear; and for that very reason I want you to see something of this beautiful world now. You are young enough to wait a while before settling." And thus, in this mild, persuasive sort of way, Aunt Melanthy had at last talked Delphine into changing her plans, and Ralph Wragburn urged and importuned in vain for Delphine to set an early day for the marriage.

"Don't you see, we *must* humor Aunt Melanthy, Ralph," said Delphine, trying to make her lover as reasonable as she was becoming under the new influence. "She has been very kind to papa in his business troubles, and she promises me a splendid outfit when we do marry; and it will only be six months before I will be home again and—"

"But are you sure you will come back,

Delphine?" interrupted her lover reproachfully.

"Come back? why should I not, pray?" returned Delphine in surprise.

"Because you may go so far from me in that time that the Delphine I know and love, the Delphine who knows and loves me may never return." Delphine's eyes flashed now, and she replied warmly:

"You neither know nor love Delphine Miles, if you believe that of her, Ralph Wragburn! I shall go with Aunt Melanthy now, just to prove to you how unjust your estimate of my character is."

And it was then that Delphine quickly made up her mind; upon which Aunt Melanthy as quickly made her preparations for a speedy departure for the balmy air, orange groves, and fashionable life to be found in one of the Florida winter resorts.

"I thought we'd have a real old-fashioned thanksgiving dinner before you left, Melanthy," said Mr. Miles, shortly before their starting on their journey; "and so I've invited John Denbigh over; he hasn't been here to a thanksgiving for years. It will seem like old times to sit down together again. I remember he used always to be here when you were a young girl. We will just be a nice party of half a dozen, Delphine and Ralph, mother and me, and you and John."

"Me and John," echoed Mrs. Gray, lowly; then louder, "Didn't you ask his wife too, Daniel?"

"Wife? Why John's been a widower these five years. Didn't we write you about it? His wasn't the happiest kind of married life, either—poor John, what such a good fellow as he ever saw in Ray Bird, no one around here ever could tell."

"No; I didn't know. I haven't seen John since the day I was married, fifteen years ago; has he altered much?" asked Mrs. Gray from behind her book.

"Gray as a badger, but straight as a poplar still, and as good as gold, the same kind old John. I wondered you never fancied one another, Melanthy; I remember he used to be here a great deal when I was a little shaver, and somehow I had a notion then that—"

But what the notion was that her brother had entertained when a "little shaver," Melanthy Gray did not stop to hear, as she rose quickly and said Delphine was calling her upstairs.

It was a real, old-fashioned, thanksgiving dinner indeed, to which the party of six sat down a few days later. The time-established turkey, with all the belongings to that autocratic empire, made the air savory, and the old, old, willow pattern blue china on the snowy white cloth, looked exactly as it had looked years ago, when four at least of the company had eaten from the dishes.

"These have about as familiar an air as anything I have seen since my return, Daniel," said Mrs. Gray, taking up one of the blue plates as she spoke; "indeed, they carry me quite back to my childhood."

"Do you recollect the broken pieces like this, that I brought you once for your playhouse out in the woods, Melanthy?" asked John Denbigh, a smile lighting up his usually

sober face at the recollection, and quite forgetting that he had addressed Mrs. Gray by her maiden name.

"Yes, indeed, I do, and the wild strawberries you gathered for me to 'play dinner' with, and the pretty wreath you made for my head, John," replied Mrs. Gray, quite as oblivious of her relapsing into old time familiar appellation.

"And the pic-nic up to the falls, where we both fell, and broke one of the blue pitchers? have you forgotten what you said when we stooped to gather the broken bits, Melanthy?"

"Wasn't it something about broken hearts? I have forgotten—I—"

"Yes, it is true you forgot," interrupted John Denbigh, quickly. "These old plates haven't changed, if we have," he continued, taking up his, as he went on. "See, here is the pagoda on the right, with the marvelously great apple-tree rising above it; yes, thirty-two apples—I've often counted them—and there is the sun-flower bush with its fifteen sun-flowers flourishing, just the same; and the twelve drooping branches of the weeping willow in the foreground, and the bridge and the boat, and the buds, all just the same as they were, fifteen, twenty years ago; ah me!" and John Denbigh laid his plate down and sighed.

Mrs. Gray sighed too, then said, laughingly: "Art is long and time is fleeting; we have both changed, I dare say, since we ate off these old blue dishes together. I feel that I am *passé*, and that is a terrible acknowledgment for a woman to make; but just as we are growing old-fashioned and out of date, this old china is rejuvenated, for it is quite the style again, Daniel. Ah yes, 'art is long!'"

"But *do* you call this art, pray, Aunt Melanthy?" asked Delphine. "Look at the drawing; these horrible figures are supposed to be human beings, aren't they?" and she pointed to the three curious creatures standing on the little bridge in the foreground.

"Oh, yes, they were very human, Delphine;" replied Ralph Wragburn. "They lived, and loved, and suffered, just as we do to-day. There is a real true romance connected with the design on this old blue willow ware; did you ever hear it, Mrs. Gray?" he asked, without glancing at Delphine.

"A romance? Why, no; what is it? Mr. Wragburn, do tell us."

"A romance?" echoed Delphine, "I had not the faintest idea we were dining upon anything so unsubstantial."

"It has tasted very real at any rate," said Mr. Miles, pushing aside his dinner plate to make room for the dessert which was now brought in.

"What is the story, Mr. Wragburn? Old recollections and associations move me to a tender mood to-day, and I think, therefore, I will enjoy a romance," said John Denbigh, with a look directed toward Mrs. Gray.

"It is a pathetic little story, even if only a romance off a blue plate," began Ralph. Then, taking up one of the dishes before him, and, looking steadily down upon it as he continued, he went on, in a slightly dramatic tone:

"The heroine of this romance was a young and lovely maiden, sole daughter of the man-

darin, whose mansion you see upon the right; the father's hopes and ambitions were high for the daughter of his house and heart; and great was his grief and consternation, therefore, when he discovered that the fair girl 'loved, and loved beneath her station.' The youth who had gained her affections was a poor but respectable young fisherman, whose craft you will see plying the waters upon the left. What could a father do but make preparations to separate the fond and foolish lovers? He made his arrangements for such measures; and in league with him there was a noble suitor who hoped to win the fair maid after her abduction from her lover's side. But true love will overcome all obstacles set upon its path. The maiden fled, followed by her angry father and urgent suitor. You will notice them crossing the bridge in pursuit of the damsel; but her lover's bark was in close quarters, and, reaching him, she waved adieu to those ashore, and 'sailed the ocean blue' with the fisherman. But, alas! a storm blew up, the little craft was wrecked, the lovers perished in each other's arms; 'in death they were not divided;' and then two souls, which are to be seen in the pair of doves, just above here, ascended to realms of bliss. Such is the story of true love and constancy." Ralph raised his eyes as he ended his recital, and fixed them upon Delphine.

"And so love and constancy were as true and as strong in those days as in these. It's a pretty story, Ralph; isn't it, mother?" said Mr. Miles, looking over at his wife tenderly; for their own courtship had begun something in the same wise, when they were young.

"I don't think *true* love and constancy ever vary; they are the same in all ages," answered Mrs. Miles, smiling back at her husband.

"I don't know about that, Mrs. Miles," said John Denbigh. "To read the story on the plate, according to my experience, I should say the damsel accepted the rich suitor, sailed for foreign lands in the boat, and left the young lover to curse his fate, marry the first woman who would have him, and doubt that such virtues as true love and constancy ever existed in a woman's heart." There was a ring of bitterness in John Denbigh's voice, and his usually kind eyes had a hard look about them.

"You are all wrong; the story don't read either of those two ways," said Delphine, with flushing cheeks and bright eyes. "The boat only carried the maiden off on a little pleasure trip with—a relative, for a short season; she loved her lover too truly to forget him while she was away, and she returned, and they were married and lived happily forever after." And with a sweeping little gesture, as she ended her translation of the story, Delphine's sleeve caught in one of the plates, which fell to the floor, and was broken into bits.

Ralph and John Denbigh both stooped to gather up the pieces.

"See," said Mrs. Gray, putting together the little pieces John Denbigh had laid on the cloth beside her.

"See, John, I have arranged it so that the damsel has come back from her wanderings, and met the lover of her youth to whom she

finds her heart has been constant and true through all the years of their separation."

"And I," said Delphine, laughing and putting hers into shape, "I have sent the boat and the relative off on the trip without the damsel, she stays behind and marries her lover, whom she loves better than anything in the whole world."

"Well, well; please don't break any more of my dishes with your stories and romances," cried Mrs. Miles. "Go into the parlor now; and father and I will follow shortly with lights, and bring the nuts and cider with us."

It was dusk, and the only light in the long old-fashioned room was that thrown out by the blazing logs which crackled merrily in the great open fire-place. Delphine walked once to the heavily-curtained windows, and, pushing their draperies aside, stood within the little enclosure. Ralph followed, and remained silent beside her. She looked out on the fair beautiful night, and he looked down upon the fair beautiful face.

"Ralph," said she, after a long pause, turning and looking up into his face,—“Ralph, I have made up my mind again. I shall not go away with Aunt Melanthy: I shall stay home, and I will be your wife whenever you want me to.”

Mrs. Gray seated herself in a low chair before the fire, and rocked silently to and fro as she gazed down in the burning coals.

John Denbigh stood above her watching the woman and the fire intently. What was it he read in her face? what is it he saw in the embers? "Melanthy," he said at last, in a low tone; "Melanthy, what do *you* see in the coals?" She did not reply at once; she rocked slowly back and forth, then answered, without lifting her eyes.

"What do I see, John? the mistakes, errors, and wrongs of a life-time; I see disappointment, sorrow, retribution—"

"Is there no new-born hope among the *débris*?" he interrupted. She looked up now, and he saw that her eyes were wet.

"If the woman sees the mistakes and errors of her girlhood; if in her heart there has been a true and constant love for her lover all these years, will she come back to that lover's arms? that are waiting for her, oh, how longingly Melanthy!" and John Denbigh bent down closer toward the figure that rocked beside the fire.

A blazing log rolled off the pile just then; and, as he stooped to replace it, the shadows on the wall showed the reflection of a man kneeling at the feet of a woman.

"What! all in the dark yet!" exclaimed Mrs. Miles, who came bustling in with lamps half an hour later; "why, I thought of course father had brought lights; it is too bad for you to have been in the dark all this while."

"But we are in the dark no longer, Mrs. Miles, I assure you," replied John Denbigh, still busy with the troublesome fire; "we see things in a brighter light than ever before; is not that so, Melanthy?" he asked with a smile.

"Ask Delphine; I think she can answer as well as I," returned Mrs. Gray, with a look toward the curtained recess at the end of the room. Just then the hangings parted, and Ralph and Delphine came from their hiding-

place, and "the light that never was on land or sea" shone in their happy faces.

"Mamma and Aunt Melanthy," began Delphine, coming up to them in a little breathless sort of way, as though she was afraid her voice would fall her before she had had her say. "Mamma, and Aunt Melanthy, I have made up my mind; and I am going to marry Ralph next week; I am all ready, you know; and I thank you ever so much, Aunt Melanthy for your invitation; and all your kind promises for my welfare; but, indeed, I'd rather stay home and marry my poor 'fisherman' than go with you away from him, anywhere in the world;" and the tender look she bestowed upon the poor fisherman corroborated her words.

"What! what! what is all this about?" said Mr. Miles, who had come into the room as Delphine ended her little speech.

"I think I can explain it all in a few words, if you will allow me to do so in my own way!" said John Denbigh, with a look and smile toward Mrs. Gray, who replied with a nodded affirmative.

"The fact is, Mr. and Mrs. Miles, we have all changed our minds. Melanthy and Delphine, instead of making their *debut* south, in the characters of a charming widow and equally charming companion, have decided to appear on that same stage as brides. Mr. Wragburn and myself kindly accepting the part of grooms; and I am sure you will congratulate us when I tell you we are all four going to be married 'next week.'"

Such a commotion of questioning and answering as followed this sudden change of plans.

"I always suspected you liked one another," said Mr. Miles, shaking his finger at his sister and John, "and now I know it."

"But what brought all this about so suddenly?" asked Mrs. Miles; "I thought you had decided to wait awhile, Delphine and Ralph, as Aunt Melanthy wanted you to."

"But I've changed my mind about that, too," laughed Aunt Melanthy. "I want her to marry the man she loves so truly, now; I have discovered that there is something that shines brighter, and is more precious than diamonds after all, Daniel, and that is real, true old-fashioned love; and I am convinced that Delphine and Ralph possess it between them."

"But how did you just come to discover it, I don't understand, Melanthy?" persisted Mrs. Miles.

"Through a Chinese method, I believe," replied John Denbigh, soberly.

"Yes, an interesting bit of old china," laughed Delphine.

"The story on the plate! Don't you see mother?" exclaimed Mr. Miles. "That is what brought things round right! you'll be a successful lawyer Ralph, never fear; you've won a difficult case by sharp practice and an eloquent tongue."

A lively wedding not many days after made the old homestead ring with its merrymaking; and among the presents received there was for each happy bride a complete set of old-fashioned willow pattern blue china.

The Last of the Chickasaws.

BY HATTIE WHITNEY.

THE last bit of snow was gone, and the slush of the black city streets dribbled slowly into the gutters, till they brimmed with the dull, disagreeable tide. Mellicent Leroy, hurrying along Plum Street to the depôt, felt a dislike, almost a hatred for the city stir in her heart. The grimy slush, the cold morning fog, even the people passing swiftly along damp and chilly, and too often with red noses, were disgusting to her in her present frame of mind, which was not only irritable but aggressive; so much so that she felt a vindictive desire to push the pert little girl who stared in her face off the platform.

She settled herself in the car, with a spreading of drapery and a bustling of elbows calculated to prevent any attempt to share her seat. The young vendor of oranges aboard the train was audacious enough to solicit her patronage, and soon after confided to the brakeman that she "friz the whole lot of 'em with one squint."

Knowing little of look or comment, and caring less, Mellicent turned her face to the window, gazing out at the cold, gray Mississippi, as it cradled itself in sodden, oozy banks, under curtains of pale, dun-colored vapor.

Out in the broad uncramped country the air was pure at least, though here, too, the clouds were dull and the atmosphere damp. On the oak branches the bloom hung golden and tassel-like, and the bluebirds were twittering. There was mud here as in the city, but Miss Leroy's delicate boots rested far above it in the clean straw at the bottom of farmer Wayland's spring wagon; and it mattered little, though the wheels sunk halfway up their spokes in the thawing ground. A slow clear creek flowed along under the swinging boughs of oak, and maple, and golden willow, eddying over their roots with a plaintive gurgle. Upon the bank, a short distance up the stream, gleamed the white mill, of which farmer Wayland was proprietor. The wagon jolted on up a rocky glade road, edged now and then by a gnarled persimmon or branching hawthorn tree, to the Wayland farmhouse, which was somewhat peculiar in appearance, as it consisted of seven rooms all in a row on the ground floor, with a porch running the whole length across, the latter unceiled, the bare rafters merely whitewashed. At each end of the porch a large walnut tree grew, making it always shady; and a dozen or more beehives dotted the side yard.

Mother Wayland, broad and blooming, bustled out of the kitchen with a welcome, and a long-handled skimmer, with which she had lately been engaged dipping fritters from a pot of boiling lard.

Sundry fair faces gazed at the new comer from cracks in various doors, inasmuch that

the venison steak was left to its own devices, and thereby alarmingly jeopardized.

Miss Leroy's room commanded a view of the orchard, from which a zigzag rail fence with a set of long, red-painted bars in the middle like the buckle of a belt, divided a meadow, yet soggy with the melting frost, and circled by dark, unclothed forest trees. But she paid no attention to the view, sitting instead with her back to the window, stern lines about her lips and eyes, and a dull desolation deep under her fallen eyelids. Why had she come to the country, and at this time of the year, before the first pale flower appeared, or the frost was all dispelled? Had she been asked the question and chosen to answer it fully, she would have said: "For the outward purpose of teaching the village school—with the vague inward hope of finding an oblivion like balm, solace for a wounded heart."

* * * * *

The long low-ceiled kitchen, with dusky smoked walls, hung with bunches of red pepper, bags of yeast, hops and sage, and clusters of red sorghum seed, was deserted save by a small, childish creature, perched in a big arm-chair, with her feet drawn up under her beside the long table in the corner, with an open book before her, across which a short stumpy kerosene lamp threw its yellow glare.

Outside, a damp red-bud tree rattled its scrubby twigs against the small window panes, as the chill, fog-burdened wind surged against it. Inside the air was steeped with a mellow, penetrating warmth. A red bar was visible under the doors of the great cooking-stove, upon which an iron tea-kettle gurgled like a summer rill, while a column of pearly steam rose from its spout like a morning mist. A couple of pots stood upon the back of the stove, covered with shining tin lids, and a bread-pan sat on the hearth covered with a fringed, pink-bordered towel.

Bella, better known as Baby Wayland, was waiting at her post to serve Professor Halpine's supper when he should arrive, and was meanwhile endeavoring to follow his late directions, and force a mental march into the study of physiology: a very unnecessary sort of pioneering in her eyes.

Professor Halpine was principal of a seminary several miles away. Notwithstanding the distance he had to go, he boarded with the Wayland family because nowhere else could he have his cooking done to suit him. Nor could he have done so here, perhaps, but for Baby. Miss Eleanor, kindly but self-willed, would endure interference from no man in regard to affairs of the *cuisine*. The kitchen was not Miss Dora's field of labor; and had it been so, woful had been the lot of the mortal man who should venture to intrude the uttermost tip of his finger into the culinary and figurative pie. Then the professor's peculiarities would most likely have died a natural death, which, as the despairing band of willow-tree fame expressed it, "would have been better for him," perhaps, and certainly for womankind. But this soft-eyed Baby, who, by the way, was quite eighteen years old, possessed a spacious fund of patience and meekness; and, when Professor

Halpine was detained late, he was not pursued by phantom dreams of an uncongenial and cold supper, served by impatient hands, accompanied by acrid reflections.

Baby found it difficult to dispose of the prescribed amount of physiology. "This part is so terribly *bony*," she lamented to herself. "It pretty near makes me dizzy." She turned to look at the tall square clock over the fire-place, then stretched her arms backward with a great yawn. She picked up the cedar pencil the professor had sharpened for her, and began touching up the illustrations of her volume with rather startling embellishments. A grim skeleton was provided with a stylish Derby hat, from which a graceful plume towered aloft. A cut given for the purpose of illustrating the bones of the hand and arm was rendered more valuable by the addition of a *recherche* parasol with a deep fringe. A black form, streaked with white lines representing veins, was furnished with a cigar and a jaunty cane. But, finally realizing that these performances were not altogether profitable, Miss Baby abandoned them, and resolutely finished her allotted chapter. A relieved sigh escaped her lips as she pushed away the book, and stretched her hand for the battered little Bible lying upon the window-sill.

"Good-bye, bones," she said; "I've got something better now!"

Along the blackness of the lone country road two lanterns were coming from opposite directions, and both stopped at the little brown gate in front of the long farmhouse.

"Halloo, professor, you are late," observed the bearer of one of the lanterns, who was no other than the young miller employed by farmer Wayland.

"Yes," returned Professor Halpine; "and it appears that misery has company."

The other laughed. "I was kept skirmishing with White over his last load of wheat. Have to apply to headquarters, you see. I came to consult the boss."

The professor scrutinized his companion as thoroughly as the lantern light would permit, but elicited no information thereby; and they went silently up the walk.

"Going to the kitchen, hey?" said the young miller. "Yes," answered the professor; "I don't find my supper in the parlor, generally."

"That's so. I will come, too. My boots are muddy, and Miss Dora might rave if I track up the carpet." The professor stalked across the porch grimly. Baby's arms were crossed before her, and her cheek resting on them; but she was not asleep. The handsome miller forgot his errand. He was prone to forget his head in Baby's presence.

"I finished the bones, professor," said Baby. "See, I read all this!" The professor looked gravely down upon the new style engravings. "My child," he said, "is there nothing serious to you in these representations of the human structure unclothed by flesh, and unanimated by the divine gift of life, that you have treated them in this manner?"

The miller, overcome by the Derby and its

pretentious plume, roared with boisterous laughter.

Baby, with down-fallen eyelids, bit her pink finger-nail with a grieving tremor about her mouth.

"I don't know why I did it," she murmured; "my pencil was so sharp I wanted to try it, and did not know what else to draw. I didn't mean any disrespect to 'em. But look at this arm, professor; I don't believe my arm has got bones like that." She rolled the loose sleeve back, and compared her well-cushioned arm with the cut.

"Ah, child, the pretty pink flesh covers up the bones; but they are there all the same."

"I don't like bones. The Bible doesn't bother about them, nor say we must. Why should we?"

"The Lord gave us the Bible, Miss Baby. He gave us the bones, too."

"Well," said Baby, "He fixes our bones. We need not worry about 'em. I must pour your coffee; I know you are hungry." Young Barton, the miller, would not share the professor's repast. He preferred a seat by the fire-place. And if Baby's toes were cold, and she felt the need of warming them, why should the two young folks not chat behind the professor's back?

At last he arose. "The lectures begin to-morrow night, Miss Baby, did you know?"

"Yes, she did know," Mr. Barton answered. "She is going under my escort."

"Yours?"

"Mine. I don't insist on her reading about bones, and scold her for enlivening them with modern fashions." Baby twisted her fingers together nervously, then went to clearing the table. Professor Halpine followed her.

"You need not study physiology any more," he said gently.

"Oh, yes; I think I want to go through with it," she answered. "And—if you will give me a rubber, I will rub out the hat and things to-morrow."

"Don't wait for me," the professor said, when they were ready to leave the kitchen. "I want to smoke awhile."

"Men have no sense," he said to himself, as he sat and gazed into the fireplace, where the red coals lay banked against the charred back-log. "The Lord gives us ninety-nine treasures we do not even deserve; and we mope and pine because we have not the one hundredth. We let the flowers we could gather in the field perish, and mourn for the little white blossom that grows upon the cliff-side out of reach. We might chill the blossom if we had it."

The parlor was illustrated with a fair number of silhouettes on this evening, family and friends not being rendered glaringly distinct by the tawny, wavering fire-light, or the pale glimmer of the misty yellow flame, that sudden puffs of wind from some stray crevice, set to fluttering frantically under the scalloped chinney, afflicted with a pasted-up fracture that surmounted the tall thin lamp upon the mantelpiece. The stout form of the farmer looked something like a magnificent little brown jug, as he sat half in shadow; and his wife opposite nodded like a poppy. Miss Dora cuddled her gray cat in her arms, and

rocked him asleep by the window. A visitor from a neighboring hill-top was present, a gentleman who, like Mr. George Sampson, occupied the position of "friend of the family," but who probably resembled Mr. George Sampson in few other respects.

Miss Leroy, fair and grand, and Miss Eleanor Wayland, as fair, and scarcely less grand, were on opposite sides of the room. When they had first met and stood face to face, something had seemed to draw each back from the other—some uncongenial element, and yet there was something misty and undefined in common between them. Perhaps they had been endowed with the same qualities; and those which the one had most carefully fostered the other had suffered to go to waste. The young miller half held his breath in the sudden presence of this stately, beautiful woman, who had come among them with the subtle atmosphere of a style and grace brought from a distance, flavoring manner and gesture, even clinging about the folds of her robe and the lace at her throat. Here was Baby beside him, who compared with her as a tiny, shallow brook might compare with a magnificent, scintillating cascade. But Mr. Barton was one who would have found the cascade oppressive, and turned in relief to the simple stream, singing under a sheltering web of grass, and vine, and fern. If Neil St. James preferred grand cascades, he was welcome to them; only the thought struck the miller, though in no clearly outlined way, what if there were two cascades, or what if he had known and given fealty to one, and on a sudden another rose, like to the first, yet not like?

Poor, tired Baby, while her father and the young miller discussed such things as corn and wheat, meal and rye, crept into a corner of the deep sofa, folded together the tired little hands that had been so long busy, and slumbered.

The wild east wind flapped the long sprays of the great walnut tree together, and sent them shivering against the farmhouse gable with a restless, rasping scratch, scratch, suggestive of prying fingers, as Eleanor Wayland stood in her room alone that night. The fog and mist had grown to a dense, fine rain, and abroad the desolate woods were soaked and sodden. A dim, half-molded idea or suggestion of an idea that had tormented and eluded Eleanor all the evening, suddenly grew distinct and clear, like the clear-cut outlines of a hill-peak when a mist has lifted from it. She drew open and began to rummage in a deep bureau drawer, littered with an odd collection of ribbons, gloves, belts, letters, pamphlets and other articles. At the bottom of the litter she found what she was searching for—an old-fashioned ambrotype in a black case, that she had found once in the street of a small village far out West, where she had been on a visit to some relatives. It was the picture of a girl about sixteen years old, a lovely brunette, with bright proud lips and heavy black curls. And the face was that of Miss Leroy, allowing for the time that must have elapsed since the picture had been taken. She had half forgotten the existence of the picture until the familiarity

of Miss Leroy's features had recalled it. The case had grown somewhat loose, and the picture fell out in her lap, leaving the case in her hand, and in the back of the latter was a bit of smooth brown paper with these words written upon it in pencil:

"You need not doubt me again, Eugene. I have given you all my love. But I shall go upon the stage as I intended. If your western enterprise succeeds, we can look forward to a happy *some time*."

It was signed "M. L." Eleanor restored the picture to the case hastily. What had she done? Pried into another woman's secret—read words never meant for her eyes. The thought troubled her spirit. She went to Miss Leroy's room to restore the picture, but Mellicent would not touch it.

"Take it away," she cried; "burn it! Do what you like with it. I never want to see it."

* * * * *

The dull hours of early spring crept away, leaving trails of warm color and beauty; the velvet green of young wheat, the cream-tinged, yellow-centered stars of dogwood, rose-crested clover, and the soft downy crimson of the infant oak-buds. Out on the lawn the white syringa bells were unfolding, allowing their perfume to escape in drifts. The tall, straight Chickasaw plum-tree near the garden fence, was a white, fragrant pyramid of thick-growing blossom. The pearly petals scattered like frost over the heads of Neil St. James and Mellicent Leroy, as they paused under it. Eleanor saw them from the kitchen window, saw the white trail of Miss Leroy's dress, among the little clumps of hoarhound and catnip, that had spread from the old-fashioned garden; saw, too, in the thick bands of her hair a wild hyacinth, drooping like a long, violet-like plume. Eleanor was worn and tired. She had been in the kitchen all the morning; and now dinner was under way.

Granny Hodge was over for a visit. Granny was an energetic, spry little woman, who lived with her daughter, but whose chief delight was visiting around among the neighbors, spending several days with each in turn. Her high-varying but ever sharp tones, as she gossiped with Mrs. Wayland on the long porch, followed Eleanor like the buzzing of a persistent bee. Dora was wielding the broom somewhere, not far away; and Eleanor wondered why she would accompany the performance with such raspingly high melodies.

Baby, generally such a help, had sprained her foolish little ankle, and was sitting propped up in a big chair in the next room by the window, waited on and amused by the professor, who, it being Saturday, was home to dinner, and would be aggrieved at the corn bread.

Away off, across the hollows, from the other side of the blue-gray hill-range that bordered the Mississippi, the smoke from a steamboat rose, the broad dark column towering high in the clear air.

"I wish I was in it," said Eleanor, "drifting and drifting away off—to heaven."

St. James walked in through the open door with his usual freedom.

"How do affairs prosper with the queen of the kitchen?" he asked.

"Ah, she is a poor, worried captive queen," Eleanor answered, "and in a state of great anxiety about the beans."

"Let the beans—go to pot."

"They've gone there already."

"Don't study too hard over kitchen science.

You should have followed Miss Mellicent's example, and taken a ramble in the wood."

Scorn flashed from Eleanor's eyes. Where would dinner have come from? But he went on.

"She is a fine creature, Eleanor; if she cared once for a man she would love him to pieces."

"He'd be an enviable mortal," quoth Eleanor. "I wonder where all the fragments of the lucky beings are now, who have been shattered in such a charming way!"

"Don't be so sarcastical," said St. James. "She isn't the kind to care for Tom, Dick, and Harry, or the admiration of the maddening crowd. She only cares for *one*." Doubtless he meant himself! O, conceit!

"You are very wise," she retorted; "possibly you don't know quite everything."

"Perhaps you do." She thought of the picture and the written words in the case, and whitened suddenly at the approach of and the struggle against a base temptation. But it was conquered.

"I know one thing," she said; "if you do not go out of here, your favorite rhubarb pies will burn." He went out, but stopped and looked in at the window long enough to see—what? A tear! Eleanor could have stamped. But she opened the oven-door, and took out the pies with a firm, even motion.

Just before dinner he came in again and brought her a hyacinth. Had it fallen from Miss Leroy's hair? She opened the stove and dropped it in. It crisped and blackened and fell to ashes; and she despised herself for the action, and yearned for the flower as if it had been some sweet, comforting, living thing, that she had crushed.

In the afternoon, she found time to rest. St. James had gone, and Miss Leroy was in her room. Her mother had taken Granny down the cellar to admire her stores of preserves.

Baby slept in her chair while the professor kept the flies away with a palm-leaf fan. Eleanor sat rocking idly by the window; but the heat and weariness of the morning had not left her face. She found the professor regarding her gravely.

"You cannot get rested," he said, "while you worry. You are brooding over something."

"What should I worry about?" she asked.

"I do not know of anything you *should* worry about. But I know you are dwelling on something. You should not. Sorrows do not last. Providence will not let them. They will pass with"—

"The last of the Chickasaws."

The sentence came from the kitchen, and Granny's humming was proceeding briskly. The professor laughed. "Is that prophetic? Or what does it mean?"

"Oh, it's about the plums, I suppose. Mother said she was going to bring the last jar up today of last year's preserving."

"Well, who knows? Perhaps your trials,

whatever they are, will go with the last of this year's Chickasaws."

"It is a long time to wait. The trees are only in blossom now."

"They ripen in June. That is not long."

"Bless the world!" Granny's humming flew in, "You'll bust it that-a-way, Miss Wayland. I reckon ye kaint git it off. That's the meanness of these screw-tops. Hit pretty nigh salivates me to try to get one off; hope to die if it don't. Mussy sakes, you'll bust it to pieces. An' you know they're the last of the Chickasaws."

Eleanor went out to the scene of trouble.

Baby lifted her curly brown eyelashes.

"The world is lovely, Professor Halpine."

"Yes, my child, because the Lord made it so."

"Yes. See the flowers. I love lilies, the kind Christ mentioned. How I would like to have been one then, and grown near Him."

"But dear, is it not better to have a soul that can be near Him for all eternity?"

"Yes," said Baby. "The flowers have no bones, professor, have they?" She smiled at two bouquets in the window-sill. "These are what you brought me to-day."

"And who brought you those yesterday?"

"Mr. Barton."

"How long are you going to accept flowers from us both, Baby?"

"The flowers won't last all the year."

"But the feelings that lead us to offer them will. Baby, if you care for either of us, you must decide which, sometime. Let it be now."

The palm-leaf fan rattled down on to the floor, and the tall professor grew decidedly nervous. Baby's half-frightened brown eyes closed.

"Wait," she said.

"How long, Baby?"

"Till the last of the Chickasaws."

"So long? Oh, Baby!"

"You told Eleanor it was not long. You can wait as long as she can."

"I see you have been eavesdropping instead of sleeping, you sly mouse," said the professor.

* * * * *

The June roses had long kindled their fragrant fires against the gray walls of the Wayland farm-house, and the whole lawn had burst into bloom.

From the far West where the prairies basked and the free winds whistled all day, an invitation had come for Eleanor to visit her cousins. She had not yet answered it. She believed it would be better to go if she could make up her mind to do so. But it would be hard. St. James had been away for a while, and just returned. Eleanor had heard him inquiring of Dora where Miss Leroy was. Dora, always inquisitive, had demanded what he wanted of her. And he had answered with a provoking laugh that he had something to tell her. Then Eleanor had decided that she ought to accept her cousin's invitation, when again that sudden, wild temptation had beset her to show St. James the picture and the writing inside. The struggle to subdue it so thoroughly that it should not creep into her mind again was sharp. She locked her hands

together with a swift prayer. "Let me keep my hands pure, my soul unstained, my feet worthy to walk in paths of peace, though the passing good of an earthly love flies from me, for His sake who forsakes us never."

She was sitting upon a trunk under her window. The plum-tree had long ago lost its white bloom; even the plums were nearly gone now. She remembered Professor Halpine's whimsical prediction. Her trouble would hardly go with the plums; but she wished envy, malice, and all unworthy feelings might do so. Out in the strip of ground between the orchard and the garden, a crew of boys, her two youthful brothers, and the younger St. James' boys, were piling the dry brush that had been cleared from fence-corners and a bit of newly-opened land adjoining, and preparing to hold a high carnival that night centered in a bonfire. They had it all arranged, and a little heap of shavings from the work-shop, several laths, a newspaper, and a handful of cracklings, pilfered from the soap-grease, under one sheltered edge, ready for the match.

Inspired by a swiftly-developed idea, Eleanor rose. This night should see the end of the struggle, at least. She drew from under her little work-table a cigar-box, ornamented with scrap-pictures, and varnished.

Inside were some letters all bearing one handwriting, a necklace of delicate white beads with a small cross pendant, and a handful of dead fuchsias. To these she added the case containing Mellicent's picture, then shut down the lid, and tied it shut with a string crossed over many times and knotted in many places.

"They shall go to-night," she said, "the possibility of temptation, and reminders of the past. And envy and ill will shall go with them."

She stood looking down at the box thoughtfully. Was she doing wisely? Was she so sure of what was to be?

But Eleanor had always been given to fancies that others called foolish. "If there should be any possible reason why I need not burn them, I think I will be allowed to discover it before it is too late," was her thought.

She sat down again and waited her chance.

The boys whooped and capered like savages.

Baby came out in a blue sunbonnet and shook the plum tree, then gathered all the flaming red things into her apron and went in again. The boys went away, leaving the heap ready to light as soon as dusk should fall.

No one was around now, and Eleanor went down with her box, which was soon tucked safely out of sight among the dry twigs behind the shavings. At dusk, the boys came yelling across the fields, and invaded the kitchen in an irrepressible troop, levying on the cooking-stove for coals in spite of Baby's resistance and grieved protestations that the professor's supper would get cold. Slight consideration had they for the professor's supper, and five dusky figures bearing shovels and pans of hot coals filed across to the brush-heap.

Miss Leroy had been confined to her room all day, with a sick headache, but had now recovered sufficiently to stroll down to the scene of commotion, with a Shetland shawl around her, and a jaunty gypsy hat on. St James

was there also: and they stood together watching the row of red lights moving toward them.

"You have kept me in a state of woful suspense," St. James said; "I want to disclose of a secret that threatens to capsize me."

"Let me relieve you then," said Mellicent, "Proceed with your confession."

"It concerns you. I fell in with an old acquaintance of yours, while I was away; an old friend of mine, too, though you knew it not. He is a Frenchman, Eugene"—

"Don't!" said Mellicent sharply.

"Oh, listen," said St. James. "Pardon me, Miss Leroy, I knew something of the affair at the time, through him."

"But you did not know that after trusting him for nearly fourteen years—yes, for I am older than you might suppose—after waiting all that time I met at last only a broken promise and the comforting knowledge that I had made a fool of myself."

"You had not. Listen, Miss Mellicent. I can explain it all. Eugene is as faithful to you, as I have known all the time you were to him."

The boys had been absorbed piling the coals about the shavings, and fanning them with their hats; and, during the attending lull in their jargon, St. James's words sounded very distinctly.

A long shaft of flame shot forward, swayed in the air, and shot upward. There was a sudden disturbance of the brush, a sharp snapping at one edge.

"Eleanor! what in Cain are you a clawing in there for?" roared ireful Johnny, who had taken especial pride in the symmetry of the heap. Luckily the others were shouting so effectually, no one heard Johnny's question; and Eleanor's box, the fate of which she had been waiting, wrapped about by the shadows, to see, was saved, though the white ruffle in her sleeve was scorched brown.

Red arrows of fire and coils of black smoke broke triumphantly from the brush, twisting together in lurid bands. The light shone across Mellicent's face, revealing a happiness it had not known before.

St. James found Eleanor sitting upon the ground a little way back.

"Do you know what I have brought you?" he asked.

"A stick of peppermint candy, perhaps."

"Pshaw!"

"What then?" He sat down by her, murmuring:

"Simmer is come, love; the ring and the kirk.

 Dinna forget, love! Oh dinna forget!"

She knew that he had brought her his love.

The professor had come out now with Baby. They stopped under the plum-tree. "I gathered the last to-day," said Baby, smiling up at the professor.

"The last of the Chickasaws! Baby!" A little weak white hand fluttered like a wind-blown rosebud into another hand only too eager to clasp it.

"My blossom!" said the professor. "He hath filled the measure of his kindness."

Mrs. Wayland came bustling out.

"Baby," she cried, "that pet pig of yours went into the kitchen and ate every plum in the basket. They were the last too—the last of the Chickasaws!"

Talks.

"WHAT SHALL I DO?"

JENNIE JUNE.

THIS is the cry of thousands of young women, and it is so real, so earnest, that it demands attention. "It is so terrible," writes one, "to be tied hand and foot; I have nothing but my youth and that is rapidly passing away. What shall I do?"

These young women frantic with desire for an active interest in life, but held by invisible chains to the quiet obscurity of secluded homes, where perhaps they are only permitted to remain on sufferance, are to be found all over the country, and helplessness, and inaction eat away their lives.

Some there are no doubt from whom this cry has no meaning, whose morbid craving and selfish desire to escape the performance of simple but imperative duties, prompts a wild outbreak that can hardly fail to result in defeat and disaster. But this is not the case with the majority. Out of the armies of young women fresh from school, fresh from college, or who have not been able to satisfy their longings for the knowledge of the schools, there are thousands whose desire for a larger life, a wider sphere of activity is legitimate, and it is not unnatural that they should consider it more easily acquired at that distance which lends enchantment to every view.

Besides, it is from a distance that they hear the trumpet-notes of success, the delusive sound of that silver-voiced syren, fame, whose tongue is hollow, who possesses no power of discrimination, and no vouchers for the accuracy of the seductive statements. How can they realize that the glitter of gold is often made by brass, that the seeming fact is falsehood, that the man or woman who seems to have reached the pinnacle has no realization of it, has only done so in fact to those whose horizon is bounded, so that they cannot see anything higher or greater, and is, perhaps, suffering in loneliness and isolation, in comparative poverty, or incurable disease, the penalty of a brief career.

Young aspirants, too, quite forget the beginnings of that greatness to which a man, or woman is not born; or if they remember the little incidents they have heard, which never reveal the whole truth, they consider them only as incidents, and not as constituting the actual life of the individual, to which the measure of success came in as fruition to be gathered and enjoyed mainly by others.

This is the law of life—of life at least, that is devoted, that is renunciatory; such as are the lives of most women, notwithstanding what their early hopes, desires, and aspirations may be.

The broadly successful lives—those, for example, that achieve wealth or position rapidly, do it, as a rule, by sacrificing others, not by being sacrificed themselves, by having a faculty for using others, not by being used; by crush-

ing out whatever stands in the way of their own advancement, not by helping others onward.

Thus it happens that there are many persons of ability, who never seem, as the phrase goes, to "get on." They are too modest, or too scrupulous, or they will not employ the means or weapons used by others, and so they stay in the background; while individuals of less capacity, but more "push," reach the prominent places.

Nothing is ever gained by letting "I dare not, wait upon I would." Yet this is what women are doing continually. They beg and entreat others to do for them what they have not the courage to do for themselves, and they wail over the lions in the path—grim monsters which may be purely imaginary, and which at any rate are the same which every man and every woman has to encounter, who would traverse the way which lies between obscurity and success, or even endeavor, and must do it alone.

The great need of all women is the courage to strike out, care nothing for the size or nature of the bark which enables them to reach the opposite shore, or whether they ship as cook, cabin-boy, or passenger. Their cry across the stream is, that some one already landed will send for them, and pay their passage over; and when that is done, secure them a fine commanding position on the flowery heights, which seem so enchanting, but hide very cruel thorns and pitfalls. It does not occur to them that those who are working and struggling to keep the little place they have gained, have little time or opportunity for ought else, or that having started alone, and worked their own passage, they may see a real desirability as well as an actual necessity in others doing the same. Providence helps those who help themselves—it is only possible to help those who help themselves. A person who is struggling up a stony acclivity may help a weaker one who is toiling along the same way, when it would be an actual impossibility to go back, ford a river, and carry over some equally able-bodied men or women on their shoulders. Half the misery of this life comes from the burdens being made too heavy, or the wrong persons carrying them.

Now, let the young women who are asking "what shall I do?" find out at once, what they are doing. Are they a help, or are they a burden to some one who can ill afford to carry it? Is there any obstacle in the form of a positive duty against their using such means as lay within their power to formulate their own lives? if there is, let them not disregard it, but accept it cheerfully, and employ the means that its discharge admits of to enlarge their horizons, and bring that part of the world which they long for into nearer view.

But if there is nothing of this kind in the way, what is to prevent from doing as many others have done before them,—strike out for themselves and make a beginning wherever, and in whatever they can. The millionaire broker did not begin by controlling the operations of the street, he began by selling mouse-traps. The great editor did not begin by controlling the destinies of the republic through the columns of his sheet, he started as an

errand boy. The woman who to-day outstrips great male operators in real estate transactions,—once peddled shoulder-straps, and another, who now owns and directs a large establishment, began life as a book agent.

A very successful woman of to-day, was twenty years or more ago, a seamstress in a family. Her eyesight failed her, and she saw nothing but the poor-house in prospect. But she was proud, independent and conscientious; and it was the right kind of pride, that which does not ask others to do what it can do for itself. She took the bull fairly and squarely by the horns,—she hired herself out to do general house-work, and, not being strong, chose a small family at low wages. Here she worked faithfully, and by the aid of a cookery book learned so much of the culinary art as to justify her in taking a cook's place. The people where she lived would gladly have paid her more or allowed her unusual privileges, for they considered her a treasure, but she was working with a steady purpose, and was determined to succeed.

She became what is called a "professed" cook at double her previous wages, and in this place also won golden opinions for honesty, faithfulness, and steady conscientious work. She made no confidant, but worked away, earning all she could,—saving all she could, until as the lady with whom she lived became infirm, the duties of house keeping developed upon her at an increased salary. This additional responsibility gave her the insight she needed into buying and catering for a large family, and the position became so agreeable, a kitchen girl having been added to the staff of servants to take the drudgery off her hands, that she remained five years in this capacity, until the death of the lady afforded the opportunity for fulfilling her long cherished plan of taking a house, and really striking life for herself. The gentleman in whose house she had lived so long gladly became her security, and she secured a fine corner house, to which she has gradually added three others. Her eye-sight was restored, her health, through her active life had become splendid, and she is now a reserved dignified woman of middle-age, the head of a great, prosperous family hotel, worth certainly fifty thousand dollars, and the proudly recognized "aunt" of sundry nieces and nephews, whose parents ignored the "cook," and who themselves have not the faintest idea of the noble struggle she made with adverse fate and fortune. Nor is it perhaps desirable they should know, for they would only be shocked, and would not understand the real greatness of the character that lies back of that quiet exterior in a woman, who after all only keeps a "big boarding-house," as those say who wish to depreciate her.

It is often said there are always chances "high up," but if there are it is because so few are able to take them, and because it requires infinite courage to seize them. There are many more, and much easier to get at, lower down: it is the ground levels that are densely crowded; and it is not unnatural that those occupying the middle spaces, and suffering for want of the work that needs to be done by faithful intelligent hands below, should ask

that those who want to be helped to a higher place, should take hold of what needs to be done at the foot, and work up,—as so many have done before them.

Courage is needed, and that women lack—for themselves, not for others. Many a woman has accepted a loveless home for herself, through fear of taking the responsibility of her own life, and afterward done battle with such courage as leads a forlorn hope for her helpless children. Men are the opposite of this, they will conquer anything for themselves, but unless educated to a sense of duty they are very apt to be seized by moral cowardice in the face of additional responsibility, and let the weak shift for themselves.

What the girls must do, who find no opportunities made for them, is to make them for themselves. Opportunities are usually like wild horses, without saddle or bridle. You must catch them, and mount them, and make them serve your need—they rarely stand like a lady's saddle-horse, ready broken, daintily equipped, and led up for use.

Young women expect too much. Life only holds for us what we ourselves can manage to extract from it. Circumstances and association may be for us or against us, and these, though we may modify, we cannot absolutely control; still it depends very much upon ourselves, and what we are, as to the influence these have upon us, the amount of good or evil influence they exercise over us, and the measure in which they retard or advance the development of character, or the growth of personal interests.

Why are women so afraid of business? It is only necessary to see the sort of men engaged in it and who often succeed in it, to know that a measure of success does not depend largely on brains. It does, however, on courage and nerve; that is to say in its larger fields of operation; and these may therefore continue largely to be controlled by men. Still it is a mere question of habit, and custom. A little experience would undoubtedly relax the over-caution which arises from want of knowledge, and practice in dealing with affairs, and it is to be hoped would not endanger the possession of a conscience that would save women from the recklessness of men.

All the avenues to retail business are open to women as freely as they are to men, and there is nothing to prevent them from dividing the honors and emoluments. Of course, no girl, no woman can walk into a business ready-made, and yielding a fine percentage; no boy, or man can, if they could, if some one should give it to them, it would do them no good; they would lose it, and all the good it might have brought them, through their ignorance. Will it pay to take so much trouble? is a not unnatural question. But it is one that cannot be answered satisfactorily. Something must be risked, if anything is to be gained, and life itself, even to those who have drained its pleasures and its honors, is often declared at the last to be an utter weariness, and nothing but vanity.

I am inclined to think, however, that this is a mistake; that we get out of life very much what we work for, and what we put in;

and if we plant vanity and vexation we shall be very likely to have a full crop of it. If we plant honest and true desire, however, and water it and tend it, ten to one, but will come up gratification.

What is it we most want? Is it travel? is it books? is it pictures? is it a pleasant home of our own? let us work for it. What matters it what the work is, so long as it is honest, and helps us toward our goal. The goal, though modest, may not be easy of attainment; it may take a long time, and not seem to be worth so very much after it has been reached; but that is the way with modest work, and the way of the world, expect little if you would not be disappointed, and be satisfied with the little you get; more would perhaps hurt you more than it would do you good. How many have lost all at the moment of the apparent fruition of their dearest hopes! But there is one great source of compensation, and that is the continual pleasure derived from working toward our object, and the satisfaction we experience in the work itself; not so much matter what it is, so long as it is work into which we can put heart and conscience. Our worst and most heart-breaking failures come, not from being unable to attain our object, as through our ignorance and hurry, not knowing what we truly wanted—what the most desirable object to us was. It may be just as valuable, therefore, to be learning all that is possible, as to be doing all that is possible; the knowing may save much time and many mistakes in the doing, and after all it is not of so much importance the amount of work we do in this work, as the kind of work, and the way we make it tell. Life is exceptionally hard upon a bright, intelligent woman, who has to spend it in hard work, or else she has not known how to manage it. She is bearing other people's burdens, or she has an unnecessary number of her own.

Life is full of pleasant things to be enjoyed as we go along, but we can only compass just so much, in doing or trying to do, or to enjoy too much; we lose the good out of everything. Suppose the girls who are calling upon space to answer their cry for help, and receiving, alas! no reply, seriously consider whether there are any veins to be worked in their immediate vicinity, which might possibly result in the discovery of as much of a mine, as could be found elsewhere. There is a great awakening in regard to many things, not unfrequently a stranger will venture on an enterprise, or an experiment, that the resident is equally well qualified for but never thought of, and there is the mortification of seeing the gold dug right out of the earth at one's feet.

But no great success can be made without fitness and training, and some originality in suggesting ideas. Why, a bakery would immortalize a woman as well as anything else, if she would only have something different from the usual run of "shop" articles in that line—something suggestive of home-cooking, or a nicety which individualizes compounds, and is the cause of their being remembered.

In casting about for something to do that will bring money compensation, it is necessary to take into account what people must and

what they are willing to spend money for. Out of these select those that have permanent elements of growth and advancement, and it is surprising how the horizon will at once become narrowed and widened. Next inquire if you have anything that is valuable to give to the pursuit—you know it has something valuable to give to you, and the obligation should not be all upon one side. Then put as much sacredness and faithfulness into your work as into your religion, and it will become as precious to you as you to it. It will be no longer, "what shall I do?" but what shall I not do? for work will look for you and find you out no matter where you may hide yourself; and will become to you, not the juggernaut to which you are to be sacrificed, but a divinity to which you offer up daily thanks and prayers.

A Cup of Water.

BY A. L. A. SMITH.

SORROWING subject once Mohammed asked,
How to keep green the memory of his child?
For angels wooed her from his home away,
And for his loss could ne'er be reconciled.

THE prophet turned in thoughtful mood and said,
"Would you immortalize your little daughter?
Go, dig a well, and to the thirsty give,
In her dear angel name a cup of water."

DEAR friends there is a potent lesson here,
If I this golden precept understand,
As pregnant and as pertinent to us
As years ago to him in foreign land.

LITTLE mound athwart our pathway falls,
Our life's eclipsed, all beauty fades and dies;
We move midst scenes as bright as heretofore,
Yet see nought but that face now in the skies.

AND so we press along uncomforted,
Selfish with our grief we turn apart
From life's fierce struggle, caring nought for else
Than to "keep green" that grave within our heart.

BUT sure I am, could that bless'd soul return,
With heavenly wisdom it would surely say
"Waste not life's golden hours in idle grief,
But help the 'weary ones' upon life's way."

O! DEAREST friends would it not better be,
To dig a well in memory of the dead;
And give a cup of water in the name
Of that dear one to heavenly mansions fled?

VIII.

THEN the sun would brightly shine again,
And beauty would return to earth and sky;
And thirsty ones would blessings give and say,
"Tis sweet to live, but sweeter thus to die."

Goldsmith on his Travels.

(See full-page Engraving.)

EDWARD M. WARD, from whose justly admired painting, "Goldsmith on his Travels," our engraving is taken, was born in London, in 1816. When quite young he exhibited his first picture at the Royal Academy; after which, he studied in Rome, where he gained the silver medal awarded by the academy of St. Luke.

He soon rose to distinction, attaining a summit of popularity that he never lost. Among his most popular works is the picture from which our engraving is taken, and which was first exhibited at the Royal Academy, in 1844.

Goldsmith, who having finished his education, is making a tour over Europe, stops at the door of a Flemish peasant, where he hopes to pay for his supper with the melody of his flute. Everywhere, thus far, he has found pleased audiences, and their rustic hospitality he has rewarded, not with money, but with melody.

It is the cool of the evening, and the family are seated beneath the friendly shelter of the tree; while the supper is spread out on the rustic table, around which some of the members are gathered.

The wandering poet doubts not that this pleasant family group will, for his music's sake, tender him hospitality, and he is not mistaken.

The children gather eagerly around him to listen to the sweet sounds that go floating over the distant fields; while the baby, in its mother's arms, shows its infantile delight by the smiles that irradiate its face, and its eager efforts to possess itself of the instruments from which the pleasant notes proceed. Even the dog looks up in wonder into the minstrel's face, and perhaps barks a chorus. And while "the tides of music's golden sea" are floating over the happy group, the father of the family is preparing to hand the minstrel his coveted reward in the form of a generous meal.

"Music, when sweet voices die,
Lives within the memory,"

says the poet; and who can doubt, that long after the minstrel has turned away from the Flemish cottage, the dulcet notes of his flute linger in "the memory" of his hospitable entertainers.

The extreme naturalness of this beautiful picture is one of its greatest charms. Three generations are here represented with peculiar fidelity; while the likeness of Goldsmith himself is preserved with remarkable accuracy.



—) A GRACCHIAN. (—

From the Italian.

If God you wish to see,
 Behold Him everywhere,
 Look in your breast, for he
 Is surely dwelling there.
 But if you find not where he dwell,
 Say where he is not, can you tell?

Sadie's Funeral.

BY MARGARET B. HARVEY.

I HAVE just been to poor Sadie Lee's funeral. She was my dearest school-friend.

They gave her an elegant funeral. Such a costly casket, such a plumed hearse, such a long train of carriages! And they tried to make her look as beautiful, as lifelike as they could, with snowy robes and rare flowers. But, oh! not from me could they hide the surken face and the hollow eyes—any more than ever had been hidden from me her longing soul, her starved heart.

Great is her father's wealth in flocks and herds. Broad spread his acres over hill and dale. Yet, I thought, how she sighed in her short lifetime for many things, which, all told, could not have equalled the expenses of this one day.

How her dainty taste would have rejoiced in the possession of even a few yards of the ribbon and lace, so abundantly lavished upon her grave-clothes! How her budding intellect would have expanded with a few choice volumes, in all less than the cost of the perishable flowers that will fade to-morrow upon the bare mound above her cold clay! How her ecstatic soul would have soared upon the angelic wings of music, could she ever have possessed an instrument, even though grudgingly purchased with a part of the money now so freely spent for pomp and show!

I wonder is it always so? Do we stint our loved ones all we can, and call it economy? Do we crush their æsthetic instincts, their generous impulses, and name the process good sense? Do we compel them to live a life of longing and restlessness and repression, simply because we think they ought—and then, when we can no longer express our half-buried love for them, when they are deaf alike to our censure or our praise, when they can no more appreciate the good for which they were hungering and thirsting all their weary days—do we think a magnificent funeral and a splendid monument will atone for all?

I know not—I feel so bewildered that I scarce can think, but it seems to me that life ought to be a real, a present thing, of intense sweetness and preciousness, not a mere waiting and longing for a far-off future. Yet how many there are among us who seem only to look forward to the day of their death as

the beginning of any comfort or consolation for them, material as well as spiritual! While, here, in this world are fragrant flowers and grand woods and gorgeous sunsets; here are the songs of birds and the music of voices and waters; here, the wondrous triumphs of science and art; here, the tender chords of human love and sympathy. Ah, my poor Sadie! She has gone to Heaven, I know—but, oh! how I wish she could have had a little of heaven begun on earth.

She was my mate at the little country-school. That is, so far as she could have a mate; for she was proud, sensitive, and shrinking, to the last degree. And no wonder. How could she mingle freely with other girls, when she, daughter of one of the oldest and most aristocratic families in the county, dressed more scantily and meanly than the children of the washerwoman? What if she might inherit her thousands some day? A few dollars now, at this time, might have illuminated her whole childhood with joy and happiness. As it is, she has lived and died, and missed both childish pleasure and mature inheritance.

I have serious doubts of the wisdom of much of what is known as "laying up for a rainy day." Why, every day, sunny or rainy alike, has its own requirements. It seems to me that one time is just as precious as another—that some needs are quite as real as others. Why, then, should we stint ourselves of the sure present, of the good actually within our reach, for fear that at some remote period we will want what we cannot obtain? One good desire gratified now is worth just as much to us as one gratified some other time—and all the better, inasmuch as in the future, which is always uncertain, our needs may not be so great, or our ardor may have dampened. Sadie, dear, now you can have what you want, and just when you want it.

How she toiled for her meager education! I might tell a touching story of borrowed books, and sleepless nights, and parental opposition. A learned woman, she was informed, could never be a modest lady or a good housekeeper; moreover, learning would hurt her matrimonial prospects. How the world moves! To think that was only five years ago! And now, in all the length and breadth of our dear land, no one dares, for very shamefacedness, utter that old cry aloud. Poor Sadie was born just five years too early. Now, perhaps, were she living and half a decade younger, she might have the most thorough college-training to be had for money—for her father had enough, and he is good at heart, when once brought to see his duty.

Her study, limited as it necessarily was, at length brought its reward. She passed the county examination, and gained a teacher's certificate. She and I attended at the same time, and I shall never forget the glad look of exultation with which she told me of hersuccess. I never saw her so happy.

"Oh, Mary!" she exclaimed, "now I shall be able to earn some money of my own. I have so much to do with it."

"What will you do?" I asked, partly in interest, partly in curiosity.

"Fix the parlor, buy a piano, and some

books and pictures, fix my own room, and dress." She said this last rather hesitatingly, as though it denoted an ambition of which she ought to be ashamed.

I sighed inwardly, as I thought of her long, weary routine of faded ribbons and patched shoes, and half-cotton cashmeres. She was like other girls, then; she did care? Yes, indeed, she cared far, far more than some of us who had always dressed well. Then a new, and, I solemnly believe, a true thought came to me. What we have always had we think little about. Those who are accustomed to purple and fine linen are the least likely to fall into temptation thereby, because they best know that outward adornments possess only a comparative value, and that the surest way to mortify the flesh is to make it as comfortable as possible, for then its voice is silenced, its clamor unheard.

"Fix the parlor." I saw in a moment, a beautiful vision, just such a one as I knew had filled Sadie's fond fancy many a day. The farm-house was a grand old place, almost like a baronial castle, I thought, as old Pennsylvanian homesteads are. It had roomy chambers, high ceilings, tall, deep-seated windows, noble halls, and broad, encircling piazzas.

The picturesque, pointed stone walls, two feet thick, the quaint gabled roof, dormer windows, and high chimney-stocks, the wreathing ivy and Virginia-creeper, the luxuriant roses and honeysuckles, and lilacs, and mock-oranges overrunning wildly the old-fashioned lawn; and the magnificent oaks and chestnuts embowering the whole—all made a scene of transcendent loveliness.

Within and without, all the house lacked were a few feminine touches of delicacy and beauty.

The grand, old parlor, with its solid mahogany furniture, of ancient date, stiff, high-backed sofa, and heavy pier-table, and tall secretary. What an enchantment if the rich heirlooms were repaired and brightened by the touch of the modern upholsterer, for I am too firm a believer in family pride ever to banish antiquities altogether. What a change, I thought, if the worn rag-carpet were replaced by a deep-toned tapestry; the ample windows filled with flowers and screened with lace; dainty drawings and engravings, mingled with the old family portraits; pretty books and statuettes filled up the odd corners; and the whole glorified, as it were, by sweet strains from a beautiful instrument.

Yet, somehow, I knew not why, I did not feel very sanguine for all Sadie seemed so radiant.

Well, she began to teach. But, oh! how quickly her gay spirits failed, how soon she grew thin and pale and languid. And, as the rare autumn days faded out into those of early winter, I became alarmed, for I was sure that the work and exposure were telling on her strength.

Did she adorn the house? Not a particle. Did she dress? If possible, more poorly than ever. Why?

Because, just as soon as her father realized that she was earning a good salary, he took it

from her. She was a minor, he said, and he had a right to it; besides, had he not supported her all her life, and did he not still support her? Was it not time for her to show her gratitude? Besides, she would only squander the money. As to a piano, that was all nonsense, he wouldn't have one in his house, for her to waste her time over, she'd better wash the dishes and mend her stockings. Books—there was the Bible; he guessed she'd never read that any too often. Dress,—that was all folly. She had a good home—what more did she want?

What if the girls in the neighborhood did have these things? Who were they anyhow, that she should want to ape them? This one's father made his money selling rags; that one came of very common stock; the other was quite loud in her manners. Was she not content to belong to one of the best families in the county, whose blood was so good, and whose position was so secure that they needed no worldly trappings to make them any more respected than they already were?

That's old Pennsylvania family pride. But, ah! the pinnacle of human importance is a cold one, as are all greatly elevated heights.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

Sadie would gladly have owned a shorter pedigree at present, and a lighter purse in prospect, could she have known a little more of solid, earthly comfort. She spoke impetuously of resigning her situation. But this, Mr. Lee forbade. Now she had commenced, he said, she must continue her work; it was her duty to obey. So wearily she took up her burden, seeing nothing before her but thankless toil.

It was a hard winter, colder, drearier than our latitude had known for years. The snow was so deep that it reached almost to the top of the men's boots; and sleighs, which had scarce seen daylight a dozen times within our memories, were brought out from their places of storage and put into constant use. It was a winter such as we read of, but seldom see, at least, not here, within a few miles of Mason and Dixon's Line.

How its sharp, icy breath cut through Sadie's thin frame! Must she walk that dreary two miles every morning, sick or well, in that terrible wintry weather? She might, and go through it safely, with adequate protection.

She asked for merino under-wear. Why, her mother and grandmother lived without that new-fangled nonsense, and were strong, healthy women. She wanted rubber over-shoes and a waterproof cloak. Girls in old times were not afraid of a little snow and rain. Then, couldn't she be driven over in the carriage? Oh, it would tire the horses, or they needed shoeing, or a tire was loose; and did she want to be pampered like a baby? She ought to consider what an easy, idle life she was living; she could go off every day, and do nothing but *teach*, while her mother had to stay home and *work*! Could she not pay a substitute for a while, some one who lived nearer the school? No, it would cost money. Or go somewhere for a warm dinner? Oh,

hundreds of girls worked and worked *hard*, on cold lunch, and so could she. Then, could she see the doctor about her cold? Oh, *that* was nothing—everybody had colds. Why *was* she forever thinking about herself? Was she never satisfied? Had she never read that godliness with contentment was great gain?

My heart sickens, and I hasten to a close. For before the early spring came around, Sadie Lee lay down to rise no more.

Oh, what would not that poor, broken-hearted father have given, could his only daughter have been restored to him, in her health, for even one short year? What she might have had, of love and sympathy, and joy, and beauty! Too late, he sees how he dwarfed and shortened her fair, young life; and, now that she has gone, his acres and bank-stock remain, only to mock him. So, fathers and mothers, will *your* possessions, great or small, if, directly or indirectly, you have robbed your children of but one pleasure or grace, for *their* miserable, paltry sakes. So will you feel, should it ever come home to you that you have brought into the world, fresh, pure, untried souls, and then have permitted them to pass into eternity, thwarted, repressed, stunted, if not actually deformed, by your heedlessness and selfishness.

Oh, when we consider that for the meanest, as well as for the noblest, Christ died, ought we dare to say that anything is too good, too great, too precious, for the use of any human soul, for its enjoyment, its elevation, its purification?

Yes, they gave her a splendid funeral. It was all they could do, now that she wants nothing more in this world. I believe her monument will be the handsomest in the churchyard, for all her salary, which she never could touch, lies in the bank in her name. So we may say, that, though she never earned herself so much as a pair of gloves, she has helped buy her own tombstone. Alas, and alas!

Well, perhaps everything is for the best. Some may say that her life was a useless one. But so far as she herself is concerned, I think her tribulations have worked for her a more exceeding weight of glory. And because she has suffered and died, her example may warn many thoughtless parents, and so avert sorrow, sickness, and death, from many innocent, helpless heads. Heaven grant it!



HALLO? HOY?

"On the Balcony."

(See page Engraving.)

FROM A PAINTING BY KONRAD KIESEL.

THE art of *genre* painting has an inexhaustible field of subjects, in the manifold situations that chance creates, and that are reflected in an artistic manner by the brush. A photographically correct copy of a picturesquely beautiful, or otherwise peculiar situation, is not necessarily a *genre* painting; this must have an inherent attraction, such as an episode from a fine novel, an interesting point in which the beholder can easily imagine the beginning and the end. Our balcony scene that we reproduce for our readers, after a painting by Konrad Kiesel, is therefore a genuine *genre* picture. What the four ladies are looking at, by their appearance of interest, yet perfectly at home manner, which is aptly and elegantly portrayed, is not difficult to guess. It is probably a young officer of rank and family, that is riding by at the head of his regiment, would fain salute them, and yet on that very account does not. The diverse interests that the four ladies take in the incident is full of a transparent charm. One can easily read a pleasing, piquant, and refined society romance in this scene from a balcony.

The painter of this attractive picture, Konrad Kiesel, was born in Düsseldorf, in 1846. At first he devoted himself to wood carving, then to modeling, and ended in painting. He studied under W. Sohn, in Düsseldorf; and already his first pictures, "Italian Girl" and "Still Life," give evidence that he will become a renowned artist in the province of *genre* painting. Our balcony scene shows him to be a possible master in his chosen field.

Aphra Behn and the First English Novel.

BY MARY GAY HUMPHREY.

AMONG the old plays which there has been some talk of revising in London, has been mentioned *Orinooka*, a play which at one time was the absorbing theme of all London; and, aside from this distinction, marks the beginning of a literary epoch which yet sees no decline. *Orinooka* is the dramatized version of the first English novel. Its author was Aphra Behn, a name which for two centuries has stood for little more than an unusually bad woman and nasty writer. The first century made her the scapegoat of a licentious age. The second has suffered her to drop into a partial and miry oblivion, from which she is occasionally dragged dripping with infamy, to be exposed for a moment to casual execration. She is really far from deserving either neglect or wholesale condemnation, as, aside from the gratitude we owe her as the writer

of the first novel, she was in several capacities a considerable figure in her time. Aphra Behn was the daughter of a Mr. Johnson, appointed by Charles II. governor of Surinam. On the voyage out Mr. Johnson died, and the mother proceeding on her journey, Aphra grew up at Surinam into a handsome, dark-eyed girl of untamed spirits, and with a ready tongue. When about entering womanhood, her mother returned to England, when her daughter was presented to the king. Charles was charmed with the bold wit of this foreign miss. Stimulated by the royal favor, Aphra related to him the story of an Indian slave she had met at Surinam. And the king was so much pleased with the story that he begged her to give it to the public. From this interview came the first work of English fiction, *Orinooka*, a novel founded on the story which Aphra told the king.

The work was immediately popular. Not only was it interesting in its incident, but the form was at once original and striking. The more direct method, and the simplicity of prose, adapts it to the attention of a much larger class of readers than the older form of the poetical drama. On the publication of this novel, the literary horizon was suddenly extended; and the fair *Astrea*, as she was called, discovered a hitherto unknown public both in England and in France.

The story relates the adventures of *Orinooka*, the grandson of the King of *Corimantica*, the last of a large family, and brought up with as much care as an European prince. At manhood he is represented not only with all the graces of an ebony *Apollo*, but with a mind sensible, well matured, and capable of governing wisely. With a hero thus novel and interesting, the story proceeds. *Orinooka* falls in love with a young girl, *Imoinda*, which displeases the king, who sells the girl into slavery. Not long afterward, *Orinooka* is betrayed into accepting the hospitality of an English captain, who seizes him, and carries him to Surinam, where he is sold to a Cornish gentleman. As it happens, *Imoinda* is also the slave of this gentleman, where *Orinooka* finds her under the name of *Clemene*, and he becomes reconciled for a time to his fate. The story of their love, and the conversations with which they beguile their captivity on noble themes, and which result in his embracing Christianity, are told with much sweetness and power. At length, with some other slaves, they attempt flight, but are retaken, and *Orinooka* bound, whipped, and his wounds rubbed with pepper. He bears his sufferings stoically, but resolves to end them. Confiding his intention to *Imoinda*, she begs him to first end hers, which he does, and falls fainting by her side. Here he is found, and tied to a stake, and, whipped, dies without a groan.

It was this novel that first called attention to the horrors of the African slave trade. Aphra Behn herself was an anti-slavery enthusiast, and in her day as prominent in that respect as the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in our day. Southern, in dramatizing the story, says: "So feelingly does Mrs. Behn relate the story, that she has not dramatized it herself; must be that she could not bear to have her hero represented."

It was while her fame was at its height, that Aphra Johnson became the wife of a prosperous Dutch merchant named Behn (pronounced *ben*). He died after a short wedded life, leaving a gay widow. At this time, complications with the Dutch requiring an active presence at Antwerp, Charles II. selected Mrs. Behn as a suitable person. Here she renewed her coquetries with an old lover so successfully, that he confided to her the intention of DeWitt and Ruyter, to burn the English fleet. She sent the news to the English court, where it was received with laughter. Mrs. Behn left Antwerp in much chagrin, for London, where she had the satisfaction of witnessing the dismay of the English at the destruction of the fleet. In London, Aphra Behn resumed her literary life in earnest. With Rochester and Etheridge, she published a book of poems, and to a translation of Ovid, contributed a metrical version of *Cenone's* Epistle to Paris, which called forth the admiration of Dryden.

Her industry was unflagging. Novels and plays, varied by translations, adaptations, incursions into mathematics, philosophy, theology, and even chronology, occupied her busy pen. At the same time she moved a brilliant figure in society. So socially disposed was she, that even her writing was done in the center of the gay group that hovered about her. She was a capital companion herself, using her bold wit fearlessly, and, as her biographer adds, "Of that reckless inaccuracy which belongs to a good talker." Her frank, generous nature made her many friends. She describes herself as "a woman violent in her passions, who naturally hates all the little arts of her sex, preferring always plain, blunt truths."

This masculine courage and masculine vigor, united in a woman, brought its own revenge. This was not a well conducted age, yet the friend and collaborator of Rochester and Etheridge met with none of the immunity meted out to them. While neither men nor women were seemly in word, or action, or printed line, degrees of unseemliness were as rigidly exacted between them, as if decency were a mere matter of whistling, becoming to men, but which spoiled pretty feminine lips. Probably her best defense is in this passage, written by Sir Walter Scott: "The editor was acquainted with an old lady of family, who assured him in her younger days, Mrs. Behn's novels were as currently upon the toilet as the works of Miss Edgeworth at present; and described with some humor her own surprise after a long interval of years. And when its contents were quite forgotten, she found it impossible to endure at the age of fourscore what at fifteen she, like all the fashionable world of her time, had perused without an idea of impropriety."

Mrs. Behn continued to write, but her pleasure-loving methods of composition resulted in literary slovenliness, and the closing years of her life were spent in bread-winning. She died in 1689, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. A black slab marks the spot, on which is inscribed:

"Here lies a proof that wit can be
Defense enough against mortality."

Kith and Kin.

BY JESSIE FOTHERGILL, AUTHOR OF THE "FIRST VIOLIN,"
"PROBATION," ETC.

(Continued from page 266.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

DANESDALE GOES TO SCAR FOOT.

ABOUT noon the next day, Sir Gabriel Danesdale and his son, riding down the hill behind Scar Foot, left off a lively discussion on politics, which had hitherto engrossed them, and turned their thoughts and their conversation toward the house which had just come in sight.

"I wonder how we shall like him," observed Sir Gabriel. "At the funeral, I took good notice of him—you were not there."

"No, I don't go to them, on principle."

"That is a mistake," said his father; "there is never any harm in occasionally confronting in another, what must sometime be one's own latter end. When I fairly realized that it was old John who was being laid under the ground there, my own contemporary, and the friend of my youth, I assure you that the things of this present, the roast and the boiled, the lands and the houses, seemed to shrink away into remarkably small compass. It puts things before one in another light."

Sir Gabriel spoke with a tempered cheerfulness, and Randulf replied, "I never thought of it in that way; I have no doubt you are right."

"You are young, it is no wonder you have never thought of it in that way. But, as I was saying, I took remarkably good notice of this young fellow, and it was strongly borne in upon my mind that if he and old John had been much together, the roof of Scar Foot must have flown off under the violence of their disputes. He is not one of us, Randulf; not one of my kind, though he may suit your new-fangled notions."

"Did he look like a gentleman?"

"Upon my word, I can hardly tell. Not a finished gentleman, though he had some of his grandfather's pride of bearing. But everything about him tells of the town, any one would have picked him out as belonging to a different world from ours."

"Are you obliged to call upon him?" asked the young man.

"No, I suppose not, but I choose to do so, though I am sorry for Mrs. Conisbrough and her daughters. If I find the fellow is amenable to influence, I shall let him see that the whole place would approve of his sharing his inheritance with them."

"I hope you won't burn your fingers," said his son sceptically. "For my part I am very glad not to have made the acquaintance of this redoubtable 'old John', for, from all I can hear, he seems to have been a most odious character and to have behaved disgracefully to these ladies."

"Well, I'm afraid there is not much to be said for him, in that respect, but after all, a son is a son, Randulf, and I can pardon a man almost anything when it is done for a son, or a son's son."

"Randulf made no answer. He had been glancing aside, occupied in looking for the spot where he had found Judith Conisbrough, weeping. He had seen and recognized it, and with the sight of it came the remembrance of her face. Unknown 'sons and son's sons' appeared to him insignificant in comparison with a woman whose sorrow he had beheld, and whose individuality had profoundly impressed him.

They rode into the courtyard, at the back of the house.

"I hope he won't be away," said Sir Gabriel with an earnestness which amused his son. "It has been an effort to me to come, and I don't want to have made it for nothing."

He pulled a bell, and while they waited for a man to come, Judith Conisbrough walked into the courtyard, having come from the front part of the house. Neither Sir Gabriel nor his son knew of the presence at Scar Foot of Mrs. Conisbrough and her daughter, and were therefore proportionately surprised to see her there. She was going past them, with a bow, but Sir Gabriel, quickly dismounting, shook hands with her, and wished her good-day. She gravely returned his greeting.

"Are you—are you staying here?" he asked, at a loss to account for her presence.

"I am, at present, with my mother, who was unfortunately taken ill here, on Saturday."

"Dear, dear! I'm sorry to hear that. Then I fear we shall not find Mr. Aglionby at home?"

"He is at Scar Foot—Mr. Bernard Aglionby. Whether he is now in the house, or not, I have not the least idea," replied Judith composedly.

"Ah! I hope Mrs. Conisbrough is not seriously ill, pursued Sir Gabriel, uncomfortably conscious that the young lady looked careworn and sad, and with a sudden sense that there might be more circumstances in the whole case than they knew of, complications which they had not heard of.

"No, thank you. I hope she will be well enough to be moved in a day or two. She is subject to such attacks. As you are going to see Mr. Aglionby, I will not detain you any longer."

She bowed to both father and son, and was moving on. Randulf's horse had been taken. He returned Miss Conisbrough's bow, and made a step after his father, in the direction of the house. Then, suddenly turning on his heel, he overtook Judith, raised his hat, and held out his hand.

"You looked so stern, Miss Conisbrough, that at first I thought I had better go after my papa, and not say anything to you, but—see, allow me to open this gate for you, if you are going this way—are you?"

"Yes," replied Judith, repressing a smile, "but if you are going to call upon Mr. Aglionby, do you not think you had better follow Sir Gabriel?"

"Directly—no hurry; I never expected I

should have the good fortune to meet you, or I should have ridden here more cheerfully. My father was wondering how we should get on with this man here. You know, he has the kindest heart in the world, has my father; he thinks Mrs. Conisbrough has been treated badly. There!" as Judith's face flushed painfully. "I have said the thing I ought not to have said, and offended you."

"No, you have not, but I think we had better not talk about it."

"Well, we won't," said Randulf, deliberately pursuing the subject. "But everybody knows that the aged rascal who lived here——"

"Hush, hush, Mr. Danesdale!"

"I beg your pardon—he behaved scandalously to Mrs. Conisbrough. Have you had speech with this new man? What is he like? Is he horrible?"

"Oh, no! He—I like him."

Randulf was scrutinizing her from under his sleepy eyelids. After this answer, he did not pursue the subject further. Judith asked him to open the gate, and let her go for her walk. He did so, and added, with a slower drawl than usual; "and, Miss Conisbrough, how is s—sister?"

"Which sister?" asked Judith, surveying him straitly from her large and candid eyes.

"Your sister Delphine," answered Randulf, leaning on the gate, in a leisurely manner, as if he never meant to lift himself off it again.

"I have not seen her since Saturday. I had a note from her this morning, though—I want her to meet me. I won't have her come here, and that reminds me," she added, "that I want to find Toby, the farm boy, to take a message——"

"I am going home that way. Couldn't you intrust the message to me?"

"I'm afraid it would be a bore," said Judith, who perhaps saw as clearly out of her open eyes, as did Randulf from his half-closed ones.

"I never offer to do things that are a bore," he assured her.

"Well, if you really don't object, I should be very glad if you would call and tell her that if it is fine this afternoon, she must set off at half-past two, and I will do the same, and we shall meet at Counterside, just half-way. I want very much to speak to her, but you can understand that I don't care to ask any one into this house unless I am obliged, nor to send Mr. Aglionby's servants on my errands."

"So you employ your own most devoted retainer instead," said Randulf composedly, but unable to repress a smile of gratification; "I will deliver the message faithfully. Now the gate stands open. Good-morning!"

Judith passed out of the gate, and Randulf hastened after Sir Gabriel, the smile still hovering about his lips, and inwardly saying, "I'm glad I turned back. It was a good stroke of business after I'd racked my brains for an excuse to call there, without being able to find one."

Mrs. Aveson received him with a smile and words of welcome, and ushered him into the state parlor where already his father and Aglionby were together.

Certainly three more strongly contrasted

characters could hardly have been found, than the three then assembled in the parlor at Scar Foot. Each, too, was fully conscious of his unlikeness to the other. There was a necessary constraint over the interview. Sir Gabriel spoke in high terms of the late squire. The late squire's successor listened in courteous, cool silence, bowing his head now and then, and smiling slightly in a manner which the candid Sir Gabriel could not be expected to understand. Aglionby did not protest, when this incense was burnt at the shrine of his grandfather, neither did he for one moment join in the ceremony. When, however, Sir Gabriel remarked that Mr. Aglionby had been hasty and inconsiderate sometimes, the newcomer rejoined, "I am quite sure of it," in a voice which carried conviction. Then Sir Gabriel remarked that he supposed Mr. Aglionby had not lived much in the country.

"My fame seems to have preceded me in that respect," replied Aglionby, laughing rather sarcastically. After which Sir Gabriel felt rather at a loss what to say to this dark-looking person, who knew nothing of the country, and cared nothing for country-gentlemen's pursuits, who could not even converse sympathetically about the man from whom he had inherited his fortune. Mrs. Conisbrough was a tabooed subject to Sir Gabriel. And he had just begun to feel embarrassed when Randulf came in, and afforded an opportunity for introducing a new topic, and a powerful auxiliary in the matter of keeping up the conversation, for which his father could not feel sufficiently thankful. He introduced the young men to each other, and Randulf apologized for his tardy appearance.

"I wanted to speak to Miss Conisbrough," he said, "and stopped with her longer than I meant to. She had an errand for me, too, so I stayed to hear what it was."

"It seems to me that you and Miss Conisbrough get on very well together," observed his father good-naturedly.

Bernard sat silent during this colloquy. What could Judith Conisbrough or her friends possibly be to him? Had he not Lizzie at Irkford? His forever! Yet his face grew a little sombre as he listened.

"Do we, sir? Well, it is but a week to-day since I made her acquaintance, but I think that any man who didn't get on with her and her sisters—well, he wouldn't deserve to. Don't you?" he added, turning to Aglionby, and calmly ignoring the possibility of any awkwardness in the topic.

"I know only Miss Conisbrough, and that very slightly," said Bernard, very gravely. "She seems to me a most—charming—"

"You are thinking that charming isn't the word, and it is not," said Randulf. "If one used such expressions about one's acquaintances in these days, I should say she was a noble woman. That's my idea of her: exalted, you know, in character, and all that sort of thing."

"I should imagine it; but I know very little of her," said Aglionby, who, however, felt his heart respond to each one of these remarks.

Sir Gabriel found this style of conversation dull. He turned to Aglionby, and said, politely;

"I believe you have always lived at Irkford, have you not?"

"Yes," responded Bernard, with a look of humor in his eyes. "I was in a warehouse there. I sold grey cloth."

"Grey cloth," murmured Sir Gabriel, polite, but puzzled.

"Grey cloth—yes. It is not an exciting, nor yet a very profitable employment. It seems, however, that if my rich relation had not suddenly remembered me, I might have continued in it to the end of my days."

"Rich relation?" began Sir Gabriel; "I thought—"

"That I had others, perhaps?" suggested Bernard, while Randulf listened with half-closed eyes, and apparently without hearing what was said.

"Well, I certainly have a vague impression—I may be quite wrong—I suppose I must be."

"It is an odd thing that Miss Conisbrough also accused me of having rich relations the other day," said Bernard, and then carelessly changed the subject. The guests sat a little longer. The conversation was almost entirely between Aglionby and Sir Gabriel, but secretly the young men also measured one another with considerable eagerness, and the conclusion left in the mind of each concerning the other was, "I don't dislike him—there is good stuff in him."

At last they rose to go, and with wishes on the Danesdales' side to see more of Mr. Aglionby, and promises on his part to return their visit, they departed.

Bernard looked at his watch, paused, considered, muttered to himself, "Of course it is all right," and ringing the bell, asked Mrs. Aveson if Miss Conisbrough were out, and if she had said whether she was coming in to dinner.

"She went out for a walk toward Dale Head, sir, and she didn't say when she would be back," responded Mrs. Aveson.

"Thank you," said Aglionby, and with that he went out, and by a strange coincidence, his steps, too, turned in the direction of Dale Head.

But he was not successful in meeting Miss Conisbrough (if that were the intention with which he had set out). He saw no trace of her, though, as he passed along the beautiful road, catching occasional glimpses, here and there, of the lake, his lips parted involuntarily now and then, in the desire to utter to some companion-shadow what he thought of it all. But it is thin work, talking to shadows, as he felt. He returned home, found that Miss Conisbrough had come in, and was going to dine with him, and that a messenger who had been to Yoresett, had brought him a letter from the post-office of that metropolis addressed, in a sprawling hand, to Bernard Aglionby, Esq. Rapture! It was from Lizzie!

CHAPTER XIX.

LOOKING FORWARD.

AFTER she had said good-morning to Randulf, Judith walked along the rough, stony

lane, with its gaps in the hedge, showing the rugged fells in the distance, and her gaze had lost some of its despondency. Indeed, she felt cheered by the little interview. She distinctly liked young Danesdale (though to her, old in care and sorrow, he seemed more like a very charming boy than a man grown, with a man's feelings), and she was conscious, with a keen thrill of sympathetic conviction, that he liked her, liked her sisters, liked everything about her. It was a delightful sensation, like the coming of a sudden, unexpected joy in a sad life. She dwelt upon his words, his manners, his gestures, from the moment in which, with the languor gone from his eyes, he had overtaken her, to his last delighted expression about her sending her own devoted retainer on her messages, instead of Bernard Aglionby's servants. It was perhaps rather a cool thing to say—at least it might have savored of impertinence if some people had said it. From Randulf Danesdale, it came agreeably and naturally enough.

She would see Delphine that afternoon—an interview for which she longed greatly; she had gratified Randulf by allowing him to give her message about the meeting, and Delphine would be pleased to learn her sister's wishes from such a courier. Altogether, things looked brighter. She presently turned off to the right, into a little dell or gorge, and wandered along some paths she knew, half-woodland, half-rocky. She had come out for her health's sake, but remembering the walk in prospect in the afternoon, did not stay very long, and was utterly unconscious that at one moment, just as she was standing beneath a faded beech-tree, whose foliage was yellow and sere, and holding in her hand some variously-tinted autumn leaves which she had picked, the footsteps which she heard in the road below, and not far distant, were those of Bernard Aglionby.

Returned to the house, she went to her mother's room, who still lay white and weak-looking, though free from pain and breathlessness, upon her bed.

"See, mamma, here are some lovely leaves, which I found in the clough this morning."

She put them in a little glass, and placed them near her mother.

"Thank you, Judith. . . . What were all those voices I heard below? I am sure I feel as if I ought to know them."

"Sir Gabriel and Mr. Danesdale come to call upon Mr. Aglionby."

"You do not mean it?" exclaimed Mrs. Conisbrough, with animation, and then, after a pause, "Really to call upon him? To welcome him?"

"I suppose so, mamma. I don't know why else they should have come."

"No doubt? 'The king is dead: long live the king!' It would have been the same if we had been in possession," said Mrs. Conisbrough, in an accent of indescribable bitterness.

Yet she had ceased to speak of Bernard with the passionate indignation and resentment which she had at first expressed. Perhaps reflection had convinced her that opposition would be folly. Perhaps—with women like

Mrs. Conisbrough, many perhaps may have an influence.

"As you seem so much better, mother, I have asked Delphine to come to Counterside, and I shall go and meet her, so that we can have a chat this afternoon. Then I can tell her how you really are."

"As you like," responded Mrs. Conisbrough, rather peevishly. "I am aware that you and Delphine cannot exist apart, or think you cannot, for more than a day, without repining. In my young days, girls used to think less of themselves."

"If you do not wish me to leave you, I will send word to Delphine not to come."

"On no account stay in for me," was the logical and consistent reply. "The walk will do you good. Did you say you had seen Mr. Danesdale?"

"Yes. It is he who has promised to call at our house, and ask Delphine to meet me."

"Ah, I see!" said Mrs. Conisbrough, in a tone so distinctly pleased and approving, that Judith could not but notice it. She turned to her mother with parted lips, then, as if suddenly recollecting herself, closed them again, and took up her sewing, at which she worked until Mrs. Aveson came to say that dinner was ready.

"Thank you. Is Mr. Aglionby going to dine now, do you know?"

"Yes, he is, Miss Judith. If you'd prefer me to bring yours up here—"

"Oh, no, thank you. I am not afraid of him," said Judith, with a slight smile.

"I should think not, Miss Judith. If there's any cause for fear. I should think it would be more likely on the other side."

"Why, I wonder?" speculated Judith within herself, and her mother's voice came from the bed, as Mrs. Aveson withdrew.

"Just straighten your hair, Judith, and fasten your collar with my little gold brooch. It will make you look tidier."

"I'll straighten my hair, mamma, but as for the brooch, I really don't think it is necessary. If you could see the careless, and I might say shabby style in which Mr. Aglionby dresses, you would know that he did not think much about what people wear."

She had made her beautiful brown hair quite smooth, and without further elaboration of her toilette, she went down-stairs.

Bernard was standing in the dining-room waiting for her.

"Mrs. Aveson told me I was to have the pleasure of your company at dinner," he said, with the graciousness and politeness which, when he was with her, seemed to spring more readily than other feelings within his breast.

"I am going out at half-past two," answered Judith.

"Are you? and I at a quarter to three. I am going to Yoresett to see Mr. Whaley."

"Indeed. I have a sort of message for you from mamma; she did not send it to you in so many words, but when I suggested it, she agreed with me, and that is, that after to-day I think we need not tax your kindness any further. My mother is so much better that I think she will be fit to go home."

"Oh, do you think so? She must not on

any account move before she is quite able to do so without risk. I would not be in any hurry to remove her."

"You are very good to say so. But if you will kindly allow us to have the brougham to-morrow afternoon—"

"I am sure you had better say the day after to-morrow. From what Dr. Lowther said, I am convinced of it. I—I don't think I can spare the brougham to-morrow afternoon, though I really wasn't aware that there was such a carriage on the premises, or anything about it. But I shall be sure to want it to-morrow afternoon."

His dark eyes looked at her very pleasantly across the table, and there was a smile upon his lips, all playfulness and no malice. Judith met the glance, and thought, "How could I have thought him hard and stony-looking? And if only all these miserable complications had not come in the way, what a very nice relation he would have been!"

But she said, aloud:

"You are very kind, and since you really wish it, I accept your offer gratefully. The day after to-morrow, then."

"That is a much more sensible arrangement, though I call even that too soon. But I like to have my own way, and I have really got so little of it hitherto, that I daresay there is some danger of my using the privilege recklessly. However, since I have prevailed so far, I will see that all is ready at the time you wish. And—Miss Conisbrough!"

"Yes?"

"Do you think Mrs. Conisbrough will strongly object to my seeing her?"

"You must not speak to her on any matters of money, or business," said Judith hastily.

"I had not the slightest intention of doing so, though I still hope that in time she will fall in with my views on the matter, and I hope, too, you have not forgotten your promise to help me in it."

Judith said nothing. Her eyes were cast down. Aglionby paused only for a moment, and then went on.

"What I meant was, that perhaps you would prefer—she might be very angry if I put in any appearance when she goes away. In plain words, do you think she still so strongly resents my presence here, that it would be unwise for me to pay my respects to her, and tell her how glad I am that she is better?"

"No," said Judith; her face burning, her eyes fixed upon her plate. "She has considered the matter while she has been ill. I think—I am sure you might speak to her, only please do not be offended if—"

"If she snubs me very severely," said he, with a gleam of amusement. "No, indeed, I will not. Whatever Mrs. Conisbrough may say to me, I will receive submissively and meekly."

"Because you feel that the power is on your side," said Judith rapidly, involuntarily, almost in a whisper, her face burning with a still deeper blush. "It must be easy to smile at a woman's petulance when you are a man, and feel that you have the game all in your own hands."

She had not meant to say so much. The

words had broken from her almost uncontrollably. Almost every hour since the moment in which she had seen her mother cower down before Bernard's direct gaze, her sense of his power and strength had been growing and intensifying. Hours of brooding and solitude, apart from her accustomed companions; long and painful meditations upon the past and present, and thrills of dread when she contemplated the future; these things, broken only by her two or three interviews with Bernard, and with him alone, had strengthened her feeling, until now, though she was neither dependent, clinging, nor servile by nature, the very sight of Aglionby's dark face, with its marked and powerful features, made her heart beat faster, and brought a crushing consciousness of his strength and her own weakness. Had he been overbearing or imperious in manner, all her soul would have rebelled; she was one of those natures with whom justice and forbearance are almost a passion: the moments would have seemed hours until she could break free from his roof and his presence; but he was the very reverse of overbearing or imperious. The strength was kept in reserve; the manner was gentle and deferential—only she knew that the power was there and she would not have been a woman if she had not had a latent idolatry of power. The combination of strength and gentleness was new to her; the proximity to a man who wielded these attributes was equally foreign to her and all these things combined had begun to exercise over her spirit a fascination to which she was already beginning, half-unconsciously, to yield.

Aglionby's only answer at first to her remark was a look, slow and steady; but he had looks which sank into the souls of those at whom they were leveled, and haunted them, and it was such a glance that he bestowed upon Judith Conisbrough now. Then he said:

"That remark shows me very plainly that 'petulance,' as you are pleased to call it, forms no part of *your* character; but I guessed that some time ago. I am glad to have you on my side."

Judith wondered whether he was saying these things on purpose to try her to the utmost. She was glad that at that moment she perceived, on looking at the clock, that she had only a few minutes in which to get ready, if she were to set off at the time she had appointed with Delphine. Making this an excuse, she rose.

"Are you walking?" he asked. "I am sure you ought not to walk so far."

"Oh, thank you. I have been accustomed to it all my life," said she, going out of the room, and slowly ascending the stairs.

"Child, you look quite flushed," cried her mother. "What have you been doing? Quarreling with Mr. Aglionby?"

"No, mother. It would be hard to quarrel with Mr. Aglionby. No one could be more considerate. . . . but I wish we were at home again. By the way, he will not hear of your going until the day after to-morrow."

"I shall be very glad of another day's rest. I feel dreadfully weak."

Judith made no reply, but put on her things and went out, just as the big clock on the stairs notified that it was half-past two—that is, it said half past three, as is the habit of clocks in country places—a habit which had perfectly bewildered Bernard, who had tried to get Mrs. Aveson to put it back, but had been met by the solemn assurance that any such course would result in the complete *bouleversement* of all the existing domestic arrangements. Indeed, he saw that the proposition excited unbounded alarm and displeasure in Mrs. Aveson's mind, and he had to admit that in a Yorkshire dale one must do as the natives do.

It was a fine afternoon. Judith walked quickly along the well-known road, and in her mind she kept seeing Bernard's eyes directed to her face, after her own hurried remark about woman's petulance. She could not satisfy herself as to what that look meant, and sighed impatiently as she tried to banish it from her mind.

At last she came to the dip in the road, which, with its shade of overhanging trees, its quaint, nestling old houses and cottages, and tiny whitewashed Friends' Meeting-house, was known as Countersett or Counterside. Half-way down the hill she saw something which banished egoistic reflections, and caused a smile to break out upon her face. A slim girl's figure, with the shabby old gown, which yet always looked graceful, and the thick twists of golden hair rolling from beneath the ancient brown straw hat. That was no unusual sight, and her heart leaped with joy as she beheld it; but the figure with that figure—not Rhoda's slender height, not her audacious, Irish-grey eyes and defiantly smiling young face—not a girl at all, but Randolph Danesdale. Surely there was nothing to laugh at, the meeting was a simple one enough; yet on the faces of all three as they met there was a broad irrepressible smile, which soon became a hearty laugh. Instead of saying anything, the three stood still in the wooded road, and laughed loud and clear—light-hearted laughs. The young people of the present day are generally too learned and careworn, to scientific or æsthetic, to laugh very heartily; but in some country districts there are still left a few rustics who can and do laugh loudly at nothing in particular.

It was Judith who first ceased to laugh, and said:

"Why are we behaving so absurdly? Surely there is nothing to laugh at!"

"Yes, there is," said Delphine, her golden-brown eyes dancing. "There is Mr. Danesdale to laugh at."

"Who is too happy to make himself useful in any way," he murmured.

"He hates walking. Coming up this hill he has been so exhausted, that I am glad Sir Gabriel could not see his degenerate son. He came, Judith—Mr. Danesdale presented himself at Yoresett House, and said you had desired him to give your love, and to say that he was to stay to lunch, and see that I set off at half-past two, as you had no trust at all in my punctuality. I thought it rather odd, but allowed him to remain. And then he said

that part of his commission had been to come with me until we met you, as you know my habit of loitering on the wayside. Rhoda said she didn't believe him, and it was an insult. What I want to know is, did he tell the truth?"

Here the sound of wheels just behind them caused them to turn. Coming down the hill was a dog-cart, which Bernard Aglionby was driving, his man sitting behind. His piercing eyes glanced from one to the other of the group, till they rested upon Judith. Randolph and Judith returned his salutation. Then the dog-cart flashed past, and disappeared round a bend in the road.

"Who is that?" asked Delphine, in surprise.

"Our new cousin, Bernard Aglionby," responded Judith, in a sharp, dry tone. At this juncture Randolph remarked that he would not detain them any longer. He wished them good afternoon, and took his way back to Yoresett. The girls were left alone.

Arm-in-arm they paced about the tiny square courtyard of the equally tiny Friends' Meeting-house before alluded to.

"Well!" said Delphine, pressing her sister's arm, with a quick excited movement, which the other at once remarked, "what is it? I suppose you would not ask me into that man's house, and quite right, too. He looks a stern, hard creature, with his dark face and frowning eyes. How has he treated you?"

"Most kindly. His appearance is a little against him, I think. But had he known that I wished to see you, he would have offered to send a carriage for you, I know. I think he has behaved admirably."

"Really Ju! You astonish me! How would you have had him behave? He has got all Uncle Aglionby's money and property. The least he could do was to behave with courtesy toward those whom he had supplanted."

"Well, you know, when the will was read, mamma's behavior really was enough to try a saint, let alone a young man with a sharp temper, as he has."

"You seem to know all about his temper very quickly."

"I've had opportunities, you see."

Judith then told her sister all about that most unpleasant scene, and her mother's behavior throughout, and how well, as she thought, Mr. Aglionby had behaved.

"You know I did feel inclined to hate him. One does long sometimes to be able to feel oneself an unqualified victim and martyr. And I did then. If I could have sat down, and on surveying my past life and future prospects, could have found that I had been wronged and ill-used all along, the victim of oppression and injustice, I should have been positively glad, because then I could have railed at everyone and everything, and refused to be comforted. But you know, Del, it is a fatal fact that there are *almost always* two sides to a question."

"I don't see how there can be another view of this question. Surely, Judith, you will not try to make it out to be a just will. If he had never led us to expect—never cheated my mother into the belief—"

"True, my dear. All that is true on the outside. But there is another side to it, and a most miserable one, for us. If what I think is true, it is not we who have to complain. I can't tell you what I think, until I am more certain on one or two points. Delphine, I have something to tell you that is not pleasant, I believe I am on the brink of a discovery: if I find myself right, I shall tell you of it, and no one else. Our life will then be still less smooth for us than it has been hitherto, but mamma will make no further opposition to our working, if we wish to do so."

"You are very mysterious, Judith."

"I know it must sound both odd and unreasonable. Well, if as I expect, I find myself right (I don't know how I can speak so calmly of it all, I am sure), I shall then explain to you, and I am absolutely certain of your agreeing with me that it will be best, not only for you and me to go away and try to find some work, but for all of us to leave Yoresett—sell our house, go to a town and work—even if the work were plain, sewing or lodging-house keeping."

"Judith!" exclaimed Delphine, and there was a tone of horror in her voice.

"You will own that I am not in the habit of saying things without good reason?"

"Oh yes!"

"Then think about this, dear. It would be painful for many reasons to leave Yoresett."

"It would be awful—ghastly," said Delphine, with a shudder.

"Why, Del, that is a new view of the case, from you," said her sister, suddenly, looking keenly at her. "You always used to be more ardent than even I was about it."

"Of course I should be as willing as ever to go, if it were proved to be the best thing. But we should miss so many things, the freedom, the country air, and—"

"Freedom and country air may be bought, too, dear," said Judith, with so sad and earnest a ring in her voice, that Delphine was fain to acquiesce, with a prolonged sigh of reluctance.

"I will not tell you now, what I think," said Judith; "I will give myself time to find out whether my conjecture is wrong, and if so, I will indeed repent toward the person whom I have wronged, though Mr. Aglionby holds strange views about repentance. But if I am right, you and I, Del, will be glad to hide our heads anywhere, so long as it is far enough away from Yoresett."

Delphine made no answer to this. There was a silence as they paced about under the trees, now thinned of their foliage, while the shrivelled, scattered leaves rustled beneath their feet. Scarce a bird chirped. The sun had disappeared; the sky was grey and sad. The inhabitants of the hamlet of Counterside appeared all to be either asleep, or not at home. Up and down the little paved courtyard they paced, feeling vaguely that this quiet and peace in which they now stood, was not to last for ever, that the tiny square Friends' Meeting-house, where the silence was disturbed, it might be once a week, perhaps not so often, by a discourse, or a text, or an impromptu

Ben's Wife.

BY MARY L. ROLLES BRANCH.

prayer from some friend whom the spirit moved to utterance of his thoughts, that this was not the kind of arena in which their life's battle was to be fought. This was a lull, a momentary pause. Delphine at last broke it by saying:

"You say Mr. Aglionby has strange notions about repentance—how do you mean?"

"Oh, it would take too long to explain. We were talking together on Sunday night—we had supper together—"

"You had! Then you are not at daggers drawn?"

"Dear Delphine, no! If you had been placed as I have been, you would understand how it was impossible for me to remain at daggers drawn with him, besides the disagreeableness of such a state of things. We dined together to-day. He thinks his grandfather's will was very unjust and—"

"Mr. Danesdale said he was not half bad," said Delphine reflectively. "Then, am I to like him, Ju?"

"How absurd!" cried Judith, in a tone of irritation most unusual with her. "As if you could like or dislike a man whom you did not know. He wishes to repair the injustice if he can; to get mamma's consent to some arrangement by which she should receive an allowance, or an income from a charge on the property—or whatever they call it; I don't know whether it will do, I am sure."

"I don't see how it can be prevented, if mamma chooses to enter into such an arrangement, Judith."

"Oh, I do, though. I should prevent it if I thought it wrong."

"You, Judith."

"Yes I, Delphine. I think I shall have to prevent it."

"You speak somehow quite differently," said Delphine. "I do not understand you, Judith. I feel as if something had happened, and you look as if you had the world on your shoulders."

Judith looked at her, strangely moved; Delphine was the dearest thing she had in the world—her most precious possession. Today's interview marked a change in their relations to one another, an epoch. For until now they had always met on terms of equality; but this afternoon, Judith knew that she was holding something back from her sister, knew that she stayed her hand from inflicting a blow upon her—which blow she yet felt would have to be dealt.

"I feel as if I had a great deal on my shoulders," she answered, trying to speak carelessly. "And now I must go, Delphine, or mamma will grow uneasy, and darkness will overtake me. And you must run home too."

"Then the day after to-morrow, in the afternoon, Judith?"

"Yes. Mr. Aglionby has promised that we shall have the brougham. Give my love to Rhoda, and good-night."

The two figures exchanged a parting kiss in the twilight, and went their several ways.

(To be continued.)

THE nasturtiums and morning-glories ran all over the kitchen window where Nan Darrow stood at the sink washing dishes and singing. In the farther corner of the room her husband bent over his big blue sailor-chest, getting it in order for his next whaling voyage. He had hoped in his heart to stay at home all summer with his young wife, but an offer to go as first mate in a ship like the *Goodspeed* could hardly be refused.

"There's many a one would be glad of a worse chance," said Nan when he hesitated. He looked at her wistfully; he would rather have seen her blue eyes full of tears than so brave and bonny, but he reproached himself for the thought, signed the agreement, and was to ship in a week. It was now mid-June, and never had it seemed so hard to leave home, not because the house was the dearest, snug little house in all the world, not because he had been born there and spent his boyhood there, not because his garden was well started and growing with its walks all freshly pebbled, but because there was Nan's face at the window, Nan's voice ringing through the rooms, Nan's presence everywhere—and they had only been married two months.

He had loved her before he went off on his last voyage, but she had only gay, coquettish words and glances for him then. When he came back, however, things had changed. Nan's father and mother had died, and she, with no home to go to, was staying at his Aunt Julia's, and sewing for her board. Ben's instant championship and devotion gratified her, the two or three others who might have been rivals were off at sea; Nan was not used to feeling forlorn and being poor, and her wayward little heart, which, in an ordinary way it would have taken Ben long years to win by his untiring love, and then only after experience had taught it tenderness and wisdom, now accepted him for lover and husband without very much question, and Ben was the happiest man in Eastport.

The Darrow cottage had been locked up and unoccupied ever since Ben's sister married and his mother died, but now it was thrown open to air and sunshine and love. The rooms were made neat and sweet, Ben himself planted the garden with a new sense of gladness and ownership, and trained vines over the kitchen window. He had a feeling that the morning-glories would be a fitting frame for Nan's pretty face when she looked out from her work. He had a passionate love of flowers, this sailor born and bred, and though he must, in his vocation, be for years at a time tossed upon the blue waves of the sea, there was always in his heart the dream of a home with a garden, a spot of earth filled full as could be of flowers. Now Nan did not care a pin for flowers, but she made no opposition to Ben's tastes till one day, about a week before the offer came from the owners of the *Goodspeed*, when she saw him coming up the

pebbly path with a big green wooden flower pot in each arm, one full of pinks, the other holding a large geranium.

"What on earth!" she exclaimed, opening the door with a look on her pretty face that was not one of pleasure.

"These used to belong to mother," said Ben brightly; "I was over to Aunt Jule's just now, and thought I would bring them home. She's been keeping them for me."

"And tired enough she was of them!" was Nan's sharp comment. "She used to make me water them and pick off the leaves, till I couldn't bear the sight of them. But then I didn't know," she added prettily, "that they belonged to you, Ben. I haven't much knack with flowers anyway."

"I'll take care of these," said Ben good-naturedly. "I want them in the sitting-room window, right by the lounge."

And that was where he put them, and had the pleasure of them a little less than a week, when the letter came from New Bedford, from Captain Tyson, announcing that the *Goodspeed* was repaired and ready for whaling, and offering him the place of first mate. Ben handed the letter to Nan, and watched her while she read it. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks flushed.

"Why, Ben," she said, "you might make as much as three thousand dollars out of that voyage!"

"And might be gone three years," he said slowly.

"Yes, I suppose the ships are often out that long. Why, Ben, you be a captain yet!"

"I had thought," he said, with some hesitation, "I didn't know but I should stay at home this year. I sort of hate to go away, Nan!"

"There's many a man would be glad of a worse chance," she replied; and after that Ben made no more ado, but signed his papers, and began his small preparations. It is so little after all that a sailor can carry in his blue chest—his few changes of raiment, his needle, thread, wax, and clumsy thimble. Ben put in all these, and added a few tools, a chart of his own making, his Bible, and some family photographs. It is so little a sailor can take, so much that he must leave! Ben looked across the room at Nan who was just finishing her song and her dishes together. She was trim as an arrow, neat as a pin, and pretty as a picture.

"I wish I could take you with me, Nan, my girl!" he said; "you will be so lonesome here. Hadn't you better send for Tilda to come and stay with you till her husband gets back from the seal-fisheries?"

Tilda indeed! Not for all the world! Nan liked Ben well enough, but she did not like his sister. She had a belief that Tilda Macy really hated any one who wanted to laugh and to look pretty, and that she was always noticing whether people saved and made the most of every little thing. So she answered quite readily:

"Why, no, Ben! Of course not. You don't suppose I am going to stay here? I shall shut up the house, and go over to your Aunt Jule's. I spoke to her about it this morning. She'll be glad to have me, and I can help her enough to pay my board."

Well, certainly, that was a reasonable plan. Ben wondered that he had not thought of it himself, and yet—it would have been pleasant to think of the little cottage kept open and bright, and the dear wife moving about its rooms. But of course it was better to have it closed, even if the pebbly path became grass-grown again, and the flowers choked with weeds, as long as Nan could feel safer and happier under Aunt Jule's wing.

She cheered him up the day the ship sailed, and with the other women went down upon the wharf to see the *Goodspeed* off. She shed a few tears when Ben kissed her good-bye, and waved her handkerchief after him as long as she could see him on the deck. Then she turned away and walked homeward up the village street with Mrs. Grier, the boatswain's wife. Mrs. Grier was pale as death and her voice was choked as she said:

"It gets harder every time Billy goes. I dread the winter nights, and hearing the wind howling over the water, and the dreadful storms. Seems as if I couldn't stand it much longer!"

Nan, with a quiet sort of wonder, offered words of comfort. Who would have thought old Billy Grier's faded, careworn wife loved him so? Was that the way sailor's wives felt? Anyhow *she* was not going to worry about Ben, he was only attending to his business just as every man ought to be. She went into her silent cottage, set things in order, fastened the windows, and packed a box of her clothes, which she should want at Aunt Jule's. That lady was just setting her tea-table when Nan came in at her door.

"Law, child!" she said, "Is that you? I've been expectin' of you. I've fixed the front chamber real nice for you to sleep in, and I've made an extra good cup of tea to-night, thinking you might be down-hearted a bit."

Nan liked special attentions, and she appreciated the fact that as Ben's wife she was to have the pleasant front chamber. When she used to sew for Aunt Julia before Ben came home, she slept in the little back room at the top of the stairs. It was certainly much nicer to be married, and she felt very kindly toward her absent husband who had gone away to make money for her.

For a week or so she went over to the cottage each day, to see that all was right, and to water Ben's pinks and geranium. But it seemed like a good deal of trouble to take, so one morning she carried the big green flower-pots out of doors, and emptying their whole contents on the ground, proceeded to set them out afresh in a sunny corner of the garden.

"It's going to rain to-night," she said to herself, "and they'll get nicely rooted and do a great deal better here."

"Say, Mrs. Darrow, won't yer gimme a slip of that ere geranium?" demanded a voice from the street, and Nan, looking up, saw Billy Grier junior regarding her over the fence. "I'd like it for ma," he went on, "she's a great hand for posies, and I beg all the slips I can for her."

"Why, certainly you may have one," said Nan, who was always good-natured about trifles like that. "Here, I'll cut off two or

three for you, and Billy, maybe your mother would like these old flower-pots, I've no use for them now."

"O, thank yer!" exclaimed Ben brightly, "I know she would, and I'll take 'em right along now." So he swung himself over the fence and gathered up his spoils.

Nan had now no more occasion to go to the cottage, so she let it stay closed from month to month while the padlock on the gate grew rusty and the garden ran to weeds. But she got along very well at Aunt Julia's, made over all the winter dresses for them both, sang at her work, and went to all the sociables and merry makings, not forgetting whenever a whaler went out to send a letter to Ben, full of all the gay gossip of the town. She wrote to him two or three times before she heard from him, for there were more ships going out than coming in that year. But a letter came at last in a way she never forgot.

Aunt Julia was the widow of a sea captain who had left her well provided for, and she would have been glad to keep her only son at home, but he loved adventure too well, and shipped for his first voyage at an even early age than was usual with the youth of Eastport. He had been at home only once since then, Nan remembered the time, for she had seen him at a picnic, sunburnt and athletic, the gold rings in his ears giving him a strange foreign look. He had lightly scaled a tall chesnut tree to fasten a swing, and when he leaped to the ground, they all called upon him to chose the girl who should swing first. He glanced round the group, noticed Nan's flushed cheeks and eager eyes, and said:

"I'll take this one!"

He placed her in the swing, sent her flying through the air a dozen times or more, then strode away, paying her no further attention. His ship sailed the next day, and she had never seen him since, and but seldom heard of him, for his letters to his mother were infrequent and meager. She had thought of him sometimes as one might think of a bright tropical bird who had suddenly flown into one's face some gray day, and then vanished forever.

But one November evening, as Aunt Julia and she sat at the little tea table, the door burst open and a swarthy black eyed sailor stood there laughing at their dismay, and saying:

"Don't you know me, mother? Have you forgotten your boy?"

His mother threw herself into his arms hysterically, and sobbed there, never thinking of course to introduce him to Nan, who looked on with interest.

"O, Rafe, my son, my son!" she exclaimed over and over amid her tears, till he put her gently from him, and glancing brightly at Nan, said:

"I remember you. You are the little girl I swung to the top of the chesnut tree six years ago!—You didn't think a sailor could remember as well as that, did you?"

"No, I haven't any faith in sailors!" she replied laughing, rising at the same time to put the little blue tea-pot on the stove again to brew on extra draught for this bronzed wanderer from over seas.

He had not forgotten how to admire pretty women, and he watched her motions with pleasure, while he told of his homeward voyage, of the storms and calms, and of the ships they had met.

"Did you meet the *Goodspeed*?" asked his mother, as she brought out her best cake and preserves.

"O, yes, two months ago, the other side of the line, and we went close enough for them to toss their bundle of letters over. I've got all the Eastport ones here in my pocket to give around."

And he took them out, tossing them carelessly one by one on the table.

"One for Mammy Grier, one for the Baxters, one for Lucy Harris, and one for Mrs. Benjamin Darrow! That's a puzzler for me! Sober Ben married! Who on earth has he tied himself to? A school-ma'am?"

"Why, Rafe!" cried his mother; "it's Nan here! Nan is Ben's wife, and she's boarding with me till he comes back."

Nan's face was scarlet as she took her letter. Rafe whistled.

"Then Ben has got the prize I was coming home to capture for myself!" he said daringly, and Nan, instead of frowning, pretended not to hear.

"Sho!" said Aunt Julia, "you mustn't talk so about married folks."

"Why not?" asked Rafe, "Nan is my cousin now, and cousins can joke a little if they want to. Why, it's no sin to kiss a cousin, even!"

Meanwhile Nan hurriedly ran over her letter and thrust it away in her work-basket, half losing the force of all Ben's faithful tender words. He was well, had written three times before that, and was having a good voyage so far. There was no reason to feel anxious about Ben, and no reason why as she wiped the dishes for Aunt Jule, she should not listen to Rafe's merry jesting speeches and answer them in like fashion.

Rafe had come home to stay all winter, and Nan soon began to find her life gayer than ever before. He was her escort everywhere, and that was so very convenient, for surely no one could find fault with her going out when her husband's cousin was always at hand to see her home. And she had no cares to keep her back, she even sometimes almost forgot that she was married, Ben was so far away, and they had been together so little, after all. Then there were no ships coming in, and, of course, no letters, but it was very comfortable to feel that the bank account was growing steadily all this time.

One night Nan dressed for a sociable at the Baxters'. She wore a black silk, with a little scarlet sacc, her cheeks were glowing, and with her dark, curly hair and dark, shining eyes she was the most fascinating little witch Rafe Carter thought he had ever seen. When she was all ready, she took his arm and they stepped out on the crackling snow. A long path led up to the Baxters' house, with evergreens on each side, dark and silent. When they had gone half the length of this, Rafe suddenly stopped, tipped Nan's head back, and kissed her.

"I couldn't help it!" he said, with a fierce

passionateness. "Oh, why didn't you wait for me, Nan?"

She had started away from his side in indignant surprise; and did not answer him, but hurried up the snowy path, and as Lucy Baxter suddenly opened the front door letting the light stream out, she ran in, and up the stairs, with scarcely a greeting. There in the upper chamber, after laying off her hood and shawl, she lingered on one pretext after another, cooling her hot cheeks, and her hot heart, too, till she thought she could go down and face the company with her natural manner. But she meant to give Rafe one look of injured dignity which he should understand.

She had no opportunity, however. When at last she entered the little parlor, Rafe was sitting on the sofa by Ruth Harris, the prettiest girl in Eastport, and "the greatest flirt," thought Nan. They were looking through a set of stereoscopic views together, and talking in low tones. But this did not last long, a brisk game of forfeits soon started every one into action, and as some of the forfeits demanded kisses there was a good deal of laughing and blushing. Rafe kissed Lucy Baxter twice, and Ruth Harris more than that, but they did not seem angry. And all this time Nan had no opportunity to give him that dignified look.

"What is a kiss after all?" she thought to herself wavering, "and I do not want to quarrel with Rafe."

So when the sociable broke up, she walked home by his side as if nothing had happened, though they talked a little less than usual. But when she was alone in her own room that night, as she took off her little scarlet sacque before the mirror, his words seemed to ring in her ears.

"Oh, why didn't you wait for me, Nan?"

"He might have come home sooner then!" she said to herself, with a coquettish toss of her head, and her sleep was none the less sound that night for anything that had happened.

There was a change in the weather by morning, the wind verred round to the south, and a thaw set in, with a drizzling rain. Aunt Jule had her day's work before her, scalding over preserves, and Rafe took himself off early no one knew where. Nan sat down to re-trim a hat, but her ribbon gave out, and she said she would go down the street for some more.

Well wrapped up in her waterproof she walked briskly through the rainy mist, thinking of the party, of Rafe Carter and Ruth Harris, and a thousand things. As she passed Mrs. Grier's low brown house she heard a sound like weeping; and said to herself that she would step in there on the way back, and see if any one was sick. And then she remembered how she and Mrs. Grier walked together up the street the day the *Goodspeed* sailed, and how the woman said,

"It gets harder every time Billy goes."

By this time she was passing her own cottage, hers and Ben's, shut up and silent, and inexpressibly dreary in the thaw and rain. The garden looked dead and sodden.

"That geranium died, I suppose," she said to herself, glancing over the fence, "no great loss, I'm sure. How lonesome the place looks!

If Ben makes a good voyage, I mean to coax him to build a new house."

Then she walked on, and reaching the store where her purchase was to be made, went in, no one was behind the counter, but in the post-office which was in the rear of the store, a group of men stood talking, and as she waited she listened.

"Tim Hobron brought the news over from Bassett last night," said one. "He said they picked up a piece of the figure-head, and that was all they found except spars and a barrel or two."

"And according to the reckonings there wasn't any island anyway near enough for them to reach," added another. "They say Miss Grier dropped like a stone when they told her. I wonder who's carried the news to Nan Darrow, Rafe Carter said he'd be shot before he would."

"He'll stick closer than a brother though, after she does get the word," said a loungee with a course laugh. "And she won't take it so hard as Miss Grier neither! All Eastport sees what way the wind blows there!"

Nan, confused and dizzy, turned away and went out of the store, forgetting her errand. What had she heard? her mind could not grasp it, but she shivered with a great terror. Mechanically she turned her steps homeward, wondering if it were really she who had been at a party the night before, when dread news was coming from Bassett. On the way she met Billy Grier, a red-eyed, dismal little boy. She stopped him.

"What is the bad news, Billy?" she asked, trembling all over.

He looked at her in a sort of woful wonder.

"Why, the *Goodspeed's* gone to the bottom," he said, "and father's drowned, and every soul on board!"

She left him and walked on. She always kept her cottage keys in her pocket, and when she reached the gate again, she unlocked it and went in. She walked up the sloppy pebbly path, and unlocking the cottage door, entered the desolate neglected rooms. It was dark, and she threw open the blinds. It was cold, and gathering a few sticks together she kindled a little fire in the stove. The last time there was a fire there, she got Ben's breakfast by it, and now he lay drowned at the bottom of the ocean. There was the corner where he had packed his chest, there was the window where his plants had stood. Nan was not heartless, but the strength and warmth of her heart were like flowers that bloom late, which when they do unfold, have richer hues and firmer textures than the frail spring blossoms.

"I sent him away," she said to herself, "I sent him away to die!"

Her heart had awakened but woe of woes. Ben was not there to know it, Ben was dead.

Aunt Jule and Rafe sought for her as the day passed by, and found her in her cottage, which she refused to leave.

"This is the home Ben gave me," she said, "I shall stay in my own home."

"That is just her first feeling about it," said Aunt Jule sagely to her son as they walked away. "She'll get over that before long, and be glad enough to come to us."

But Nan did not get over it. Day after day,

the thought of how Ben had loved her, how tender and faithful he was, and she re-called with passionate pain how heedless of it all she had been. She had sent him away to earn money for her.

"And now if I had him back without a dollar to his name," she cried in her loneliness, "I should be the happiest woman in the world."

She went one day to visit Mrs. Grier, and the two women, the old and young, sat with clasped hands and wept together. They could understand each other now. On the broad window sill stood the two green wooden flower pots, and in one of them grew that slip of Ben's geranium strong and steady. Nan's eyes rested on it with eagerness.

"I will give half the flowers in my garden when spring comes, if you will let me have it again," she said impetuously, "it was Ben's, and he thought everything of it, I set out his pinks and geranium, and gave the pots to Billy to get rid of them, and the slip too, but now I would give anything to have it again, pot and all."

"You shall, dear child!" said Mrs. Grier; and at nightfall she sent Billy over with both the flower-pots, and the flourishing geranium. Nan placed them on the window-sill in her sitting room by the lounge again, and with earliest spring breath she began to watch the garden corner to see if the pinks had lived and were coming up.

Here one day Rafe Carter had found her. He had waited ten weeks, and he thought that was long enough, for a question he had to ask before he shipped on his next voyage. It seemed to him that Nan looked handsomer than ever in her black dress, as she rose from her flower-bed, and stepped to meet him. But he left the garden a disappointed and baffled man, and Nan took refuge in her own room with a storm in her heart.

"That he should have dared!—that he should have dared!" was all she could say to herself.

There was a long warm rain in the spring, and when the sun shone again after it, Nan went out into her garden. There were so many things springing and sprouting that had been hidden under ground, and over in the corner there were, yes, there certainly were little sharp green leaves pushing up into sight.

"Oh, Ben's pinks have come up!" cried Nan, and she could not leave them alone. Since they had been in the flower-pot before into the flower-pot they must go again, and back in their old place on the window-sill, they soon grew into a fresh luxuriant clump, with little buds coming.

"It is like a resurrection of the dead!" said Nan with tears in her eyes. But one day,—one great day—(oh, if things could only happen so to every sorrowing heart!) when Nan stood at the window by the pinks and geranium, she saw two men coming quickly up the street. One was bent and furrowed,—it was surely Grier, the boatswain! And the other, the other! For the first time in her life steady-headed Nan Darrow fainted away, and when she unclosed her eyes again, she was in Ben's arms.

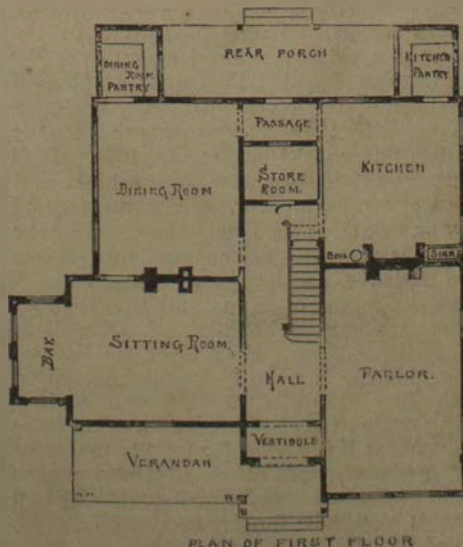


ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN AND PLANS FOR A COUNTRY RESIDENCE.

Country Residence.

IN selecting a site for a dwelling, it is important that the road or street runs north and south; so that the principal doors and windows will face east and west. By the choice of a southern corner much fuel is saved in heating buildings. Next in importance is the kind and condition of the earth on which a house stands. A damp site makes a damp house; not only from the surface dampness, but by the damp air which is drawn to the house by fires. Permeable soils of gravel, sandy loam, or soft limestones, or a soil that allows of a free passage of water through it, are the most desirable; and a house built upon such would be dry and healthy. Impervious soils, unless carefully drained, produce by the evaporation of water a cold, humid, and damp atmosphere. It is a great evil to erect a house on made ground where stagnant water accumulates. Concrete on cellar bottoms, coated with asphalt, where the soil retains moisture or is moist, is a good remedy. The present design for a country residence is very desirable. The construction of the building is economical, and will require but little repairs. This style of building is

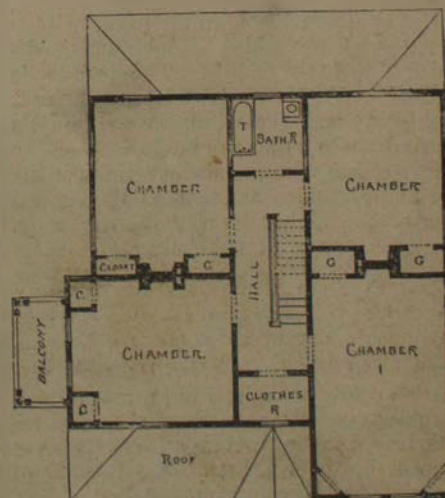
suitable either for a summer or country residence. The hooded balcony over bay window affords a pleasant place for leisure hours. If that portion is too expensive, some other feature may be made in design, or a bay on the second floor used. A building like this will cost about \$3,600 to \$4,000. For information about drawings, etc., address Geo. T. Powell, Architect, 143 Centre Street, New York.



PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR

REFERENCE TO PLANS. *First Story.*

- Parlor, 15 x 24 feet.
- Dining-room, 15 x 18 feet.
- Sitting-room, 14 ft. 6 in. x 18 ft.
- Kitchen, 15 x 18 feet.
- Hall, 8 feet wide.



PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR.

Second Story.

- Balcony chamber, 14 ft. 6 in. x 18 ft.
- Chamber No. 1.—15 ft x 22 ft. 6 in.
- Chambers, 15 ft. x 16 ft.
- Three rooms in attic or garret.
- It is a frame structure.

Silver in the Dining-Room.

We have only to glance back at the olden times to see that we have nothing new in the way of silver in our dining-rooms. We are more imitative than inventive, and what we have, our forefathers had before us. We have modified shapes, but we have invented no new convenience for our dining-rooms, the material of which is silver.

Forks, while more modern than spoons, are not a new invention. They were introduced into England from Italy in the seventeenth century. Among the plate of Sir Richard Edgecombe were twelve forks made in 1667. Some of the earliest had handles like spoons, and three prongs; four came in about the middle of the last century.

As late as the fourteenth century the knives sometimes had silver handles, but more frequently they were of ivory. Noblemen sometimes supplied their own knives, carrying them when they went on visits where they expected an entertainment.

Spoons must have been a very ancient invention, for a Saxon spoon of perforated silver gilt, ornamented with gems, was found in a grave in Sarre, at Thanet. Of course, when forks were unknown, spoons played an important part at the table. Spoons of the thirteenth century, and even later, had handles terminating in a knot, acorn, or other device. About the period of the Restoration, a change was made in the form of spoons. Some of the heads were divided into three blunt points, the handles were fashioned flat and broad, and the bowls were oval and had a piece running down the back. These were the fashion until the reign of George I., when the bowl of the spoon became more pointed, and the end of the handle was made to turn down instead of up.

What were known as "apostle spoons" were introduced about 1500. They were so called because they had the figures of the twelve apostles carved on the handles. They were given by sponsors to children at their baptism, the wealthy presenting the entire twelve, and those who could not afford the whole dozen giving fewer. There is a coronation spoon preserved in the tower of London, the bowl of which is gold, and is divided down the middle. The handle is twisted, and half way down its length is set with gems, and where it joins the bowl is fashioned into a dragon's head.

Salt-cellars were prominent articles on the old English tables, and marked the separation of the higher from the lower rank. They were made of gold, silver, and silver gilt, and had covers. Sometimes they were of elaborate design and ornamentation. A salt-cellar belonging to Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond, was of gold with a black dragon, on the back of which were five pearls; pearls, sapphires, and a rose formed of rubies completing the rest of the ornamentation. At one period salt-cellars were shaped like hour-glasses. A salt-cellar of the sixteenth century, now extant, is of cylindrical form, the cover being surmounted by a statuette of a boy with a staff and shield; the salt-cellar itself is ornamented with *repoussé* work and richly engraved. At the end of the sixteenth century salt-cellars were bell-shaped, some of which had three tiers. These were succeeded by those of urn-shape with handles, and were followed by circular salt-cellars,

standing on three feet, these in turn giving way to the boat-shape with pointed ends and sometimes handles.

Ewers and basins of silver were provided for washing the hands at meals, the servant pouring the water over the hands of the guests. Eleanor, wife of Edward I., had presented to her on her marriage a large peacock of silver with sapphires and other precious stones set in the tail. From the beak, perfumed waters were poured into a basin of chased silver in which it stood.

The ship or *nef* which was used in the sixteenth century, was for holding sweetmeats. It resembled a ship with sailors climbing in the rigging, and sometimes moved on wheels. This was a costly but very elegant adornment for the table.

We do not hear of castors or cruet stands until the commencement of the last century. They were of great size, of massive silver, with handles and five rings for glass cruets, which had silver covers.

Tea and coffee services of silver came early into use. The tea-kettle was of globular form, fluted, and was placed in a silver-oven-work stand. Urns succeeded kettles, and were richly adorned with chasings.

Great importance was attached to cups in mediæval times. Especially was this the case with regard to those cups in which the master received his beverage from the hand of the servant. These were generally very rich and had covers; they were called *hancups*. Sometimes they were made of ostrich eggs, or cocoa-nuts, and were mounted in silver, having a cover and feet of silver also. Chained to this cup was the essay, a piece of horn obtained from the narwhal, and which was supposed to be an antidote to poison. By plunging it in the beverage, if poison lurked in the cup, the liquid became violently agitated. The sometimes perilous business of tasting the contents of the cup before offering it to his master, fell to the lot of the butler.

Cups were also made entirely of precious metals. The cup known as King John's cup is fifteen inches high, having a cover of silver gilt adorned with enamels. The bowl of the cup is divided by vertical ribs in which are figures of men and women; the stem is slender, and rises from a circular foot. Curious shapes were sometimes given to cups. There are some in England that came from Germany and resemble windmills. Those of Queen Elizabeth's time were fashioned like melons, and had feet resembling twisted stems. Wager-cups were in the form of a woman holding a cup over her head. The Royal Oak cup is a splendid specimen of the silversmith's art, and was presented by the "merry monarch" to the Barber Surgeons' Company in 1676. It is sixteen and three-quarter inches high, and has a crown for a cover. The cup is formed like an oak-tree; the bowl, supported by the trunk, is profusely ornamented with leaves and garlands, and has pendent acorns.

In the reigns of Anne and the Georges large cups had two handles. Smaller silver cups differed somewhat from the larger. The sideboards were frequently decorated with them, those in the sixteenth century being made so as to represent receding steps—five steps being used for royalty and four for noblemen and others. There was a small cup called *tuzze*, which generally had a stem and was bowl-shaped and broad. These are rare, and date from 1570. Tasters

were small, shallow, circular bowls, with flat handles. Beakers date from the beginning of the seventeenth century, and were plain, upright drinking cups, not unlike a tumbler. Posset cups had two handles, were pear-shaped, and had covers and trays to stand on. They were used for drinking posset, which was curdled milk.

Gold and silver were early used for drinking vessels and articles employed for the table. Solomon, we are told, had drinking vessels of gold. The old Greeks, too, made use of these metals for this purpose. Silver basins were used for washing the hands at meals, frequent lavings being made necessary by the absence of forks.

The Romans were very lavish in their use of gold and silver for domestic purposes. So far did they carry this love that even the kitchen utensils were made of silver. In 1868, seventy-four eating and drinking vessels of precious metal were found near Hildesheim, in Germany, all of which indicate Roman workmanship. These are now in the Royal Museum of Berlin.

The alloy for gold is silver and copper; the admixture of silver with gold makes it paler, while copper has the effect of making it redder. Copper is used for silver advantageously. When we speak of sterling plate we mean plate that is of the standard of the present silver coin of England. Sterling is derived from the Easterlings of eastern Germany, who were famed for the purity of their manufacture.

Funeral Customs.

No country honored its dead more than Greece. The corpse was never given over to menials, but was tended to the last by the family. They laved it, and anointed it, and placed garlands on the head, and bore it to the vestibule of the house, and laid it with its feet to the door, to show that it was about to take its last journey.

The funeral ceremonies took place sometimes before daybreak: especially was this the case in Athens. First came the torch-bearers, then the coffin carried on a bier, then the male relatives, and lastly the women. Stationed along the route were persons playing solemn airs on the flute. The scene was most impressive as the procession wound through the narrow streets of Athens in the gray light of the early morn. When the cemetery was reached, the body was laid in the grave with the face toward the west. If the body was to be cremated, a funeral pile was reared, oil and perfumes were poured over it, and the corpse laid on. The torch was then applied by a relative of the dead, and, after it was consumed, the ashes were deposited in an urn and buried. The graves were adorned with flowers, a sacred duty which the friends never failed to perform.

The funeral ceremonies of the wealthier classes of the Romans were conducted on an imposing scale. The body was attired in rich garments, and placed either on a bed of ivory, or on one that had ivory legs, a purple cloth, embroidered with gold, being thrown over the corpse. Flowers were strewn over the bed, but the dead were not adorned with them, save in the case of a person who was entitled to a wreath of honor, which was generally made of thin gold leaf. Branches of cypress and fir were

suspended outside the door as a sign of a death in the house. The body, placed upon a bier, was borne to the grave either by relatives or freedmen. The corpse was placed in a tomb made of stone or brick, or it was cremated. After the body had been reduced to ashes on the pyre, the hot ashes were extinguished with wine, and the bones collected by the relatives in the folds of their mourning robes, and, after being sprinkled with milk and wine, were dried with linen inclosed in an urn, and deposited in the grave.

In Egypt, when a person died, the women of the family put mud on their faces, and covering their heads with a veil, rushed into the streets lamenting and crying. They were joined by friends and relatives, and if the dead was a person of consequence, strangers added their cries of grief. The dead was carried to the grave on a bier by friends, who relieved each other. First came a procession of youths chanting solemn dirges; then the bier followed, behind which were the female mourners, veiled and shrieking loudly. The male relatives went ahead of the bier, and, if the deceased was wealthy, several camels preceded the corpse, bearing bread to be scattered to the poor. The female relatives wore at the funeral a strip of blue cloth around their heads and hanging down their backs. In more ancient times the funeral ceremonies of the Egyptians were very elaborate.

In olden times in France, when a corpse was borne to the grave, the relatives and friends followed it in a procession. They wore black cloaks, the length being regulated by the degree of relationship. Long black bands were worn on the hat; the hair, unpowdered, hung down the back; and, in lieu of cloaks, judges and lawyers wore black gowns. Men wore "weepers" on their sleeves, which were bands of white cambric. All wore white gloves and long, pendant, white cravats. People of the highest rank wore *cottes crépées*, a sort of petticoat to represent the ancient dress of a warrior. All above the common rank had their cloaks in trains, these being carried by servants. Servants also surrounded the deceased, carrying torches, and armorial bearings if he was noble. People of rank or wealth sometimes hired from fifty to five hundred poor persons, over whom gray cloths of no especial form were thrown, and who walked ahead of the procession carrying lighted torches. Empty carriages followed in procession, the mourners and friends not getting in until the funeral was over. This was the way in which funerals were conducted prior to the Revolution in France. Royal widows, in France, wore black crape veils, one corner of which formed a point over the forehead, while the rest fell over the back and swept the ground. A round white lawn tippet was a part of the widow's costume.

The funeral customs of the Jews differ in most respects from those of the Christians. When the body is placed in the coffin, the nearest relatives approach and ask pardon of the deceased for any act of theirs that may have offended him in his lifetime. Women are not permitted to attend the corpse to the grave. The seven days following the funeral are given up to mourning. The mourner sits with feet bare on the ground, the only employment allowed being the reading of religious books. The rabbi makes a cut in the garment of each mourner, and tears it, which rent must not be sewed up until after

a certain number of days. Business may be attended to after the seven days of mourning have expired, but thirty days must elapse before amusements can be partaken of, and one year if the deceased was a parent.

While in this country we sometimes bury children in white coffins, in Spain they are buried in coffins of gray, pink, or blue, which are carried open to the grave. Persons frequently move out of a house in which a death has occurred, and it is allowed to go to ruin.

It was customary in England, when a person died, to place the rooms in mourning. When William III. was born his mother was mourning the death of her husband. The room in which he first saw the light was hung with black, the cradle was black, and even the hangings and rockers.

When a person dies in Pekin he is carried to the grave under a scarlet catafalque trimmed with gold color and embroidery. White is deep mourning in China, the mourner attiring himself from head to foot in white—hat, boots, fan, even the silk cord that ties the cue, being of that color. Visiting-cards, which are scarlet in China, are purple or lavender-gray for mourning.

The Most Noble Order of the Garter.

"My stars and garters!" exclaims some lady, without having the slightest idea of the origin of the saying.

The most noble order of the Garter excels all other orders in the world. None can be admitted to it who are not of noble descent; it entitles one to the society of kings; and the order being limited, the honor is greater to the recipient.

We are told that it originated in the following way: When the countess of Salisbury dropped her garter at a ball, King Edward III. picked it up, and seeing his nobles smile, he exclaimed, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*;" then added that shortly they should see that garter advance to so high an honor and renown as to account themselves happy to wear it.

Like many other popular traditions, this is doubted. The original statutes make no mention of the fact. Whatever its origin, its purpose was to encourage valor and probity, and to bind the knights closer in unity and concord.

When the first great feast was to be celebrated, heralds were sent into all countries, inviting knights to visit England, to show their prowess at military entertainments.

Emperors did not disdain to belong to this order, the head of which was the king of England. Among those enrolled were the kings of France, Germany, Denmark, Portugal, and Sweden.

The habit and ensigns of the order were rich and glittering. The garter was appointed to be worn on the left leg, a little beneath the knee; it was not confined solely to that part, however. It was adorned with gold and precious stones, fastened with a gold buckle, and the motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," was in pearls, diamonds, or rubies. The garter sent to Gustavus Adolphus had each letter of the motto composed of diamonds, for every stop there was a diamond encircled by diamonds, and the buckle was encrusted with the same; in all there were four hundred and eleven of these

precious gems. King Charles II. had a garter of blue velvet, the borders wrought in gold wire. The buckle was of gold, on which the king's likeness was engraved. The motto was in diamonds.

The mantle, in shape, was like a Roman toga; at first it was of cloth; in the reign of Henry VI. the material was changed to velvet, the color of which was blue. In the reign of Elizabeth, the mantles sent to kings were purple. The left shoulder of the mantle was adorned by a garter. Within the garter the arms of St. George were embroidered in silk and pearls. The lining was of white silk, and affixed to the collar by a gold and silk cord, at the end of which was a button covered with a net of gold.

The surcoat or kirtle, sometimes called a tunica, varied during different reigns in color and material; in later times it was usually of velvet. It was ornamented with small garters, embroidered in silk and gold. A duke could have one hundred and twenty garters, while knight bachelors could only have sixty. When these surcoats were of cloth, they were lined with pure minever fur; the sovereign wore ermine. These costly linings were succeeded by white silk.

The hood and cap were made of the same material as the surcoat, and adorned with small garters. The hood ultimately gave way to the cap, which was made of black velvet, with three white plumes and a jeweled band.

The cross of the Order, encircled by a garter, was worn on the left side of the riding cloak. The star (hence the exclamation, "My stars and garters") was subsequently introduced, and had beams of silver shooting out in the form of a cross.

The collar and George, the latter being introduced by Henry VIII., were parts of the ensigns of the Order. The collar resembled a broad, flat chain, and was composed of gold pieces shaped like garters; the ground was blue enamel; the letters of the motto were gold, and surrounded red and white roses in enamel, these alternating with the golden garters. At a later period, the roses were all red. In the middle of the collar was pendent an image of St. George on horseback, attacking the dragon with a spear. This was adorned with diamonds and other precious gems. The lesser George of the Order was sometimes worn around the neck, attached to a ribbon or gold chain. It was usually of gold, sometimes enameled and adorned with diamonds. At a later period the blue ribbon to which it was attached was spread over the left shoulder, then brought under the right arm, where the George hung.

The ensigns of the Order were not to be withdrawn from a knight during life, excepting he was guilty of heresy, treason, or cowardice in battle; sometimes prodigality was included. Lord William Paget was deprived of the ensigns in Edward VI.'s reign, because both of his parents were not of noble blood. They were restored in the next reign.

When a knight was found guilty of offense, the George and ribbon were first taken from him, then the garter. His coat of arms was removed from over his stall in the chapel, his banner and sword were cast down, and all were kicked out by his companions into a ditch—a most inglorious ending of what was supposed to be the greatest of earthly honors that England could confer or mortal man receive.

Musical Communities.

THE monster musical festival is becoming a feature of life in this country, as it has long been abroad. Of course, we are not satisfied with doing it here as it is done abroad. We sacrifice everything to size and monstrosity—to doing things big, bigger than anybody else—and we naturally lose some of the fineness and finish. However, our spaces are large, our audiences are large; perhaps, as yet, we need broader effects than are necessary for those who have been brought up on music—who have taken it in with their mother's milk—to whom good music is as common as the street organs with us. That is the beauty of music abroad—it is cheap; everybody sings and plays some instrument, even the poorest peasants; and they do not spend much time or money upon it either—it is natural, almost, as breathing or speaking. Here the great objection to musical study and practice is the amount of time it takes to acquire even the simplest rudiments—that is, the power to play or sing correctly such songs, hymns, and dance music as are heard in private circles. Of course, in any country real art, the art of the professor, the skilled musician and trained vocalist, is only acquired by natural aptitude seconded by years of incessant study and practice. But this is not the music we have in mind—it is popular music, music for the million; music that may be of the highest class and well understood, without the knowledge to produce it. A public may be trained to hear good music, as well as that of the barrel organ, and it may learn to admire and appreciate oratorios and symphonies as well as "darkey" melodies. It is a mere matter of habit and inherent taste, which comes from growth and education.

It is considered inexplicable by some that in settled communities—that is, in large cities—the demand for musical instruments, such as pianos, does not keep pace with the growth in other respects, nor with the acknowledged advance in the love for and enjoyment of music. Concerts are more numerous and better attended. The Philharmonic and other societies present, season after season, only classic works at their concerts, and attract larger and larger permanent audiences. Great musical festivals are organized which employ thousands of persons; which require months and even years of preparation; which cover days or a week in the continuous series of performances; require an outlay, in advance, of many thousands of dollars; yet are successes because they draw immense audiences, and form occasions which visitors select as the period for annual or semi-annual trips and excursions.

All this is evidence of greater musical interest—of a larger musical growth—and why does not this growth express itself in music at home as well as abroad? The answer is, because the advanced knowledge teaches people to demand something better than the average girl can furnish by desultory practice and occasional strumming on a possibly indifferent piano. The average father has begun to find out that it does not pay expenses to sacrifice so much of his daughter's time and spend so much of his own money for the twittering accompaniment or the rare bit of dance music which offers itself as the result. It is better, he decides, to put her time to something more certainly useful, and spend his money in taking his family to hear the best music from those who make a profession of it, and who can give the strongest, the freshest, the best.

So this indifference to home culture in this direction is not a set-back—it is only one stage of growth. By and by we shall take a new step; we shall break out in all sorts of instruments in our

homes; not the piano alone, but the flute, the violin, the harp, and others. Our children will understand music by a sort of instinct; they will, at least, know the difference between good and bad; they will learn more readily; will be able to pick up more or less for themselves; and thus musical art and musical culture will become, to a certain extent, common property, and in time render us, like the Germans and Italians, musical as a race, as well as in neighborhoods and communities.

Women's Temperance Work.

NO WORK of equal magnitude to the National Temperance work, which Miss Frances E. Willard has inaugurated, and of which she is in very large measure the inspiration, was ever instituted or carried on in this or any other country before, by men or women. The Father Mathew excitement of twenty-five years ago was confined to signing the pledge, was temporary in its effects, and soon died out, leaving few traces behind. Years before Father Mathew's crusade, a temperance movement swept England with great force, and a great deal of good was done in a social way with meetings and "tea-drinkings," in which children and Sabbath schools were enlisted.

But Miss Willard's work is far more comprehensive, more educational, and more permanent in its results. She aims at enlisting every agency, every influence that can be brought to bear upon the young, upon the middle-aged, upon men in public life, and women confined to the domestic circle. She invites the co-operation of all; she enlists all. She asks corporations and employers to urge total abstinence upon their employees. She insists that representatives of the work must have a hearing in every important convention, ecclesiastical, educational, religious, or scientific. She invites the circulation of temperance literature, and proposes gospel temperance institutes as a means of educating women in the methods of conducting gospel temperance meetings. She would have wine banished from the communion table, and persons specially assigned to temperance work in jails, almshouses, and penitentiaries.

In social work she rightly considers the influence of young girls most important, and would have them taught and trained to use their influence on the side of honor, honesty, sobriety, truth, and modesty. Young girls can create a public opinion among themselves that young men will feel bound to respect, and a Young Women's Temperance Union ought to be able to give tone and brightness to any town or village in the country, with its meetings, its lectures, its literary discussions, its musicale and tea-parties, to which only such gentlemen could be invited who indorsed the principles of the society.

We hope the girls will try it. That they will enroll themselves at once on the side of steadfast endeavor to build up manly character, and preserve women and children from the dreadful fate which befalls the drunkard's wife and family. Life is becoming too complex and too difficult, for half measures; let them throw all the weight of their energy and influence into a work which is undeniably good, and success in which will do more to reduce the amount of brutality and crime, than any other one agency.

Miss Willard is putting her strength, her fine eloquence, and splendid womanhood to noble use, and should receive the earnest and hearty co-operation of all who wish to see violence and wrongdoing abated, and the incentives to a good, true and gentle life encouraged and made paramount.

Health and Science.

A GOOD many years ago an epidemic of disease was supposed to be a "visitation," or a "judgment," and prayers were offered up that its progress might be stayed. Now-a-days, when individuals, or neighborhoods are attacked with typhus fever, diphtheria, or any one of the long range of malarial disorders, there is an immediate inquiry as to the condition of that house, or that neighborhood, and the disease is traced to its source of rotten vegetation, putrid filth, foul air, bad drainage, or some other of the uncleanly causes of zymotic disease.

For this advance we have to thank physiological and sanitary science, but it will not help us much to know a thing, unless we act upon our knowledge. It will not get rid of the causes of disease to know what those causes are, unless we go vigorously to work to counteract them. It has been ascertained now beyond a doubt that infectious disease is primarily occasioned by living germs—that these germs have their origin in dirt, over-crowding, bad air, putrid vegetation, imperfect drainage, and the like conditions. It makes no difference whether these conditions are found in tenement house, cottage, or palace—in the streets of the city, or the green lanes of the country, the result is the same—it is sickness and death.

It is not entirely a gratifying thing to lazy, irresponsible people to find that health, and the best conditions for living useful, and reasonably happy lives are within their own power, and that they are responsible for their fulfillment. It is so much easier to keep on the old way, to pile up refuse, to let the drainage go, to build a house like a soap-box, and transfer the consequences to the shoulders of providence, or the Almighty. But it is too late to do this now. Providence has been made responsible for the results of our shortcomings long enough; science has discovered that they are within our control, and that it is our business first to discover what the laws are that govern health and disease, and then adapt ourselves and our circumstances to the obligations they impose.

There is no occasion, in the nature of things, for persons to be born diseased, or die prematurely. A pure and temperate life, in a healthy location, and amid healthy surroundings, are fair guarantees for a green old age.

The love of gain has induced many residents of the country, of late years, to crowd their homes with city boarders—making no change in their stuffy little rooms, with narrow windows, and few of them, adding nothing to their sanitary arrangements, or to the limited resources for disposing of accumulations of dirt and refuse. Under these circumstances, in a very short time, typhus fever, or some other equally dreadful malady, breaks out, and ignorance "wonders" how it happens that an epidemic should strike such a "lovely" locality. Whole neighborhoods sometimes suffer by folly in this way, and win a bad name, which it is very difficult to get rid of.

We well remember a spot in a rural neighborhood, that seemed externally to be a paradise of verdure and beauty—in reality it was a nest of fever born of bad drainage, of crowding year after year twenty-five persons in a house that should not have contained more than five; and exposing them to the malarial influences of decaying refuse, insufficient space, bad air, and dampness that became mildew. Fever was no marvel out of conditions like these—health would have been a miracle. Providence, it must be remembered hereafter, is on the side of those who favor absolute cleanliness, under-drainage, and a thorough system of ventilation.

Our Summer Home.

THE summer cottage is built of matched boards, is battened on the outside, the battens being painted several shades darker than the boards has a very pretty effect. The interior of the house is devoid of paint, the boards retaining their soft finish and natural color. A parlor, twenty feet in length, a dining-room and kitchen comprise the main floor. Up-stairs is a hallway about six feet square, into which opens the four chambers, so arranged that the eaves make a sloping wall on one side only of each room. The house is built similar to southern houses, that is without cellar, set high, the underpart is merely latticed. A piazza extends across the south end, and fronts the bay, one of the loveliest sheets of water in America. There is no attempt at architecture, the house might almost have built itself, it is so simple, and the furnishings and such decorations as it affords are suitable. The parlor-floor is covered with straw matting. The furniture has covers of unbleached linen bound with red braid. In the present fury for old-fashioned furniture, a sketch of the parlor chairs will perhaps be interesting. They belonged to the present owner's great grandmother, were her wedding chairs, they were for years stowed away in the attic of an old farm house, and finally given to this great grand-child. The chairs are of mahogany, handsomely carved, unlike many of old style they are exceedingly comfortable. A piano somewhat ancient also, but still of good tune occupied one corner of the room, and is greatly in request Sunday evenings when neighbors come in "for a sing." There are many pictures hanging and standing about the room, crayon drawings and sketches in oil. A pretty frame around one picture is made of all kinds of dried grasses, a few catkins, pressed golden rod and wild parsnip. Nestled in among the grasses are several birds' nests, with cunning little eggs in them. A few large butterflies seemingly hover over the pressed flowers, only the initiated know where to look for the pin that confines them. The frame is really lovely, and being made up without formal design, lacks the stiffness usually inseparable from dried grasses. One of the doors stands open, two of its panels are covered with crayon drawings, the others are filled with bright leaves, sumach, maple, woodbine and ivy, these retain their brilliant coloring all summer. Over this door on a back ground of blue are large white letters made of field-daisies, forming the word "Salve." These letters are renewed each season, and afford some of our friends the annual opportunity of asking if we have "salve for sale." The old fashioned sofa, with claw feet, has like the chairs its summer suit of unbleached linen, and also plenty of pillows. Suspended against the wall is a bookcase, holding a few solid works of reference, and many volumes of fiction, indeed, books and papers are everywhere. Near the bookcase are suspended one or two plates (*not plaques*), and platters of genuine old china, and a three-cornered "What-not" holds some pretty cups and saucers, and "odds and ends" of china, all family pieces, none added from recent "Keramic Collections." There are two windows in the parlor, one at the south looking toward the bay; the other at the west, from which we watch the sunset. Few rooms present a prettier aspect than does this summer parlor, when on the piano, on all the tables, and indeed in every available spot are placed vases and dishes filled with apple-blossoms, and later in the season the beautiful dog-wood flowers.

Next in order is the dining-room, this opens upon the piazza, and nearly opposite the door stands a Franklin stove, another heir-loom. With-

in its brass andirons is set a large red jar filled with bunches of marsh-mary.

On the mantel above, are the brass candlesticks, a pewter oil lamp, and one or two vases. The heavy mahogany dining-table stands in the center of the room, with no cloth disguising its dark, highly-polished surface. At the east end of the room stands a piece of furniture resembling a "settle;" it is so constructed that it can be made into an ironing-table. A window at the south has the same outlook upon the bay—another, at the east, gives us a variety of scenery, as here we look out upon hills and trees. A dresser holds the china in daily use. Under the east window is a large butler's tray. This tray is a most important piece of furniture. The house has no sink in it, with accompanying pipes, to breed malaria. At this tray all the china and cooking utensils are washed; the waste water is then poured into a pail—two are always kept in the kitchen for this purpose. The tray is carefully dried and then carried out upon the piazza to be further purified by the air and sunshine. The pails are daily carried to the shore, a hundred feet from the house, and rinsed in the clear salt water. Once a week they are thoroughly scoured with hot water and ammonia; by this care they are kept free from any unpleasant odor. This fear of malaria is not too great; the drains of the country are even more pernicious than those of the city. Few country houses have the advantage of a large supply of water as do those of cities. Water passing through the pipes cannot fail to remove many impurities.

The kitchen is rather small, but is kept as cool as possible by two large windows. The cooking-stove is raised on blocks of wood; this makes it much higher than is customary, but those who know the misery of stooping over a stove will appreciate this advantage. Closets for tins, etc., are in this room. Under the piazza are two large refrigerators; these are used altogether for food. The upper rooms are plainly furnished. Straw matting on all the floors, scrim cloth curtains at the windows as on the main floor. Dressing-tables are made of packing-boxes, with a lining of bright colored cambrie and scrim covers. A table in each room is filled with interesting books and papers for summer reading, so that, rest where you may, you can enjoy the pleasant society of books if you desire. The outside blinds are always closed during the heat of the day. Late in the afternoon the blinds are thrown open, curtains looped back, and the sweet summer air sweeps through every portion of the house. Opposite the dining-room doors on the piazza, another door opens upon a flower-garden, rich with June pinks, geraniums, mignonette, and other fragrant varieties. A few rods from the house, beneath a clump of trees, are swung three hammocks, within sociable distance of each other. One is of twine, one of straw, and the most popular one, of canvas. Each hammock has a large square pillow, filled with fresh, sweet corn-husks. In the hall are always kept several wraps; if the day is cool, one need not forego one's siesta in the hammock. With a warm wrap there is no danger of taking cold in the healthful salt air. To lie here and watch the vessels and steamers, is to weave stories and rear air castles, for hours. The steamers pass with their lively passengers bound for a day's pleasure down the bay, their voices, tuneful in the distance, as they sing songs or hymns. Sometimes a band of music accompany the parties, and, as music is never more delightful than upon the water, we may enjoy it till the steamer carries it beyond our hearing.

Vessels sail leisurely up and down. Long as we have watched them, and tried to learn the names of all the sails, we find ourselves repeating them as the vessel passes, but find we are rather uncertain when we get to the "jibs" and all the

"tops'll." "Tugs" are our special delight. Independent and saucy, they steam away with such an air of impudence. Yes, the "tugs" are nice, and the captains usually obliging. It is pleasant, after a long row down the bay, to hear a cheery voice say, "want a tow?" and, after throwing out a line, one can glide through the water with extra satisfaction, in having somebody, or rather something else, do all the work. H. P. R.

The Frauen Polyklinik in Berlin.

IN the eastern part of the imperial capital of Germany, in a section of the city where the feet of strangers seldom, if ever, stray and where, indeed, residents of the western and southeastern divisions only go when compelled by business, stands a large, somewhat dreary-looking building.

Through the wide open doors of the great gateways we may look in upon a broad, stone-paved entrance hall, in which are huge piles of kegs and barrels, and out and in of which heavy carts are constantly coming and going. The air, heavy with the fumes of malt and hops, suggest very readily, to a German or a New Yorker acquainted with certain localities in that city, the near proximity of a brewery.

And so it is. Number 24, Alte Schönhauser Strasse, belongs to the great brewer, Bützow, and is the center of an immense business industry. But far back in the inner recesses of this gloomy house is hidden away a work of purest philanthropy, for which Herr Bützow nobly and disinterestedly donated rooms and where two women, true sisters of mercy, minister to the ailments and complaints of their suffering sisters.

Passing through several courts, we come at last upon a rear building, whose door bears the inscription, "Polyklinik für Frauen." If we visit it upon reception days, no other indication of its whereabouts is required than the throngs of pale, care-worn, ill-clad women, waiting the hour when they can enter to find counsel and happy aid for their suffering bodies and mayhap, indirectly, for their overburdened and care-sick souls.

This Polyklinik was founded in 1877, by Frau Dr. Tiburtius Hirschfeldt, the justly celebrated female dentist of Berlin, who secured the sympathy and support of a small circle of friends for her undertaking. These open hands and sympathetic hearts furnished the means for the organization of the dispensary and bound themselves by annual subscriptions, to provide not only for the permanent maintenance of the charity, where medical advice could be had free, but also for the donating of medicines and strengthening food, for those who were by poverty unable to procure it for themselves.

This work is unique of its kind in that large and rich city. Not only is it a dispensary for women, but by women, for the attending physicians were at the start, and still are, Dr. Emilie Lehman and Dr. Franziska Tiburtius, the only female physicians which Berlin, or so far as we have been able to ascertain, all Germany possesses, since Dr. Anna Dahms of Hamburg, weary of her fruitless struggles against popular ignorance and prejudice, turned her back upon her fatherland and sought and found in Manchester, England, a promising field of activity.

These Berlin physicians have been able to hold their own, though not without encountering many trials. The soil upon which they had to work may have been a trifle less rough than that which their colleague found in Hamburg, while the support

and countenance given them by Fräulein Tiburtius' brother, a prominent physician in the capital, may have served to smooth away some of the countless legal impediments in the way of the exercise of their profession.

Emilie Lehmus, the daughter of a clergyman, was born in Föreh, in 1841, and Franziska Tiburtius, the daughter of a farmer on the island of Rügen, was born in 1843. Both have, therefore, the experience of a busy, active, and working life to look back upon.

Fräulein Lehmus prepared for her medical course in her paternal home, under the direction of her father, went to Zürich in 1870, took her degree in 1875, and then spent some time in the Royal Lying-in Hospital in Dresden, establishing herself in Berlin in the spring of 1878.

A half year later she was joined by Fräulein Tiburtius, with whom she had formed an intimate friendship in Zürich. This North German lady had first been a teacher in Rügen, then passed several years in England, to perfect her knowledge of the English language, after which, with her brother's assistance, she prepared for the matriculation in the University of Zürich, where after a three years' course she took her degree, and, following her friend's example, also spent some time in the Dresden Hospital.

Depending upon their excellent testimonials these ladies hoped to be allowed to pass the German State examinations, but all efforts have as yet failed. They therefore practice only upon sufferance and by virtue of the Prussian law of free trade, having neither the status nor privileges of regular practitioners. Consequently they cannot give certificates of death, and have to suffer many slight and petty annoyances from their masculine confrères.

Yet in the face of prejudice and opposition they have gained a lucrative and extensive practice. Undeterred by slights and sneers they have kept on the even tenor of their way and their skill, amiability, perseverance, and force of will, coupled with modesty and true womanly ways have won for them the respect of even their opponents.

For four years past, two days in each week have been entirely given up to ministrations among the poorest of their sisters, doubly poor because to bodily want is added bodily disease. Although when the dispensary was founded, it was acknowledged there was room for such an institution, no one conceived how pressing was its need. It was the original plan of the organizers to give two or three hours twice a week to free advice and treatment, but the patients were so numerous that soon the entire day was not long enough.

In the beginning, too, it was intended to serve for "women and children," but since 1879, the children's department has been abandoned. From the 1st of April, 1877, to April, 1878, 1352 persons were under treatment and there were 2900 consultations. From 1878 to 1879, 1119 were under treatment and there were 3161 consultations, while from 1879 to 1880 there were 1248 cases under treatment and 3602 consultations.

These figures speak significantly of the pressing necessity for women physicians who make a specialty of the diseases peculiar to their own sex, for during the last year more than half the subjects were sufferers from internal troubles.

What pure happiness must fill the hearts of these good women as they look back upon their four, now nearly five years' work! Earnestly do they desire to put up a few beds that they may have special cases directly under their eyes, and that may after a while develop into a woman's hospital, where women may have the direction and women students have opportunities for practical work and experience, such as is scarcely possible now in Germany. God grant this wish may be speedily realized!

Traveling.

BY M. R. H.

WHAT visions of magnificent scenery, splendid cathedrals, gorgeous hotels, and big trunks (I think this anticlimax is a natural one) this word brings to the mind's eye of my youthful reader. To travel. How delightful! But ah! she exclaims, perhaps I'll have to wait so long. Traveling's expensive, and I'm not rich.

My dear, what I write now is meant just for you. Those who are rich may make their traveling just as expensive as they choose, but those who are not can accomplish almost as much, at very little more cost than staying at home. Yes, I once thought just as you do—that I couldn't afford to travel. Now I see that I can't afford not to do so.

First of all, consider that, at certain seasons of the year, most of the railroads sell excursion tickets at reduced rates, usually between the great cities and leading resorts in the North during the spring and summer, in the South, during the fall and winter. By taking your trip at the right time, you can save nearly half the regular fare, which is quite an item. (I am speaking of our own country; for foreign travel, I refer you to Miss Alcott's "Shawl Straps.")

Having thought over the question of car-fare and boat-fare, take up that of dress. Resolve to discard the big trunk, whatever happens, for, under the most favorable circumstances, such a thing is more or less of a nuisance. Take but one dress, and that the one you wear. Let it be of dark, serviceable material, such as flannel, *debège*, or bunting, and plainly made. Provide yourself with stout boots and a good shawl. Carry one suit of clean underclothing, and a few handkerchiefs, collars, cuffs and neckties, all done up compactly, with your comb, brush, etc., in a linen wrapping and shawl-strap. It might be well, also, to have a merino vest, in case of a sudden change of weather or latitude. An ulster will not only protect your dress, but afford convenient receptacles for little articles in its capacious pockets. Wear a plain walking or shade-hat, and have an ample veil, both to protect your face and to hide your hair in case of its becoming disarranged, or, when making a long journey, especially in disagreeable weather, you do not wish to take down your crimps. Lisle thread gloves are cooler, and also less expensive and less perishable than kid; moreover, they are in better taste for traveling.

This is positively all you need. It sounds like a little, but you will find it quite enough. If you visit while on your journey, and your dress itself is inconspicuous, a little extra pains with the ornamentation at the neck will make all the alteration really necessary. Of course if you travel with the desire of showing your clothes, why, take your best bib and tucker. I have presumed, to begin with, that you travel for the sake of seeing the country, consequently will not stop long enough in one place to need any great change. Your underclothing, as you start, ought to last you two weeks. A little delay will enable you to have it laundried, should you desire to go on for a longer time, or you could send your soiled pieces home, and have clean ones forwarded you by express for a sum comparatively small, and which you would find yourself more willing to give than be troubled with a large trunk or bundle; provided, of course, that you are not so far away as to make it cheaper to buy new.

In planning out beforehand a season's wardrobe, if you make up your mind to travel several weeks, you see that you will not need so many new dresses, as you will have less opportunity to wear them. Here, then, is another margin for saving something

toward your trip. Remember, also, that while you are gone some of your incidental home expenses are done away with. If you pay board, you can count upon all, or a great portion of the money usually paid for this purpose, as being diverted into your traveling fund; for it is just as expensive, more or less, to live in one place as in another. Now you begin to see how you can travel, and still spend not a great deal more than you would at home.

Next, cut down the hotel bills. In fact, don't go to a hotel at all if you can avoid it. You may think it necessary, as they say, to have "the best of everything," in order to keep up your dignity; but this is a great mistake. If you travel for the sake of buying other people elegant carpets and silverware, as well as please Mrs. Grundy, all right; but if you travel to see the wonders of nature and art, and to please yourself, why manage your own affairs, regardless of what your friends may think. But, you say, maybe they'll think I'm poor. Not a bit of it. Most likely they'll think you're rich, else how could you travel at all? Furthermore, they won't know how much your pocketbook holds if you don't tell, and in fact it ought to hold considerably more dollars than you think you will need, for you don't know what may happen. Moreover, it is always the poor who spend the most when they get a chance to spend at all; the rich, as a general thing, better understand the value of money, and manage it very much better. I know of a millionaire who had an old coat made over.

I do not mean, however, that you should go to a cheap, dingy lodging-house, and run you know not what risks, simply in the hope of saving a few dollars. Manage somewhat in this way:

When you leave home, carry a good substantial lunch in your satchel, say, nice rusks, fruit, dried beef, cold chicken, and a glass of jelly, all of which will last several days, and be good as long as they do last. I expect right here that some one will tell me there is no economy in this, that a cold lunch injures the health, and so forth. But I think this to be the case only when the lunch itself is not good, and when it is eaten persistently weeks at a time. For a long journey in a boat or a railroad car nothing is so convenient, nothing so inexpensive, as a dainty, home-packed lunch. On arriving at some large town, you can, if you like, eke out what is left by a warm dish of soup or cup of coffee, and supply yourself anew at half the cost of a meager restaurant dinner. In stopping for the night, go to some nice private family, if possible; but if you are in a place in which you are entirely unacquainted, be on the safe side and stay at a respectable hotel. Observe, though, that at a hotel one or two dollars is the charge for a room alone, four or five, perhaps, for the day's board. Pay, then, the price for lodging and board yourself, either upon the contents of your satchel or in a restaurant.

Purchase your ticket the day before starting, so as to be sure of making no mistakes. Always have with you about five or ten dollars more than you want. You may meet with unexpected changes, be delayed upon your journey, change your plan of traveling, or what not. Never get so far away that you cannot, at a few minutes' notice, telegraph home in case of accident.

If you travel alone, remember that a lady can do so with perfect safety from one end of our great land to the other; provided, of course, that she conducts herself with propriety, exercises ordinary care, and informs herself intelligently regarding the details of her journey. If you have friends along your proposed route who can advise you more minutely, or with whom you can make an occasional stay, so much the better, though don't impose upon them. And, as a bright young

friend of mine says, "You needn't get lost if you've got a tongue in your head."

Of the benefits of traveling—to your health, pleasure, and information—I need say nothing. Only if you once start, you will be sorry that you did not do so sooner, and will consider it nothing but foolishness or false pride that impels you to wait till you "get rich."

My Housekeeping Class.

BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

WE spend a few minutes in lively conversation upon topics excessively foreign to housekeeping interests, and then, by appointment, old Alice comes in. I introduce her in a general way as Mrs. Foley, but with her best bonnet and respectable, well-kept broché shawl, the old lady had put on company manners, and insists upon making the presentation individual by dropping an elaborate courtesy to each one, which attention is received by the girls according to their different ways of thinking. Several, I am happy to see, take the old woman's hand in a cordial grasp which brings a gratified beam to her kindly, weather-beaten face. Others acknowledge her salutation by polite, if distant, bows. One or two are positively haughty in the bare nods they vouchsafe, and one, I am sorry to see, gives only a cool stare in return for the civil greeting which is not meant to be presuming. I make a mental resolve to bring up the subject of politeness to inferiors at the next convenient occasion, but now I hasten to speak of something else, for I can see the old woman feels a little out of place. I have always admired her self-possession and good manners, and I want the girls to see her at her best, as they will when she has had a moment to familiarize herself with the novelty of her position. So, to introduce a topic upon which I have reason to know she can rise to eloquence, I ask her what she thinks of the Chinese method of laundrying.

She falls into the trap at once, and gives us such an amusing account of a call she made to a washing establishment kept by a Chinaman in her neighborhood, that we are sensible of quite a respect for her powers of narration. When her entertaining story is finished, I ask her to give us some instruction about washing, not fancy washing, as people say, but the ordinary, plain, family laundry work.

"That's what ye asked me afore, ma'am, when ye said ye'd like me to come here to-day," she says in reply, "but to save me I can't think of a new thing to tell the lot of ye about it. Sure washing is a thing that every one knows for themselves without any taching."

"But, indeed," I assure her, "we are very ignorant on the subject, and quite anxious for such information as an expert like yourself can give us."

"Yes, Mrs. Foley," says Jennie, seconding me, "we really want you to begin at the beginning, and tell us just how you go to work. I fervently hope I never shall have to grind the skin off of my knuckles on a washboard, but all the same I want to learn how to do it scientifically."

"Very well, then," says old Alice, yielding to persuasion, "the first thing ye'll have to do is just to siperate all the white clothes out of the colored ones, and put them to soak the night afore in tubs of milk-warm water with a good stirring of soap in it. Then bright an' airly in the

mornin' ye must get at 'em for the firsting and seconding."

"Oh, stop, please," interrupts Jennie, "you must explain yourself. There's some dreadful mystery about firsting and seconding. What do you mean?"

"It's true for ye then," says Mrs. Foley, with a good natured and very wide smile. "I am going on too fast for ye. Well, then, first ye rub out the clothes in a tub of warm water with plenty of soap to them, and then ye throws ivery piece of 'em into a second tub, and give 'em another rub in that. There's folks that splashes away at the clothes in the water they was soaked in, but it's a mane enough way. It's a great help in the work to have another woman standin' at the second tub to take her turn at the things as ye squeeze them out and pass them over to her. It's a thing ye'll want to see to, that the first and second water isn't too hot, only just a nice heat that you can stick your hand in. Scalding water just sets the dirt so fast it'll never move for ye no matter what plan ye try."

"But when do you use the washboard?" asks Jennie. "You haven't mentioned the article yet."

"It'll be a long time till I mention it then for me own use," replies Mrs. Foley. "But there's nothing to say against it for them that wants it. I used to kape one in the tub I did the firsting in, but me knuckles has grown well used to their business, and I don't trouble washboards any more, but just rubs every spot of dirt out between me own two hands."

"What comes after the second tub?" I ask. "Is it the boiling?"

"That's another thing, there's a great differ in," says our instructor.

"I always t'ought," puts in Jennie, "that people put the dirty clothes on to boil, and cooked the dirt out of them before they did any rubbing or washboarding to them."

"Save us!" ejaculates Mrs. Foley. "Quare looking clothes there'd be arter if ye took that plan with them. I don't hold to boiling anything meself except sheets, towels, pillow-slips, table clothes, and napkins, and things of that kind. All of them ye can throw into the boiler after the second tub, and boil them very slow for twenty minutes. Wonst in a while ye hists them out of the water with a broomstick, and if there's any dark looking places ye rubs on a little soap, and drop them back into the boil. There shouldn't be rights be any spots, but more times in the washing there will be some greasy places overlooked. Then ye turns your clothes' basket bottom side up, and lays a clane towel over it, and lifts every piece out of the kettle with the stick, an' puts them on it to drain. Ye will need to set a tub under the basket to catch the draining."

"When do you boil the underclothes and such things?"

"Not never, ma'am, 'bilin's spillin' for them kind. Ye puts the nightgowns, shirts, chemises, and all them kind into a clane empty tub, and pours boiling water, just mad hot, out of the spout of the teakettle onto them."

"When do you use the wringer, after or before the scalding?"

"I'm not saying anything against them patent wringers," says Mrs. Foley magnanimously. "But for meself I have good enough wringers at the end of me arms. Of course the time to do the wringing whatever way ye do it, is after the second tub just before ye throw them into the boiler, or into the tub to scald. Then ye take 'em after the water is drained out of them, and pitch them into a tub of cold water, and wash out the soap, and then put them through another rinsing of cold water, and if there's stationary tubs just keep on changing

four or fve waters, sure there's no trouble in it when the water just walks away with itself. 'Tisn't like lugging every tub full out to the back yard, and there's not a bit of reason in sparing rinsings. Then take the blue bag and give it a turn around in a full tub of fair water, and squeeze every piece out in it one at a time, and when ye have a basket full of them, carry them out and hang them on the lines to dry in the best sun ye can get."

"Don't you put any soda in the water?"

"It's very seldom I do, but sometimes in the winter when the sun gives a cold heat the clothes gets a dingy color all through, and then a little sody, not enough, do ye mind, to rot them; brightens them up, and brings them to their color. Anything is better than trusting to extra bluing to hide the yellow. That makes them a nastier color then ever next washing."

"Mrs. Foley," says one of the girls, "our laundress uses the wringer about half a dozen times in a washing, I am quite sure, for I have seen her. After each water she runs them through it. What does she do that for?"

"Ask herself," answers old Alice rather loftily.

"Maybe its to rattle off the buttons," suggests Jennie, "so as to give you the pleasure of sewing them on again."

"No, it's aisy seeing the good of it," condescends Alice, "'tis saving of her strength she is, rubbing is trouble to her, and she tries to make the wringer drag out the dirt, and save her strength. Look at the necks of the nightgowns and the collar bands of the shirts if you want to see the tidy way the wringer clanes them. Ye'll find yaller and gray streaks just fairly ground into them. No, there's nothing but rubbing on a washboard, if ye like, or betune yere two hands that'll take off the dirt decently."

"Really, now," remarked Miss Kitty, "although you speak of washing as a very simple performance, it seems, even as you describe it yourself, to be quite a complicated and critical process."

"What's the young lady talking about?" asks Mrs. Foley.

"She is expressing her respect for the art of washing," I answer. "And we are all much interested in what you tell us. But won't you go on, you have not yet said what you do with the colored clothes. Naturally you keep them separate from the white."

"Of course; every one knows that, and it won't do to be slopping colored clothes into the suds that's left from white things, nayther. They must be treated well, or they won't look right, nor the colors of 'em won't be clear to satisfaction. Ye can't be using the water too hot or the colors will be all muddled through each other. There's a deal of management required to bring dark things through the wash without harm to themselves."

"But you haven't told us anything about starching and ironing, Mrs. Foley," says Jennie.

"The world wasn't made in a minute, miss, and there's time enough for all."

"But, really," I say, "I am afraid there is not time enough for anything more to-day. We shall have to be contented with what we have heard, and perhaps we can persuade Mrs. Foley to meet us again, and give us a few more suggestions upon laundry work."

Old Alice seems flattered by the way most of the girls come around her and cordially request her to give us another "sitting," as Sophie Mapes says. She promises compliance, and goes off with elaborate and diffuse leave-taking, while we linger a moment to collect a little sum among ourselves to be spent in a small thank offering for one good-natured wash-teacher, whose time, so freely given, is her capital.

A Trip to Europe.—No. 2.

HOW TO ECONOMIZE—STARTING FOR THE CONTINENT.

WHEN our friends decide to leave for the Continent, the shortest and cheapest route is by direct steamer for Ostende. These steamers leave Saint Katherine's Dock near the Tower three or four times a week, their time of sailing varying with the tide. They reach Ostende in about ten hours, and the fare, first class, is fifteen shillings, including stewards' fees. Go on shore for breakfast, there being several good *cafés* near the landing where ladies can go alone, the best of which will be indicated by any porter or custom officer, if asked.

There is very little in Ostende to keep the traveler, it being chiefly interesting from having successfully resisted a siege which lasted three years. Yet it being the first continental city you may have seen, it possesses a certain charm in being the introduction to blue blouses, wooden shoes, and the long cassocks and broad-brimmed hats of the priests who haunt the streets of the Belgian towns.

The railroad station for Bruges is near by, and the ride is very short. The Hotel de Londres, just opposite the station at Bruges, is a very good house. The charges are two francs for bed, one franc for breakfast and tea, and three for *table d'hôte*, though there is a *café* in the hotel where you can order what you wish *à la carte*. It is well to walk about the streets, as a Southern darkey would say, "sorter promiseus like," the first afternoon to fix the general appearance of the city in your mind before beginning regular sight seeing. No city in Belgium has so perfectly preserved the peculiarities of the middle ages as Bruges, and no city can be quieter or sleepier.

To thoroughly enjoy these Flemish towns, Motley's "History of the Dutch Republic and the United Netherlands" should have been carefully studied before leaving the United States. The recollection of the stirring scenes depicted in those two marvelous histories lend life and color to the houses and streets; and fancy will be continually bringing into action those who have long since turned to dust.

The Rue du Sablon, which is the first street to the left of the hotel, leads to the cathedral, built about the thirteenth or fourteenth century. There are many pictures to be seen in the church, some admirable, others poor, and some very fine monuments. The choir stalls are adorned with the armorial bearings of the order of the Golden Fleece. Notre Dame is close by, where is to be seen a small statue of the Virgin and Child, for which Horace Walpole offered thirty thousand florins. This church contains the superb tombs of Charles the Bold of Burgundy, and Mary, wife of the Emperor Maximilian. The pulpit, carved in oak, deserves attention as a specimen of Belgian carving.

Near the church is the entrance to the Hospital of St. John, where is a remarkable collection of paintings. The best is on a reliquary representing legends from the life of Saint Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins.

The Hotel de Ville is an elegant building which must on no account be neglected. The city library, which is open in the morning, occupies a large hall in the Hotel de Ville, and contains some magnificent old manuscripts, and the first book printed by Colard Mansear, the printer of Bruges.

Only a stone's throw from the Hotel de Ville is a small church, called the Chapelle du Saint Sang, from some few drops of blood preserved there, and which the faithful believe to be those of our Saviour, brought from the Holy Land, in 1150, by Theodore, Count of Flanders. This holy blood

is exhibited to the public every Friday morning after the 9 o'clock mass.

In the Palais de Justice is the famous chimney-piece of oak, superbly carved, and occupying almost the entire length of the hall. There is also an Academy of Art which contains a few fine specimens of the Flemish and Dutch school.

If our friends are pressed for time, they can take an evening train for Ghent, as the country through which the road runs is flat and uninteresting. The ride occupies about three quarters of an hour, and costs, third class, about thirty-five cents. Ladies, it must be borne in mind, can travel on the continent, third class, quite as freely as in England; and it is very entertaining to watch the ways of the peasants, provided one is not over dainty regarding smoke. But that is to be felt in second class carriages quite as much, except that, usually, the tobacco used in these is better than in the third class compartments. However, the peasants show the greatest cordiality and politeness to strangers, provided, of course, that the latter keep in mind the old proverb, "Who would have friends must show himself friendly."

Upon reaching Ghent take a cab (twenty cents) and drive to the Hotel de Vienne in the Marché aux Grains. It is, if not the best, one of the best in the city, and is also cheap; is located in the heart of the town, and on a square, where the scene is always lively and attractive. The history of Ghent is brilliant and stormy. The marriage of Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, was consummated there in 1477; and, in 1500, Charles V. of Spain was born there. During his reign Ghent was so rich and powerful, that he once said jestingly to Francis I. of France, "Je mettrai votre Paris dans mon Gaud."

The belfry, in which hung the famous Carrilons, is one of the first objects which attract a stranger's eye. The height of the tower is 396 feet, and the cast-iron spire is surmounted by a gilded dragon ten feet in length, brought from the Church of St. Sophia in Constantinople by Count Baldwin IX., and given by him to the Ghenters. By paying a fee of one franc to the custodian of the belfry, an ascent can be made into the tower, which will repay the climb, as it not only commands a fine view of the city, but of a large portion of Flanders.

Near the belfry is the richly decorated cathedral of St. Baom. Visit it either before twelve in the morning or after four in the afternoon; otherwise a fee is required. The organ is exceptionally good and superbly played; and by going in at 10 A.M. or 4 P.M. not only can the music be heard, but, as the week day service is conducted in a side chapel, one can walk around the church quite undisturbed. "The Tomb in Ghent," one of Adelaide Proctor's most beautiful and finished poems, is located in this church. Four massive copper candlesticks, which bear the arms of England and stand within the choir, are thought to have once adorned St. Paul's, London, and to have been sold by Cromwell.

The Adoration of the Lamb, the most celebrated picture of the Van Eyck brothers, painted in 1420 for Philip the Good, is in the first chapel in the choir; but a fee must be paid for seeing it, unless one happens to be in Ghent on some church festival day.

The Church of St. Nicholas, opposite the Hotel de Vienne, is a fine Gothic building, where admirable music may be heard; and the Church of St. Michels, built in 1445, and used in 1791 as a Temple of Reason, when one of the courtesans of the city was enthroned on the altar to be worshiped, should be visited. In this church is Van Dyck's magnificent painting of the Crucifixion, and the pulpit is a masterpiece of sculpture.

The Oudeburg is a remnant of the ancient palace of the Counts of Flanders, where John of

Gaunt, son of Edward III. of England, was born in 1340, and should be seen because of its oddity. The Marché de Vendredi is full of historic interest, the most important events in the history of Ghent having transpired there. It is also very attractive because of the ancient houses which surround it; and especially so on Wednesdays and Fridays, when thronged by country people in white caps and wooden shoes, and servants with their metal market pails, which is their substitute for our baskets. On the west side of the square is Mad Meg, an immense cannon, nineteen feet long and three wide at the mouth, bearing the Burgundian cross of St. Andrew, and the arms of Philip the Good.

The Beguinage, which was once a city within a city, has been removed outside one of the Portes; and though much of the interest has vanished with its queer little houses and their six century old associations, yet it is worth a visit. Lace lovers, especially, should go, and in case one has worn or torn lace it will not be a bad thought to take it to be restored by the skillful fingers of the sisters. The writer when in Belgium, a few years ago, had a valuable piece of point lace, which, by accident, had become a fit candidate for the ragbag. At the suggestion of a friend it was taken to the Beguines, who restored it and renewed it so perfectly that it was scarcely recognizable; and all for two francs or forty cents. A friend, too, whose India shawl had been gnawed by hungry mice, had it so exquisitely darned that it would have been impossible to detect the former holes, had it not been for a slight difference in shade of color.

Should any tourist wish to remain for some weeks in Ghent, it will be cheaper to go into lodgings than to remain at the hotel; though there the expenses will not average more than eight francs a day; counting the room at two, breakfast of coffee, tea, or chocolate, rolls and butter at one franc, dinner at two francs fifty centimes; and tea, a duplicate of breakfast again, at one franc. Attendance is generally a half to one franc a day, and lights are charged for extra. But this expense may be avoided by always carrying a candle in one's bag. And never go on the Continent without also having a piece of soap, for this is never seen in even the most expensive hotel.

Two maiden sisters, reduced Flemish gentlewomen, residing in the Petite Rue de Bellevue (their house is not numbered, but the name *Leclair* is on it), will take lodgers for longer or shorter time; and if desired furnish a breakfast of coffee, butter, and delicious *petit pain*. Their rooms will seem very bare to the eyes of Americans, but they are healthily situated, and everything which kindness and goodness can do to make the house agreeable will be done by the ladies. Dinner can be obtained in a restaurant in a small street, opening off the eastern end of the Place d'Armes, for one franc and a half—a perfectly respectable *café*, much frequented by students and professors.

Before saying "adieu" to Ghent, walk along the Conpure and through the narrow streets in the heart of the city, so that you may have a fair idea of both the old and new town.

In going to Antwerp, take the Naesland line, it being both the cheapest and most direct route, costing about two francs, and occupying one hour and a half. The country which this line traverses is interesting, chiefly because of the fact that much of it, now famous over all Europe for its wonderful fertility, is *made land*, having once been little better than ocean sand.

During the siege of Antwerp in 1832, the Dutch cut off the embankment above the Tête de Flandre where the traveler leaves the train and takes the ferryboat to cross to Antwerp, and thus flooded the entire district, which remained several feet under water for years. The damage has now

happily been repaired, and the province is again a smiling garden land, bright with neat farm houses and windmills.

Upon reaching the Antwerp side of the Scheldt, take cab (half franc for one person) into the city. The Hotel St. Antoine is most fashionable and most expensive; while the Courier, also on the Place Verte, is much cheaper though good. However, remember that in every case it is best to know beforehand just what your rooms are to cost, as much discontent may thus be avoided.

The great attraction of Antwerp is its cathedral. Well did Napoleon describe the carving and tracery of its steeple when he compared it to Mechlin lace. But there is one thing which mars the effect of the grand old building here, as in several similar cases in other Belgian towns. Houses and shops are crowded up against the cathedral walls, between the towers and buttresses completely covering its base with cheap and ugly buildings. The interior of the church is simple and majestic. There are seven aisles, one broad middle aisle and six side aisles. The wood carvings in the choir, on the stalls and above them, are superb, and will bear the closest scrutiny.

The principal attractions, however, are Rubens' great paintings, his four masterpieces, the Descent from the Cross, the Elevation of the Cross, the Assumption of the Virgin, and the Resurrection, being in this church. Of these, so world-wide is their renown, it is not necessary in such a letter to make more than mere mention; every one knows what to expect from a sight of them, and no one is ever disappointed.

In the Cathedral Square is an iron well cover, of exquisitely beautiful and graceful pattern, surmounted with a knight in armor, holding a glove in his hand, the handiwork of a blacksmith named Quentyn Matys. According to the legend, the young blacksmith fell in love with the daughter of de Vriendt, an artist of such reputation as to have gained the title of the Flemish Raphael. The artist scouted the idea of his daughter mating with a blacksmith, and declared she should marry only an artist, whereupon Matys devoted himself to painting quite secretly, and soon displayed as undoubted genius in that branch of art as he had in his other handicraft. When certain, one day, of the cunning of his hand, he stole into de Vriendt's studio, and painted a bee on the body of an angel, which was the work then on the artist's easel. De Vriendt, upon returning to his studio, detected the bee, and fancied it real, and, upon discovering his error, asked the name of the artist who had thus deceived his trained eye. From that hour the course of true love ran smoother; and it was only a little while before Matys became the especial pride of Flanders, and the husband of de Vriendt's daughter.

St. Jacques' Church is very sumptuous in marbles, carving, and decorations. It is the burial place of the wealthiest and most aristocratic families of Antwerp, and contains the tomb of Rubens and his family. This is in his private chapel, where is also an altar-piece painted for this place, in which Rubens figures as St. George, his first wife as Martha, his second as the Magdalene, his father as St. Jerome, and his grandfather as the god of Time.

In the Church of St. Paul is a copy of one of Rubens' celebrated, but indescribably shocking and realistic paintings, representing the Flagellation of Christ. Just outside this church is what is called a calvary. It is a miniature mountain of rockwork, on top of which is the scene of the crucifixion, and underneath which, in a species of tomb, lies the body of a Christ, tranquilly sleeping, while all about him souls are writhing and agonizing in purgatorial fires. As to its beauty or utility tastes differ, though every visitor to Antwerp wishes to see it.

St. Andrew's Church should be seen for its splendid pulpit carved in wood, with life size figures of St. Peter and St. Andrew in a boat on the shore, from which Christ is calling them to be fishers of men. The execution is exquisite, the shells on the shore and nets trailing from the boat being wonderfully life-like. On a pillar, in one of the side aisles, is a medallion portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, with an inscription in memory of two of her English ladies in waiting, who were buried here.

The Merchants' Exchange is worth a visit, with its arched arcades, graceful, cool, and shady, and its grand room with crystal roof, light, and free, and spacious.

The Museum is strong, not only in Rubens' pictures, but in Teniers', Holbein's, Van Veyck's, Wouverman's, Van Dyck's, etc. But Rubens dwarfs every other artist in Antwerp, the whole city being pervaded by his spirit, the people worshipping him almost as a tutelary saint. His bronze statue, in ambassador's robes, stands in the Place Verte. His easel, his chair, and even his old clothes, are preserved with religious fidelity.

From Antwerp one goes through a low and uninteresting country to Brussels, the only inspiring objects being the windmills, which stretch out their brawny arms in every direction. The railroad fare is one franc, fifty-five centimes, and the time varies from three-quarters of an hour to an hour and a half. The town of Vilvarde, which is near Brussels, possesses a sad interest, from its having been the place of martyrdom of Tyndale, the English reformer and translator of the Bible. Here he was burned October 6th, 1536, his last words being, "Lord, open the eyes of the king of England!" Strange to record, the year following his martyrdom, the Bible was published in England by royal command, and a copy placed in every church in the kingdom for the use of the people.

At La Pelouse, on the outskirts of Brussels, lived for a long time a Miss Weber, who was one of the first advocates of the intellectual equality of women, the rights of women to hold property after marriage, their equal rights to political and ecclesiastical stations, and to suffrage. She kept a large farm up for years, ruling her Belgian workpeople with a firm yet gentle hand, doing much good in a quiet way, and making herself greatly beloved.

The Hotel de Saxe is a very excellent hotel, though the prices are somewhat higher than in Ghent or Antwerp. The Hotel de la Porte is a second-class hotel, but very good; while regular pension can be had at 17 Place du Luxembourg, for one dollar a day. Brussels being a royal residence, and very gay and attractive to strangers, costs more than other Belgian towns for short residence. It is a beautiful city, and deserves its popularity. The streets are clean and well paved; the houses are lofty and painted in light colors, which gives the city an air of lightness and freshness, which is very agreeable. It abounds also in grand old mansions with the ornamental fronts, gables, pediments, and windows that are to be found in all the old court towns of Europe.

The place, too, is full of historic memories. Here was that "sound of revelry by night," which was so sadly, and yet, for European politics, so happily disturbed by the cannon of Waterloo. The house in which this ball took place is still standing, and is the one in the Rue Royale, nearest the Porte de Schaerbeck.

There is much to be seen in Brussels for one who has only a short time to stay: the palace of the Prince of Orange, used partly as a picture gallery, open every day free; the Bibliotheque de Bourgogne, open daily in the Palais de l'Industrie, containing 22,000 MSS., the most valuable of which have twice been taken to Paris; the Musée de

Peinture, a collection of old masters; the Musée Wietz (a half franc fee), a collection of remarkable paintings by the Flemish artist whose name the museum bears, which should not fail to be seen; the Cathedral of St. Gedull, an imposing edifice standing in a slope overlooking the lower part of the town, and containing magnificent specimens of stained glass; the Hotel de Ville, perhaps the most beautiful of the many noble and beautiful town halls of Belgium; the monuments to Counts Egmont and Horne, the illustrious patriots, so treacherously executed in 1568, by the base Duke of Alva; the equestrian statue of Godfrey de Bouillon, holding the banner of the cross in his right hand, erected in 1848, on the very spot where seven hundred and fifty years before he had closed an appeal for red cross soldiers, with the words "Dieu le volt!" (God wills it.)

L. P. S.

European Letter.—No. 5.

FROM GRANADA TO CORDOVA, *Spain*, Feb. 7th, 1881.

BUT Granada has other points of interest aside from the Alhambra—though that is the great one. And we drove about the old Moorish town most busily while we stayed. On one of these drives we went to an interesting old convent on the outskirts of the city; the afternoon was bright and sunny, and groups of Spanish peasants stood enjoying the sunshine. No Moors are now to be seen, the gypsy-faced Spaniards living now in the houses that were meant for tall, olive-complexioned Moors. The streets, as we drove along, seemed scarcely to make room for our carriage; from the balconies above bright dark eyes gazed curiously at us; before the doors of the poorer houses were those motley groups of peasants; the girls with gay handkerchiefs twisted about their necks; and from their ears long gold ear-rings; the men with bright red sashes about their waists, and upon their heads broad sombrero hats. These peasant girls seemed always busy with the eternal knitting, the bright needles flew in and out of their brown fingers, while their eyes were cast coquettishly upon the fiery-sashed, heavy-footed rustic swains standing near. Many Spanish cavaliers of higher degree walked through the streets, each with the graceful long cloak about his shoulders; often these were lined with red or yellow plush, showing off well their rich dark faces. Certainly nothing can be more graceful than these Spanish cloaks of the gentlemen, and the lace toquas or headdresses of the ladies. We soon reached the convent, or perhaps it was a monastery; at any rate, a black-robed friar, with shaven crown, led us through the long corridors and in and out of dim rooms. Realistic pictures of Carthusian monks in all the agonies of martyrdom hung upon the walls. Our priestly guide attempted to explain these pictures, but, as it was all in Spanish, we were obliged to allow the poor old monks to speak for themselves, and speak they did; they looked out from the canvas upon us in the most heart-rending manner—as who would not—while being persecuted in such a dreadful way? Some were cut to pieces and lay bleeding to death. Others were hanging from the gallows in the white gowns of their order, looking ghastly and ghostly. Some were being torn limb from limb by wild horses; they were chained to posts, and starving to death in dungeons; they were torn on great wheels, and burned with hot irons; every torture that ingenuity could invent was depicted, and yet they were always painted with a saintly, resigned expression through untold torments. After seeing quite enough of these horrors, our black friar led the way into an inner chapel; he proudly opened the doors, then turned to see the look of surprise on our faces. At sight of the

gorgeously decorated chapel, the plain exterior had not led us to expect so much grandeur. The doors, tall and heavy, were of fine tortoise-shell, inlaid with sticks of ebony, of ivory, pearl and silver. Cabinets and chests of drawers against the walls were of the same precious materials; their value must be immense. The walls and altars were of beautiful natural marbles taken from the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and placed here and there up the sides of the columns were large agate plaques. Just outside the chapel is a bare, long, whitewashed room that was once the refectory; the only ornament in it is a huge wooden cross painted upon the wall; this is so cleverly done that one is sure a rude wooden cross hangs there nailed to the wall; it is said that these nails stand out so naturally that birds fly in and attempt to light upon them. On our drive homeward we entered another church heavily laden with gilt ornament, and then, though the sun had sunken behind the mountains, and dark shadows were in the cathedral aisles, we entered it, that we might visit the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella; it was now so dark that the guide was obliged to get long altar candles to light our way. The misty weird shadows were quite frightful, and I kept very close indeed to my companions. We soon reached the railings, in which were immense marble tombs, side by side; upon their tops were carved grim marble images of the occupants; these were Ferdinand and Isabella, and their daughter Juana, with her handsome fickle husband—Philip. Near the entrance in a locked case were some of the treasures of the reigns of these kings and queens: handsomely embroidered robes, the crown worn by Ferdinand, and the large gold jewel-box, which, filled with jewels, Isabella pledged to pay the expenses of fitting Columbus for his voyage to the New World—our world; but we hurried out of the damp old cathedral, whose corners were frowning still blacker with the approaching night, and drove rapidly home to pack for our journey northward on the morrow. The rain came down in perfect pours from the mountains that night, making us uneasy as to our railway trip; but the morning of our departure was a smiling one, and we could look our last regretful look up to the thick walls of the Alhambra crowning the hilltop without the rain blinding us. Bells were ringing out from the tower as the diligence drew up to the door to take us to the station. One of these bells has a legend: it is said that any young man or woman who rings on the second of January will surely be married the next year, and that the louder one rings the better the future spouse will be. One of the young ladies in our party declared she was going right up to this tower and pull her very arms off; but our courier reminded her that it was now the month of February, and that the charm held good only upon the one date, so she sprang into the diligence, and with a merry jingle of bells and the crack of the driver's whip we were off "strange countries for to see." The air was crisp and fresh after the last night's rain, and we dashed through the narrow streets with quite a clatter; blinds were cautiously drawn aside, and dark eyes peeped out at us, beggars were astir, though it was so early, and ran after us clamoring for sous. We had glimpses, too, of early morning peasant life. Some of them were just opening their little shops, flocks of goats were being driven out to pasture, trains of patient donkeys were loaded with panniers, droves of fat pigs were going off to the butchers, all was busy and picturesque. We reached the station, and took our places in the train that was to take us away to Cordova. Our train was one of the slow ones we had heard of before coming to Spain, and toiled carefully along the dangerous mountain passes, and through the deep, long tunnels at some of the stations, and in rough mountain gorges

were sulky-looking men who looked as if they would not do to encounter if one were in an unprotected state. We had peeps into some of the Gypsy huts, miserable dirty places; some of them had not even these huts for a covering, but lived in holes and caves in the mountains. In the valleys we passed miles and miles of olive groves, and everywhere along the road beautiful almond trees were in bloom. They have delicate pink blossoms like our peach blossoms. The Spanish olives are said to be the finest in the world. We get them of course at every meal. As to the cooking in Spain, we have not proven the stories of the vile mixtures we expected any more than the stories of robbers and brigands that were supposed to be awaiting us at every turn. At the hotels we have always the *table d'hôte* dinner as in France, with good bread, butter, coffee, and well-cooked meats. Some of the dishes are, however, odd to our American tastes. For instance, sweet potatoes cooked as preserves and served as dessert, cauliflower dipped in batter and fried like oysters, and celery always served stewed in hot batter. Our ride to Cordova was accomplished after a long, tedious, and cold morning, for as we left the south far behind us, the air grew more wintry than any we had felt since leaving France. We lost no time in going to the main point of interest in Cordova. This is the old Moorish mosque which has been converted by the Catholics into a cathedral, so that now devout Catholics kneel crossing themselves upon the spots where once the turbaned Moors prostrated themselves kissing the earth. It seemed a pity that the gorgeous temple which was built by them with so much care and pride should be appropriated by the Catholics, who have mutilated the original Moorish architecture by altars here and chapels there, and Catholic pictures and emblems everywhere! yet they cannot quite conceal and distort the Oriental beauty that has been there, and it is still a vast and wonderful pile. Like all the buildings of the Moors, the outside is very unpretentious; only low, blank stone walls cover a large area; inside is a wide square planted with orange trees, and this leads into the mosque or cathedral. One's first impression is of a bewildering forest of pillars supporting arches; there are almost two thousand of them, and all of the most lovely marbles, jasper, porphyry, and of verde antique. Many of them were brought from great distances. In a recess toward the east, something the shape of one of our modern bay-windows, is decoration of the most costly and laborious description; around the archway are inscriptions from the Koran in mosaics of glittering amber, pearls, and rubies, odd flowers and designs in colored stones decorate the sides, and the roof is one huge marble sea-shell. This splendid receptacle was built to receive the right arm of Mahomet. It was kept under the inlaid marble floor, and the devotees used to walk about this floor seven times on their knees while performing their daily devotions. An entirely new chapel has been added by the Catholics, which is one mass of intricate pictures carved out of mahogany, seats, walls, organs, all. It is quite bewildering in its labor and costliness, but I would rather have seen this superb mosque as it was in the powerful days of the fierce old Mussulmans. After a ramble on the banks of the Guadalquivir we repaired to our hotel, which is right upon the public Alameda, our rooms looking out over the long avenue bordered by orange trees. This was Sunday, and a holiday in Spain. So when we reached our rooms we found a band playing right under our balcony, and holiday crowds filling the Alameda. Beautiful Spanish ladies walked to and fro under the rows of orange trees, or sat in the carriages drawn up along the sides listening to the music. Their black hair was parted at the side, and ornamented

by the black lace toquas; gold ear-rings gleamed becomingly against the lace background. Their fans were waved coquettishly to and fro as they glanced their dark eyes at the cavaliers, who paraded haughtily up and down, or pranced by on beautiful slender-legged Andalusian steeds. Soldiers in bright red trowsers, with clanking swords and glistening metal helmets, strutted by; prettily dressed children, Gypsies, dogs and beggars mingled with the throng; while black-gowned, broad-hatted priests made somber figures in so gay a scene. The evening sun cast long yellow lights upon the moving array, lighting up the dark foliage of the orange trees, and bringing in bright relief the Sierra Morena Mountains in the background. It was a charming and foreign picture, and we sat upon our balcony overlooking the scene until the last notes of the band died away, and the Alameda was deserted. It is very interesting thus to see a characteristic old Spanish city, and to compare its Sunday parades with those we see on our Fifth Avenue. In many ways the belles and beaux of every nation are the same, but in dress and appearance how different! Tomorrow we birds of passage take our flights to the old city of Seville, where I will have more to tell of this fascinating country, that seems like pages in a delicious old-fashioned romance. One must regret that as railways and the accommodations of travel become more frequent, these old Spanish customs will die away as the fashionably dressed tourists creep in. The picturesque national costumes will become things of the past; only in poetry and song will we hear the soft notes of the lute tremble at the exploits of the daring brigands, and read the legends of these simple-hearted peasants. I can never regret that I see it now with some of the charms of its primitive ways still remaining.

A NEW YORK GIRL ABROAD.

The Woman's Emigration Society

of London was founded in the spring of 1880, and the following extract from the first annual report shows the object and the work so far accomplished. In the twelve months which have elapsed since its foundation, forty-one women have been assisted to emigrate, and the expenses have been £421 18s. 10d.; of this, £344 10s. 7d. has been expended on loans, which are beginning already to be returned. It is proposed to hold the first general meeting of the society during the forthcoming season.

The object is to facilitate the emigration of Englishwomen of all classes.

PRINCIPLES OF WORKING.—1. To collect and distribute information from reliable sources respecting each colony, its climate, resources, etc.

2. To arrange for the comfort and safety of emigrants during transit to those colonies for which their circumstances appear to render them most suitable.

3. To establish relations with trustworthy persons at each port, who shall pledge themselves to receive and befriend the emigrants accredited to them by the society.

4. To raise and to administer a fund for the purpose of assisting, after due and careful investigation, the emigration of suitable women of sound health and good character, who are unable to raise the sum required for the purpose. The assistance to take the form of a loan, on which security for repayment is required, and on which interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum is charged. The committee have power to dispense with the security under very special circumstances.

The committee consists of fourteen well-known ladies, including Miss Ashurst Biggs, the editor of the "*English Woman's Review*." Mrs. Walter Browne is honorary secretary, 38 Belgrave Road.

CURRENT TOPICS.

NOTES AND COMMENTS ON
EVENTS OF THE DAY.

INTERESTING SUBJECTS AND NOTABLE
THINGS WHICH HAVE OCCURRED DURING
THE PAST MONTH.—CONTEMPORANEOUS
HISTORY FROM A FAMILIAR
POINT OF VIEW.

Electric Railways.

And now an electric railway is under way. Messrs. Halske & Siemens are successfully running a train of cars between Berlin and Lichtenfelde, the motor power being electricity. They have made eighteen miles an hour, but could do better if the government allowed it. Mr. Edison in this country, at Menlo, New Jersey, has made forty miles an hour against a steep grade of over four hundred feet to the mile. It is a curious fact that forty years ago an electric motor was used to propel cars; but as the cost was greater than when steam was employed, the matter was not followed up. But recent inventions, it is said, have made it possible to use electricity economically. What marvelous changes are in store for us when the imponderable forces can be used, now to convert night into day, and then to transport us from one end of the country to the other. Electricity has been put to widely different uses: it limits time or distance by telegraph; it is about to light our cities and houses, and when it can be used economically instead of steam for travel, it will rank among the chiefest of nature's aids to benefit humanity.

Where, oh, where are our Ships?

For the first four months of the present year we exported from New York 20,983,999 bushels of grain, employing over 600 vessels in the service, but, alas! not one of those ships carried the American flag; they were all owned by foreigners, and the profits for the carriage of our exports were pocketed by English, French, and German ship-owners. Why don't the country wake up and demand of Congress that something shall be done to revive our power at sea?

The Jews in Trouble.

The Hebrews are catching it all over the world. The last rising against them was in Russia. There are over 3,000,000 Jews in Southern and Western Russia, and they are crowded into the towns and villages. They monopolize the banking and trading of the community. The wealth of the country has substantially passed into their hands. This has led to ill-feeling, and provoked riot and murder. It seems many thousands of them have been despoiled of their goods, and driven from their homes. Religious feeling has nothing to do with the trouble; it is a social outbreak against the monopolizers of the wealth of the community.

The Land Question.

In many countries there is taking place a readjustment of the relations of the peasants to the soil. When emancipation was decreed in Russia, the peasants were required to agree to purchase the land they worked on payments to cover a series of years. A rate was fixed; but, in many parts of the country, it was too high, and has resulted in great distress to the peasant. To remove this grievance, the new Czar has agreed to reduce the tax, and to try and have all the land in the possession of the tiller of the soil by the 1st of January, 1883. If the Russians can own their own land, paying only the ordinary taxes to the government, it is expected a great change for the better will take place in the condition of the people. The land bill of the Gladstone government was intended to effect the same object. The division of the soil among the peasants, which was effected by the French revolution, is the basis for the present prosperity of France, and one of the safeguards of our republic is the direct ownership of the soil by so large a

number of American voters. This land question is a vital one. Wherever individuals, churches, or other corporations monopolize the soil, poverty and discontent is the result. But the possession of a portion of God's earth encourage in man all the domestic and social virtues.

The Right to do Wrong.

Among the provisions of the new constitution of California is one to the effect that "no person shall, on account of sex, be disqualified from pursuing any lawful vocation." This was intended to give women their industrial rights. But San Francisco, to break up a very vile business, passed an ordinance to prohibit women from serving as waiter-girls in public saloons after a certain hour in the evening. But the courts have just decided that under the above provision of the constitution this ordinance is illegal; in other words, that women in that state have a constitutional right to do wrong. The dives where these poor creatures act as baits to allure the weak and the wicked of the other sex to moral and physical destruction are a social evil of the first magnitude and should be suppressed. What a delight some judges do take in giving interpretations to good laws and well-meant constitutional provisions which nullifies them or makes them absurd. After all, may not the English people be wise in not having a written constitution, but in judging every case on its merits as it comes up.

Giants in those Days.

A correspondent of the *New York Sun* recently explored an ancient temple of Isis, in Egypt, which was erected 1,043 years before the birth of Christ. He found many curious memorials of the Egyptian dead, but the most remarkable object he brought to light was the skeleton of a giant, who must, when alive, have been eleven feet high and stout in proportion. Men of this size are unknown in modern times. A seven-footer is an extraordinary specimen of the present race of human beings; yet there was a Roman Emperor eight feet high. While names and dates were plentiful enough among these memorials of the dead of old Egypt, there was nothing to show that the size of this skeleton was at all remarkable. But what an excitement it would make were a man even nine feet high to be exhibited at our museums!

Hindoo Christians.

Keshub Chunder Sen, the eloquent Hindoo preacher, who attracted so much attention in England some years since, has instituted a Christian sect in his own country, which may in time become very numerous. He assumes to be somewhat of a prophet himself, but he accepts the current dogmas of the Christian faith. The sacrament he gives to his followers marks a curious departure from the usual method. For bread he substitutes rice, and for wine water. All Christendom will be pleased to hear of the spread of the Hindoo Apostles of Christ, as they call themselves; but it must be confessed that Christianity has not as yet made much progress in that vast and populous empire.

A Sleepwalker.

Miss Sadie Lord is a pretty girl, who lives in Clinton, on the Bangor-Maine railway. One cold night she got out of bed from her mother's side and went to the next room. Her mother missed her from her side and followed her, whereupon Sadie, in the thinnest of night garments, made a dash out of the door and ran almost directly in front of the express train, which came thundering along the track. The frightened mother shrieked as she ran after her, but the girl sped on her course, and by a miracle just missed the train. On she dashed into the darkness and barely escaped drowning in the deep and turbid river Kennebec. The mother had the churchbell rung, and all the men that could be summoned in the night made a search for the missing girl. She was found far from home, sleeping under an ox-cart in a farm-yard. During all this time the girl was in a profound sleep and was surprised and terrified when she came to her senses. This phenomena of somnambulism is very curious. People have been known to take risks when unconscious, that would appal them if awake. They seem to be able to see with their eyes shut and to know the perils of their path with all their senses apparently closed to the outside world. There is a very

pretty and popular opera, entitled "La Sonnambula," the heroine of which is a young girl who, on the night before her marriage, wandered into a strange gentleman's room. Her lover thought she was unfaithful, but by a happy accident, he and his friends saw her the following night walking while asleep and crossing a dangerous bridge over a mill stream, which no one would dare go near in their waking hours. Of course all ended happily.

The Criticisms on Carlyle.

Froude, the historian, has been harshly condemned for publishing the reminiscences of Thomas Carlyle, exactly as they were written. These recollections were cruelly unjust in the judgments passed upon those with whom Carlyle was socially intimate, and show that with great powers of expression, Carlyle was an envious and evil thinking man. The world, in his view, was full of base people. The genial and kindly Charles Lamb was to him a poor, feeble, gin-drinking creature. Coleridge, one of the great poets of his age, was a puffy-cheeked, maudering old dotard. Yet Lamb's essays will live as long as English letters are known and, the author of the *Ancient Mariner* and the *Hymn to Mont Blanc*, will be justly regarded for all time as one of the most powerful poetic geniuses of his day. An American in Carlyle's presence was expressing his delight at the beauty of the river Thames. "Yes," said the cynic of Chelsea, "but did you notice the dead dogs on the bosom of the river?" "I did not," responded the indignant American, "and I think, Mr. Carlyle, you see too many dead dogs everywhere." Mr. Froude did quite right; for the publication of the reminiscences gave the world a chance to know how mean and narrow was the intellect of this worshiper of brute force in human affairs. While the truth should be told about the dead, it should not be done maliciously.

France and Tunis.

Despite the protest of Turkey and Italy and the diplomatic dissatisfaction of Great Britain, France has extended her dominions over Tunis. A treaty has been signed by which the Bey of that country accepts France as its conqueror, and agrees to let that power control the government and the finances. The French minister will hereafter be the real ruler of that country, and when the old Bey dies, Tunis becomes a part of Algeria. There are no tears to be shed over the result. The sooner European powers get possession of all northern Africa, the better it will be for those countries and for mankind. In the third century after Christ, there were three hundred Christian bishops in northern Africa. It was the granary of the old world. Some of its former fertility and importance in the commercial world will be recovered, when it has the benefit of a settled government and appliances of modern inventions and commerce. The conquest of Morocco will be next in order.

A Romance of the Seraglio.

Five years ago it was announced that the Sultan Abdul Aziz had committed suicide. It was officially stated that he opened the veins in his arms and legs with a small pair of scissors and bled himself to death. Nineteen physicians of various nationalities saw the dead body, and all signed a paper to the effect that he had killed himself. It was, however, believed at the time that he had been murdered, and now some nine persons are under arrest, charged with the crime of his untimely end. In countries where there is no freedom of speech nor parliaments, where once a sovereign always a sovereign is the rule, murders like these are not uncommon. Aziz had no function for ruling. He lived a sensual life, and thought of nothing but his harem and his treasures. Turkey was menaced on every side, and required a person of some energy of character to be its ruler. So a palace conspiracy was organized and he was put out of the way, and his nephew Murad, the brother of the present Sultan, was installed in his place. Assassination is a risk which irresponsible rulers must take. Frequent elections are one of the devices by which nations get rid of the necessity of killing their rulers. The new Czar of Russia, notwithstanding the fate of his father, will not give his people a constitution nor permit freedom of speech. Whoever asks for reform in the government, is arrested and marched off to Siberia. This state of things is intolerable to people who wish to correct the evils of the state,

and so the more ardent of them risk their lives to get the imperial obstacle out of the way. The murderers of Abdul Aziz were not called Nihilists, but they reasoned that their country should not go to the dogs because the occupant of the throne was a mixture of brute and fool.

The Coldest Spot on Earth.

It is in Siberia and its name is Werkhojansk. Here, it is said, "the culminating point of excessive climate in all the world is reached." In other words, it is the pole of greatest cold in the known Northern Hemisphere. The lowest recorded temperature ever observed in the highest arctic latitude, is that noted by Sir George Nares, at Floburg Beach, which was 73.7 deg. below the zero of Fahrenheit. For a long time it was supposed that Yakutsk, four hundred miles distant from Werkhojansk, was the coldest spot on earth. The soil of these places is frozen three hundred and eighty feet deep. The cold in these regions often reaches 81 deg. below zero. It is pleasant to read about such places in the torrid season we are now passing through.

Home, sweet Home!

Apropos of the Tunisian war, attention has been called to the fact that John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, sweet Home!" is buried in the Protestant Cemetery of the Church of St. Augustine in Tunis. He died while American Consul to that country. He was a distinguished author in his day, at a time when our reading public was very small and the reward of literary labor little or nothing, and it would be well to honor his memory by a memorial, for millions and millions of men and women have been made worthier and happier by that one simple song. Give your mite, good reader, for the memorial of the author of "Home, sweet Home!"

The Royal Wedding.

Our newspapers have been filled with accounts of the marriage of Prince Rudolph, heir to the throne of Austria, with the Princess Stéphanie, daughter of the King of the Belgians. It was a very fine affair, of course; a throng of very great people were present, the wedding gifts were costly, and the pageant splendid to look upon. The pictures, however, of the bride and bridegroom are disillusionizing. The prince is a commonplace looking young fellow, and the bride shows no mark of character, or beauty of feature. They are young people, however, and may prove better and smarter than they look.

Syngignosticism.

This big word was invented by Dr. William A. Hammond, to properly describe a very curious phenomena, heretofore known as "hypnotism." Certain persons seem to have power to so influence the minds of others, as to cause them to do what they will. Doubtless many of our readers have seen public exhibitions of this power, when sober men and women will do the most absurd things at the bidding of the operator. This hypnotism, by the way, explains many curious things in the history of the race. The power which strongly marked personalities have had with all with whom they come in contact, the fascination which some women have had for certain men, and *vice versa*. Dr. Hammond says that the word he has invented is compounded from the Greek, and means, to know without will. Dr. George M. Baird says, hypnotism is a suspension of a one third section of the brain, with increased activity of function in the other two. There is a world of mystery connected with sleep, trances, dreams, visions and hypnotic influences, which as yet has not been settled or formulated by science. Those who come after us, will doubtless know all about it.

Honoring the Noble Dead.

The commemoration by the Sunday-school children of Cincinnati of the anniversary of the birth of Alice Cary was a graceful thing to do. She and her sister came from Cincinnati to New York, and these two women poets won the high regard of all who knew them or read their works. What a change has come over the world since the old times. Mankind has had its era of hero worship in which strong men were deified and specially honored. Then the saints came in for their period of public appreciation; the time was when in nearly every Catholic country every other day was a saint's day, and therefore a holiday. But great warriors are not now honored as of yore, and

saints are no longer sacred. We now pay our respects to the benefactors of the race to which class poets and philosophers clearly belong. We revere the memory of Washington, we celebrate the birthday of Shakespeare or Burns; we erect statues and busts to Humboldt, Lincoln, or Sir Walter Scott, and it is meet and proper that women and children should lay their tributes on the grave of Alice and Phoebe Cary.

The Cowpens Centennial.

The victory of Cowpens, when General Daniel Morgan beat the English forces on the 17th of January, was commemorated at Spartansburg, South Carolina, very recently. A statue of General Morgan was unveiled, and appropriate speeches were made. It is pleasant to record that the sentiments were patriotic, and that leading ex-rebels again pledged their fealty to our common country.

A Curious Aristocrat.

The Duke of Sutherland has come and gone. He paid a flying trip to the United States, and was everywhere received with distinction. His family dates back to the fourteenth century, and he is said to be one of the richest men in the world. He owns 1,100,000 acres in Scotland, besides large possessions in England. It is not upon record, however, that he ever did anything which would mark him as a great or a good man. If society were properly organized, and he allowed to follow his tastes, he would be running a locomotive on some railroad line. It is his one talent. He has a passion for fire engines and steam locomotives. He has frequently, for amusement, run a train, and his particular pet at home is a steam fire engine, which he works very well indeed. In other respects he is a very common-place person, and unable to use beneficently the vast wealth which custom and chance have given to him.

Pobedonoszeff.

This is the queer name of the person who is said to be the real ruler of Russia. He was the tutor of the new Czar, and the influence he still wields is very remarkable. He is a good man, as the world goes, but a fanatic, religious and political. He is honest, self-denying, ascetic, but a furious bigot, who sees the hand of Heaven in all mundane transactions. The murder of the late Czar, according to him, was an evidence of God's wrath at the misconduct of the emperor in forming illicit relations with the Princess Dolgorouki. He allows his wife to read only one book, the works of Thomas Kelecks, who is the Thomas à Kempis of Greek theology. This pious fool is, it seems, practically the autocrat of Russia to-day. Melikoff wanted the emperor to grant the people a constitution, but Pobedonoszeff antagonized him in the high councils of the state, and prompts the emperor to keep up the old system, and send every one to Siberia who opposes it, or wishes to effect reforms. Melikoff has resigned in consequence.

A Wonderful Exhibition.

It will be a marvel. We mean the forthcoming display of electrical instruments, in the immense nave of the Palace of Industry in Paris. To begin with, you will be carried to the nave by a railway run by electricity. Arriving, you will find yourself on the borders of an artificial lake, on which electro-moved boats will ply up and down. At night an electric lighthouse will make the nave more brilliant than the day. All the most wonderful electric machines in the world will be on exhibition. In a splendidly furnished saloon you can apply your ear to the telephone and hear the music of the opera, or listen to the spoken words of the play at the Theatre Français. On every side there will be electric lights, electric stoves, pendulums, fire places and other novelties which bid fair to revolutionize the lighting and heating of the world. We live in a great age. In five years time gas will be as obsolete as is the tallow candle to-day.

Saratoga and Newport.

These are the two most fashionable summer resorts in the country. One is by the sea and is famous for its salt water bathing; the other is inland and is equally famous for its saline water drinking. At Newport the salt water is applied to the surface of the body, at Saratoga it cleanses the internal mucous surfaces. Of the two Saratoga will undoubtedly become the most permanently

popular. Nowhere else on earth can be found such a variety of waters, which have a therapeutic value. There is scarcely a form of disease which may not be benefited by the use of the alteratives and cathartic waters of that place. It contains also some of the largest and finest hotels in the world. Living at these is costly, but it is a mistake to suppose that only rich people go to Saratoga. Board can be procured in good locations as cheaply as in any other part of the country. Those who visit Saratoga should patronize the People's Line of Steamboats on the Hudson River. The railroad travel is dusty and noisy, but in the superbly appointed and luxurious cabins of the *Dean Richmond* and other steamers of the People's Line, one can sleep as restfully as at home, and arrive in time to drink the health-giving waters before breakfast. It is absurd to go to Europe to get the benefit of baths and mineral waters. Saratoga has as fine waters as any to be found in the old world.

Large Results from a Small Capital.

Just think of going on a seven years' journey with a capital of ten dollars. This was accomplished by a Dr. Holub, who spent seven years in the heart of Africa, with ten dollars to begin with. He started from Port Elizabeth, on the southeast, and traveled up to the country made memorable by the labors and death of Dr. Livingstone. He reports signs of progress. One ruler, Khama, who was mentioned in Livingstone's works, has stopped the sale of ardent spirits in his dominions, and suppressed some of the atrocities of fetish worship. Dr. Holub thinks that it would be to the advantage of Africa, if foreign powers, like Great Britain, should supersede the rule of the native kings and chiefs.

A Reign of Terror.

How much misery there is in the world, of which we, in this country, have no conception. A dispatch from Moscow announces that 12,200 persons, men, women, and children, had passed through that city on their way to Siberia. These were suspected people. Every one in Russia who advocates freer institutions, who dares to expose official corruption, or to express a desire for a free press and a parliamentary representation, is promptly seized and marched off to Siberia. The new Czar is far more brutal and exacting than his father. But there is terror inside as well as outside the palace. The Czarina is in an agony of apprehension, because she has been notified by the Nihilists that she must die, as a reprisal for the hanging of Sophie Piroffsky. The Czar himself is substantially a prisoner. His palace is surrounded by soldiers, and he gives audience to no one who is a stranger. Yet there is a well authenticated story to the effect that an old Nihilist succeeded in getting access to the Czar to warn him of his fate, if he did not give his people free institutions. He was heard without comment till he got through, when the Czar ordered his arrest and deportation to Siberia.

About Comets.

Several new comets have been discovered lately, but none of any importance, and yet one is promised before many years are over. Their origin and composition is as much a mystery as ever. It is believed that should a great comet fall upon the sun, the heat evolved thereby would be so great as to burn the surface of the earth to a crisp, and destroy life on this planet. In past times comets were regarded as direful omens, presaging pestilence and famines. With us moderns, they are merely objects of curiosity, and the mystery which attaches to them will some day be dissipated.

Musical Festivals.

The 7th of May witnessed the conclusion of a monster musical festival in New York City. It was attended by tens of thousands of people; all the famous singers of the day participated, and the chorus was three thousand strong. These great musical jubilees have always been popular in this country. We all recall the Peace Jubilee at Boston, as well as the great musical festivals which occurred at the close of the Centennial Exhibition. Some New Yorkers remember the monster concerts given by Julian at Castle Garden, which is now the great emigrant depot. He was a remarkable conductor and created quite a furore in his time. Music ought to be taught in our public schools and the voices of our children

trained so as to give expression to the inspirations of the great composers of modern times. Germans and Italians are far ahead of us in this respect, and it is to our discredit that the best musical conductors, as well as solo performers on reed and wind instruments, are foreigners. Julian was a Frenchman and Dr. Damrosch, who led the great festival in New York, is a German. We have only one American, Theodore Thomas, who is at all noted. There is a great deal of private talent in this country in a musical way. The number of American prima donnas actual and possible, is very large, and there are plenty of good male voices, but they want training. Music is so elevating and refining, that it ought to be practiced by our whole population. These great festivals do something to educating the popular taste. It is a question whether we do not spend too much money on pianos, which cost so much, and too little upon the human voice, which is a free gift of God to nearly every human being.

Ho, for the Seashore!

The multiplication of summer resorts on the coast shows that our people are beginning to appreciate the advantages of the salt sea air, as well as the therapeutic value of salt water bathing. The system of excursions, which now obtains so generally, puts it within the power of people of small means, who live in the interior, to make one or two excursions during the summer to the seaside. The change from inland to sea-coast is wholesome. New York has become a great summer resort, for within an hour of that city is to be found the finest beach in the world. Coney Island, Long Branch, Rockaway and Long Beach, are all well worth visiting. These resorts are a perpetual carnival the summer through, and a visit to them is an event long to be remembered. At the same time it should be borne in mind that the seaside is not the best place for people who live all the year round near the coast. The change they demand is mountain air. They should hie to the interior and breathe the fresh, pure air of the highlands. Our country is blest with an abundance of places that serve as sanitariums. The White Hills, the Catskills, and indeed all along the range of the Alleghany Mountains, furnish thousands of places for dwellers by the sea, who want to live under new and changed atmospheric conditions, for at least a portion of the year.

A Mountain Messiah.

This name has been given to the Rev. G. O. Barnes, who preaches the gospel in the mountains of southwestern Kentucky. He is an educated clergyman, who in his day has received large salaries from city congregations. But when over fifty years of age, he determined to lead a new life. He gave up his wealth to the poor, declined assistance of friends and began to preach day after day, upon the express condition that he should receive no money, only food and shelter for himself, wife, and daughter, for the time he was on duty. He travels from hamlet to hamlet, preaching the gospel, as he understands it, and leads as far as possible, a life of entire unselfishness. He has worked great changes in the community in which he labors, for they were a lawless set and not amenable heretofore to Christian influences. Nothing so strongly appeals to human respect as an entirely unselfish life. The man who offers up his life for his country, his religion, or the cause with which he is identified, will always be the popular hero. Society would become rotten and decay, were it not for those who live for others and who do good without reference to any other earthly reward.

Arabian Night Fables Surpassed.

We all recall the story of the fisherman, who, dragging a lake with his net, fished up a small copper box. When opened a vapor came out which finally condensed into the form of a giant, whose head fairly touched the clouds. Science has marvels quite as astonishing as the wildest fairy story. M. Camille Faure of Paris, recently sent to Sir William Thompson at Glasgow, a wooden box, less than a cubic foot in size and weighing only seventy-five pounds. The box contained "electric energy" to the amount of one million feet. The marvel in this case is the possibility of conveying by railway, in a small box, a sufficient amount of energy, which, if exploded, would tear down a city. If put to more beneficent uses it would run engines, make light, and do a thousand things valuable for human uses.

Some day we will employ these motors compacted in small spaces, to open mines, cut tunnels through mountains, tear up vast masses of earth to make canals and lakes, destroy vast icefields, so as to clear a path to the North or South poles. But the moral of this paragraph is that the most marvelous imaginings of Arabian fiction do not equal the wonders which modern science is bringing to light as mere matters of fact.

The Plague.

This dread enemy of the human race is raging at Nedjaf, in Mesopotamia. That town contains only a few thousand inhabitants, but nearly sixty persons a day were dying, at last accounts. One of the advantages of living in these modern times is, that before these destructive pestilences reach civilized communities, sanitary measures are inaugurated to check their progress. The Turks are fatalists, and do not care to oppose the will of heaven by fighting disease. Hence, if left to them alone, this dreadful pestilence would make its way to civilized nations. But, fortunately, the latter believe in a human as well as divine providence, and they force the Turks to try and stamp out this disease at its birthplace, and they generally succeed. The modern civilized world is learning the lesson that God helps those who help themselves, and that the physical ills which affect humanity can be relieved, if not entirely got rid of, by wisely directing human efforts. When this lesson is thoroughly understood, communities will protect themselves not only against plagues, but against malaria, and all manner of foul air diseases. Three-fourths of the disorders of mankind are preventable, if the environment of each individual is properly looked after.

A New New Testament.

By this time the religious world is reading the text of the revised New Testament. It is a re-translation from the original Greek text, made by the most eminent scholars. The old version of 1611 is not destroyed, but amended. It will, of course, excite much debate in religious circles, as many of the old dogmas will appear in a new light, judged by the revised text. Indeed, we may expect a revival of interest in the sacred text, and doubtless the battle of plenary inspiration will be fought over again.

A Sorrowful Suicide.

A girl, fourteen years of age, Effie Person, by name, shot herself to death in New York recently, because she thought her father suspected her of theft. It seems money had been missed, the whereabouts could not have been known outside of the family. The father, a poor man, did not know what to think, and the sensitive child, believing herself suspected, placed herself in front of a looking-glass, and sent a bullet through her own breast. It is a pitiful story, for as long as that family lives they will suffer from the reproach of this untimely death. The moral to be drawn is, that families should so live that there should be no suspicion between its members; while children, who are emotional and liable to be carried away by their feelings, should be so trained that they would not give way to fits of temper or despondency. That the aged should die is in the order of nature, but there is something cruel and terrible in death, encountered at the very beginning of one's career.

The Trouble at Washington.

The two senators from the most powerful State in the Union have recently resigned their high positions, because of a disagreement with the President on the question of patronage. This is not the place to enter upon a discussion of the merits of this controversy. There is something to be said on both sides; but the moral to be drawn is the danger to our institutions from the periodical contests between the office-holders and office-seekers. In most other civilized nations the minor officers of the government are appointed for life, or during good behavior. But every presidential election with us involves the tenure of over a hundred thousand office-holders. For every office there are ten candidates, and so the struggle between those in office and those who want the offices is simply terrific, and fills the land with clamor. We came very near a civil war in the contest between Tilden and Hayes, and sometime we shall certainly come to blows if we do not reform our civil service, and choose officers as do all business firms, for their capacity, and keep them in the employ of the nation during good behavior. But the politicians of

both parties are bitterly opposed to any change, for they all have friends to reward and enemies to punish. But the struggle for the spoils makes our presidential contests mean, small, and personal.

Refunding.

Secretary Windom deserves great credit for dealing so wisely with the national debt. Before the opening of the coming fall he will have refunded some \$700,000,000 of fives and sixes into $\frac{3}{4}$ securities. The arrangement lasts until the next Congress convenes, when, perhaps, a $\frac{3}{8}$ bond can be floated, which will take up this and the other indebtedness of the government. This conversion of so large a sum, without a jar to the business of the country, is justly regarded as one of the greatest financial feats of the age. The immediate future of the country never seemed so prosperous and so hopeful. Money will be easy, prices will advance, and all who are industrious, prudent, and enterprising, will make money.

From over the Sea.

If there is no interruption to the stream of immigration, more than 600,000 foreigners will have landed on our soil during the year 1881. On more than one day, this spring, nearly 7,000 persons landed at the port of New York. The majority are men, and the nationality most largely represented is Germany. They are generally in the prime of life, and are of a better class than the average run of immigrants fifteen or twenty years ago. The great mass of these people go West, and settle upon farms. They give business to our railroads, use food products where it is most abundant and cheapest, and create a demand for manufactured goods of all kinds. Some 425,000 came to this country last year. It was the largest immigration in history, but the immigration this year promises to be one-third greater. What a compliment it is to our land, and its institutions, that so many people, from all parts of the world, desire to share its blessings.

Ante-Diluvian Monsters.

A rhinoceros was discovered in an iceberg in one of the coldest portions of Siberia, lately, which belonged to an ante-diluvian species of that animal, and which gives an idea of the enormous and terrible beasts which inhabited this planet long before man was born upon it. This specimen was seven feet taller than the rhinoceros of to day. He was covered with long hair, which showed him to belong to a very cold climate. When he lived, Germany, France, and Great Britain were inhabited by monstrous beasts, birds and reptiles. A huge bird flourished in those days, measuring thirty feet from head to claws. The remains of a sea serpent, sixty feet long, have been found in the rocks. In Australia the fossil of a marsupial was found which is as much larger than the kangaroo, as that animal is to the rat. In all parts of the earth are found the fossils of these gigantic beasts, birds and reptiles. There is some talk of a museum in New York, in which shall be reproduced *fac-similes* of these monsters, who lived and flourished in the dim, dim twilight of the past.

England in Peril.

General Kirchhammer, of the general staff of the Austrian army, has written an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, to show how easy it would be for a French or German army to land on the English soil and capture London. The British army is a very small one, compared with the mighty military organizations of Germany and France. Either of these powers could bring ten trained soldiers in the field, against one that Great Britain could muster in case of invasion. The militia of England, although uniformed, is not regarded as of much account in the event of any serious contest with a trained continental army. There are no fortifications in England, no fastnesses to which a native army might retire to continue the contest. The English navy is not larger than the French, and is scattered all over the globe to protect the commerce of that power. This Austrian general shows that while landing on English soil would have been a perilous matter in the days of sailing war ships, that with steam vessels a French or German army could land almost without impediment. What an event in the world's history it would be, if in our time Great Britain should be conquered by a rival power!

Great Bridges.

The bridge over the East River, from New York to Brooklyn, is making progress. It is the most splendid suspension bridge in the world. Ships with the tallest masts can sail under it with perfect safety. It is using more stone and steel wire than any structure of the kind known to engineering work. By the first of next November, the roadway will be open to the public, but it will be another year before it is fully completed. It will cost when finished, nearly \$18,000,000. It will be utilized in the course of time for connecting New York by steam, not only with all parts of Brooklyn, but with all sections of Long Island. The time is coming when one can take the elevated roads in any part of New York, and can ride direct to Coney Island, Rockaway, or if necessary to Montauk Point, the very eastern end of Long Island. Nor is that all; another bridge to Brooklyn is about to be constructed, one of the piers of which will be on Blackwell's Island. This will be a railway bridge also, and is expected to connect the various railway lines which reach the Harlem river from the North, with the railway system of Long Island. The second bridge will not by any means be as costly or pretentious as the first, but it may possibly be more useful. The building of these bridges will undoubtedly lead in time to the political union of New York and Brooklyn. Instead of two cities, there will be one. The united cities will have a population of over two millions, and will rank among the first in the whole world. Americans are justly proud of this metropolis, its wealth, its splendor, and its enterprise. But they are not proud of the local government of New York. Nature has done everything to make New York a clean city, but it is the very reverse. It should be the healthiest also in the country, which is far from being the case. Let us hope, however, that there are better days in store for New York. Perhaps the addition of Brooklyn to its population may induce able and honest men to become its rulers.

A Gigantic Enterprise.

The Hudson River tunnel is one of the greatest enterprises of the day. The intention is to connect New York island with the railway system of the country by a tunnel under the North River. The railways, it is said, will have ample room to run through the tunnel to the center of New York island. The result would be the transfer of the business now done in Jersey City to New York, and a great rise in the real estate of that locality. It is remarkable that two such enterprises as the construction of this tunnel and the building of the Brooklyn bridge, should go on at one time. There is nothing like the Hudson River tunnel in the world. Whenever the connecting of Dover and Calais by a tunnel is seriously undertaken, then Europe will be ahead. But this vast submarine causeway, when accomplished, will be an engineering feat of which Americans can be justly proud.

The Locust Plague.

It is morally certain that before many years are over, the trans-Mississippi regions of the United States will again be ravaged by locusts. It will be a terrible calamity when it comes, for it will be a much more serious matter than in former years, due to the larger extent of ground now occupied by cultivated farms, and the greater importance of our cereal productions, not only to the United States, but to the world. Is there any way of preventing the locust plague? Entomologists have been studying the question, and it is believed the best way of accomplishing this end is to encourage the settlement of those portions of our Western country which are the breeding grounds of these insect pests. During the year when they were most destructive, in 1877, they originated in the Rocky Mountain plateau, that is, the territories of Montana, Utah, Idaho, and Wyoming. Our population is even now rapidly spreading over these regions, and the more emigrants that settle upon the soil that now breeds the locusts, the fewer there will be to vex the farmers on the other side of the Mississippi. Irrigation diminishes their numbers; the plow disturbs their nests, and they can be handled better in their own homes, than when they come in myriads to destroy the crops of the lowlands far to the east. The locust has been known in all ages. The Bible tells us of them in the far East. They were a pest in Italy before the time of Christ. In the sixth and ninth centuries they ruined the crops

of France, and as late as 1750 there was a plague of locusts in England and Scotland. We fear there is not much hope of any effective action being taken by our country, until after some other visitation like that of 1877. It requires a great calamity to get the right thing done. What is needed is a survey of the locust grounds, and pecuniary assistance to any one who will settle on their lands, and grow more useful crops than these pestiferous insects.

Our Newspaper Press.

The newspaper statistics of the last census are very curious. The people of the United States pay nearly \$27,000,000 annually for their daily newspapers. Every weekday 3,581,187 daily papers are issued in this country. Their average circulation in the United States is 2,800. The average circulation of the weekly papers is 3,500. The whole number of daily newspapers published during the year is, 1,127,337,255. We have too many papers and there is too much newspaper reading. What we need is fewer journals and better ones. There is a vast amount of frivolous and purposeless writing in our daily press, and they who read nothing else have chaff for their mental food.

Election Expenses.

Mr. Courtney, an English publicist, has been inquiring into the election expenses for members of Parliament. He names half a dozen constituencies, where \$970,000 was paid out in the last election, and this represents only the legitimate, not the illegitimate expenses. Yet great efforts have been made in England to diminish the bills for elections, and the government does what it can to stop bribery. It is supposed that the election of a Congressman in this country averages four to five thousand dollars. Indeed the great objection to civil service reform among politicians in this country is, that were appointments to be made for life or good behavior, it would be almost impossible to raise the necessary means for conducting elections. Hence the dependence upon the office-holders who wish to retain their places, and the office-seekers who are willing to give something to secure positions.

Our Actors Abroad.

Some pardonable pride may be excused in Americans, when any of our citizens impress foreigners with a sense of their exceptional ability. Edwin Booth and John McCullough have appeared before London audiences, not only with acceptance but with applause. Theatrical people say we have far more talent on our stage, than Great Britain can boast of. Irving is about their only great actor, but apart from him they have no one who can compare with Booth, McCullough, or Barrett. Our Mary Anderson is a finer actress than any on the English stage, and in all Europe there is no artist to compare with our Clara Morris in emotional parts. It is true that Sarah Bernhardt is a more finished actress than any on the American stage, and that the Italian, Salvini, is the foremost actor of his day. But our stage is full of clever people, and what is equally notable, American plays are received with as much acceptance as those which come from Paris or London.

Good bye, John Chinaman!

At length a treaty has been ratified with China, which empowers our government to regulate Chinese immigration. We are not permitted to prohibit the coming of Chinese to this country, but we can cut down the number which any ship may bring. It seems un-American to take exceptions to any race or religion; but the feeling against the Chinese, wherever they are best known, is so intense that both parties in Congress have been influenced by this race jealousy, to agree in practically excluding the advent of future immigrant Chinese to our shores. We have had and shall have enough of trouble in dealing with the African, without having a Mongolian question also to meet. The Chinese are a patient, frugal, hard-working people; but they practice abominable vices, and Chinatown in San Francisco is probably the foulest and most offensive spot on the American continent. Good bye, John!

American Tea.

It seems that serious efforts are making in different parts of the South to grow a good American tea. Some brought from South Carolina is pronounced very good, equal to the best East India teas. We have a wonderful variety of climates in this country, and are attempting to cultivate useful products from other nations. The United

States is a world within itself. By all means let us raise our own teas.

Speaking Well of the Dead.

That friends and relatives should try to think well and speak kindly of their dead, is but natural, but should not some one, in the interest of truth, tell the whole story of the life of the deceased and draw the appropriate moral. Would it not help our good resolutions, were we to know that at our death all our vices and frailties would be held up as a warning to those who come after us? Not long since, an editor died in New York, who held commanding positions, and who was in high repute. But he was a drunkard. His case was the more remarkable, as he could not write unless stimulated by liquor. When he died, the papers were full of eulogies, but not a word was said of the vice which cursed this man's life and which filled his family with anxiety while he lived.

A poet died the other day in New York. He had high gifts; some of his verses are household words. Years ago when he lectured, he showed some marvelous abilities as a speaker; but for the last twenty-five years of his life he was a sot; never sober in the latter hours of the day. His drinking habits broke up his family and made him an annoyance to his friends. Not a word of this came ever to the ears of the public, on his death. A great editor has just died in Paris. As he is a foreigner, there is no harm in mentioning his name. He was known as Emile de Girardin. He was a man of very remarkable talent, but he was unscrupulous, dishonest, and an associate all his life with brilliant, but wicked women. He was himself of illegitimate birth, and he had no respect for the sanctities of wedded life. He was married, but to a woman after his own kind, for of the three children born to his wife, he acknowledged the legitimacy of only one of them, the first. He was not, however, wholly bad, for though he killed a rival editor in a duel, and was eager to make money in any scandalous way, yet he was a friend of education, believed in freeing women, in emancipating negroes, and giving the public the benefit of cheap postal service. He was heartily in accord with the best ideas of his age, while his social life was a public scandal. These are hard things to say of a man, but would not the lives of all of us be better if the truth could be told, after we have shuffled off this mortal coil. Charity has its claims, but so has justice.

Centenarians.

Nicholas Singley lives in Ventura, Ohio. He was born in Pennsylvania one hundred and four years ago. His father was one hundred and eleven years of age when he died, and his mother one hundred and four when she died. He lost a brother not long since, aged one hundred and eight years. Longevity is nearly always hereditary. An old man or old lady always comes of a long-lived family. Mr. Singley has not touched liquor since he was thirty years of age; but still a long life does not always depend on good habits. Captain Larbuch, who died in New York some years ago, claimed to be one hundred and sixteen years of age; but he was an opium eater, and took daily doses of the drug, which would kill a person whose system was not habituated to it. De Quincey, whose "Confessions of an Opium Eater" are so famous, was seventy when he died. But still it is the exceptional constitutions which can withstand the effects of narcotics and stimulants. People of great age are generally, though not always, of good habits. It does not follow that the children of the long lived have the best chance for life; but it is safe to say that no centenarian ever came from a family whose ancestry was feeble or dissipated.

An Imperial Nihilist.

The unfortunate Louis XVI. had an uncle, Philippe Egalite, who warmly sympathized with the Revolutionists. A cousin of the Czar, the Grand Duke Nicholas, has been imprisoned for having had relations with the Russian malcontents. It is said a plot was on foot to make him emperor, under the pledge that he would give the people a constitution and a free press. This grand duke, by the way, is a scurvy fellow. His life has been infamous. He was once caught stealing, and he formed relations with a handsome but wicked American woman, a Mrs. Bickfort, who wrote a book telling of her liaison with the grand duke, and scandalizing in every way the imperial family. One of the mines which were intended to blow up the Czar, it was discovered, led to the palace of the Grand Duke Nicholas.

The Latest Expression of Decorative Art.

TWO NOTABLE DISPLAYS.

Two very interesting opportunities have recently been afforded in New York City for the examination of the products of decorative art in furnishing and household adornments, and both were well worth the closest attention and study.

The first was the opening of the Union League Club House to inspection; the second an Exhibition by the Decorative Art Society of New York City, of its work, supplemented by fine specimens of the work of ladies connected with the societies of other cities, and a loan collection of antique needle-work, representing many beautiful specimens of Persian, Turkish, and church embroidery.

The Union League Club building, recently completed, occupies the corner of Thirty-Ninth street and Fifth avenue, and is a noble structure with pinnacled roof, and exteriorly and interiorly is not surpassed by any structure of its size in this country. Indeed, it is asserted that no palace in the Old World exists which is so perfectly and harmoniously finished, or arranged in a manner so conducive to comfort, as this club building.

To attempt to describe it would occupy a volume. We shall, therefore, only briefly mention a few of the leading features. The decoration of the walls has already been described in these pages, and the picturesque effect is greatly enhanced by the vaulted ceilings and their broken crypt-like arches. The floors are all laid in hard wood, grained, and polished; few are bare: only the theatre entirely so, but hardly any are quite covered. Turkish rugs and squares of Smyrna, or Persian carpets, in richly blended colors, occupy the centres, the sides being bare, both for cleanliness, and in order to exhibit the beauty of the wood-work. The carpets which cover a few of the small rooms are in small patterns, and dull, old colors. The prevailing tone being subdued and dark, though enriched and illuminated by a lavish use of gold, magnificent brass fixtures, such as chandeliers, drops, scones, reflectors, fenders, "andirons," "fire-irons," and the like. A beautiful object is the great window that faces the entrance at the top of the first broad flight of stairs. This window is filled with mosaic glass, and is more brilliant by gas-light than by daylight, which is exactly opposite to the effect produced by stained glass. It is not only a grand object in itself, but it shuts off an annoying wall that backs up against the building, and would have otherwise been most unsightly. All the interior windows are antique in form, filled in with mosaic glass, which, on the reverse side has the appearance of gems in the rough.

The kitchens, store-room, and what are called "service rooms" are on the very top of the building, the great and small dining-rooms being next below them. The kitchen is fitted with two enormous ranges, one for boiling, the other for baking. The store-room is presided over by a neat, intelligent woman; one side filled with an "Allegretti" refrigerator, the other with shelves containing every canned delicacy under the sun. The service room is lined with glass cases, on the shelves of which are the glass-ware, china, and silver-ware, all fine, but very plain, used in the service of the table.

A great deal of mahogany is used in the fitting and furnishing, which seems in questionable taste considering the number of beautiful native woods we have in this country; but its reddish hue agrees with the dull Egyptian tint now so much used in decoration; and it is undeniable that it acquires a constantly increasing beauty with age. There is

little carving visible with the exception of the great square pillars and massive wood fire-places in the dining-room, which are of oak. For the occasion of the opening and house-warming, which may be said to have lasted two weeks, the picture gallery was filled with a superb loan collection of pictures, the insurance upon which was three hundred thousand dollars, and chief among which were Merle's "The Knight's Betrothed," Chelmonski's "Winter Night in Poland," and the "Princess Borghese bestowing Dowries." There were several of Gerome's, Messinger's, Bougereaux, Schreyers, Madrazos, and others of equal eminence. Indeed, all the names were great, and all the pictures worthy of their authors' reputation. It was unequalled as an exhibition; and the pleasure afforded by the magnificent hospitality of the club will long be remembered.

THE EXHIBITION OF NEEDLE-WORK.

The display of the Society of Decorative Art was particularly interesting, as showing the growth of this particular branch of the work of women since its first inception here only a few years ago. It was particularly free from petty articles and mixed ideas; the designs were generally broad, true, and elevating in their tendency, and the execution thoroughly good. The larger proportion of objects displayed were curtains (portières) screens, hangings, table-covers, borders, and suggestive designs for articles of this description. The place of honor was given to a magnificent portière in shades of gold and brown, in what is called the "hazle-nut" pattern. It was from a design by Colman, and was executed by the Society of Decorative Art for Mr. Vanderbilt, at a cost of one thousand dollars. The whole composition is singularly harmonious and true, rich in color, yet so softly toned as to be free from glare and obtrusive elements.

Another curtain destined for the adornment of the same dwelling, is more composite in design. A rich mediæval border leads up to a ground of light blue, upon which the dark blue Iris stands out in bold relief. Through the long stalks and bending flowers one can trace a faint suggestion of landscape, with water; and in the border above, the tone of which harmonizes with the deeper border below, are birds, upon the breasts of which the tint of blue reappears.

Close by this curtain is one that beautifully represents ripening corn on a white, thick, silken ground. The treatment of so daring a subject as pumpkin vines and corn, with the rough oval of the stalky end of this peculiarly New England fruit, projected at the foot of the composition in the midst of the deepening brown of leaves and stalks, is real, yet admirably subdued and tender, full of summer glow, softened by summer shadows and sweetness, and voiced by the following legendary lines in old letter, which occupy the upper right-hand corner:

"Let other lands exulting glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy leaves,
The cluster from the vine.
But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod,
Still let us for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God."

This whole design is thoroughly characteristic and American, and, as such representative, is worthy of preservation. It was executed by Mrs. Weld of Boston, and is valued at five hundred and fifty dollars. It should be stated that in the border at the top, which constitutes a sort of frieze, the pineapple is distinctly traceable, as well as the clustering grapes, thus rendering the idea complete.

There is a very handsome curtain in a clematis pattern by a daughter of this lady, the design worked out in appliques of plush upon ivory satin serge. The deep plush border is beautifully treated, and the ground is wrought with fine gold thread from Japan, which does not tarnish, fastened with invisible, gold Japanese silk.

One of the most elaborate compositions for a portière, represents a wide stone jar, filled with flowering plants in blossom. The foundation of this is gold cloth, with a great square center of ivory satin, upon which the jar in old Egyptian, red plush, and its contents are worked out.

A lovely blossoming design is worked out upon dark green satin, but the effect is marred by the crude contrast with light, bright blue. The shaded ferns and moss at the foot are, however, very charming and suggestive. There is a pretty curtain which shows trails of dark autumn leaves thrown over the top and clinging to the lower corner of the material which is *écru* cloth; and a pretty sea-weed, and coral pattern for a table-cloth.

Outline embroidery is exhibited in a screen, to great advantage; the gold-colored, satin serge which forms the body, having the design traced upon it, and the outlines executed in antique stitches, the spaces being filled up with solid gold filoselle in a flat, loop stitch.

This outline work has the advantage of being very quickly executed, and is capable of very broad treatment. The center panel of the screen in question exhibited sunflowers conventionalized, but most effectively treated.

It would be easy to occupy pages in describing fine designs. One of Coleman's screens, for example, illustrating spring, summer, and autumn. Another showing in the different panels clematis, holly-hocks, and honey-suckles, landscapes in needle-work; hanging drapery most faithfully representing old tapestry, and some lovely designs for borders in thistles, daisies, and the like.

But time and space do not admit of more than an allusion to these, and to the loan collection of antique needle-work, comprising some exquisite Persian, Turkish, and church embroideries. Among the finest specimens is a pair of curtains owned by Mrs. Richard M. Hunt, president of the Decorative Art Society; and there are also hangings, chasubles, and the like well worthy of close study from the rare character of the designs, as well as the beauty of the workmanship.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

EMBROIDERY.

"Let thy mind's sweetness have its operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation."

—GEORGE HERBERT.

It is a general rule that a person who is nice with her needle can with a little patience acquire some skill with pencil and brush.

"Are you a nice needle-woman?" is a fair question to ask any one anxious to learn to draw. If a woman can finger the fine needle and nice thread daintily, she need not hesitate to at least try to draw her own designs.

When one can draw readily, all designs are best copied free-hand from a careful design on to your cloth. On linens and duck use pen and ink or pen and liquid indigo blueing. On woolen goods, draw with a colored chalk pencil, and trace over the drawing with oil paint thinned with turpentine. If you cannot draw readily, trace your design carefully on thin tough paper. Turn your tracing on its wrong side, and prick with a fine

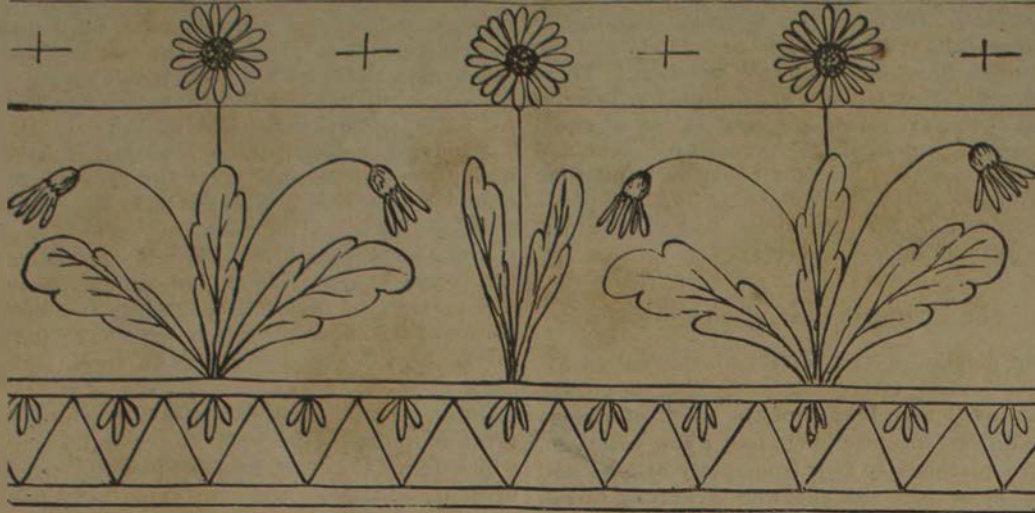
needle little holes close together over all the outlines. Put your design in its proper place rough side up on your linen. (See that your linen is perfectly smooth). Hold the design in its proper place on the linen by weights. Have ready a small roll of felt and blue stamping powder, which may be found at many embroidery shops. Rub the powder lightly with the end of your felt roll over your perforated design, then remove your design carefully that no superfluous powder fall on your linen. Cover your powdered design with a thin paper, and pass a warm iron over it slowly. This sets the color so it need not dust off. If you cannot obtain the blue powder, use

worked by our grandmothers one hundred and fifty years ago. It is found also in old Persian embroideries. It probably came with our grandmothers from Holland. I have seen a bit of embroidery that came over in the Mayflower worked in this same stitch. I find no trace of it in the "Handbook of Embroidery" of the Royal School of Art Needle-work, and saw none of this work at their rooms at South Kensington, though I found some designs on curtains, which seemed very like the designs of our grandmothers, and as if they called for the old rapid stitch.

The spray given below may be worked in different shades of blue (old blues) or blues, yellows and pale salmon pinks. It may be worked if desired in various colors. Remember on crash or lighter backgrounds to use the more delicate shades of color. The stems, leaves, calix of flowers, and ball of fruit flower (the ball may be simply outlined in stem stitch if a light effect is wished) embroidered in soft shades of celestine and sage green; the flowers salmon pink, pale old blues or yellows, with yellow-green stamens and yellow balls.

This design may be repeated to form a border and be worked on old gold satin sheeting, and embroidered in old gold and gold browns for a mantle-scarf or end of table-scarf.

LETTA L. H. WARD.



DAISY DESIGN FOR THE ENDS OF A BUREAU OR TABLE SCARF.

powdered charcoal, and trace over your design with a pen and liquid blueing.

Of course you may have any design perforated at the shops, but it will then probably be your neighbor's as well as your own. Where designs are concerned there seems to be little conscience as to the right of possession.

The daisy design given above is suitable for the ends of a bureau or table scarf. It may also be used for the round or clover-leaf tables, if drawn a little larger.

Work the leaves, stems, and calix of buds solidly in stem stitch in light celestine greens; the flowers in salmon pinks in the button-hole or petal stitch given last month; the center of flowers in French knots, yellow; the parallel lines and cross lines above, pale, dull yellow greens, just off the yellow shade; the lines below a darker celestine green than the leaves; the intermediate line in a yellow green. All these lines below may be made in stem stitch or with three threads of crewel couched down with fine yellow silk. This couching is simply the three strands of crewel laid on the surface and caught down at equal distances with a stitch of yellow silk. The loops below in the points are blue silk, the same stitch as the petals of the flowers above. The couching is most suitable for appliqué work or on woollens, the stem stitch for linens.

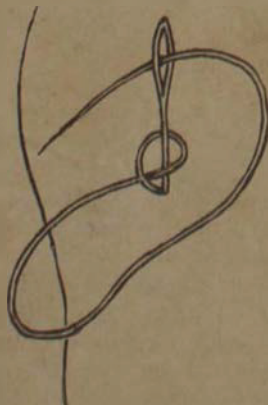
The New England stitch given this month is the most rapid of all stitches, and the most economical of wool, the crewel being almost wholly on the upper surface. The crossing of the thread holds the wool firmly in place and gives a very pretty effect to the work. The stitch is found all over New England in remnants of bride's gowns, baby's petticoats, curtains and bed spreads



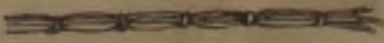
SPRAY.



NEW ENGLAND STITCH.



FRENCH KNOT.



COUCHING STITCH.

Prunes and Prisms.

BY MARGARET SIDNEY.

(Continued from page 282.)

CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH PRUNY GETS ACQUAINTED WITH A BEAR!

"Whoopity-whop-la! flappity-Jack!" sang Pruny, with little flings of both hands and feet, and bobs of all the small woolly tails, as she raced and ran, perfectly crazy with delight, through the ravine running back of the cabin. "Hi! Mister Josuf's jest gay, to lemme go down this ere spot all alone by myself. Hi! it's as much as a mile, I guess, down to the big log—Whoopity whop!"

It was three weeks after the advent of the "Seymour" into the settlement, and matters and things had changed considerably. Now, Jane sat at the window, or on the broad porch of a morning, and sang, while she kept and buttons replenished on Putkin's clothes, and got ahead of dubious rents in the same of certain letters had *something* to do with her altered feelings; but at any rate, the Adirondacks was evidently fast becoming an endurable place to exist in for a while!

Maum Silvy in her kitchen, with the big doors and windows swung wide open to receive all the lovely influences of earth and sky, waddled around, chanting in a lugubrious voice, a perfect string of good old Methodist psalms and hymns, which was her unflinching expression of high content.

Everywhere reigned high carnival! Life was one vast picnic! Nothing was hard. Discomforts had flown to the four winds; everything was just as "splendid" as it could be! And the great sorrow and trouble that had threatened to be a lasting gloom, had faded into a mere insignificance; only to teach the lesson of energy and cheerfulness.

"I'm jest a-goin' to git over on 'tother side," said Pruny, coming up to the "big log," a fallen tree, moss-grown and old, lying across the ravine; the point beyond which Uncle Joe had forbade her to stir a step. "That won't do no harm; he said not go *beyond*. That's jest wot he said, an' thro' *ain't* beyond; an' I want that pooty stone—the yeller one—an' I *ca-n't* reach it dere. See now," she said to herself, illustrating, by a fearful stretch of one little arm under the log. "Thar, don't ye see, Pruny Simpson, thet I *ca-n't* git it from here?" she cried, plunging back again. "So ye see, I've *got* to git ober, thar ain't no other way, thar ain't!" she exclaimed, with an awful sigh, as if nothing but extreme duty compelled the effort; and quick as a flash she rolled over the log, and secured the treasure.

But sitting down to examine her prize, she discovered one so *very* much superior, just a short distance ahead, in the bed of the brook, that she flung away the "yeller one," and started forward with greedy fingers. And then, there was a little chipmunk, scared at her approach, skipped out

from behind his hiding place, and ran lightly up the high bank. And to save her life, Pruny could't help but chase him, slinging stones on the way to see him run. And there she was, in a beautiful grove, covered with moss and long, sweet-smelling ferns, and underneath knots of pine-trees; a perfect carpet of the needles, slippery, and odorously pungent, lay spread out before her feet.

"Oh, it's the be-jewillest place!" cried Pruny, flinging herself flat on a soft bed of moss and wild-wood treasures. All thought of Uncle Joe's words had fled from her mind. If remembered, they would have done no good. She was beyond that now, and her only feeling of which she was conscious, was the wild desire to revel in all that was around her.

She danced and pranced with merry feet through the beautiful grove, peeping now here, now there, back of some gray boulder, or mass of rocks, for the beautiful lichens that were growing in undis-

covered places had stumbled on! How seldom hunters went through it, without seeing that their trusty rifles were all right; how children were always hearing about the "dark place," where catamounts and bears, and all manner of evil things *might* lurk, would she have danced so merrily on, her head held high in the air as if carrying an imaginary crown over the innumerable woolly tails!

"An' now the prince is comin' fer me," said Pruny, giving her head a toss. "Yis, it's about time fer him jist right slap off!" And she stopped, ready to receive her royal guest.

It *wasn't* the prince, but alas! *one more powerful, coming for Pruny!* with slow but even footsteps, over the moss-grown logs and briars. Tramp, tramp!—and there he was!

Pruny in the act of listening, with head thrown back and mouth parted with a gracious smile, that ran up into the little, sparkling bead-like eyes, stood quite still, to see, peering out at her, from a thicket of underbush, a *big black bear!*

With horror-stricken gaze; with a chill like death, paralyzing her very vitals and rooting her to the spot, she stared vacantly into the cruel hungry face!

The bear, not taking his eyes off from his victim, paused, and seemed like one who is sure of his prey, to wait for future movement on her part.

And now, the first thrill of horror gave place to a wild thought of safety, and as the blood surged again through the child's body, she grasped at the only hope, as it seemed to her, and she turned, unfortunately, to run!

This was just what his bearship wanted! And trotting after her at an easy pace, he made every step, as he gained on the swift-flying creature before him, a pang to the wild terror that urged her on!

Pruny could run and spring like a cat; but such an unequal race would have soon reached its termination, had she not chanced in her horror and despair, to send one quick glance backward, as she was turning around some boulders—and the next thing

she knew, she found herself lying on a bed of stones at the bottom of the crag, from which she had fallen!

She looked up, the bear was nowhere in sight; and summoning all her strength, she shot forward, springing with long, wild jumps from stone to stone, till she gained an easier path ahead. Ah! none too soon! With a chill of terrible despair, she heard the heavy, tearing sound that showed the bear to be making the best of his way down the decline, to pursue the chase with renewed vigor!

On Pruny flew! Her feet scarcely touched the ground—on and on!

Would the end *never* be reached! She had a dim notion of nearing the cottage; of remembering that it was the time of day in which Putkins took his nap; of wondering what Maum Silvy was doing; of dreading the meeting with Uncle Joe, and the confession that was to follow! All these and a hundred other things flashed through and through her mind, as she dashed on! And the bear was gaining decidedly in the chase! *The end*



SHE JUMPED CLEAR UP IN THE BED, AND THREW THE CLOTHES DIRECTLY OVER THE MONSTER'S FACE AND PAWS.

turbed luxuriance. She tore with elfish chuckles of delight off as many of them as she could reach, with remorseless hands. And then, as her treasures increased, flinging them carelessly aside to gather something else, she would dash on to prowl into some opening in the rocks, dark and weird, which in her vivid imagination she would invest with all the wonders of a cave.

Darting in and out among the trees, her little dusky figure making a strange picture in that silent grove, she came at last to a dense, black forest, so wild and craggy, that she paused a moment before entering.

"It looks awful funny, don't it?" she said, with a giggle, to her friend and bosom-companion, Pruny Simpson, with whom she often held long and remarkable conversations. "Don't care, I'm a-goin' in, and pertend I'm the princess Miss Cecy was readin' about 'tother day, who got lost," and with that, unable to resist the fascinating thought, she skipped in with anything but a princess-like air!

If she could only have known what place she

had almost come for Prunty! She could hold out no longer!

There was a film gathered before her eyes, as, putting forth all her powers, for one last attempt, she rushed into the little inclosure surrounding the cottage—only a few steps more! could she do it?

The bear, intent on his victim, and enraged at the loss of what he had considered such an easy capture, ambled after; and seeing no signs of life around the cabin, came panting up to the very door.

Prunty flung herself in through the little entry—past, into Uncle Joe's room, and with one wild dash, jumped into the middle of the big four-poster. With rapid sweep, she grasped the clothes, and throwing them over and over her whole body lay there, waiting—for, she knew not what!

There was a sound of rustling in the room! Had he followed her within! a panting of some creature, tired and maddened, struck her ear, and then a prowling noise, as if the pursuer would never give over the chase till the last hope had disappeared.

And then, the rustling and prowling came near the bed! And paused for one dreadful moment! And before she had time to scarcely draw a breath—there was a plunge,—a scratching on the side of the bed, and the cruel, hungry beast, stood over her, ready for his prey.

Prunty never knew how she did it. But with one lunge, and the most fearful, unearthly yell of despair that ever issued from mortal lungs, she jumped clear up in the bed, and threw the clothes directly over the monster's face and paws. Binding them down, hurling up the pillows, winding over and over Uncle Joe's dressing gown which hung over the bed,—never for an instant omitting the shrieks, she held on with a death-grip to the pile of clothing, watching the agonized kick of the haunches and hind feet—until—

"Oh, my goodness gracious me!" cried Jane, rushing in, "you've woke up Putkins! What is the matter?" she cried, at sight of the wild-eyed creature tugging at something on the bed! What, she couldn't see, as yet.

"I've got a b'ar!" screeched Prunty. "Help—help—help—help!"

"You've gone clean crazy!" cried Jane in contempt, and coming a step farther. "Oh, the saints and all defend us!" she screamed, and plunged out of the door—

And now, there was a noise in good earnest in the room. Uncle Joe, Rex and good Mr. Higgins, the faces, one and all, swam before Prunty's gaze, like the scenes in a dream far, far away. Aunt Elderkin and Miss Cecy, how faint the picture looked. Even her mother seemed strangely shadowy. There was a dull sound of blows; there was much commotion of some sort, and many voices,—and then it was all over. The bear had run his last race.

And then, they turned to look at Prunty. She was nowhere to be found—until some one discovered her in a little heap on the floor in a dead faint!

"Wot's the matter?" asked Maum Silvy that night when she had at last turned all the family out, and tucked Prunty into bed,—and she administered several consolatory little pats on the woolly head, intended to be very comforting—"Do ye feel wuss anywhors?"

"N-no," said Prunty, her teeth chattering smartly, "only I was a-thinkin' about the b'ar—an' I'm so cold. Do gimme a shawl."

"Ye shell hev a blanket," cried Maum Silvy, waddling to the "cubbud"; "thar," she said, twisting it up around her, "is thet warm, now?"

"N-no," said Prunty, chattering on. "Thar, won't nothin' make me warm so long's I kin see the b'ar after me! He did chase awfid!" she ex-

claimed, rolling up her wild eyes, with their great expanse of white, into her mother's face.

"Thar, thar," said Maum Silvy, leaning over the bed to cuddle her up against her ample breast: "Don't ye think no more of it; he's chased his last chase! An' ye're goin' to hev the skin fer an elegant rug, Mister Seymour said so, right down here on the floor. Jest think, Prunty; then ye kin step on the ugly varmint all yer want ter!"

"Oh, I don't want it!" screamed Prunty, rising up in the bed with a bounce. "I won't hev it; I don't want ter see any more b'ars, forever 'n ever, I don't!"

CHAPTER X.

WAS SHE A HEROINE?

"Who lives there, Uncle Joe?" asked Rex, as their buckboard spun past a cottage some two miles from home; "I've always wanted to find out. What a queer place to build a house!"

"Dr. Farman," said Uncle Joe, pulling up to drive slowly. "And he's a capital fellow, too; I met him over at Higgins' the other day."

"To think how Jane talked to good Mr. Higgins the day we first came," said Cicely. "Oh, I never was so mortified in my life!"

"And how nicely she was paid up for it!" cried Rex, laughing. "My goodness! you can't get her to go within a mile of him or his family on any consideration! The idea of taking him for a servant, when he owns most all the property up here, and is the biggest man around in these parts!"

"She'll find dress don't make the man up here, any more than it does at home," observed Miss Elderkin, dryly. "Jane's got a little something to learn yet."

"I wish John Clark would hurry up, and marry her," said Cicely, with a shrug. "She's awful disobliging, and I'm sure Putkins don't mind her one single bit; and she lets him run and race, while she writes letters. I wish she hadn't come."

"John Clark is a man of sense," said Rex, coolly. "He isn't going to be in any hurry—not he? What did you say his name was, Uncle?" pointing back to the house.

"Farman," said Uncle Joe; "Dr. Hugh Farman. Go on, Bess," touching up the old mountain horse to a higher rate of speed.

"Why, I thought doctors weren't allowed, even in the Adirondacks," said Miss Elderkin, smiling.

"Oh, he isn't here for the practice," said Uncle Joe, quickly. "That's the very thing; he's come for his health—all broken down from overwork; and, like a sensible man, he knows just the place to give him back what he's lost."

"Poor man!" said Aunt Elderkin, sympathetically. "I only hope he'll get it."

"I hope so, too," exclaimed Uncle Joe, fervently; "for I never met a more intelligent fellow, nor one I was better pleased with than he seems to be. And he's a thorough Christian, too—through and through—and that's best of all!"

Rex looked back, with an answering gleam on his manly face. "It doesn't make any matter," he thought, "city or wilderness, if they're the right sort, they'll turn up right."

"Mr. Higs has ben here," announced Maum Silvy, on their return home at sundown, "an' he says if Mr. Seymour an' Mister Rex will come over to-night to his house an' be all ready to go fishin' at crack o' day, 'twould obleage him most monstrously."

"Do you think you could stay alone?" asked Uncle Joe, doubtfully.

"Massiful sakes, yis!" exclaimed Maum Silvy, decidedly. "Ye go long, Mister Josuf; ye hain't hed no good time sence we've ben here. Ain't I

to home, an' ye don't think I'd let no harm come to 'em, do ye?" she demanded, drawing herself up to her utmost height, and expanding her chest.

"Oh, no, of course not," said Uncle Joe, "and I don't suppose there's the slightest need for caution, only I never have left the house at night, and——"

"An' thet's all the more reason ye'd orter go now," declared Maum Silvy with emphasis. "Do go long, Mister Josuf, an' ketch a leetle grain o' fun while ye kin—do!"

"And besides, I want to see Slocum's folks about the guides for our camping-out party next week," said Uncle Joe, thoughtfully. "Yes, I guess I will go. The children all seem to be pretty well now. You needn't put us up any lunch, Maum Silvy," he said, turning away to call Rex, "for we'll get that at Mrs. Higgins'."

"An' do ye 'spose I'd let ye put up with her cookin', wen ye kin git mine!" cried Maum Silvy, with a shake of her turban, expressive of great wrath. "No, I ain't sech an' ongrateful creter as that comes to, Mister Josuf! I'll toss ye up a lunch that ye kin eat!"

"Very well," said Uncle Joe, to appease her. "It'll be an awful plague on the way to Higgins, though," he reserved for his own meditation.

Rex and himself departed after supper, with their rifles, fishing apparatus, and Maum Silvy's lunch, which, in order to strike envy to the very soul of Mrs. Higgins, her rival, had been made very elaborate and burdensome. A fact that, however, caused Uncle Joe small concern, as the first turn in the trail by the river saw a goodly share consigned to the fishes!

Putkins ran down to the end of the cow pasture to see them off.

"Good night, Missis Moolly," he said, coming back with slow footsteps, and bowing to the cow politely. "I'm goin' to bed."

"Are you tired, Putty dear?" asked Cicely, on the porch steps, looking up from the book over which she was straining her eyes in the twilight. "Why, your cheeks are pale—poor little man!"

"No," said Putkins, shortly, who never relished being petted. "Ain't poor little man, either!" he snapped. "Lemme git by."

"So he shall!" cried Cicely, merrily, and pretending to catch his legs as he went up the steps. "And Tippy'll come by and by to kiss you good-night!"

"Don't want no good night," said Putkins, stumbling into the door in a horrible humor. "Don't want nothin'," he vociferated.

"You shan't have it, then!" said Cicely, laughing. "Good bye, old Pussy cat with the claws!" and she went back to her book.

Cicely read as long as she dared, till her eyes began to ache: then she went within and lighted the swinging lamp, to finish the fascinating story. Aunt Elderkin was out in the kitchen, instructing Maum Silvy in some new dish for the morrow. So Cicely read on—and on, waiting for her to go up to bed.

But as Maum Silvy thought she knew all about it, and was constantly interspersing her ideas, the instruction took much longer than designed—so that Cicely, at last, found her head nodding over her book, and herself nearly tumbling from the chair.

"This won't do," she said, recovering herself, with a merry laugh. "I'll run up to bed, and not wait for aunty, or I shan't know enough, pretty soon, to go at all!"

So she poked her head in at the kitchen door, to find Maum Silvy airing pretty extensively, with no signs of stopping, her views to Miss Elderkin, while Prunty, who, since her terrible adventure had been scared to death to go to bed alone, was curled up in a little ball on the floor, fast asleep!

"This looks promising!" thought Cicely, yawning. "Oh, aunty, I'm going up to bed," she said aloud.

"Very well," said Miss Elderkin, turning a patient face toward her. "I will be there as soon as I finish this."

Cicely thought of going into Putkins' division of the room, to kiss him good night, but as she reached the top of the stairs, she said to herself, "I'm afraid I shall wake him up, and the poor little fellow is so tired," so turned off to her own side of the curtain.

A little moan struck upon her ear, and then another, and still another. She laid down the hair-brush with which she was smoothing out the long braids for the night, to listen.

"What"—she was just beginning in a puzzled way, when the curtain was thrown quickly back, disclosing Jane's frightened face, from which every vestige of color had fled!

"He's dying!" she gasped, "oh, do come!"

Cicely sprang past her with one bound, up to the bed in the corner, where her little brother lay, his yellow curls tossed back from the distressed face, in the agonies of convulsions.

The next instant she was down in the kitchen. "Aunt Elderkin," she cried, "something *dreadful* is the matter with Putkins—come!"

Miss Elderkin grasped the tea-kettle of hot water from off the stove, in one hand, and a box of mustard with the other, and in less time than it takes to tell it, was by the side of the little one, Maum Silvy, with many groans, lumbering after.

"Doctor Farman," said Aunt Elderkin, when the simple remedies had been tried to rouse him from the stupor that followed the spasms, but all to no purpose. "I can do no more. *Who can go?*" she said through white lips.

"I," said Cicely quietly. "I know the way. I'll bring him just as soon as I can!"

"My child—my child!" cried Miss Elderkin, in anguish. "How can I let you attempt it! Oh, what shall we do! I don't dare leave him to Jane, and Maum Silvy is completely upset."

"And Prunty would go crazy with fright!" exclaimed Cicely. "It's moonlight, aunty, oh! I *must!*" she cried, wringing her hands, as another groan, more terrible than any, broke upon their ears.

"Go, and may you be helped by the One who alone can help!" cried Aunt Elderkin. "You may try it: for if anything should happen to *him*, you would never forgive me!"

Out on the rough, winding path, Cicely went on the wings of the wind. *Little Putkins!* "Oh, dear Lord," she breathed, "don't let him die, please! Don't let papa miss his baby when he comes home!" was her only prayer.

On she sped, rushing off from the main road over into the fields which she knew to be a shorter cut to the doctor's house. The very thought of the strangeness of the hour did not terrify. She never even saw the grand old mountains, weird as they were in the moonlight—nothing passed through her mind of self, or her surroundings—only to save her brother.

And now she found her way blocked up, by an obstacle she had forgotten. The trail ran down a steep, rocky place; and the moon, hidden by the tall scraggy pines clinging to the crags, declined to give any assistance to the pedestrian.

"I can't go clear back," thought Cicely with a groan. "I must make the best of my way through, for I'm almost there."

So she picked her way along, from one sharp boulder to another, by the few glints of light that penetrated through the trees. But Putkins' groan ringing in her ears, and her frantic efforts to get on, caused her to lose her footing. Down, down, she went, with a sharp thud on a crag below, the

whole weight coming with sickening force upon her right arm.

"I *won't* faint!" she declared, through set teeth, "and I *will* save Putkins, if I can!"

So she dragged herself up from the rocks; and partly by holding up the injured arm, which she now felt to be broken, and partly by edging along slowly from point to point, she climbed to the top of the little declivity, and saw, in the bright moonlight that now burst around her, Dr. Farman's house, like a brave comforter cheering her on!

There was no sound of life around, as Cicely stepped up to the door. "What if he *shouldn't* be home!" she thought, and then rapped as loud as she could with her left hand.

A window was thrown up, above her head.

"What is it?" said a pleasant voice. "Why, Hugh! it's a *little girl!*" was the rest of the exclamation directed *into* the room.

And then there were steps on the stairs, Cicely could hear them coming nearer and nearer, bringing, by the positive way they were set on the ground, help at every echo they made. And then the door was unbolted and swung back, and Cicely stood face to face with the one whom God had sent to help little Putkins.

"Oh, if you please," she cried, looking up into his face with beseeching eyes, "come to my brother—to Putkins!"

For a moment the doctor gazed down at the small figure, standing in the moonlight with hand uplifted imploringly, and hair streaming back from a face of suffering. "If it was my little girl," he thought, "how could I bear it!"

"I'll come," he said briefly. "Wife," he called up over the stairs, "will you take care of this little girl, till I get my horse?" And he was already half the distance on his way to the barn.

"You poor little thing!" cried a lady, flying down the stairs, with a dainty dressing sash thrown over her shoulders, and with a world of loving sympathy in her gentle voice, that seemed like heaven to poor, weary, suffering Cicely. "Oh, how brave you are to come all this distance alone! Come in here," and she laid hold on the arm hanging limp and nerveless by the child's side.

Cicely winced, spite of all her control; and staggered in with uneven footsteps. "You are so very tired," said Mrs. Farman kindly, with a pitying glance. "Oh, Hugh! *could* you wait till I get a cup of tea, or something for her?" she cried, as the doctor appeared, with medicine case in hand.

Dr. Farmer scanned Cicely keenly; then said, "Nothing will rest her, Evelyn, till her brother is out of danger. Come child!"

He ran back a moment, for a word or two with his wife. Then went rapidly out to his light, little buckboard, put Cicely in and started on a swift pace for the "Seymour Cottage."

"Do you know, you haven't told me my destination yet, little girl," he said, with a smile, more for the sake of conversation, and to cheer the sad face beside him by slight badinage.

"Do excuse me, sir," stammered Cicely, faintly, holding on to the broken arm, while every movement of the buckboard over the rough road sent such a thrill of agony through it, that it was all she could do to keep from screaming outright.

"Oh, my horse *thinks* it is the 'Seymour place,'" cried the doctor, laughing, "and I shan't contradict him. He knows every rock and hill, brook and river, for miles around, to say nothing of the people. I bought him of one of the old settlers of the region. How old do you suppose he is?" he asked, abruptly, at the same time giving the animal in question a sly cut, to facilitate his arrival at the scene of anxiety and suffering.

"I don't know, sir," said Cicely, with a half moan.

"He's twenty-seven years old," said the doctor, firmly. "Fact, though I don't usually tell it before him, he is so *very* sensitive in regard to his age, and as he is decidedly juvenile and sprightly in his feelings, I let it pass. You must not be worried, little girl," he said, suddenly changing his trifling tone for one kindly and grave, "your little brother may not be in a dangerous state at all. Well, here we are!" and before she could speak, he had jumped to the ground, lifted her out, and set her, half fainting from pain, down on the porch steps.

But grinding her teeth together, Cicely followed him to Putkins' little bed; saw him, with quick, grave skill, fight valiantly for the child's life! Saw—and thought of nothing else, until her dear little brother was declared out of all possible danger!

"He has been poisoned," said Dr. Farman then, "probably by picking and eating some poisonous berries or leaves. Where has he been this afternoon?"

Jane, when questioned, "didn't know. He had stepped off, may be, a little piece, while she was busy," they got out of her, finally, after circuitous cross-examining.

Aunt Elderkin set her lips firmly together, dreadfully tempted to say something, which, however, she wisely kept in for future use.

"Well," said the doctor briskly, "he is all right now, and it will not be many days before the little fellow will be around again as bright and merry as ever," he added, with a kind glance over at Cicely. "What is it?" he asked, after one look at her face. "Tell me where you are suffering?" He had reached her side now, and his tone compelled an immediate answer.

"It's my arm," said Cicely faintly, and trying to get up a smile on her wan face.

Dr. Farman bent over the poor, broken arm, and with tender, deft touch, as gentle as a woman's, stripped the sleeve from it, laying it bare for examination.

"You broke it on the way for me?" he asked briefly, with a swift glance into her eyes.

"Yes, sir; I fell down the ledge," said Cicely. "I forgot it was there, and I was in such a hurry. Don't mind, Aunt Elderkin," she said, "it isn't much," for more than the shock of having the arm set was the consternation it gave her to see Miss Elderkin in tears—a thing she never remembered in her life!

And then, after it was all over, Cicely was cuddled up to the faithful breast where she had so often cried out so many of her troubles and trials, and there she was petted and soothed to her heart's content.

"Thet creeter ought to be scooted!" exclaimed Maum Silvy, lingering after the setting, who never had liked Jane and her ways. "Now, Miss Eld'kin, an' I hope ye'll let *me* do the scootin'. I jest ache in ev'ry bone in my body to do it! Pity thet folks hev to lose wot leetle sense they hev wen they're thinkin' o' gittin' married. Jane hedn't any *too* much afore!"

"Hush!" warned Aunt Elderkin, "the poor creature is almost wild now over the effects of her carelessness. Say no more, Maum Silvy, for all our sakes, till Mr. Seymour gets home."

"I'm agoin' to say, too!" cried the old woman, dumping down into a pretty chintz easy chair with so much energy that it creaked fearfully with her weight, "wen folks has been idjits it's time fer somebody to tell 'em so. The Lord's give me a tongue, an' I shall be blamed if I don't use it!"

"You never'll suffer for *that* sin," thought Aunt Elderkin. "Poor Prunty is all alone asleep down stairs, isn't she?" she asked quickly.

"La! yes!" ejaculated Maum Silvy, and rising with about as much spring as a small feather-bed,

she waddled off down-stairs, waiting till she reached the foot, to scream loudly, "Ef ye want anythin', jest holler!"

There was another rap at Dr. Farman's door the next day, along some time in the afternoon, a little while after his call on his two patients. Quite a different one from the "moonlight one," from quite a different visitor! This was a boy, tall, dark-eyed, with firm, quick manner, that showed his mind was made up to get the information for which he had come!

"I've come, Dr. Farman," said Rex, simply, "to ask two questions. Is my sister's"—here his voice trembled slightly. What if Cicely, the one so near his heart, should be maimed for life! *Could* he bear it?—"arm to be quite well—and Putkins—"

"My boy," said Dr. Farman, coming towards him with one stride, and laying his large, kind hand on his shoulder, "don't try to finish. Your sister, so far as any human knowledge goes, will be thoroughly cured, while the little fellow will be better than ever, for if I mistake not, there has been untold danger hanging over him, every day, from that careless nurse."

Rex put out his hand. The doctor grasped it with a firm, brotherly hold.

"Thank you!" said the boy. Dr. Farman was looking into his eyes, so that was enough.

"I want to see more of you, if you will come," said the doctor, cordially; and Rex lifted his cap with a glad smile, as he dashed off.

"How *could* you, Hugh!" exclaimed little Mrs. Farman, as she turned back into the "Parlor, Library, and Hall" again, "encourage that boy to come here. There's nothing like a boy of that age to take advantage of any such thing! and you are so anxious for quiet."

"If I mistake not, Evelyn," said the doctor, bending his grave eyes down into the merry ones beneath him, "that boy will give more than he takes!"

CHAPTER XI.

POOR CICELY'S FALL.

AND now, nothing to do, but to get well! And anybody who has tried *that*, knows it is about as hard as anything in this world of misery and work!

As if to make it still worse, the rainy season set in; when, for days together, the chief amusement of the little party seemed to be to listen to the "drip—drip—pour—pour," of the incessant torrent.

"Are they washing out Heaven?" cried Putkins, at last, in dismay, when the storm showed no signs of abating, but as if it had taken a "new lease of life;" and, climbing up on a chair, he plastered his thin, white little face against the small panes, to watch in dread the progress of operations.

"It looks like it, I declare!" said Rex, from the corner where he was putting fishing tackle in order, for use, if it ever *did* stop. "I wish it would clear a bit, just so that I could run over to Dr. Farman's."

"There's no keeping you at home," said Cicely, a little fretfully, who, now that the arm was mending fast, had lost a little of the prestige that had been hers when her heroism was bright and fresh; "ever since you first saw him, you've been racing and running over there every chance you could get. I sh'd think the way would get worn out!"

"He's a capital fellow!" cried Rex enthusiastically, and bringing his hand down on the table for greater emphasis. "Halloa! there goes a fly now!" he said ruefully.

"No 'tain't either!" cried Putkins, whirling round on his chair, "it's the Pill-man!" He

always called Dr. Farman the "Pill-man," because on each of his visits, he made him swallow one of those detestable compounds of everything that is mysterious, in their effects on the human frame.

"Dr. Farman!" cried Rex, springing up, to the ruin of another expensive fly. "That's the very jolliest go!"

"How can you say such perfectly dreadful words!" cried Cicely, from the depths of a big old sofa, drawn up in front of the roaring, crackling fire on the hearth, that Uncle Joe always insisted on having whenever the weather allowed. Secretly, she was as much pleased at the visit as Rex himself; only, and here Cicely always tried to stifle the jealous little pangs that would start up in her heart as she saw day after day the love she fancied all her own, transferred in some measure to this new friend.

"He *never* has liked anybody half as well as me," she groaned, "not even Tom Brent; and now that I'm stiff and poky, and can't fly around any, because of this old horrid arm, of course its much worse."

Poor Cicely! she was having a hard time just now! Rex, wholly unsuspecting, with his love deep and true, as it had always been for his only sister and congenial playmate, had only added to it a firm respect for her bravery, until it had assumed such proportions that Cicely herself would have cried for very joy, could she have caught a glimpse of it!

But she didn't have that glimpse! so matters got worse and worse, until this very day.

"I'm so glad you've come!" cried Rex joyfully, as Dr. Farman dashed in, shaking the rain-drops off in a perfect little shower, and grasping his friend's hand with a warm grip. "We've been so dull," he continued, about the unluckiest speech he could possibly make!

"I've fairly taken you 'by storm,'" laughed the doctor, drawing near the fire. "If you'll excuse the ancient threadbare pun. This fire is enough to drive away dullness for evermore, Rex," he said, with sparkling eyes, watching the merry, heartsome flames leap up.

"We weren't one speck dull!" cried Cicely with red cheeks, and raising her hand from the sofa-back. "It was just lovely! Rex *used* to like it well enough on rainy days," she added, with a spitefully-intended emphasis on the "used."

To say that everybody *stared*, would convey a wrong impression of the effect of this outburst. Aunt Elderkin got up, and went over quietly towards the old sofa; but she wasn't quick enough, for the next words were—"And I don't think anybody's got a right to steal away a brother, and make him think his sister isn't anything," she cried, sharply, with cheeks that were now blazing.

"Cecy!" said Uncle Joseph, in such a tone that Putkins skipped half way across the room, to gaze as if he had never seen him before!

"Cecy doesn't feel well to-day," said Aunt Elderkin kindly, taking the hot little hand in hers. "She's tried not to complain, but it has been a hard day for her."

"Yes, I do feel well, too!" cried Cicely, honestly. A sturdy truthfulness being one of her traits, she could no more take refuge in any excuses made for the words, that now that they were out of her mouth, she would have given kingdoms, if she had possessed them, to recall. And then she burst into a flood of tears!

Dr. Farman got up from the chair in which he had seated himself before the fire for a comfortable talk, and went over to her side. Rex, too ashamed and astonished to move, silently watched him bend over the shaking little figure, while he whispered something in her ear.

But the sobs went on without intermission, until, what with the rain outside and the dismal

state of things within, the world was dreary enough.

"You just go right *straight* away!" cried Putkins in a passion, and flying at the doctor, with tooth and nail prepared for mortal combat. "You've made her *cry*, you bad old man, you!" he screamed, pounding with both small fists, in a pugilistic fashion, on all the exposed portions of the visitor's anatomy he could reach.

"You little—" began Uncle Joe, stretching out one long arm to wreak justice on the culprit. But Rex was ahead of him, and had almost grasped the belligerent fists, when Cicely sprang up, her face a perfect scarlet; and seizing the child, lame arm and all, for the first and only time in her life, shook him right before the whole!

"Don't you know he saved your life!" she said, stopping to hold him off at arm's length, and looking down into the blue eyes that were too amazed to cry. "There now, go!" and she dropped her grasp. "If somebody would only shake *me*!" she said humbly.

"My dear child!" cried Dr. Farman, darting forward. "You will injure your arm; and then think, Cicely, what the result will be!"

"And it will serve me just right!" she cried, a whole tide of remorse sweeping over her; as much stronger than her jealous spirit, as could be possible. "Oh, Dr. Farman, can you *ever* forgive me?" she cried, holding out the well hand, with a sorry little gesture.

"No," he said, smiling down into the crimson face, "I couldn't possibly do *that*."

"I thought not," said poor Cicely, completely crushed. "But I *do* want to thank you for all your kindness to us. And I am so *very, very* sorry!" She could get out no more, but stood there, with her head drooping piteously.

"And it's all my fault!" cried Rex, springing to her, to throw the arm she had longed for to be all her own, protectingly around her, "for I didn't think you might misunderstand. How *could* you, Cecy dear!" He gazed reproachfully down over the brown head, to get a peep at the drooping face.

"I never can forgive you," the doctor was still repeating, "because, dear child, I was never offended. Did you think," and he drew brother and sister by a sudden impulse close to him, "that I could *ever* let anything make me dislike or misunderstand the brave little soul, who showed me on *that* night what there was in her to command love and respect! No, Cicely, you and I, I think will *always* be friends!"

Putkins, meanwhile, too enraged to breathe, much less to keep his anger to himself, marched up to Uncle Joe; and pointing a small finger, trembling from wrath, over at Cicely, cried out, "She shaked me—she did—Cecy did—she *did*!"

"All right!" said Uncle Joe, laughing at the specimen of infant indignation; which was all the consolation he received. So he stalked over to another member of the family, which happened to be Maum Silvy, who *had* been enjoying the comfortable fire, while she placidly mended on a huge basket of stockings at the same time, but, since the uproar, chiefly occupied in staring from one to the other, in blank dismay, to find out what all the fuss was about. And, standing in front of her, he opened the burden of his remarks with the same refrain, "She shaked me—she did. Cecy *did*!"

"An' I wish she'd a-shook you twice, I do!" cried Maum Silvy, unsympathizingly, delighted that she at last had somebody to talk to and ease her mind.

At this, Putkins,—thinking evidently where two seemed to be so well agreed as to the case, he was probably mistaken as to its being an indignity—swallowed all his ill-feelings, and smoothing

down his ruffled plumage, sat down on the floor to play.

Uncle Joe was talking. This was the first word that struck upon Prunty's ear, as she wandered in, with a mangy piece of paper on the desk—alas! now dilapidated and forlorn—that "Mister Josuf" had presented. There was a pen-holder between her teeth, pretty once, but having been chewed steadily to furnish inspiration in her letter-writing spasms, it was stubby beyond recognition. "Camping." And this word made her drop desk, paper and all, on the floor, eject forcibly the pen-holder from her mouth, to spring into the middle of the room in a dreadful frenzy.

"Oh, *don't* go!" she cried, twisting her small hands together. "Don't, Mr. Josuf," she begged.

"Why, Prunty, child!" cried Uncle Joe—who, since her terrible fright, had been more than ever tender of her—"what's the matter? I thought you would be *delighted* to go into the woods."

"Thar's b'ars in thar!" cried Prunty, twisting her hands almost off. "B'ars! I'll be et up! Don't go!"

Dr. Farman wheeled around in his chair, and looked at her.

"My dear little girl," he said kindly. And then he got up and went straight to her. "There is not a bear in all that part of the woods. You couldn't find one if you wanted to, Prunty," he added, smiling re-assuringly on her, while he unclasped the tightly-clenched hands to smooth them gently with his broad palm. "It's perfectly beautiful there, child; lovely flowers, and the greatest quantity of moss and ferns, that you can bring home to make a pretty garden with. You'll be just as happy as the birds there."

"Are ye *sure* thar ain't a *single* b'ar?" said Prunty in a doubtful whisper, and looking up anxiously.

"Just as sure as I am that I'm standing here!" exclaimed Dr. Farman, emphatically. "I was right there in that very cabin where you are going, Prunty, a good part of last summer. I scoured the woods for game, for miles around, and I never heard of a bear."

"Ye needn't be afeard," broke in Maum Silvy, unable to keep still another moment longer, "thet we'd eber take ye whar ye'd get another chasin'! Don't ye go an' be a sempl'ton, Prunella!"

"I don't want ter be chased," said Prunty, shaking her head in a worried way, from one to the other.

"And you *shan't* be!" cried Rex, flashing a kind glance at her. "We'll watch you all the time, Prunty, so that nothing can hurt you. Don't be frightened."

"Prunty has learned, I think," put in Uncle Joe with a meaning smile over at the dark, little figure, "not to have her own way. She will stay near the cabin and obey."

"I'm a-goin' ter stay *in* de cabin!" announced the child, with a bob of such determination, that it seemed as if her head would fly off. "I won't even peek out o' de wiunder—not one single squint."

"Oh, yes, you will!" cried Uncle Joe laughing. "You and I, Prunty, are bound to have some real good times together. I'm going to take you fishing and hunting, and for all sorts of nice frolics."

But Prunty looked extremely doubtful and only drew a series of dismal sighs, while the chat over the plans went on.

"Mrs. Farman likes the place, doesn't she?" asked Uncle Joe, getting up to replenish the fire with a fresh accession of hickory. "She would really prefer it, wouldn't she, to any other?"

"Infinitely," said Dr. Farman briskly. "Why, you know, it is almost like home to us! Just think, two months we were there! How much we saw and enjoyed in that space!" He looked into

the bright, crackling fire, with a deep, happy gaze, by way of further expression. Which was quite enough, to one who saw his face.

"How soon," asked Miss Elderkin, laying down her knitting, "do you think it will be prudent for us to start?" She looked over at Cicely with a smile. "Broken arms, I suppose, are not very often trusted in wood life."

"For that matter," said Dr. Farman, coming out of his reverie and whirling around to look at Cicely with a professional air, "she will be all right in two weeks. I never had a case that knit in such a sensible manner! And then she will need just some such tuning up of the whole system, as this expedition will do for her, Mr. Seymour!"

"Well, sir," responded Uncle Joe, promptly.

"You are a man of business, and don't need anybody's advice. But, if I were asked, and if I ventured to express my opinion, I should say, that to calculate in about a fortnight to take up our residence in 'camp,' would be a capital idea! After this rainy season, if the natives' prophecies go for anything, we shall be favored with a fine stretch of excellent weather."

"Right!" responded Uncle Joe heartily, bringing down his hand on his right knee with emphasis. Two weeks is the longest limit we will allow to you, Miss Cecy, to get that arm into shape. And the same amount of time to you, Miss Elderkin and Maum Silvy, to get matters straight for our residence in the woods! As for Rex and I," he added, with a wink at the boy "we are always ready for anything!"

"Mr. Higgins told me last evening," said Dr. Farman, "he stopped on his way home after hauling down lumber for the new saw-mill, you know, over at Bleeker's, that Jefferson and he would be ready to go with us week after next. He gets through his job then, so *that* is all right!"

"Is Mr. Higgins going with us?" cried Cicely, in a pleased voice; "oh! I'm so glad. *Isn't* that nice!"

"I rather guess we are not going *without* him!" exclaimed Rex. "Why, he's the soul of the party, wherever it is! Yes, indeed, ma'am! 'Uncle Mose' is booked!"

"Why, I didn't know that he was a guide," said Aunt Elderkin, looking up.

"Oh, he is general looker-after people, and inspector-at-large, chief-man-of-the-place, head-of-every-saw-mill in the region, greatest hunter in these parts, and time and patience fail me to finish the list," said Dr. Farnam, laughing. "When you live here as long as I have, you will see that to get along without Moses Higgins would be one of the impossibilities of the place."

"Better tell Jane that," said Rex, with a sly pinch on Cecy's well arm.

"You mustn't tease Jane *too* much, now!" said Aunt Elderkin, looking over at them warningly. "Poor thing! She's almost killed at the effect of her carelessness. And she'll be a different girl after this, I think."

"Twarn't that, so much as Mister Josuf's jawin' he give her," exclaimed Maum Silvy, sturdily. "Laws! warn't it nice to see her squirm!"

"I believe I *did* say *something*," said Uncle Joe; "I'm dreadfully sorry for the poor thing—but it had to be done! Well, doctor—and then, how about the other guides? Is the business all right with them, or shall I see to it?" he asked, briskly.

"Slocum and Washington Birge are all ready," said Dr. Farman. "And there comes in another thing I want to speak to you about. Have you had any application for the place from a guide by the euphonious appellation of—Hexameter Gunn?"

"Yes," said Uncle Joe, "he spoke to me last week, and I should have engaged him, he looked so strong and good-natured, and seemed to have

plenty of names at his tongue's end, of people who had 'camped' it under his supervision; but not being quite certain about the time, the matter of clinching the bargain was put off."

"A lucky miss!" exclaimed Dr. Farman. "Don't you do it if you want the fair article! Shone Hexameter, by all means! He's the greatest cheat there is this side of New York city—"

"No slurs *there*, if you please," cried Uncle Joe, straightening up, and looking daggers at once. "Headquarters, I'd have you to know, for some of the best and smartest men in the whole union of States."

"That's just it! *Headquarters!*" retorted Dr. Farman laughing, "with precious little *heart* in it. Deliver me from *ever* being obliged to live in New York!" he exclaimed with mock horror, for the pleasure of seeing Mr. Seymour's irascibility.

"Well, Bostonians think it very 'cultcharred,'" said Uncle Joe, with a very red face, and putting such an extra drawl on the word as to cause Dr. Farman and everybody else to burst out laughing, "to abuse New York right and left. We can stand it very well; very well indeed!" he cried, all the while in a terrible ferment.

"Quits!" cried Dr. Farman, getting up and bringing his hand down warmly on the one hanging over Mr. Seymour's lounging arm-chair. "That one word of yours has completely wilted me. I cry mercy!"

"Well, then, finish up Hexameter," cried Uncle Joe, decidedly mollified. "What has the poor fellow been doing?"

"It's what he *hasn't* done," said Dr. Farman, "where I find the greatest fault. He's the most terrible shirk, and puts off, on to all the other guides, what nature intended him to do by giving him such a physique. He's a lazy, good-for-nothing figure-head, that's all! And the idea of talking of those who have hired him! Why, Mr. Seymour, they wouldn't have him the *second* trip, if he went for nothing. I have heard from several parties who had the misfortune to be deceived, as you have been, by his stalwart appearance, and hired him on the spot. After they were in the woods, they would have given a good deal for the privilege of kicking the fellow out; but *that* was a Gunn, unfortunately, that wouldn't go off!"

"Save me!" exclaimed Uncle Joe, softly, who couldn't resist that fling, "from *such* a pun."

"Rather say, 'save me from the Gunn himself,'" cried Dr. Farman laughing, "and be thankful for your deliverance, for, I tell you, it *is* a deliverance. Why, man, I had him myself last season."

"Oh, then, *you* were hoodwinked," cried Uncle Joe, with a broad laugh. "I thought you spoke feelingly. So you know all about it."

"I know," said Dr. Farman concisely.

"Wal, who be the fellers—whatever-you-call-em?" cried Maum Silvy impatiently, "an' wen do we go? I can't make head nor tail to it all!"

"The guides," said Uncle Joe, telling them off on his fingers, "are first and foremost," with a wicked gleam to the other side of the fire, "our respected friend here present, Dr. Hugh Farman, the head of this enterprising expedition."

"Thank you!" said a deep voice, as the person to whom allusion had been made, arose and made a bow, with great solemnity.

"Mr. Moses Higgins, otherwise known as 'Uncle Mose,'" proceeded Uncle Joe, sticking up another finger impressively, "his son, Mr. Jefferson Higgins, not *quite* as enterprising a wonder as his father, but still very accomplished—"

"Oh, now, Jeff will do," said the deep voice, interrupting. "I stand up for Jeff. He and I are great friends."

"You hear, ladies and gentlemen," cried Uncle Joe, waving his hands comprehensively, as if ad-



WARMING OVER.

From "Cooking and Culture."

HASH is a peculiarly American institution. In no other country is every remnant of cold meat turned into that one unvarying dish. What do I say? Remnants of cold meat! Rather joints of cold meat, a roast of beef, of which the tenderloin has sufficed for the first day's dinner, the leg of mutton from which a few slices only have been taken, the fillet of beef, available for so many delicate dishes, all are ruthlessly turned into the all-pervading hash. The curious thing is that people are not fond of it. Men exclaim against it, and its name stinks in the nostrils of those unhappy ones whose home is the boarding-house.

Yet hash, in itself, is not a bad dish; when I say it is a peculiarly American institution, I mean that when English people speak of hash they mean something quite different, meat warmed in slices. Our hash—in its best form—that is, made with nice gravy garnished with sippets of toast and pickles surrounded with mashed potatoes are nice, is dignified abroad by the name of *mince*, and makes its appearance as an elegant little entrée. Nor would it be anathematized in the way it is with us if it were only occasionally introduced. It is the familiarity that has led to contempt. "But what shall I do?" asks the young wife, distressfully; "John likes joints, and he and I and Bridget can't possibly eat a roast at a meal."

Very true; and it is to just such perplexed young housekeepers that I hope this chapter will be especially useful, that is to say, small families with moderate means and a taste for good things. In this, as in many other ways, large families are easier to cater for; they can consume the better part of a roast at a meal, and the remains it is no great harm to turn into hash, although even they might, with little trouble and expense, have agreeable variety introduced into their bill of fare. In England and America there is great prejudice against warmed-over food, but on the Continent one eats it half the time in some of the most delicious made dishes without suspecting it. Herein lies the secret. With us and our transatlantic cousins the warming over is so artlessly done that the hard fact too often stares at us from out the watery expanse in which it reposes.

One great reason of the failure to make warmed-over meat satisfactory is the lack of gravy. On the goodness of this, as well as of its presence, depends the success of your *réchauffé*.

A nice little breakfast dish is made thus: Cut two long slices of cold meat and three of bread, buttered thickly, about the same shape and size, season the meat with pepper, salt, and a little finely-chopped parsley; or, if it is veal, a little chopped ham; then lay one slice of bread between two of meat, and have the other two slices outside; fasten together with short wooden skewers. If you have a quick oven, put it in; and take care to baste with butter thoroughly that the bread may be all over crisp and brown. If you can't depend on your oven, fry it in very hot fat as you would crullers; garnish with sprigs of parsley, and serve very hot.

To warm a good-sized piece of beef.—Trim it as much like a thick fillet as you can; cut it horizontally half way through, then scoop out as much as you can of the meat from the inside of each piece. Chop the meat fine that you have

thus scooped out, season with a little finely-chopped parsley and thyme, a shred of onion if you like it; or if you have celery boil a little of the coarser part till tender, chop it and add as much bread, finely crumbled, as you have meat, and a good piece of butter; add pepper and salt, and make all into a paste with an egg, mixed with an equal quantity of gravy or milk; fill up the hollow in the meat, and tie, or still better, sew it together. You may either put this in a pot with a slice of pork or bacon, and a cup of gravy; or you may brush it over with a beaten egg, cover it with crumbs, and pour over these a cup of butter, melted, so that it moistens every part; and bake it, taking care to baste well while baking. Serve with nice gravy.

Beef olives are no novelty to the ear, but it is a novel thing to find them satisfactory to the palate.

Take some stale bread crumbs, an equal quantity of beef finely chopped, some parsley and thyme, a little scraped ham if you like it, a few chives, or a slice of onion, all chopped as small as possible; put some butter in a pan and let this force-meat just simmer, not fry, in it for ten minutes. While this is cooking, cut some underdone oblong pieces of beef about half an inch thick, hack it with a sharp knife on both sides; then mix the cooked force-meat with the yolk of an egg and a tablespoonful of gravy; put a spoonful of this paste in the center of each slice of meat, and tie it up carefully in the shape of an egg. Then if you have some nice gravy, thicken it with a piece of butter rolled in flour, roll each olive slightly in flour, and lay it in the gravy and let it very gently simmer for half an hour. A few chopped oysters added to the gravy will be a great addition. Or you may lay each olive on a thin slice of fat pork, roll it up, tie it, dip it in flour, and bake in a quick oven until beautifully brown.

To warm over cold mutton.—An excellent and simple way is to cut it, if loin, into chops, or leg, into thick collops, and dip each into egg well beaten with a tablespoonful of milk, then in fine bread crumbs, and fry in plenty of very hot fat.

If your crumbs are not very fine and even, the larger crumbs will fall off, and the appearance be spoiled. These chops will be almost as nice, if quickly fried, as fresh cooked ones. They will also be excellent if, instead of being breaded, they are dipped into thick batter, and fried brown in the same way. This method answers for any kind of meat—chicken thus warmed over being especially good. The batter, or egg and bread crumbs form a sort of crust which keeps it tender and juicy. Any attempt to fry cold meat without either results in a hard, stringy, uneatable dish.

White meat of any kind is excellent warmed over in a little milk in which you have cut a large onion, and, if you like it, a slice of salt pork or ham, and a little sliced cucumber, if it is summer. Thicken with the yolks of one or two eggs, added after the whole has simmered twenty minutes; take care the egg thickens in the gravy, but does not boil, or it will curdle. If it is in winter chop a teaspoonful of pickled cucumbers or capers, and add just on going to the table. In summer when you have the sliced cucumber, squeeze half a lemon into the gravy, the last thing, to give the requisite dash of acid. You may vary the above by adding sometimes a few chopped oysters; at others, mushrooms or celery. This last must be put in with the onion and before the meat.

Chocolate Ice Cream.—Mix two teaspoonfuls of Van Houten's cocoa in a gill of cold milk, stir it into a pint of cream or custard, add vanilla flavor, and sweeten. Scraped and sifted chocolate, so as to bring it to a fine powder, can be used, but the cocoa named is on all accounts best for this cream.

RECEIPTS.

BUTTER ROLLS. *Ingredients.*—Butter, one tablespoonful; unsifted flour, one quart; baking powder, three large teaspoonfuls; sweet milk. Sift the baking powder thoroughly with the flour and add the butter. With sweet milk, form a dough, knead and roll it half an inch thick and cut; fold each one over to form a half round, wetting a little between the folds to make them stick; place on buttered pans, wash over the top with milk to give a gloss, bake in quick oven twenty minutes, and let stand half an hour before using.

CORN CAKE. *Ingredients.*—Eggs, three; sour milk, two cups; melted butter, three tablespoonfuls; soda, one teaspoonful; white sugar, one tablespoonful; salt, one small teaspoonful; boiling water; corn meal. Whip the eggs light, yolks and white separately, dissolve the soda in boiling water. With the corn meal make a thin batter. Bake in shallow pan, or small tins, in quick oven for half an hour.

BATTER BREAD. *Ingredients.*—White Indian meal, two quarts; cold boiled rice, one cup; eggs, three (well beaten); melted butter, one tablespoonful; sweet milk, two and a half cups; salt, one teaspoonful; soda, half a teaspoonful. Stir the eggs into the milk; then the meal, salt, butter, and last of all, the rice. Beat all three minutes and bake in shallow pans in quick oven.

MUFFINS. *Ingredients.*—Butter, half a cup; sugar, half a cup; milk, two cups; yeast powder, three tablespoonfuls; flour, one quart; salt, one teaspoonful. The quart of flour should be a scanty one, and the yeast powder thoroughly rubbed through it. Bake in muffin rings.

RICE MUFFINS. *Ingredients.*—Cold boiled rice, one cup; flour, one pint; eggs, two; milk, one quart; butter, one tablespoonful; salt, one tablespoonful. Beat the above together very thoroughly and bake quickly.

DELICIOUS MUFFINS. *Ingredients.*—Eggs, one; milk, one pint; flour, one pint; salt, half a teaspoonful. Beat the eggs light, add part of the milk, all the flour; then all the remaining milk. Bake twenty minutes in buttered tins and serve hot.

Coffee Ice Cream.—Make a custard, without any flavor, of a pint of cream and four yolks of eggs. Put into this a quarter of a pound of freshly-roasted Mocha coffee berries; they should, if possible, be used hot. Cover up the stewpan closely with its lid, putting a napkin over to keep in the steam. Let the custard stand for an hour, strain and sweeten, and when cold put it into the freezing pot. Cream thus prepared will not take the color of the coffee, and when carefully made is very delicate and delicious. Coffee ice cream is also made with a strong infusion of coffee, or Branson's extract of coffee can be used. To make the infusion, put two ounces of ground coffee into a French *cafetière*, and pour over it a gill of fast boiling water. When the infusion has all run through boil it up, and pour it over two more ounces of coffee. Put the infusion thus obtained to a pint of sweetened cream or custard, and freeze.

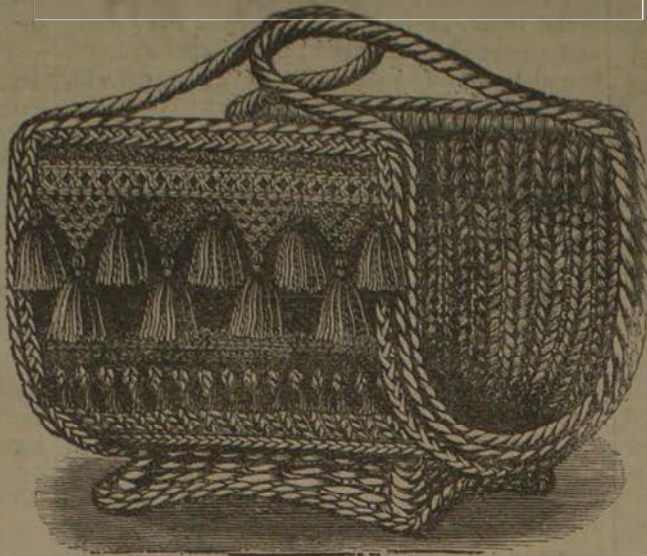
Tea Ice Creams.—Put half an ounce of fine orange-flavored Pekoe tea into an earthenware pot and pour on it a pint of boiling milk. Let it stand until nearly cold, then pour it off fine, and, if necessary, strain to free it from any particle of leaf. Put the liquor into a large stewpan with enough lump sugar to make it sweet. When it is hot add to it a quarter of a pint of rich cream, and the yolks of five eggs. Stir over a slow fire until it becomes a thick custard, and then take from the fire; stir occasionally until it is cool, to prevent a skin forming. Freeze in the usual manner.



Wing Fan.

MATERIALS:—Chicken's or pigeon's wings, fan handle, 11-2 yards of No. 7 ribbon, and bottle of aniline dye. Cut the wings of the fowl off close to the body; get a board large enough to spread both wings on it. Dilute the dye to the desired shade, and dip the wings in spots, or entire, as may please the fancy. Then tack them to the board, brush the feathers in place, or they will dry and remain rough looking. Stand the board in the hot sun, or somewhere that the flesh of the wing may dry out, which will probably take two or three weeks. When thoroughly dry, remove from the board and fasten the wings together, gluing on the handle. Over the end of the handle, running up the middle of the fan, glue on little feathers, and in the center arrange the brightest

feathers to resemble a butterfly. The wings look very pretty if simply tacked to the wall with a bow of ribbon to cover the bone at the end.



Newspaper and Music Basket.

MATERIALS:—Basket without ends, bottle of prepared gilt and brushes, eighteen good sized tassels and thirty small ones, black cloth, blue velvet and spangles. Gild the basket entirely inside; also the handles, and round the edge. Fasten a strip of the black cloth across the sides, and over that make a vandyke of the blue velvet, and spangle it thickly. The tassels can be made of worsted, with a few strands of floss on the outside, and would look well if the colors were mixed. These baskets can be had at any large basket house, and are called firewood baskets, for which purpose this design can be used, leaving off the spangles and adopting something not so perishable.

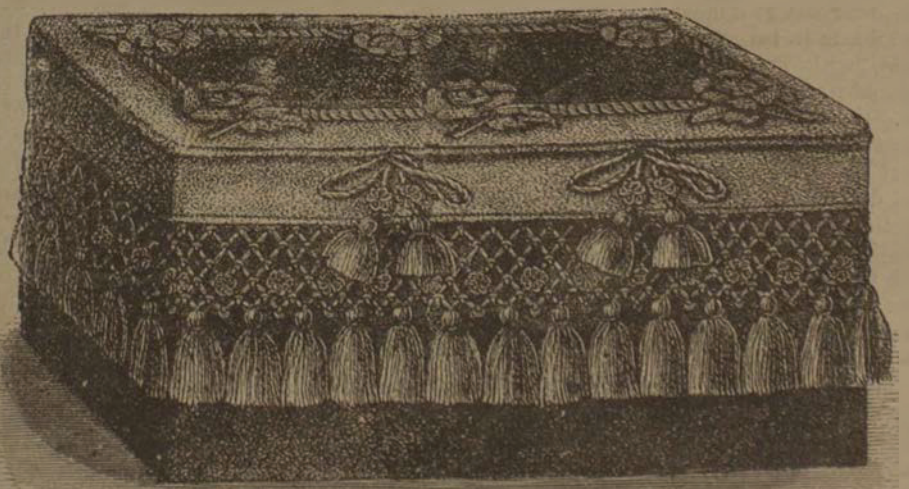


Book Mark.

MAKE the marker either of thin wood or cover cardboard with silk and paint. The flowers and birds are very pretty painted in gold, but the different colors are more striking. Tie a satin ribbon No. 7 through the hole at the end. There is an endless variety of designs for painting; one of the prettiest we remember was, three or four sprigs of wheat tied together with a tiny ribbon.



PATCHWORK.



Patchwork Design.

THE strips of goods are sewed on the same as those in the Log Cabin pattern, and the quilt or pillow made will be far more effective if only two colors are used.

Linen Chest.

TAKE a common packing trunk, line the inside with unbleached muslin, and cover the lid on top with the same

quite loosely, and then between the wood and the covering, stuff a sufficient quantity of curled hair to make the top rise and have a good shape; then cover the whole with cretonne or rep, laying round the lid and side a wide band of some other goods to correspond, bordering the edge of the band with cord, and a deep worsted fringe and two cords and tassels on the front. At each corner and in the center or sides of cover glue on large transfer flowers, to be procured at any fancy store where worsteds are kept. This chest is convenient to lay dresses in and will keep them in better order than hanging in a closet.

THE COSMOPOLITAN

THE
COSMOPOLITAN
MAGAZINE
FURNISHING
THE
LATEST
IN
STYLE

BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE AND THE

SPECIALITE OF FASHIONS.

PERFECTION
OF ARTISTIC
EXCELLENCE



We invite the attention of ladies particularly to the original and special character of the Designs and Styles in Dress furnished in this Magazine. In this department it has always been acknowledged unrivaled. Unlike other Magazines, it does not merely COPY. It obtains the fullest intelligence from advanced sources abroad, and unites to these high artistic ability, and a thorough knowledge of what is required by our more refined and elevated taste at home. Besides, its instructions are not confined to mere descriptions of elaborate and special toilets, but embrace important information for dealers, and valuable hints to mothers, dressmakers, and ladies generally, who wish to preserve economy in their wardrobes, dress becomingly, and keep themselves informed of the changes in the Fashions and the specialties required in the exercise of good taste.

ALWAYS FIRST PREMIUM.

CENTENNIAL AWARD OVER ALL COMPETITORS,
MEDAL OF SUPERIORITY AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Review of Fashions.

THE ombre effects are the great features of fashion this season, and are so striking that they quite overpower many other novel and beautiful elements of manufacture. These shadings introduced in stripes of different tones present in light, bright colorings, more nearly the appearance of rainbow dyes than anything else in nature, and in higher and deeper tints are still more conspicuous, whether used as bonnet trimmings or in combination with plain colors for costumes. It is not a fashion that is likely to last for any considerable length of time, on account of its being so conspicuous, but it will be likely to reappear just as the fashion for jet and beaded trimmings never entirely dies out, but regularly acquires a new force at certain intervals of time.

The splendor of the ombre satins, and garnitures of ribbons and feathers and flowers is such that the new metallic ornamentation is hardly noticed. This is principally in gold, and is largely superseding the beaded trimmings. Much of it, especially that introduced into the composition of fine fabrics, is real, though the threads are so fine that they have to be looked for, and are only plainly observable in the mass. But they add a lovely and thoroughly artistic element to design; for it is only through this medium that certain effects of color and tone can be obtained even in fabric.

There is an excellent tendency this season toward decided styles and colors, and blendings of color. The faded, the indistinct, the uncertain, seems to have gone into upholstery, and there, or anywhere, let it remain so long as it does not cast its sickly shadow over summer clothing. When skies are blue, and all nature is gay, it seems as though the dress of women should have some relation to the season, since it is its province to express itself in color, as well as in form and texture.

In addition to color, a charming characteristic of summer materials is the amazing fineness as well as strength of some of the most delicate materials. They remind one of the antique tissues, which, fine as cobwebs and perfectly transparent, still bore a weight of silk and metal embroidery. Some of these materials are cotton and not costly, but their clear and delicate tints, their fine, lovely

designs, and soft purity of texture, render them most delightful for house dresses, and then they are particularly susceptible to the influence of lace.

White toilets are always in vogue by those who can afford them, both in winter and summer, at proper times, and under suitable circumstances. This season the fine dotted and embroidered muslins are the favorite basis for half evening or at home toilets, and are also charming for morning wear at fashionable watering-places, where satin surah, lace over silk, or gold-embroidered gauze, would not be too elegant for evening wear and garden parties. A fine dotted muslin makes a very pretty, but need not be a very expensive dress, but the hand-embroidered muslins are more costly than silk, or surah satin, and are therefore used in small quantities, for basques and drapery, more than for the whole dress, but they show to great advantage over the soft shade of pink which is so greatly admired this summer, and which combines with such perfect elegance with embroidered mull, and needlework ruffling with real Valenciennes edge. It is long since all pink and white costumes have been seen on the lawns, under the trees, and in the gatherings of country homes, and at our summer resorts, and they recall many pleasant reminiscences of summer days long past, when the daisy and the lilac, the yellow cowslip, and the blue of the forget-me-not, furnished suggestions for the color of summer wear of matrons as well as maidens.

There is a good deal that is effective in the massing of color this season, as well as in its contrasts. All the white tints, for example, are seen upon some of the bonnets, beginning with cream or ivory in the straw, and repeating them in satin ribbon, feathers, and flowers. In the same way Tuscan and Leghorn bonnets will have all the shades of cream to deep yellow represented in the trimming; while gray satin and straw revel in steel lace, steel fringes, and cut steel for ornaments.

The revival of the gigot or "bishop" sleeve was anticipated some months since, and it has now become a reality. It is not the old "leg-of-mutton" sleeve, but it is very like it. The leg-of-mutton sleeve with its balloon top and tight arm was all cut in one piece, but the "gigot" has a straight or rather shaped cuff to the elbow, and the upper

part forms an immense puff. The appearance is so great a contrast to the close sleeve which has been the prevailing style for the past ten years, that it will not be taken up by those who cannot afford to risk something.

Millinery is wonderfully varied and eccentric in its manifestations this season. The large hat and the small capote bonnet take the lead as to forms, but within the range of shape is an infinite diversity of style, color, material, and mode of trimming. Lace straws are perhaps the great novelty, and they are usually made conspicuous by lining of bright silk or satin, and elegant adornments of shaded feathers, flowers, and lace. The poke bonnet has many admirers, and is rendered suitable for younger wearers by the back being turned up straight and trimmed, instead of being brought down so as to cover the hair. The projecting brim is not at all unbecoming to fresh, fair faces.

Some of the fancy straws have crowns of silk, or surah, and are trimmed with groups of roses shaded in the tints of brim and crown, and with lace which forms flats for the leafless roses. The straw is lined with silk to match the crown; all the shades of cream and sulphur are used.

Immense quantities of shirring are put upon toilets of every description; morning, walking, dinner, evening, and those which strictly belong to neither category, but might be denominated miscellaneous. The front and back of the bodice and the front or panels of the skirt, are the favorites. There are costumes of shirred white Paris muslin which are accompanied by a large shirred hat trimmed with pink geranium blossoms, and parasol of pink silk, covered with shirred muslin and garnitured with a bouquet of blossoms to match the hat. The lace muffs are an inconvenient absurdity, which had a short life, but flower-trimmed parasols are quite common.

Short dresses are so popular for summer, and so universal, that very long skirts look out of place even upon dressy occasions, that is to say they look old and like part of last winter's stock. But they make up by being very striking. Short dresses entirely of red, or lilac, or peacock blue, or sulphur color are not at all uncommon; always trimmed with white dotted muslin, or Spanish lace, and the bonnets with flowers shaded in the color of the dress, or perhaps combining more than one color.

Illustrated Models for the Month.

Our illustrations for the present month furnish examples of some of the most notable designs of the season for summer costumes. Among them we call attention to the "Nerissa" as a novelty very pretty and graceful in its arrangement, and well adapted to different classes of materials. The special one for which the design is adapted is composed of thin materials, foulard or nun's veiling, white muslin, or black grenadine, with a polonaise of a soft, but somewhat more solid fabric, a twilled surah silk in a solid color, a small figured damassee, or a surah satin. The design may be made, however, with a striped skirt in two shades of satin: one of these in the solid color being used for the polonaise, which is short in front, draped high on the sides, but forms a long drapery at the back. The profuse way in which shirring is used is well shown in this costume.

The "Baronne" is a late and very novel design for a polonaise, and demands especial attention, because the cut is peculiarly graceful as well as new. It is shawl-shaped both back and front, and the front as well as the back is cut all in one piece. It is very simple, exactly adapted to the softly draping summer materials in cotton, silk, or wool, and would certainly show to advantage the pompadour chintzes and satines.

The "Sutherland" costume will recommend itself at once to lovers of the practical, as an excellent design for service in flannel, summer tweed, and light cloth or wool suiting in heather mixtures. It consists of a skirt trimmed with a single flounce, an apron overskirt, and tucked blouse waist confined by a belt. It is stylish made of olive or navy blue wool, and there are braids to match the dark shades in wool, which show a mixture of gold thread, that enriches without rendering them in the least showy.

The "Ascot" basque is a good design for useful wear, and has a suspended pocket on the right side which is very convenient, and obviates the necessity for a leather one, which, with its rough belt, is to many ladies very objectionable. The "Ascot" may be made in dark figured or plain velvet, in cloth, satin, or plush, for wear with the very lightest dresses for boating, riding, an evening walk, or upon a cool day as an addition to the dinner dress. Made in red satin or silk plush, it is not too bright for the mountains, or the frequent cool evenings at the seaside; while in dark cloth it is suitable for any occasion for which an extra jacket is needed.

A pretty and stylish waist will be found in the "Aurelia," which is very suggestive of the new tendency toward round-

belted bodices, the draped corsage, and full shirred sleeves. It is wonderfully becoming in soft, thin silks and berèges, the lawns, and delicate muslins which have found so warm a welcome after their lengthened absence.

The "Nadia" is a basque, also quaint but more precise and formal. It is a good style for thin figured black materials, or for combination of figured with plain foulard, or French corah silk, the plain being used for the collar and trimming and for the straight underskirt, the figures for the drapery upon the skirt. Ivory or cream tinted lace may be used at discretion instead of white for the collar and sleeves.

Two easily managed and graceful overskirts are

given in the "Carita" and "Finette." The "Carita" is an elegant design for white nun's veiling or black grenadine, but of course it may be used for a much greater variety of fabrics. It is eminently suited to black silk, satin de Lyon, or anything for which a permanent design is required, for it is not one that will quickly go out of fashion; and has a solid character suited to standard materials.

The "Finette" is somewhat simpler, and at the same time more fanciful. The draping upon the sides is dissimilar, but easy, natural, and graceful, and adapts it admirably to the soft, cotton satines in their dainty, floral designs, to muslin, lawn, or any summery, but not too thin or especially costly material.



LADIES' COIFFURES.

The "Mermaid" bathing-suit is quite the best, most sensible and useful design for the purpose that has ever been invented. It is a combination garment, perfectly protective without being weighty, and consists of only the two pieces, skirt and drawers. The sleeves are slightly full, and shirred in at the wrist, a broad sailor collar completes the ensemble. Flannel fifty-four inches wide will be needed, and the trimming may be binding of white braid, or anything else preferred.

Of the two outside garments given, one is a fichu, of which there are so many pretty styles, and the other a pelisse of strange form and device. The fichu does not differ materially from many others, except in the grace of the arrangement at the neck, and its broad ends, which adapt it particularly to white India mull and to tinted lawns, and muslins trimmed with lace.

The "Dagmar" pelisse may be relied upon as a style which will seem to be more in fashion next year than it is now. It may be made in silk, in cashmere, in fine dark cloth, or for old ladies in black satin with distinguished effect; but it may also be made in linen for summer wear, or in louisine as a handsome summer duster, and will be found most stylish and comfortable; much more convenient as well as cooler than the ulster for summer travel, for it does not crowd the sleeves of the dress.

Colored Satin or Brocade Jackets.

No fashion introduced for years has had a greater success than the recent one of dressy independent jackets and bodices. They are found so exceedingly useful, so convenient in wearing out half-worn skirts, or giving a touch of elegance to what would be otherwise a plain, dull toilet, that they are likely to hold the field against new-comers for some time. Old gold and red brocades in small figures look exceedingly well with dark or light skirts. Ruby satin or velvet quite lights up a white muslin skirt, and a brocade of any color into which gold is introduced looks rich and ef-

fective with a skirt made up in plain silk of the self color. All the finish these pretty "dinner" jackets need for dress is a jabot of lace at the throat, and lace ruffles at the sleeves.

Summer Preparations.

THERE is always a certain amount of holiday gayety in the preparations made for the summer season. No matter how restricted the means may be—no matter how distant the prospect of visits to mountain and seaside resorts, or the longed-for experience of a season at the great watering places, yet there pretty sure to be sunny breaks during the pleasant months upon the usual routine—trips here or excursions there—which lend a tinge of gayety to even the soberest anticipations.

And after all the getting ready for one thing or another is not so very different, it is only that some have a little more than others, and have the burden and care of it.

Wherever you are going, or whatever you are going to do, it is always safe to begin by having one black dress in good condition; and in summer it should be a thin dress. The foundation will be thin foulard, or twilled corah, and upon this may be mounted narrow flounces of satin, grenadine, gauze, thin barège, silk muslin, canton crape, or a combination of the fabrics preferred. Add a pretty fichu trimmed with fringe or lace, and the toilet is complete for summer church or visiting.

A more youthful costume is made of black foulard, trimmed with narrow flounces of itself, and completed by a rather short polonaise shirred to form a pointed plastron front and back. The sleeves are full, and shirred into a band which is finished with two ruffles of white lace, and a deep pelerine collar is attached, also trimmed with rows of Mirecourt lace.

Simple costumes of this description, trimmed with the self material and white lace, are made in pink and blue foulard, also in figured foulard

and figured muslins, a collar, or fichu being always added. Ladies who go, or expect to go, to fashionable resorts where evening dress is required, have one or two toilets prepared of cream surah or nun's veiling, trimmed with quantities of cream white or Spanish lace. The latter looks particularly well with figured surah toilettes, as sleeves, drapery, and bodice trimming.

Chintz foulard, or nun's veiling, makes lovely dresses for very young ladies on their first entrance into society, but the ornamentation should be carefully selected. Colors should not be put with cream white—nothing but cream or ivory lace, satin, and white roses. Small figured foulards in choice colors should be trimmed with white lace, and ribbons, cream, or pale gold, delicate blue, and soft pink. Roses in these shades may be substituted for ribbons, or omitted with them. Older ladies wear steel embroidery upon net this season, upon gray or lavender satin, and with very good effect. Lavender or heliotrope, by the way, is a charming color to wear with white embroidered muslin, and ladies who like to wear white dresses, and who are not afraid of the cost, have had lovely toilets made of the exquisite hand-wrought fabric over heliotrope silk, with satin belts, and clustered loops, and white lace garniture.

A quiet place in the country does not need such elaborate preparation. The pretty cottons and satines in which fashionable girls and women troop to the "springs" on warm July mornings are all that is needed for afternoon wear in the rural retreat or country-house; and a dotted muslin for the young lady, and a black grenadine for her mamma, will serve all the purposes of visiting and evening wear during the brief summer holiday.

But the prints and satines can be fitted as daintily, and made after as attractive designs as if they cost double the amount, and the wearers are none the less charming in them. In fact, cost and elaboration are sometimes destructive to beauty when that is largely derived from youth and freshness.



FINETTE OVERSKIRT.

Finette Overskirt.—A simple style of overskirt, draped in shawl-shaped points, and with a slightly bouffant effect in the back. The design is particularly well adapted to cloth and similar materials, although suitable for all classes of dress goods, including washable fabrics, and may be simply or elaborately trimmed according to taste and the material employed, rows of machine



CARITA OVERSKIRT.

stitching near the edges, popularly known as the "tailor" finish, being most appropriate for heavy goods. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

Carita Overskirt.—Especially adapted to light summer fabrics, and dressy materials that drape gracefully, this novel and stylish overskirt is arranged with a shirred apron draped high in the middle of the front and falling in points at

the sides; the back drapery rather bouffant, looped with a deep burnous plait at each side and shirred in the middle of the back. It may be trimmed, as illustrated, with fringe and a bow of satin ribbon, or in any other manner to correspond with the material selected. This is shown elsewhere in combination with the "Aurelia" waist. Price of pattern, thirty cents.



STREET OR TRAVELING COSTUMES.

Street or Traveling Costumes.

FIG. 1.—This stylish costume of navy-blue twilled flannel is composed of a tucked blouse waist confined by a belt, a very simple overskirt with draped apron and full back drapery, and a gored walking skirt trimmed with a deep gathered flounce. Rows of orange colored braid in two widths complete the garniture of the dress, which is especially adapted for a yachting or traveling costume. "Mascotte" hat of dark blue "rough-and-ready" straw, faced with blue satin, and trimmed with shaded brown and orange ostrich plume fastened at the side by a condor's head. Linen collar and cuffs, and cravat bow of blue satin ribbon. Blue and orange *bayadère* parasol with carved amber handle. The design employed is the "Sutherland" costume, which is also illustrated among the separate fashions. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

FIG. 2.—A charming costume of *reseda* silk and olive camel's hair. The design represented is the "Baronne" polonaise arranged over a short walking skirt trimmed with a deep kilt-plaiting of *reseda* silk. The polonaise is of camel's hair, and has both fronts cut in one piece falling in a shawl-shaped point at the left, and is draped high at the sides. A sash of silk is introduced at the side seams, and fastened in a bow at the right side. Poke bonnet of old-gold Panama braid, with wide strings of shaded *moutarde* and olive *satin merveilleux*, and trimmed with a cluster of *myosotis* and coral honeysuckle blossoms. Parasol of shaded olive and gold striped surah with stick of carved natural wood tied with pale blue ribbon. *Suede* gloves. The polonaise is also illustrated among the separate fashions. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size. Skirt pattern, thirty cents.

FIG. 3.—The "Dagmar" pelisse, made of India pongee silk, is here represented as accessory to a handsome excursion or traveling dress of brown surah silk. The plaiting and collar are lined with *ombré* red and *satin merveilleux*, which is also used for the sash and *revers* on the wide "capuchin" sleeves, and bows upon the front of the pelisse. Brown Dunstable straw hat trimmed with a scarf of brown surah, and a full cluster of shaded Vandyck red and coral ostrich tips. The pelisse is also illustrated among the separate fashions. Pattern in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.

The Most Elegant Dress of the Season.

THIS novelty is made of rich Spanish lace over satin, black over black, ivory white over ivory white, with flots of very wide satin ribbon at the knee, where the lace is draped away from lace flounces, and at the back of the skirt, where the drapery is held close by coquilles of lace and ribbon. The lace bodice is high and lined with satin, the sleeves are full at the top but narrow below, and are only lined to the elbow.

The lace may be enriched with pearls, jet, or any amount of fine beaded embroidery, fringe, and passementerie, but as yet the lace and the satin are the most distinguished combination, beaded trimming, concealing the luster of the satin, and spoiling the effect, while enabling a cheap under material to be used.

A bonnet worn with this dress would be of Spanish lace, with roses or ostrich feathers for ornament, or a fichu of Spanish lace might be arranged as a head-dress.

Novelties in Lace-Pins.



No. 1.—This quaint design is a charming illustration of the old nursery rhyme, where "the cow jumped over the moon." The pin is a bar of yellow gold, unpolished, with convex surface set with a diamond in a sunk star-setting at each side, and a moon-stone in the middle, carved on the surface in the semblance of a face. Above the moon-stone a miniature golden cow is represented in the act of jumping over the moon.



No. 2.—An elegant and unique lace-pin, composed of a convex bar of Roman gold with a raised circular medallion in the center set with a beautiful moon-stone cut to represent "the man in the moon." A diamond is set in a star-setting, sunk in the gold, upon either side of the moon-stone.



SUTHERLAND COSTUME.

Sutherland Costume.—A simple and stylish costume, particularly adapted for a yachting or mountain dress, although equally suitable for the house or promenade. It is composed of a gored walking-skirt, short enough to escape the ground all around, and trimmed with a deep gathered flounce: a simple overskirt, consisting of a draped apron and a full back drapery, and a tucked blouse waist, slightly fitted to the figure by side gores under the arms, and confined at the waist by a belt. This design is appropriate for any class of dress goods, especially flannels, buntings, etc., and also thin fabrics and materials that can be laundried. It may be simply or elaborately trimmed, according to taste and the material selected. This design is shown on the full-page engraving. Price of pattern, thirty cents, each size.



ASCOT BASQUE.

Ascot Basque.—A popular modification of the English "hunting" or "shooting" jackets. It is a double-breasted, box-plaited basque waist considerably longer at the back than it is in front, and confined at the waist by a belt, from which is suspended a square pocket. The coat sleeves, a turned-down collar, and the *revers* on the front complete the design. This model is particularly well adapted for cloth and similar goods, to be worn as a street garment, but it is also appropriate for almost any kind of dress goods. The belt and straps may be of the same material, or of leather, to suit the taste. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents, each size.

Traveling Dresses.

A NOVELTY in tweed suits consists of a dark sage-green striped tweed, made with a perfectly plain short skirt, divided by double stitching at equal distances to represent kilting. There is a scarf drapery of the plain material, but the tight-fitting bodice is stitched to match the skirt, and is of the stripe, which is almost invisible.

A fine soft dark tweed, in an invisible check, was made with a short skirt, a single scant gathered flounce, and a tunic shirred at the sides, and slightly but firmly draped. The basque bodice was shirred to a point back and front, and held by a belt which did not cover the shirrings. A very pretty costume of checked "flexible" cloth is made with a single skirt trimmed with a scant flounce, and a "Baronne" polonaise, cut on the bias, which gives a very pretty effect to small "invisible" checked materials.

Soft "knocked in" felt hats are much liked for mountain and lake travel, as they do not suffer from exposure.

Soft beaver "pokes" tied down with satin ribbon are excellent for ocean travel; but they should not be stiffened, and they should be genuine, undyed fur.

The wide belt and suspended pocket are among the indispensables for a traveling outfit.

The driving gloves of soft undressed and undyed leather are excellent for traveling, with French lisle thread for a change when these become too warm.

But the great desideratum is comfortable, well-fitting boots and shoes; the ill-fitting ready-made articles procurable in the shops being responsible for many of the ills to which the feet of the modern women are heirs; much of the difficulty arising from the hurry of the saleswomen to get rid of one customer, and serve another, so as to increase their sum total. The satisfaction of the customer is not a factor that enters into the account.



Nerissa Costume.

A DAINY costume of cream-white *voile de religieuse*, trimmed with gathered ruffles of ivory-white *point d'Aurillac*. The design illustrated is the "Nerissa" costume, a youthful and graceful model with shirred underskirt, trimmed around the bottom of the skirt with plaitings and puffing of *voile de religieuse* and a ruffle of lace. The polonaise is short in front, forming pointed side paniers trimmed with lace, and shirred across the back, with full drapery arranged in a novel manner. A shirred *camail*, edged with lace, and cuffs shirred to match, complete the design. A Vandyck red satin ribbon is arranged like an "Anne of Austria" belt on the front. Hat of Tuscan straw, trimmed with bows of Vandyck red satin ribbon and Lady Washington geranium flowers, and tied with a bow of ribbon on the hair at the back. Cream-tinted *Suède* gloves, and gold serpent bracelets. Price of costume pattern, thirty cents each size.



Midsummer Costume.

A CHARMING costume of pale pink *voile de religieuse*, with round waist and shirred overdress of *voile de religieuse* brocaded with small flowers in silk of the same shade, arranged over a short skirt trimmed with rows of narrow plaiting of pale pink nun's veiling in solid color. The overdress is trimmed with a plaiting of the same, and is draped in the middle of the front with a long bow of pale pink satin ribbon. The waist is finished around the neck and sleeves with gathered ruffles of white *Aurillac* lace, and confined at the waist by a Turkish sword sash of pale pink *satin merveilleux*, finished with soft silk tassels and tied at the left side in front. The illustration represents a combination of the "Aurelia" waist and the "Carla" overskirt. Price of overskirt pattern, thirty cents. Waist pattern, twenty cents each size.

Quaint Summer Costumes

ARE made with short waist, scant ruffled skirts, balloon sleeves, and are worn with belts or sashes, flechus, poke bonnets, and shoes, or slippers with sandals. When these characteristics are not exaggerated, and especially when they are placed in conjunction with youth and beauty, they are very attractive. They have a look of strange unreality, however, as if they were copied out of a play, and do not seem to belong to our times or our people. French dressmakers take, to use a common and somewhat vulgar expression, very little "stock" in these æsthetic outgrowths, and stick to the conventional, though it would not be surprising, if, when they once get bitten, they should have the disease worse than our English cousins. As yet, however, the "poke," and the "leg of mutton," seem to be unknown quantities in Paris, the importations showing little change from the elegant picturesqueness of style which characterizes the recent designs in costume and millinery.



BARONNE POLONAISE.

Baronne Polonaise.—An entirely novel and very stylish design, having both fronts cut in one piece, falling in a shawl-shaped point at the left and draped high at the sides. The polonaise is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, a deep dart taken out under each arm, and side forms rounding to the armholes and cut in one with the back pieces for each side. This design is adapted to all classes of dress goods; and may be simply or elaborately trimmed, according to taste and the material selected. A sash of Surah silk or satin may be introduced at the side seams and fastened at the right side as illustrated, and has an original effect, but may be omitted if it is not desired. The "tailor" finish—rows of machine-stitching near the edges—or a broad fold will furnish a suitable finish for cloth and similar goods. This design is illustrated *en costume* on the full-page engraving. Price of pattern, thirty cents, each size.



NADIA BASQUE.

Nadia Basque.—This basque is a charming illustration of several novel ideas, exemplified in the arrangement of the back, which is shirred full in the middle over the tight-fitting lining; the double *camail* or cardinal collar, and the "Anne of Austria" belt, coming from the side form seams to meet in front under a bow with ends which, like the belt, is composed of lengthwise plaiting. The basque is tight-fitting, 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 lining for the back. The sleeves fit closely, and are rather short and finished with a *Mousquetaire* cuff; and the front of the basque is ornamented with shirred drapery simulating a pointed *plastron*. This design is adapted to almost any quality of dress goods, excepting perhaps the heaviest, and may be trimmed, as illustrated, with ruffles of lace or in any other suitable manner. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents, each size.

BLACK satine imported costumes are shown, having flounces and borders of roses.

LEVANTINE, soft as mull and twilled like surah, comes in metallic changeable hues.

Low square heels for walking shoes have completely superseded the French and Louis XV. heels.

DELICATE jet coral fringe is very pretty on black grenadine for light mourning.

THE GROUPING of several differently tinted pearls on a gold or silver mounting is a novelty; one may be yellow, another pinkish, another light brown and the fourth faceted like cut gems.

WHITE Russian lace and bows of gay satin ribbon form the most effective trimming for cotton satine costumes.

So great is the fancy for the violet that it is even reproduced in purple and green beads upon black slippers.

CAPOTES of crushed roses, shading from coral pink to damask red, or cream to deep yellow, are completed by *brides* of trailing pale green vines.

A PRETTY ornament for a ball-dress or any evening toilet, is a bow with long ends and loops fastened upon the shoulder by a rather large cluster of flowers.

THE NEWEST lace-pin is a miniature peacock in profile, made of real peacock feathers and mounted on gold, with ruby eyes.

"Our Portfolio of Fashions."

THE singular popularity of this publication finds no better evidence than its enormous circulation. This season we start with 70,000, and this may increase to 100,000, at its present rate of advancement. The secret is simply that ladies want to see a truthful, pictured semblance of styles before buying patterns, and in our "PORTFOLIO" they obtain a complete gallery of designs, so large, so distinct in detail, and so well described, that they are enabled to judge accurately of effects, and are not betrayed into useless expenditure. The second edition with supplements, and all the new designs in costume for the spring and summer of 1881, is now ready. Price, fifteen cents, post-free. Address, MME. DEMAREST, 17 East 14th Street, New York City.



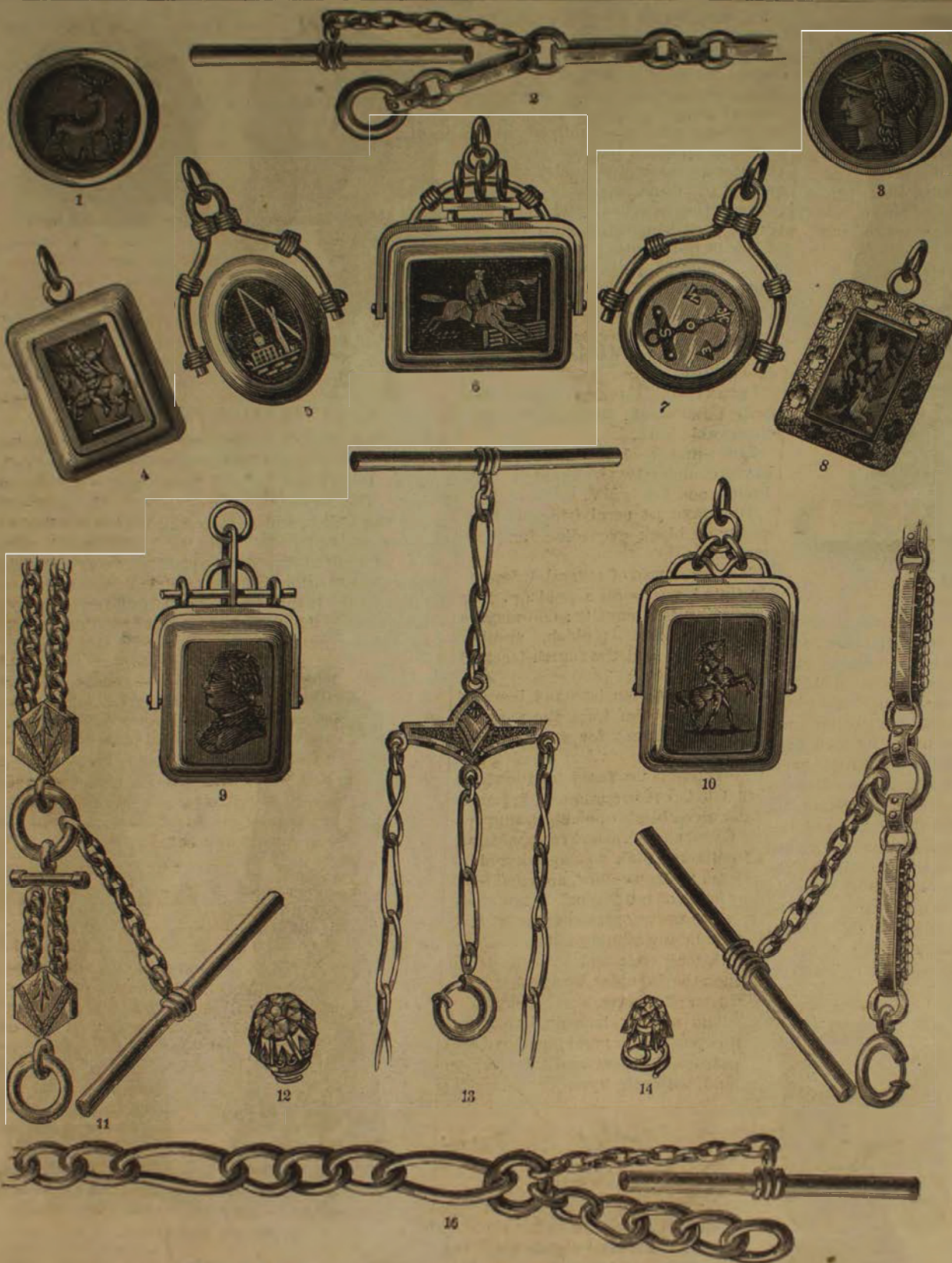
AURELIA WAIST.

Aurelia Waist.—An artistic design in surplice style, extremely becoming to slender figures, being gathered at the shoulders and waist over a tight-fitting lining. The sleeve is shirred around the arm, just above the elbow, and gathered at the top and bottom, forming two full puffs. This waist is adapted to dress goods of light and medium qualities, being especially appropriate for thin summer fabrics and goods that can be laundered. It is illustrated on a single figure in combination with the "Carita" overskirt. Price of pattern, twenty cents each.



NERISSA COSTUME.

Nerissa Costume.—This elegant costume is composed of a polonaise rather short and open in front, forming pointed paniers on the sides and draped in a peculiarly novel and graceful manner at the back, over a short walking skirt, trimmed with lengthwise shirrings on the front and sides, and with a narrow knife-plaiting headed with a puff and ruffle around the bottom. The polonaise is tight-fitting, with three darts in each front, two in the usual positions and one under the arm, side forms rounding to the armholes, and shirred full to the figure over a tight-fitting lining in the back. A shirred *camail* and sleeves with shirred trimming complete the costume. The design is adapted to any style of dress goods excepting the heaviest, especially those which drape gracefully, and it may be ornamented with a sash of ribbon inserted at the side seams of the waist and tied on the right side as illustrated, or the sash can be omitted, as desired. Price of pattern, thirty cents, each size.



JEWELRY FOR GENTLEMEN.—Actual Sizes.

No. 1.—A stylish sleeve-button of polished "rolled" gold inlaid with a black onyx *intaglio*, representing a deer at gaze. It is provided with a patent slide that can be pushed one way to permit of the insertion of the button in the button-hole, and then pushed back to keep it in place. Price, \$1.50 per pair.

No. 2.—Gentleman's watch-guard in "rolled" gold. The chain is composed of highly-polished bar links and round links, alternating with engraved flat circle links. The button-hole bar is of polished gold, with solid gold tips. The chain measures twelve inches from the bar to the swivel, and has a pendant chain, to which an ornament can be attached. Price, \$3.50.

No. 3.—Patent side sleeve-button, of highly polished "rolled" gold, set with a cameo *intaglio* in

black onyx, representing an Amazon's head with helmet. Price, \$1.50 per pair.

No. 4.—A pendant appropriate for a gentleman's watch-guard. One side is onyx and the other has a cameo *intaglio* set in highly polished copper-colored "rolled" gold. Price, \$1.25.

No. 5.—Oval pendant for a watch-guard. It is a swinging medallion of polished, copper-colored, "rolled" gold, set on one side with onyx, engraved with the design of "the old oaken bucket," and a moss agate on the other side. Price, \$2.

No. 6.—A handsome pendant of highly polished "rolled" gold, set with a square medallion, one side of which is plain onyx, and the other black onyx, engraved with the figure of a jockey on horseback leaping a hurdle. Price, \$2.25.

No. 7.—Charm for a gentleman's watch-chain of

highly polished "rolled" gold, enclosing a mariner's compass, with the needle and points in a steel anchor. The charm is alike on both sides. Price, \$2.50.

No. 8.—An extremely pretty pendant, suitable for a gentleman's watch-guard. One side is black onyx, and the other moss agate, set in a richly chased square setting of "rolled" gold. Price, \$2.

No. 9.—A very handsome charm of "rolled" gold. One side is black onyx, and the other a finely cut cameo of a head in profile, solidly framed in highly polished gold. The medallion opens with places for two pictures. Price, \$3.

No. 10.—This elegant pendant is similar in design to No. 4, set with onyx on one side, and an *intaglio* on the other, but is rather more elaborate in construction, the medallion swinging in an arch of polished gold, and opening with places for two pictures. Price, \$2.38.

No. 11.—Woven link watch-guard of "rolled" gold, with double curb chain fastened with ends and slide of engraved and polished gold. The button-hole chain is composed of small round links, and the bar is of polished gold, with solid gold tips. The chain measures ten inches from the bar to the swivel, and has a pendant chain, to which an ornament can be attached. Price, \$7.25.

No. 12.—A gentleman's spiral stud of solid gold, set with a pure white stone in knife-edge diamond-setting. The stone is set in high mounting, with patent foil back, greatly enhancing its natural brilliancy, and giving it all the fire and beauty of a genuine diamond. Price, \$4.50.

No. 13.—"Dickens" watch-guard of "rolled" gold. The design is a light double chain of twisted curb links of highly polished, copper colored gold, with pendant chain, to which an ornament can be attached, and button-hole chain and bar connected by a handsomely engraved ornament in the middle. The bar is of highly polished gold, with solid gold tips. This style of chain is considered in good taste for full evening dress. The bar is put through the second button-hole, one end carried to the pocket on one side for the watch, and the other end can be fastened to a pencil or latch-key. Price, \$4.75.

No. 14.—Spiral stud of solid gold, with a perfectly pure white stone mounted high in knife-edge diamond setting, with patent foil back, which greatly enhances the natural beauty of the stone, causing it to appear as brilliant and effective as a genuine diamond. The setting is ornamented with black enamel. Price, \$1.75.

No. 15.—A very handsome vest-chain of "rolled" gold. The chain is composed of sections of round links in polished gold, alternating

with long links, in the center of which are ornaments of polished gold surrounded with filigree. The chain measures twelve inches from the swivel to the button-hole bar, which is of polished gold, with solid gold tips. There is also a pendant chain for a locket or other ornament. Price, \$5.75.

No. 16.—Gentleman's vest-chain of highly polished, copper-colored "rolled" gold. The chain is composed of sections of round, twisted curb links, alternating, at every third link, with a much longer twisted curb link. The chain measures twelve inches from the swivel to the button-hole bar, and has a pendant chain for the charm or locket. The bar is polished gold, with solid gold tips. Price, \$5.50.

All of these goods are of the best quality of material and workmanship, and many of the designs are fac-similes of those made in solid gold.

Bonnets and Hats for Summer Wear.

THE "poke" bonnet is decidedly the success of the season, for even those who do not wear it wish they could, which is not always the case with rejected modes. The new ones are not exaggerated in size, and they fit close to the head, the brim shading most becomingly fair, full faces. For younger ladies they are shaped more like a scoop, the back turned up straight, and the brim thrown forward. The space between the crown and the brim is well filled in with flowers, or clustering loops of softly-shaded silk or brocade and feathers, and the lining of this matches the string and general tone of the figured trimming, although it is usually of plain silk or satin. Very stylish Leghorn pokes are lined with sulphur colored satin, and trimmed with surah, in which many of the yellow tints are found, and with cream lace and sulphur feathers. The beauty all depends on the art with which the tints are combined and their excellence, and can only be achieved in rich materials.

Less ambitious styles are of rough-and-ready straw, and these look well for country wear, but should be simply lined, and trimmed with crushed pink roses and pale blue, or pink twilled silk, not satin.

White mull is used a good deal also upon rough-and-ready straws, and lends itself admirably well to millinery purposes. If strings are needed mull is used for the purpose edged with Normandy lace, and shaded roses complete the decoration, the mull being used, of course, for the shirred lining.

Among the elegantes there is great variety in their headgear, because so many have toques or hats made to match costumes. A toilet, for example, of pale pink silk was made recently for a garden party, and trimmed with gold striped gauze and gold lace. A toque made to accompany it had a crown of striped gauze, set into a puffed band of pink satin trimmed with gold lace, and plume of marabout feathers tipped with gold.

On a recent occasion a young lady attracted attention by wearing a short costume of red satin trimmed with white Spanish lace, and large red satin hat ornamented with long, soft, white ostrich plumes.

On the same occasion another lady wore a complete costume of white mull trimmed with white

lace over heliotrope satin, with hat and parasol complete. Blush roses and wide satin ribbon formed the garniture of the accessories.

The newest open straw bonnets of French manufacture show a pretty embroidery in pearls or gold and steel on the brim, and have crowns of soft silk of the pink or heliotrope tint with which the brim is lined, or it may be of silk shaded in one or more colors. Figured or embroidered lace enters into the trimming in these cases, and establishes the relation between the bonnet and the additional ornamentation, which may be flowers

or a bow, and tuft of feathers fastened with a gilt ornament.

A dainty little bonnet of plain straw, which fits close to the head, is trimmed with ivory satin and ivory satin ribbon, and a branch of white lilac set rather high. It is very pretty. The same style is trimmed with heliotrope satin and shaded violets.

Garden Party Costumes.

SOME charming dresses for garden parties have been made recently of pink and white muslin, trimmed with pink silk and white lace. The dresses are accompanied by fichus of the muslin, and large hats of shirred mull, trimmed with lace to match, and pink roses. The parasols are white, with pink lining. The black shoes are very dainty, having narrow straps embroidered with pink, between which is seen the white silk embroidery of the pink stockings.

Other dresses, very new and pretty, are of Madras muslin, the darning done in art colors on a tinted ground, and used in combination with a plain fabric, silk or satin, of an olive, Egyptian red or dull gold color. No trimming is needed, the combination being sufficient, with the addition of old-looking lace, which is supplied by the new and excellent imitations of old Brussels patterns. All dresses for outdoor fêtes are made short, and this makes it possible to wear more delicate colors and richer fabrics. Complete toilets of cream satin surah and lace are not uncommon, and mull, with quantities of lace for garniture, is worn over the most delicate colors in silk and satin foulard. There are also charming dresses made in cream and pink satine; but though our belles do not object to pretty cotton dresses, they will not wear muslin over cotton.



Nadia Basque.

A CHARMING design, completing a costume of turquoise blue grenadine and *satin merveilleux*. The model illustrates the "Nadia" basque made of the brocaded turquoise grenadine, trimmed with a shirred drapery of dark blue *satin merveilleux* simulating a pointed *plastron*, and collar, cuffs, and plaited "Anne of Austria" belt of the same. The collar is finished with two deep ruffles of ivory white Aurillac lace, and a ruffle of lace finishes the demi-long sleeves. The belt is fastened with a mother-of-pearl slide. The double illustration of this basque is also given among the separate fashions. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.

Fans.

THERE is always something especially new and pretty in the way of fans for the summer, and this season it is a small circular fan of straw, with an open straw edge, and a series of straw loops below, through which ribbon is run. The inner disk is of straw in a pretty pattern, divided by five lengthwise gore-shaped puffs of satin, the color of the ribbon; usually claret or the new blue, a sort of violet, known as "Minerva's eye." The fan is suspended from the belt by satin ribbons.

For evening wear, there are new circular fans of lace, black or white, which do not close, and are ornamented with a bouquet in the center; but they are not so handsome as the Marquise fans of cream satin, hand-painted in flowers to match those worn upon the dress or in the bodice.

As a substitute for the Japanese fans, there are the cretonne fans, with Watteau figures, the trimming upon whose dresses is outlined with gold embroidery. The ticks are ebonized, and a silver chain is attached to a ring by which they may be suspended from the waist.

In common fans there will always be great variety, but the taste in elegant fans is gradually acquiring some significance; and the style is for fans of large size. Fans should always have something elegant or decisive about them. A large fan of red satin gives distinction to some toilets, while, with others, it would be simply an atrocity. But the most elegant fans are of fine ivory satin, or rich lace; the former enriched by the fine taste of an artist, the other by the art of the goldsmith and the carver in ivory.



LISSETTA FICHU.

Lisetta Fichu.—Very simple, but generally becoming, this graceful fichu is particularly well adapted to summer and *demi-saison* wear, and may be reproduced in silk, cashmere, *satín merveilleux*, and many light summer goods, and in dress fabrics of the same material as the costume, and trimmed with lace, fringe, or embroidery, according to the material selected. The design is also appropriate for India muslin or mull, to be trimmed with white lace or embroidered mull. Patterns in two sizes, for ladies, medium and large. Price, twenty cents each.



DAGMAR PELISSE.

Dagmar Pelisse.—A unique and stylish garment, cut in circular shape, shirred all across the shoulders, and mounted on a circular yoke; and having wide "Capuchin" sleeves inserted in the openings cut for that purpose. It is drawn in to the figure by shirrings at the waist line in the middle of the back, and ornamented with a sash passed through the openings in the back and tied in a large bow below the shirrings. The design is adapted to any class of goods suitable for *demi-saison* or summer wraps, and is especially desirable for a duster or traveling cloak. This design is illustrated in the full-page engraving. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.



MERMAID BATHING SUIT.

Parasols.

THERE is no end apparently to the variety in parasols; in fact, so numerous are the styles, that it seems as though each lady must have had her special ones made to order, and to match her costumes, so frequently do they represent these in color and finish. There is great variety also in size: some being very large, others very small; the very small are usually very fanciful in color and design, and are not at all suitable for the street. They might not be considered out of place at the races, for a drive in the Park, or at a fashionable watering-place; but they are certainly very much out of place in a promiscuous crowd of a busy thoroughfare. We cannot say that we like the bright red parasols which have this season made their appearance in considerable numbers, and with costumes which have not the faintest relation to the blaze of high color which soars above the head of the owner, as if she were a perambulating show, or a walking advertisement.

The handsomest parasols for general wear are the large black ones with interior lining, a border of handsome Spanish lace, and a sword handle. The finest parasols are the pretty miniature ones of white, pink, or heliotrope silk or satin, hand-painted, or covered with white lace or shirred muslin, and ornamented with a bouquet of flowers; and additionally by handles of carved ivory or coral, with crystal ball or china tops. Very pretty and very useful always are the pongee parasols, lined with coral red, or gold, or cream, and finished with bamboo sticks, and bows of ribbon to match. Then there are the pompadour satine for country wear, and the cretonne with ebonized handles, one section of which has the Watteau figures seen on the fans, that is sometimes, and the parasols for children of foulard, with borders of cream-tinted lace.

There are many more figured and striped, and showing as many colors as Joseph's coat, but we have indicated a sufficiently wide range for the present.

DARK blue twilled flannel, "mountain hunting," and similar fabrics are most suitable for excursion and traveling costumes.

A BEAUTIFUL garniture is white net embroidered in a floral design with straw, crystal beads, and tiny plaques of mother-of-pearl.

Mermaid Bathing Suit.—A very becoming bathing dress, combining all the requirements of convenience and comfort. It is a perfectly loose combination garment confined at the waist by the belt to which the skirt, plain in front and shirred at the back, is attached. A deep sailor collar and full sleeves complete the design, for which twilled flannel or serge are the most appropriate materials, as these materials do not cling to the figure when they are wet. Rows of alpaca braid, or white galoon, or bands of all wool delaine, of a contrasting color, are the most suitable trimmings. Patterns in two sizes, for ladies, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.

Poison in Cosmetics.

A BUFFALO girl died recently of lead poisoning from the use of cosmetics, and the physician in charge said such cases, or at any rate cases where mischief resulted from the use of cosmetics, were far more numerous than was imagined, because so few came to light, and some other cause than the true one was always stated. He mentioned three cases, one of paralysis, one of insanity, and another of paralysis, which had preceded death, all caused by lead poison in nostrums sold for beautifying purposes, and further declared that few were free from injurious ingredients. The doctor might have gone further, and remarked upon the hair-dyes used by men as equally deleterious. A well-known gentleman, a superintendent in a great business house, and well known in social and literary circles, died some years ago exclusively from poison contracted by dying hair, whiskers, moustache, and eye-brows, which he had done for some time—having once begun, he could not for very shame betray the fact by leaving off. The use of cosmetics, hair-dyes, and compounds, containing injurious substances, which are absorbed through the skin, is now known to be harmful far beyond the positive detriment to the smoothness of the skin and its permanently good and youthful appearance. The seeds of disease are more frequently implanted by absorption and inhalation than any other process, and here is one way in which they are actually brought, put in the soil, and cultivated with all the care that might be bestowed upon the growth of a useful and beneficent object.

Parisian Toilets.

PARIS, April 21st, 1881.

DEAR DEMOREST:—I waited until the display of Easter toilets to give you some description of how the Parisians dress for a holiday.

The finest costumes were to be seen at the Russian church, so there I took up my position at eleven o'clock, and was well rewarded for my pains, by having a view of some of the most beautiful dresses to be seen in all Paris. Owing to the "mourning" for the late Czar, many of the ladies appeared still dressed in black in respect to his memory; but quantities of jets enlivened these otherwise sombre costumes, and added to the brilliancy of the general aspect, while pure white formed a striking contrast.

A tall, slender, dark-haired lady was attired in a costume of "Abbess" cloth, the skirt shirred very closely across the front from the waist to the bottom, a full double ruche of Spanish lace being placed at the foot as a finish. The train was long, narrow, and rounded, draped in a series of cascades from the waist to the floor, where it spread very slightly, falling rather in soft folds. The bonnet had a broad, flat crown, ornamented with jets, the brim composed of ruches of Spanish lace which was placed very full all around, and nearly concealing the sides of the crown, and nine very short ostrich tips were arranged in the most careless manner at the left side, some of them nestling amid the lace, others almost shading the brow, and others falling over the ear to the neck. The hair was worn parted in the centre and plain across the forehead, brushed away at the temples, and arranged in three large puffs at the back. The mantle worn with this costume was a very short wrap, made in the dolman style, of soft, fine black camel's hair; it was shirred all around the neck, forming, as it were, a deep circular collar, with a very full double ruche of Spanish lace surrounding the entire neck, and finishing the bottom and the short shirred sleeves.

A petite blonde was arrayed in shimmering, black satin, arranged in square puffs all over the train from the waist down; this being effected evidently by puffing the satin loosely both horizontally and perpendicularly. The train was at least a yard-and-a-half in length, very full, and cut square, with facings of quilled black satin ribbon inside. The corsage was a close, perfectly fitted basque, made quite plain, with two small box-plaits forming the skirt at the back, and a shirred piece forming tiny square puff, which served as a deep circular collar, the coat sleeves finished with a corresponding puffed cuff open at the hand, where ivory white Spanish lace fell in graceful profusion over the black, undressed kid gloves. A high ruche of this same lace filled the neck and formed a cascade to the waist, the corsage being closed with small, fine-cut jet buttons. The hat was of black plush, glossy as satin, forming a very full "Cossack" crown, with a *panache* of ostrich tips placed at the left side.

A lady of ample proportions, and evidently in the prime of life, wore a black satin, with a plain front covered with jet fringe, and finished at the bottom with a finely-plaited ruffle which was shirred above the plaits at intervals of three inches, with three rows of fine shirring, and terminated in a tiny standing ruffle. The excessively long train was laid in box-plaits from the waist to the bottom, where it spread like a huge fan, finished with a box-plaited ruffle about two inches deep. The hat was of black satin with a jet crown, the brim bordered with jets, a quantity of finely-jetted *pompons* grouped at the right side, and short strings of thread lace, finely beaded, were caught in a careless tie at the left side. A dolman of medium length was composed of *satin de Lyons*, thread lace beaded, and long loops and ends of heavy satin ribbon.

A short costume of black *crêpe de Chine* was made with three knife-plaited ruffles about four inches deep at the bottom, each overlapping the other about an inch, above which was a *tablier* of the *crêpe*, about eight or ten inches wide, laid in side plaits, and drawn away at the side so as to produce the appearance of fans. Above this was another *tablier* of the *crêpe*, laid in careless bias folds, and secured at the sides under the straight loops of *crêpe* that formed a graceful drapery at the back, and fell over a narrow ruffle of *crêpe* laid in wide box-plaits. The corsage was a basque of moderate length, with a coat-shaped back, and fan pieces laid on the side form seams of the skirt, the middle seam lapped like a gentleman's coat. The front was finished with numerous folds of

bias *crêpe* laid narrow around the neck at the back, and expanding across the bust, being narrowed again at the waist, and expanded at the bottom of the corsage to form fans. The bonnet was of *crêpe*, with plain crown and brim, folds of *crêpe* being looped across the space between the brim and crown above the brow; and two rows of Roman pearls, as large as cherries, were placed around the entire brim, and depended from each side in a double strand upon the breast.

A beautiful contrast to this costume was a toilet of white silk grenadine, striped with satin, the short skirt finished in front with nine scant ruffles of plain white satin, cut bias, and bound in rolls on the lower edges, over each of which was a scantily gathered fall of Valenciennes lace that cleared the rolled edge. Above these ruffles was a short, full, closely-shaped *tablier* of the grenadine laid on bias, and finished with a row of lace. The back was quite full, and formed of the striped grenadine, draped perpendicularly over the same material, which was knife-plaited in six separate horizontal stripes as a garniture for the underskirt. A bow of very wide ivory satin ribbon, with long loops and ends, was placed directly in the centre of the drapery, at the back, as if just escaping from the two box-plaits of the striped, plainly-finished basque. The front of the corsage was cut out *en châte*, and filled with Valenciennes lace, plaited very full; the same kind of lace was attached to the white silk lining around the arm-size, showing plainly through the elbow sleeves of white silk muslin, which were finished with an intricate cuff of grenadine, satin ribbon and lace. A *fichu* of the silk muslin was shirred very closely at the neck in the back, and allowed to fall naturally over the breast, the long ends being caught in a single tie just below the bust. The lace garniture was placed around this *fichu* only full enough to produce a graceful effect, but not sufficiently so to obscure the exquisitely fine pattern. The hat was a "Cossack" crown white plush, with one long white plume laid around the brim in front, falling at the left side, and secured at the right with three white silk fluffy balls sprinkled with diamonds. The dolman wrap was made of a white center India shawl, with deep borders of silver gray, the shawl fringe being the only finish, and the lining of white satin, quilted.

A train dress of white China *crêpe* and silk muslin had the entire front of silk muslin embroidered in seed pearls with a fringe of white chenille and strands of large pear-shaped pearls depending to the depth of five inches; below this were nine knife-plaited ruffles of *crêpe* alternating with a like number of inch side-plaited ruffles of the muslin each ruffle about two inches deep and overlapping the preceding one about an inch and a half. The train was long and narrow, and terminated in a rounded point, a drapery of *crêpe* and muslin fell in careless profusion; a very large Alsatian bow of muslin placed just below the edge of the basque, and mingling with the drapery, seeming a part of the large diamond-shaped puffs of which it was formed. The *crêpe* corsage was cut square in front and filled with fine plaitings of the muslin; a *fraise* of *crêpe* and muslin stood quite high at the back and gradually diminished as it encircled the throat. The rounded skirt fronts of the basque were draped high at the sides and finished with side plaitings of muslin, the muslin also forming the plaits in the middle seam at the back; Marie Antoinette sleeves of *crêpe* with muslin plaitings. The hat was an extremely small *fanchon* shape made of the muslin laid in fine plaits and sewed around like straw braid, row after row, while lilacs were clustered across the top forming a coronet and falling in three tiny sprays just below the left ear—no strings. The wrap was of the dolman pattern, made of soft, thick white camel's hair lined with silk, and trimmed with a ball fringe made of white ostrich plumage, the most graceful and elegant garniture I ever saw.

As a contrast to all this elegance the lady's maid was attired in what I supposed to be a Russian national costume—the dress was of very fine cashmere, bright scarlet, and the skirt, which was gathered very full at the back, was straight and bordered with one row of gold galloon placed about five inches from the bottom; over this was a fine white linen apron with Russian lace at the bottom and three rows of corresponding inserting placed at regular intervals between strips of tucked linen. The coat was cut with loose saque fronts and the back close fitting to the waist where a skirt was attached laid in side-plaits; gold galloon garnished this garment with the addition of gold lace around the bottom and at the edges of the coat-shaped sleeves. The head-dress was of

the same material as the dress, a diadem embroidered with golden bees and finished with a golden cord on the edge, encircling the very blonde brow of the maid; while the hair at the back seemed to be confined in a net formed of the cashmere which was also wrought with golden bees and attached to the diadem.

There were many other handsome dresses at this church, but I turn from the mourning to the gay Champs Elysees, where the light-hearted Parisians are wont to drive on Sunday afternoons, and which displays "*toilettes de piqués*" of richest fabric and most resplendent hues.

One costume was composed of heliotrope velvet and silk, the under-skirt being finished with three narrow rows of silk laid in inch box-plaits, above which was a heading of velvet cut straight and gauged in clusters of three rows alternating with a like number of puffs, about two inches of the velvet depending like a "quilled" or fluted ruffle, and finished with a gold cord so fine that it was scarcely perceptible. A *tablier* of silk was simply hemmed, and above this was another of velvet with inch and a half wide gold lace laid on with the scalloped edge uppermost. The coat cut basque was of velvet, severely plain, finished only with the fine gold cord at the bottom and at the opening of the closely fitting coat sleeves; very small gold buttons closed the corsage in front. The hat was an English turban, of heliotrope velvet, with pheasant breast encircling the crown, and golden pheasant's head for the back at the right side; gloves old gold, undressed; reticule muff of silk lined with golden satin.

I have attended several weddings since Easter, and observed that the brides invariably wore high corsage and sleeves to the elbow or below. White satin was the material, the front of one dress being literally covered with the finest old point lace, an heirloom undoubtedly. The trains were long, nearly square, and very full, with no drapery at the back. In one case the bridesmaids wore white and pink respectively, made very short, boots and hats corresponding; in another one of the bridesmaids wore a costume of the new shaded pink from deepest rose to purest white, the rolled brim hat of pink plush with five tips shading from pink to white; the other was attired in blue paling from deepest azure to coldest white, hat and plumes to correspond. I remarked many of the guests attired in costumes of the new shaded materials. A costume of garnet and white satin was arranged in a most striking manner, fine founces of the striped material being plaited so as to reveal the red at every movement of the wearer; the corsage and drapery at the back were of solid garnet; hat of garnet with white plumes.

A train costume of shaded violet silk was garnished with exquisite hand-wrought embroidery across the deep *tablier* front, below which was a deep small diamond-puffed trimming, terminating in a tiny box-plaited ruffle. This garniture was carried around the sides and bottom of the long narrow pointed train, the Princess corsage being united with the drapery by a large bow of wide violet shaded satin ribbon, the drapery falling in cascade like folds below; a deep round collar of tiny diamond puffs finished the corsage at the neck, and about three yards of two inch, shaded, satin ribbon was attached to the seams at the sides of the waist, and tied in long loops low down at the right side of the basque. Elbow sleeves with deep diamond puffed cuffs and box-plaited ruffles; hat of shaded satin shirred in diamond puffs across the crown, and encircled at the back with shaded double violets; violets and lilacs forming the garniture, and catching the violet gauze strings at the front of the left shoulder.

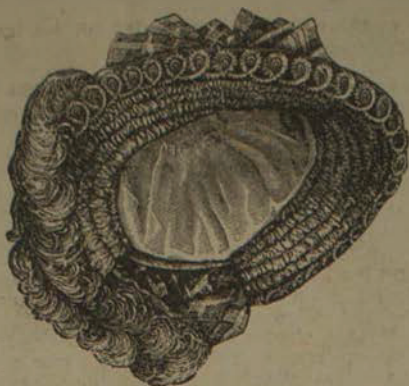
Many of the older ladies were attired either in shaded garnet, grey, or brown. All wore bonnets, and favor seemed about equally divided between feathers and flowers. Some were composed entirely of narrow lace, gathered and sewed round and round the foundation like straw braid; and others had lace brims with the corners composed of the petals of flowers, dahlias, or sun-flowers, and some seemed small vegetable gardens, chicory leaves forming the crown of one bonnet, and artichoke petals that of another.

Camel's hair or India shawls seem to compose many of the most elegant and costly outside wraps; while satin, plain, embossed and brocaded vies with plain India cashmere for others. This latter material is shirred all around the neck so as to form a deep, round yoke, and looks quite elegant, with the addition of fifty yards or so of lace plaited around the neck, sleeves and bottom.

M. T. K.



1



2



3



4



7



6

MISSES' HATS.

No. 1.—This stylish hat, for a little girl of from four to twelve years, is of white Milan straw with red lined back brim, and trimmed with a large bow and band of cream-white *satin merveilleux*. A long white ostrich plume is fastened under the bow at the side, and droops over the brim across the front.

No. 2.—Tuscan straw hat, with wide brim faced with shirred heliotrope satin. Upon the edge of the brim a narrow band of pansy-colored velvet with *appliqued* gold lace is placed, completing the facing. The hat is trimmed with *ombré violet* plumes, and a scarf of *bayadère* purple and gold surah.

No. 3.—Black clip hat with *retroussé* brim faced

with a shirring of Burgundy red *satin merveilleux*, and edged all around with a border of yellow straw lace. A scarf of coral-colored surah surrounds the crown, and is fastened in a bow upon one side with a cut steel buckle. Two shaded red ostrich tips and a cluster of dark red and coral pink pelargonium flowers complete the trimming.

No. 4.—Gold-colored straw hat, trimmed with a cluster of flame-colored and old gold pansies, and blue myosotis, fastened in a large bow of blue and white surah at the left side. *Ciel* blue satin ribbon strings tie down the hat under the hair at the back with a bow and ends.

No. 5.—Garden hat of mixed red and blue straw braid for a small child. It is trimmed very simply with a modified Alsatian bow of double-faced blue and red satin ribbon placed on the front of the hat.

No. 6.—Dark blue straw hat with round crown and wide brim shading the face. It is trimmed with a broad scarf of Madras *foulard* draped around the crown, and caught up in bows on the left side with two butterflies of blue cut metal.

No. 7.—Sea-side hat of brown straw braid, trimmed with a scarf of fawn-colored surah draped around the crown, and a *motif* of golden pheasant feathers upon the left side.



Nina Dress.

This stylish little dress of white French percale is composed of a blouse Shirred all around the bottom, and a deep box-plaited Spanish flounce added to give the required length. The joining is concealed by a band of Madeira insertion, and a gathered ruffle of embroidery. The flounce is edged with a plain band of the embroidery and three narrow tucks. The neck and sleeves are finished with a gathered ruffle of the embroidery, turned back upon the outside. The design employed is the "Nina" dress, the double illustration of which will be found elsewhere. Patterns in sizes for from four to eight years. Price, twenty cents each.

TURQUOISES are the favorite jewels.

Velasquez red is the last new color.

Nymphic emire is a shade of delicate flesh color.

"BILBOA" is a charming blue-gray neutral tint.

CHESSBOARD or damier patterns are almost a *faux pas*.

MARGUERITE blue and Faust red are new tints.

FLORENTINE grenadine, beaded in stripes, is used for deep collars and shoulder capes.

Valois *fraises* of lace are very elegant with full-dress midsummer toilets.

NEARLY every corsage, *fleur*, and bonnet has its spray or cluster of flowers.

CANTON *cripes*, in Egyptian patterns, are very handsome for midsummer full-dress toilets.

GILT and steel stripes, star and rainbow stripes, are all to be seen on bonnet ribbons and scarfs.

An exquisite shade of coral pink is called "*disparn*," it is so soft and pale.

CERTAIN combinations of yellow and green are said to resemble an omelet with lettuce.

PRETTY breakfast caps are composed of a tiny square of mull, edged with a deep lace ruffle.

THE favorite flower bonnet is made of roses without foliage, mixed with fine jetted black lace.

Ombré net, in all colors, is pretty for strings or scarfs on summer bonnets.

TUBULAR ribbons, woven double, without evidence of a seam, are a novelty for bonnet strings.



Description of Cut Paper Pattern.

ELFIE DRESS.

BUST MEASURE, TWENTY-FOUR INCHES.

USUAL SIZE FOR FOUR YEARS OF AGE.

A VERY simple and pretty design, composed of a loose sacque shape, plaited or tucked in the middle of the front and back and attached to a circular yoke. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with three gathered ruffles, and a similar ruffle finishes the yoke. This dress may be made in any style of dress goods appropriate for small children, and is particularly well adapted to thin fabrics, and goods that may be laundered. It may be trimmed as illustrated, with ruffles and bands of embroidery, or simply with ruffles of the material, as desired.

Half of the pattern is given, consisting of five pieces—front, back, yoke, and two sides of the sleeve.

The parts are to be joined according to the notches. Tucks one-quarter of an inch wide, and the same distance apart, are to be run lengthwise upon the goods, five on each side of the front turned toward the middle, and four on each side of the back also turned toward the middle, before the front and back are cut out after the plain pattern for each, which is given. The upper edges of the front and back are to be joined to the yoke, according to the notches. The row of holes across the sleeve shows the depth for the trimming. The notch at the top of the sleeve is to be placed at the shoulder seam.

Cut the front, after the tucks are run, with the front edge of the pattern placed on a lengthwise fold of the goods, to avoid a seam down the middle of the front. Cut the back, after the tucks are run, with the back edge of the pattern placed lengthwise of the goods; the yoke with the front edge placed on a lengthwise fold of the goods, to avoid a seam; and the sleeves so that the parts above the elbows shall be the straight way of the goods.

Two yards and a half of goods twenty-four inches wide, will be required for this size. Five yards of wide edging, two yards and a half of narrow, and two yards and three-quarters of insertion, will be sufficient to trim as illustrated.

Patterns in sizes for from two to six years. Price, twenty cents each.

CASCADES and *jabots* of lace overflow light dresses.

VENETIAN lace is worn as trimming upon bright-colored surahs.

JABOTS and necklets of flowers are used upon full-dress toilets.

BAYADERE striped surahs are used for trimming rough straw summer bonnets.

CAPUCHIN hoods trimmed with lace are worn upon white morning dresses.

IRISH point and church lace are used to trim surah silk dresses.

CLUSTERS of strawberries, mandarin oranges, and even tomatoes are seen on some imported bonnets.

BLACK silk and Balbriggan stockings, to wear with low shoes in the street, have tiny dots of one color or more up the instep.

AN exquisite work of art, painted by Albert from a design by Leloir, is a fan that has been ordered in Paris by the Empress Eugenie for a present to the Princess Beatrice. It is painted with the name of the princess in pink convolvuli, and mounted on mother-of-pearl, and the handle is finished with a royal crown of diamonds.



Elfie Dress.

A PRETTY dress of white Nainsook, very simple in arrangement. It is a loose sacque shape, tucked in the middle of the front and back and attached to a circular yoke composed of bands of embroidered insertion edged with narrow ruffles of embroidery. The sleeves are ornamented with cuffs to match the yoke, and the bottom of the skirt is trimmed with three overlapping gathered ruffles of wide embroidery. The model is the "Elfie" dress, the double illustration of which will be found among the separate fashions. Patterns in sizes for from two to six years. Price, twenty cents each.

Children's Summer Fashions.

THERE is great delicacy in the fashions for little children this summer, particularly in color, and a deal of quaint, old style in the forms. White in different tints is greatly used, and is very much trimmed with lace or needle-work. Very new coats or pelisses are coming in for small children, both boys and girls, cut long, and rather short-waisted, and tied about with a broad sash. To this is added a round cap for the boys, and a poke or gipsy bonnet for the girls; and, with a large collar added, they look as if dressed for one of Kate Greenaway's pictures.

For summer wear in the country many princess dresses are made after the "Pilgrimage" pattern, with two gathered flounces and a cape, single or double. These are made in gingham, cheviot, satine, silk, oatmeal cloth, and a fine, soft camel's hair, which is very serviceable. They are suitable for girls from eight to fourteen.

The flannel dresses are very simple and stylish; they partake more of the "Jersey" costume character. They are cut with Jersey boddice, kilted skirt, and trimmed around with silk folds, or a scarf that forms a sash; or they are made with a blouse boddice that has no trimming save old silver buttons, and is worn with a skirt very neatly draped and trimmed. This tucked or stitched blouse waist has superseded the cuirass very largely, and is better adapted to childish figures. Novel designs for water-proofs for girls are cut loose, tied round the waist with cords, and finished with a small cape or large collar. Small close caps of dotted muslin, trimmed with narrow, real lace, have been revived for babies, and look very quaint. It is also considered obligatory to trim baby clothes in straight lines, and not elaborate into curves and intricate patterns until the child is out of short clothes. Some recent outfits made for babies were of exquisite fineness, all hand-made, and trimmed with lace, and needle-work of exquisite delicacy. Several long wrappers were of baby cashmere, cream white, and primrose in tints, very daintily embroidered on the small scalloped edge with the exact shades, and tied down the embroidered front with satin ribbon.

This, by the way, is the newest thing in robes for christening. A front of shirred muslin over silk, the sides ruffled with real Valenciennes lace, and tied together with ivory satin ribbon.

Some useful and practical summer dresses and aprons will be found among our illustrations. The "Nina" dress, for example, is as pretty as possible, and simple as it is pretty. It is a sacque-shaped blouse, with box-plaited flounce, headed by a ruffle and band of embroidery. It may be made in white, or any summer material, in linen or gingham, and trimmed with needle-work or Cash's colored cambric ruffling, which can also be put on flat; or it will make an excellent model for flannel or cashmere, which latter mammas, with taste and skill in needle-work, could embroider by hand—holly berry and leaves on stone-color, or mouse or fawn is charming; or it could be embroidered with red and gold upon red.

The "Elie" dress furnishes a simple design for tucked white lawn, or something equivalent, trimmed with three needle-work ruffles, and a collar above, which is a double-standing ruffle, gathered through the center.

The "Rena" dress is decidedly cute. It fastens at the back, and is in reality, though it looks quite formidable, only a sacque-dress, the front shirred upon the lining to form a long, pointed plastron. Two plaited ruffles finish the bottom, and are headed with a shirred sash.

The "Sacque" dress and "Dolly" apron can either, or both of them, be utilized both as dresses or aprons, and are usefully made up in cheviot, beer-sueker, gingham, polka dotted brown, or

blue cambric, and various other washing materials. The sacque-dress is prettiest, made in a polka-dotted linen or cambric, with collar, and bands of the solid or corded dark blue. Cash's dark blue ruffling would be a suitable trimming.

Breton lace, with a straight edge, is used for the jabots for girls of twelve or fourteen for the throat, and for the trimming of neckties of white mull. A great deal of light, delicate color and fanciful design is permitted for little girls between four, or after they have outgrown the exclusive white, and twelve years; but, as they approach womanhood, their dress becomes more quiet, and takes on a certain sobriety until the girl becomes a full-fledged young lady, and then she can launch out into gayety again, always within the bounds of modesty.



NINA DRESS.

Nina Dress.—A novel and simple design, composed of a sacque-shaped blouse, shirred at the bottom, to which is added a deep, box-plaited Spanish flounce to give the required length. The joining is concealed by a band and ruffle of embroidery. This stylish little dress is adapted to any of the materials usually selected for small children, and may be trimmed, as illustrated, with embroidery, or in any other style to suit the taste and fabric selected. Patterns in sizes for from four to eight years. Price, twenty cents each.



SACQUE DRESS.

Sacque Dress.—Cut with a loose sacque front, and short "French" back slightly fitted to the figure to the lower edge of which is added a moderately full skirt to give the required length, the simplicity of this design renders it desirable for small children, either girls or boys. It is ornamented with a sailor collar, and the neck is trimmed *en carré* to simulate a yoke; but this trimming may be omitted if preferred. The model is suitable for all classes of goods usually selected for the dresses of small children, and the trimming can be selected to correspond. Patterns in sizes for from two to six years. Price, twenty cents each.



RENA DRESS.

Rena Dress.—Shirred to simulate a pointed plastron upon a loose sacque front, and half-fitting, with side forms rounding to the armholes, and fastened in the back, this dainty little dress is further ornamented by a large sailor collar and wide cuffs, and two rows of narrow box plaitings around the bottom headed by a sash drapery shirred perpendicularly. This design is suitable for all kinds of dress goods, and is very desirable for a combination of materials. Patterns in sizes for from two to six years. Price, twenty cents each.



DOLLY APRON.

Dolly Apron.—The "Dolly" is a simple and convenient style of apron that can, if desired, be utilized as a dress for warm weather. It is cut with a sacque front, and a full back gathered at the top into a yoke, and is partially confined at the waist by a sash joined in the side-seams and tied in a bow and ends. A narrow flounce trims the bottom of the skirt, and pockets at the sides give a pretty finish to the garment. It is most appropriately made in washable materials, and can be trimmed according to the material selected. Patterns in sizes for from four to eight years. Price, fifteen cents each.

"What to Wear."

THE second edition for the Spring and Summer of 1881, now ready, and is the most practical work in the world for the mother of a family to possess. It furnishes comprehensive and reliable information upon every subject connected with the wardrobe, and in compact form contains the solid results of knowledge and experience.



LADIES CLUB

"MRS. JULIA."—All rules are susceptible of modification; a long trained dress would be very much out of place at a small tea-party, and a short dress in summer, especially now that they are so fashionable, would not; yet a small demi-train might be convenient to wear, and quite unobjectionable. It is only the formality of a long train that would be absurd under such circumstances. Family pictures should hang in the family sitting-room, not in the parlor. There are many materials that are nice for summer dresses—foulards, pongees, linen lawn, fine wool bunting, Surah silk, and the like.

"MADGE."—If you do not care for him any more than to ask such a question, we should advise you to give up the idea of "waiting" for him. Waiting for six years in any case affords but a dubious prospect. He will then be young for a man, and just entering life; you will be advanced to the border-land of old-maid-hood. He might not then be so enthusiastic a lover, and your young life would have been thrown away on him. Still, if you love him truly, and he loves you, and you are both of a disposition that will prove faithful, and of natures that grow sweeter, and truer, and stronger as they grow older, why you can afford to wait. Your handwriting looks like a young and rather well-taught school-girl. Practice. Glad to have been so long in the family; hope we shall visit you for another sixteen years.

"A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER."—The only objection to such a dress is its frailty; it would be very pretty, particularly over pink foulard; and not at all out of place for a church dress for a child of that age.

"NORA P."—The samples of materials you send are both out of date. You could make up the silver gray Japanese poplin with plain or figured silk to match. We do not know what you could do with the other, except make it over for a child.

"ANNIE HOFF."—Veils are not at all so much worn as formerly. Long gauze veils are used for traveling purposes, and strips of plain or fine dotted tulle, or thread lace are sometimes drawn over the face for carriage or ordinary street wear; but physicians have said so much as to their detrimental effect upon the eyes, that it has really had the effect of setting them aside to a very considerable extent.

"LUELLA B."—We should advise you to send to S. W. Tilton & Co., Boston, for their manuals of fancy work and art needle-work, and apply at any good book store for Mrs. H. O. Ward's book of etiquette and society.

"MRS. G. P. H."—Your black silk would really require very little alteration beyond cutting off the train. The trimmed front and plaited back are fashionable as ever. You can get figured grenadine at a very moderate price that would make you a very useful and dressy polonaise for wear with your satin skirt. The "Georgette" or "Agnita" patterns would be good, either of them, and your wide lace would form a very handsome cascade for the front, down its entire length. Basques are very seldom trimmed round the bottom. Make your gray dress over for school dress for your daughter, and just trim with some black velvet bows. Take the red off the cream bunting, and put cream satin with it, and cream satin ribbon. Dotted muslin would be good for your daughter's mid-summer dresses, and pretty washing satines and Scotch zephyr gingham.

"E."—The lady should relinquish the arm of the gentleman on reaching the door of the church.—The present method of arranging the hair ought to be becoming to a tall, slender woman, namely, in braided coil at the back, and with a short, soft frizz across the front; the flat, sticky curls are becoming to no one.

"INA T. W."—Certainly. We make a specialty of a perfectly fitting corset, made to order and by measure. We guarantee fit and durability.

"TOURS."—We do not know anything about the banking company you mention, and should be very doubtful in regard to any nostrum which would profess to reduce flesh. The way to do this is to exercise and exclude flesh-making articles, *i. e.* sugar, etc., from the diet.

"OLD-FASHIONED GIRL."—The author of a clever little English society work lately wrote the following, which replies to your query very aptly:

"The terms 'ladies' and 'gentlemen' become in themselves vulgarisms when misapplied, and the improper application of the wrong term at the wrong time makes all the difference in the world to ears polite; thus, calling a man a 'gentleman' when he should be called 'a man,' or the speaking of a man as a man when he should be spoken of as a gentleman; or the alluding to a lady as a woman, when she should be alluded to as a lady; or the speaking of a woman as a lady, when she should properly be termed a woman. Tact and a sense of the fitness of things decide these points, there being no fixed rule to go upon to determine when a man is a man or when he is a gentleman, and although he is far oftener termed the one than the other, he does not thereby lose his attributes of a gentleman. In common parlance, a man is always a man to a man, and never a gentleman; to a woman he is occasionally a man and occasionally a gentleman; but a man would far oftener term a woman a woman than he would term her a lady. When a man makes use of an adjective in speaking of a lady he almost invariably calls her a woman. Thus he would say, 'I met a rather agreeable woman at dinner last night;' but he would not say, 'I met an agreeable lady;' but he might say, 'A lady, a friend of mine, told me,' &c., when he would not say, 'A woman, a friend of mine, told me,' &c. Again, a man would say, 'Which of the ladies did you take in to dinner?' he would certainly not say, 'which of the women?' &c."

"A. R. D."—You would find *moire antique* too warm for comfort in August in so warm a climate. Better reserve it. Have it dyed garnet or lime color, and make it up with velvet for fall. Get a pretty muslin for day wear and make it up with a little *fichu mantelet* trimmed with lace. A dotted muslin would be simple, inexpensive, and delicate for evening wear, and you could wear it with ivory satin ribbons, and white flowers, and have at least one pair of nice black, and one pair of *ceru* mitts, they are so cool and convenient. Put ruffling in your dresses, or ruffled lace; collars are so hot.

"SARTOR RESARTUS."—Mr. Froude should not be blamed for the publication *Reminiscences of Carlyle*. It is a very delicate matter to destroy or impair the work of a great author; and to have taken out the personal allusions would have been to deprive it of that which most truly revealed the man, or at least one side of his nature. Carlyle should either not have written such things, or he should have expurgated them himself. Disraeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," relates that several men of letters have been known to have risen from their deathbed to destroy books they were not willing to leave to the judgment of posterity. Among these was Colardeau, who thus destroyed an unfinished translation of Tasso; and Mrs. Inchbald, who, not having strength to do it herself, required a friend to cut the MSS. of several volumes, containing her own life, to pieces before her eyes; her delicacy having taken the alarm lest something or some one should suffer. This, he justly observes, is evidence of the "heroism of authors." On the other hand, many authors have become insane from the loss of their works by fire and other causes.

"REX."—The "Field of Cloth of Gold" was so named from a meadow or open plain, where Henry VIII. of England met Francis I. of France, at Ardres, a small town near Calais. The magnificence displayed on this occasion won for the place of meeting this title, and the profuse expenditure involved some of the nobles in such heavy debts as embarrassed the rest of their lives.

"A PRINCESS OF THULE."—Just now while you are not obliged to depend on your own exertions is the very time for you to cultivate your talent, if you have any, and prepare for your possible future. But it will never do to gauge what you may do, by what has been done by the least worthy. Work in the higher fields has been tolerated, and even bought at good prices that will not be considered worthy of notice as the standard becomes higher. Do not neglect drawing because your forte is color. On the contrary, devote yourself first of all to mastering the technique of that which is most difficult to you. Then cultivate yourself in the direction for which you have a liking.

The "World's Progress" contains a dictionary of dates of all credential facts in the world's history. It was published by the Putnams, and has an excellent literary chronology.

"CELESTE T."—A plain Princess pattern that comes down to a long point in front would be most becoming to you. The "Agnita" or "Ottavia" would

suit you, the former for grenadine or any thin goods, the latter for solid fabrics. A modified straw "poke" would be becoming to you. We could furnish a very nice one, trimmed with ombre ribbon and shaded roses, brim lined, with any color preferred, for twelve dollars.

"BLUE-BELL."—With your fingers if it is cut; if not, the person who cuts it usually helps the guests. Pine-apple cheese is put on the table whole, and dug out from the centre with a spoon.

"STUDENT."—Stenciling is an easy art which might and deserves to be more generally known and practiced. Nothing is commoner than to see walls without a trace of ornament or art which could be made cheerful to the eyes by simply stenciling them.

1. Almost any outline pattern which can be painted can also be stenciled, but there are many borders and central pieces, both of classic and Gothic design, in which artistic taste is combined with simplicity or ease of execution. But if the stencil picture is not to be finished off at all by hand, it is important that it should have as few connecting bits as possible. These are the little pieces which must be left to connect certain portions or islands, so to speak, with the continent or main body of the design. Stenciling is the cutting out of a pattern in any kind of strong, thin leaf or sheet, in laying it evenly on any flat surface, and in painting through it with a broad, even brush on that surface. The stencils may be made of cardboard or thin wood—zinc, copper, and sheet brass are preferable for small work, being much more durable, thinner, and less likely to absorb the paint or smear. The patterns are to be generally cut out with a fret saw, though different kinds can be made with scissors, files, and chisels.

2. Stencils. When a pattern is to be very frequently repeated, a stencil becomes a necessity. It is a tedious process to accurately reproduce all the points of a design, and these the stencil reproduces without seriously adding to its mechanical character. Assuming that you have a sheet of brass and wish to make a leaf-pattern which, frequently repeated, may serve as a border a foot broad along the top of a wall, or be spread all over it. First, design the pattern on paper, paste it, as in *repoussé* work, on the metal, and mark it out with the pattern wheel. Then wash away the paper, unless the pattern be a very large one, and saw out the design. Care will be required as to the bits which connect the "islands" with the continent. All of these will reappear in the pointed work as blemishes which must be painted out. The brushes used in stenciling are, of course, large "dabbers," and are either made with a broad, flat surface like the *putois* used by porcelain painters, or flat and wide so as to sweep evenly over a broad surface.

3. Stenciling is applicable to painting all patterns on paper which can be generally represented by broad, average, uniform surfaces, or to any kind of dead coloring on anything. When flowers are painted on paper with stencils they are said to be done in "theorems." The ground exposed is moistened freely with a wet sponge, and the color allowed to spread freely. After one or more dryings and repeated applications of color, the picture is again dried and finished by hand. This process in monochrome may be applied to leather work, to boxes made of light woods, or to panels with very good effect. The wood carver who wishes to produce a number of panels with the same pattern, may save himself much trouble and time in his designs by stenciling them with black paint, and cutting away the white. Something like this was known in the days of the block books which preceded movable types, and the process is still universal in China. The letters are either stenciled or drawn by hand on the wood. Stenciling is observed when the greatest uniformity is necessary. Then the white wood is cut away, and the type remains. Very pretty patterns may be made by this first simple process in wood engraving, which requires but a few days without a master to enable most people to master it. Any printer will strike off the impressions. Stenciling was, till within a few years, common in all ordinary porcelain painting. Now that a demand for pure hand labor has sprung up, it is confined to cheaper ware. It is largely applied to tiles. When a tile or water-color or any other painting has been dead colored, or had its flat, uniform, colored surface given to it by a stencil, it can be easily and effectively touched up with the brush.

4. Use sheets of silhouette or black figures which may be pasted or copied on thin brass or copper, cut out, and the stencil thus made applied to light wooden boxes of all kinds; when dry, varnish carefully with the best transparent mastic varnish.

"Mrs. H. S. D."—We could furnish antique lace, insertion, and bordering at from fifty cents to one dollar per yard, for curtains and bordering. It would probably cost one dollar to reach you.

"MINERSVILLE, Pa., 1881.

"LADIES' CLUB," DEMAREST'S MONTHLY:—In the March number of the magazine, in answer to "Maria," you say that the Tunkers are a politico-religious sect of Ohio. I think there are several statements in your answer that do not apply to these people, and since no one seems to care enough about giving the true history, I would say that they are very numerous in Lebanon, Lancaster, Cumberland, and other counties in southeastern Pennsylvania, and from these counties they have emigrated to many of the western States; they are also found in the Shenandoah Valley, Virginia. I have often been in their meetings; they have no regularly educated ministers, but select them from their own numbers on account of some aptness to teach. In some of the counties named, where the German language is spoken extensively, the ministers are not allowed to use any other than the vernacular of the people (Pennsylvania Dutch.) They do not practice celibacy. They have no Sunday-schools in the east, but in some of the western States they begin to see that unless they fall in with other denominations they will lose all their young, hence they are moving in the direction of Sunday-school organizations. They are not allowed to hold political offices, except the office of school director and, perhaps, some other minor ones whose duty it may be to elevate the people. There are no poor among them that must be cared for by the State, they making provision for all such among themselves. They are not Universalists, as you say, but by their practice show that all must be baptized (immersed) who would be saved. They do not teach baptismal regeneration, but their practice show that many of their members believe in it. I never heard any one call them "the harmless people," nor do they themselves use this term, but they call themselves "brethren" and "sisters."

They also call themselves "German Baptists." This inscription I have seen on some of their meeting houses, viz.: at Myerstown, Pa., and near Shaefferstown, Pa.

I cannot see how you can make Tunker mean "to dip a morsel into gravy," etc. It means one who dips or immerses, German *täufet*. Almost any standard work on the religious denominations of the United States will give all the desired information. *Vide* "Religious Denominations of the World," pages 162, 164, published by Bradley, Garretson & Co., Phila., 1873. "H. H. S."

"VIRGINIA."—The topaz is the stone for November, and its language is hidden fire or untold love. Perhaps some of our correspondents will recall for you poetry that expresses the "music of nature."

"NETTIE HALE."—You could wear *écru* with white, better than *écru* with black; a pale buff lawn, for instance, would be very becoming to you, if it were trimmed with white lace. Lemon color, as well as buff, not the deep shades, would be becoming. What you must avoid are the high reds and deep purples, or the combinations of red and yellow. Wine-color you could wear, especially with a lining at the throat of pale blue; not an outside plaster of pale blue, but an interior lining to the collar, which will form a cool medium between the lace which is not solid, and the warm tint of the fabric. All colors except the most pronounced, can be worn now by careful and judicious selection of tints, and tasteful combination and arrangement. Of course the browns are easily at your disposal by avoiding the tans, and reddish-browns, which indeed are not now fashionably worn at all. Make an Afghan of white Angora wool, line it with ivory satine, bind it with ivory satin ribbon; ornament it in two corners with sprays of rose-buds cut out of silk or satin, and *appliquéd* on, and also with bows of cream-satin ribbon. Bought Afghans are very expensive. If you can embroider in wool, you can decorate the two opposite corners, and embroider a monogram for center; otherwise you must cut the monogram or initials out, and sew them on with gold thread. Glad-i-o-la.—Beaded trimming will disappear for a time, but it will revive again; there is always a revival of it every few years, and it will be more likely than ever to have a long life, and one often renewed now that it is produced in such an infinite variety of colors, and is capable of producing so many different effects. Still, there is no occasion for you to wear it if you do not like it. There are many other modes of ornamentation, and beaded trimmings need never exist for you, if you do not want them. All the popular new songs are from "Olivette," "Billie Taylor," and the rest of the recent comic operas.

"Mrs. E. B."—There is a very great difference in Spanish lace and in the price. In its best qualities it is a beautiful lace for sleeves, or any other trimming purpose. It ranges from fifty cents to one dollar and a half per yard for the widths named.

"SOUTHERN."—There is nothing that is "absolutely necessary" to you in the arrangement of your house, simply because some one else does it. You are to live in it, and its walls and furniture are to face you every moment of your life, not some one else; therefore, it is your taste that should be consulted. Soft, delicately tinted walls, neutral for halls and stair cases, unless special effects are required on account of light, solid grained or parquetry floors, covered with square rugs or carpeting which has a border, and leaves a margin of polished wood, wide latticed windows, and a good deal in the way of hangings, and chair covering. These are the general features of the interiors nowadays. Light carpets are entirely out of date; dados for walls are still used, especially for halls, and the square rooms of country houses; if there is a dado the carpet must bear some relation to it. It need not be "Egyptian" in dullness or darkness, although dark, dull colors are the rage in high art decoration; but a blending in Indian, or the still brighter Persian colors may be used, as these go with everything. It is by no means necessary to have all the carpets of a floor alike, what is essential is that the tone shall be preserved without any clashing in furniture and finish. Center tables are not used, and chairs are set about a room, not up against a wall, if the shape of the room will admit of it; as much variety as possible should be introduced into the chairs; solid stands should be placed in the corners, and used for the sort of articles that formerly found a place on the *étagère*, or center table, and which have now disappeared to make way for the stands, cabinets, and brackets. Axminster carpets are most used by those who do not use rugs upon solid floors. Brass and nickel plated are both used, the former for drawing-rooms and libraries, the latter for halls and dining-rooms. Dark shades in olive and old gold look well for carpets and upholstery, with oak finish, and nickel-plated work.

"Mrs. B."—The Kindergarten school system is one by which young children are taught the rudiments of knowledge through certain objects, the use of which seems like play to them, though it teaches them at the same time the use of their fingers, and also, to a limited extent, of the mental faculties. There are schools which graduate Kindergarten teachers in New York, the cost of which is about \$200 per annum, exclusive of board. It is said that two years is time enough in which to acquire the art.

"Mrs. F. C. J."—Probably Mrs. H. O. Ward's "Sensible Etiquette of the best Society" would suit you as well as any. It is more American, and adaptable than most. It was published in Philadelphia by Porter and Coats, and costs about \$2.

"Mrs. F. D. T."—The "Scarborough" would cost in linen about eight dollars. Cash's embroidery about \$2.50 per piece of a dozen yards.

"W. M."—A "white" mantelpiece is, artistically speaking, an improper object; it is therefore, difficult to tell what to put upon it. Iridescent glass would look well, and a china jar with white ground, decorated in old English colors, or some blue and white nankin plates might be put on the hall at the back, a nankin jar at one end, a pretty blue and white, with black lines, china clock, one slender gold vase, and a piece of old carving for the second end, in the shape of a black box, of wood or wrought metal. If you have brass tall candlesticks you will need no vase. Lace curtains are hung from brass rods. You can put a stand between your windows, and above it a bracket, to support a plaster bust, or piece of china. A return call should be made within ten days. Formal calls are made about once in three months.

"Mrs. J. T. P."—Raw starch stiffens more than boiled starch, and you can iron glossy by polishing your flat iron with a little spermaceti.

For yeast cakes that will not take long to soak, or be so very stiff, make strong hop tea, strain it upon a cup of flour, and beat up with half a cup of yeast. Set this in a warm place, and when it has risen, mix with yellow Indian meal until stiff enough to make into small cakes, which form with your hand, and place in rows upon the paste-board in the sun to dry, turning them every twenty-four hours; keep them in a tin box, and use one cake to make two loaves of bread.

"Mrs. J. S."—A short woolen costume, and ulster

light in texture but dark in color, a dark silk dinner dress, one or two cool washing dresses, and one cashmere wrapper, is enough of an outfit for a trip through the mountains. The cotton dresses are needed sometimes when it is very warm. You can add to these a dress of fine white bunting or nun's veiling for evening wear, a grenadine, or a white wool polonaise over a short black velvet skirt; but they are not necessary unless you stay long at one hotel. Wraps are essential, and a waterproof, also rubbers, and a soft plush cap for wear if you go high in the mountains, as a bonnet is no protection against a high wind, and is so easily blown off. Stout, easy walking boots, and dark, hair-striped cotton, not thread, stockings. Long lisle thread gloves. Your woolen dress should be bronze or olive, and made with a cape and hood, the latter lined with satin. The hooded cape may then be worn independently of the ulster in warm weather. A dark veil of grenadine gauze is indispensable for covering the face, and tying round the neck.

"RENEVATOR."—The materials are very simple: a bottle of black Japan paint, a small bottle of Judson's gold ink, and a small paint brush. The articles you wish to ebonise must be clean, and free from greasy touches; then put on an old pair of leather gloves, spread newspapers under your ancient household goods while they are undergoing the process, and let them dry before you decorate. The extent to which you use the gold ink must be guided somewhat by your possession of the artist faculty. Don't try to do too much. Simple lines, if fine, and straight will relieve the black surface very neatly. You may however produce charming effects by gumming on "scrap" pictures, and painting them over with gold ink, which may be also used for outlining.

"FLOY."—The "Pilgrimage" suit would be perfectly proper, and suitable in linen. We are not acquainted with the mixture of oatmeal, and rice-powder; in fact, in the composition of cosmetics we are not very learned or wise.

"Mrs. A. P."—The brown is not dark enough or light enough for fashion, and we should not advise you to put any expense upon it. If you have enough for a plain dress make it, and wear it with a lace-trimmed neckerchief; if you have not, make a skirt of it, which trim with three narrow ruffles, and use thin silk plush, a shade darker, not more, to form a basque; if this is impracticable, make it up for a child.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—You will find all the designs for "improved" underwear, or what are called "Reform" undergarments, in the Underwear department of our "Portfolio of Fashions." The "Princess" chemise, 2120, the combined chemise-drawers, 2121, and the "Rhoda" waist, or corset-cover, comprise the ones best known, and most approved. The "Rhoda" waist can be worn instead of a corset in warm weather, or by a delicate woman, or an invalid, at times when any pressure is intolerable, a short skirt buttoned on, and the chemise-drawers beneath, being the only underclothing required. But it is not a good plan for a healthy woman to give herself the habit of dressing in a loose, shiftless manner, even in warm weather. A woman with a bosom to support needs to make a habit of wearing a well-fitting, handsomely shaped corset, that will smoothly define her waist, and keep her body in position. This does not imply that it presses upon it injuriously, or that it prevents the healthy action of any organ—it furnishes needed support, nothing more, and this is essential to symmetrical growth.

"PETERBORO'."—Some sort of combination of ivory white would be prettiest, with the shade of heliotrope, and by making a sleeveless polonaise of this kind, your silk could be arranged into a really elegant costume. Make the skirt short, and trim with narrow ruffles. Leave the basque out of your calculations, and use the "Agnita" pattern for a polonaise of ivory wool, with silk sleeves, and full silk plastron. Hair does not always stay curled, even if the dealer says it is "naturally curly." It requires brushing out frequently, and putting up in pins. "False fronts" are dreadful things; avoid them if possible. Wash-leather gloves are what you want for driving.

"A. M. B."—You can use Cash's cambrie ruffling, flat like embroidery, or drawn by the thread which is run in the top, into ruffling. The cost is from two to three dollars the piece for ordinary widths. Certainly, black and white lace are both used upon the same dress, when it is a handsome black silk, or satin dinner or visiting dress. The white is put next the skin, the black next the fabric. "Mirecourt" or vermicelli will be suitable for neck and sleeves.

"M. J. K."—The lady takes the gentleman's arm. Arrange in a simple braided coil at the back, and with a fringe, or soft waved line across the front.

"OLD DEBRY."—A quaint custom prevails in Brittany, evidently of Druidical origin. Every June, on a certain day, youths and maidens assemble about a moss-covered dolmen. None are admitted till past sixteen, and when married lose their right to join in the festival. The youths decorate their hats with green ears of wheat and the maidens wear bouquets of flax blossoms in their bosoms. These they deposit on the dolmen, and as long as the object of their affection remains faithful, the ears of wheat and the flax flowers remain unwithered.

"SWEET LIPS."—Coloring Photos on Convex Glass. There are many ways by which this may be done, but the most artistic effects are obtained by the following method:

Take an unmounted photo, wet thoroughly in clean water, lay it face up on a piece of clean writing paper, remove the water with blotting paper or a clean rag, and apply the paste to the face of the picture; also paste the hollow side of the glass which should be perfectly clean, then lay over the picture and press together. Change the paper on the back for a dry piece and rub out the paste and air with a piece of card-board, working from the center to the edges. After the picture is sealed to the glass, allow to dry, and if not perfectly done it may be removed from the glass by soaking in clean water and mounting again. When the picture is thoroughly dry (which must not be done by heat) grind with fine sand-paper (No. 0) until the picture shows plainly on the back. Care must be taken to grind it evenly all over the back of the picture. When ground sufficiently, rub off all the sand and dust, warm over a lamp and rub sperm on the back until all is transparent; allow to cool, and rub off the surplus sperm with a clean rag, and the picture is ready for coloring.

Directions for coloring.

Lay the picture on a piece of clean white paper, and apply the flesh color to the face, hands, etc., rub the color on with the point of the brush, being careful not to get over the edges—if you should the color may be removed with a sharp pointed stick. Apply the colors to the different parts of the picture, and if the colors do not show as brightly as you wish, warm over a lamp until the sperm just melts, no more; allow to cool and apply a second coat of color. If the glass is made too warm the sperm and color may run. The jewelry should be colored last, and if gold mix a little oil with yellow on a piece of glass or porcelain and apply to the picture; after which, wash your brush with soap and water. When the picture is colored, seal a piece of tinted card to the back by fastening the edges all around with gum paper to keep out dust, and the picture is complete.

"LITTLE PET."—The corset had its origin in Italy and was introduced into France from that country by Catherine de Medici. Mary Stuart and Diana Poitiers did not, however, follow the fashion, but it was admitted by all the ladies of the French Court that it was indispensable to the beauty of the female figure, and was therefore adopted by them. The corset was in those days in its infancy, and it assumed more of the rough character of a knight's cuirass. The frame was entirely of iron, and the velvet which decorated the exterior hid a frightful and cumbersome machine. This state of things, so detrimental to health and the cause of so much personal inconvenience, not to say torture, could not last long, and the artisans of those days contrived to give more pliability and lightness to the metal and prepare the way by degrees for whale-bone. In the reign of Louis XIV. the corset found favor, but in the following reign it was threatened with banishment from the toilette. Fashion took a rural and simple turn and was almost guided by the taste of Boncher, in whose pictures many of the court celebrities figure as shepherds and shepherdesses. But the painter departed and fashion returned to the stateliness of former times. During the Revolution corsets were again set aside, and under the Directory interdicted by the fashionable world. The belles of that day took a classic turn—the Roman dress, the toga, sandals, &c. The Empire dethroned the Greek fashions, high waists were in vogue, and fashion revealed a taste quite the reverse of prudery; but with the fall of the Empire, fell also much that was eccentric and unbecoming in dress, and a corset has been developed that defines the waist, and supports the body, without putting it in a vice.

"OLD CURIOSITY."—Cattle formed so important a part of the commerce of the olden time that their figures were stamped on the oldest coins. The word pecunie is derived from pecus. Mullet, *fine*, is said to be derived from name for ram, which is indeed preserved to this day in

Gaelic, where a wether is called *mull*, from this also came our word mutton. Bacon is said to be derived from the old word *buccon* or *beechn mast*, as swine used to be kept in great herds among oak and beech groves, under the care of numerous swineherds.

"JOAN OF ARC."—Your silk would look best trimmed with itself and white lace. Both dresses would be best made short, see our illustrations for styles; the "Baronne" polonaise would be a good design for the stripe; it might be trimmed with fringe. The "poke" is very becoming to a round, full face. Sandals are not at all worn except as a mere fancy by some girls at home, they are not in the shops, and are not called for. All kinds of pretty silk, and lisle thread, and cotton hose are worn in solid colors, with or without open work, and with or without embroidery. The making of the black silk should depend upon whether it is needed, if it is not wanted, keep it till fall. Address "Ladies Club," care Mme. Demorest, 17 East 14th Street, New York City, N. Y.

"CHARLIE ROSS."—The celebration of Mardi Gras or "fat Tuesday" is not confined to New Orleans, but nowhere else is it observed with such strict attention to ancient ceremonies, and such splendor of detail. In England it is known as "Shrove" Tuesday, and is kept by eating a peculiar kind of pancake. The custom originated with the French part of the population of New Orleans and belongs to France.

Webster is right. A mermaid is an entirely fabulous personage, and doubtless originated in the romantic yarns which those who go down to the sea in ships are fond of spinning.

Your father is quite correct; you can corroborate his statement for yourself by consulting a globe; the line between New York and the City of Peking is straight, the difference in time is twelve hours, one minute, and three seconds.

The history is out now and speaks for itself. There is not much doubt that Mr. Jefferson Davis wrote it, but it shows that what your father says is true, that he is not a first-class man, so far as ability is concerned. He seems to have been utterly unable to grasp the situation from first to last, and fails to comprehend it now.

The most popular and useful astronomy used in schools is the "Hand-book of the Stars;" the nearest to a universal history, "Swinton's Outlines of History."

There is no climate specially adapted to dyspepsia, but probably one that would permit of an outdoor life throughout the year, yet that was not enervating or depressing, would furnish the best conditions for restoration. You can help yourself by adhering to certain rules: Use but little liquid, none with your meals. Eat no pastry, no pork, no sloppy puddings made with eggs, and milk, and sugar, and which are more difficult for the stomach to digest than pies, which contain little pastry and a great deal of fruit. Eat very slowly, masticate very thoroughly; eat no cake except molasses cake, made with the yolks (not whites) of eggs, and into which carraways are put as flavoring. Confine your eating of fruits and vegetables to those that grow above the ground, that is with the help of air and sunlight, and allow no hot or melted butter to be put upon them for your use. Avoid the use of sugar as much as possible, and use salt freely, not hardened in meat or fish, for under these conditions it undergoes chemical changes which deprives it of its value. Thanks for your very kind words, they are very encouraging. "Current Topics" are the work of a well-known editor of great experience.

"For Ladies Club;—You say that

'He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day.'

was undoubtedly taken from an 'Apology,' written Sept., 1755, concerning Braddock's defeat as follows:

'They knew that those who ran away,
Might live to fight another day,
But all must die who stood.'

I have not Butler's Hudibras before me, but I am almost sure that thirty years ago I read the following in that most admirable burlesque, written in ridicule of Cromwell's Puritans, and published in 1663, or 92 years previous to the 'Apology':

'He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day,
But he who is in battle slain,
Will never live to fight again.'

Be that as it may, Mrs. Hale's Dictionary gives Butler's Hudibras credit for the following:

'Those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.'

"HANNIBAL, MO.

CHRISSE TRAUER."

A new Era for Sewing Machines.

IN our last number we called the attention of ladies who use sewing machines, and to dealers in these indispensable adjuncts of modern civilization and refinement, to a new method of lining, or Metalining the journals, and those parts which require oil, that entirely supersedes the use of oil, and not only prevents friction and makes the machine run with beautiful smoothness, but preserves it and renders it less liable to accident and breakage. A number of ladies have had metaline applied to their sewing machines, and they are one and all delighted with it. Some of these machines had been in use many years, and were we to reproduce the enthusiastic encomium on the change produced by the simple process, it would sound like exaggeration.

"I used to dread sewing on my machine," remarked one lady, "for it always required to be oiled before using, and this made so much dirt and trouble. Now the machine is always ready. I can sit down if I choose in a white dress, and accomplish much more in a given space of time."

This is the testimony of all who have tried the new process, and the saving of time, of labor, and the cleanliness, recommend the metalining process to all classes of operators—those who use machines in refined homes, those who work in shops and manufactories, and particularly to dressmakers, who have to employ them on delicate fabrics which must be preserved from injury. The metalining process has addressed itself with commanding force to the workers and manufacturers of powerful machinery; every one who labors in a factory, every one who travels on the railway, knows what an important factor oil is in the use and control of engines, and also how incessant the watchfulness required to keep up the supply and at the same time prevent the friction from becoming dangerous.

The saving of all this is of enormous interest and value. Besides, tests have proven that twenty per cent. of power is saved by the loss of friction, and the gain of ease and momentum with which the machinery is run. Sewing machine interests have been lost sight of in the clamor made by the larger and noisier forces, but we who know what the life of the sewing machine worker is, know the gain that it will be to myriads of women when the oil-can is dispensed with; when, by a simple application of a malleable, yet perfectly resisting surface, a machine can be made to work smoothly, without interruption, without smell, without dirt, and with ease, and additional force. The Sewing Machine Metaline Company is now in operation at its factory, 204 Green Street, where metaline is applied and tests made, which always result satisfactorily.

Address for terms, Sewing Machine Metaline Agency, as above.

A Restful Chair.

WE call the attention of those of our readers who are interested in procuring a chair that fulfills the idea of "rest" more perfectly than any other in existence, and also serves many other excellent uses, to the pictured announcement, in our advertising columns, of the Pittsburg Adjustable Folding Chair. We have seen one of these chairs in use for months, have tested the constant occupation of one by an invalid, and put them through their various paces; and it is not too much to say that they do, in every way, what is claimed for them, and are an indispensable luxury to those who have once tried them.

Adjusted as an ordinary library or parlor chair, they are simply most comfortable reclining chairs, with foot rest and book rest, which is also a convenient writing-desk. This can be changed in a moment, by a child, into a lounge, or an invalid's lounging chair, into a child's crib, or bed for one person. The foundations of the chair are of solid and handsome cane-seat, the upholstery consisting of removable cushions, which in summer, or when not needed, can be taken off and piled up by the sofa as a seat, in the Eastern fashion, now so much admired. As a cane-seat chair, with its stuffed arms and book or paper rest, it is cool, and the ideal of working comfort.

In an upright position it is a superior operating chair for physicians, and most valuable because, in case of sudden illness, it can be put to such a variety of practical uses. In country houses it would serve as spare bedroom crib, invalid chair, family chair, and lounge, all in one, and be found especially advantageous because it can be moved up and down-stairs, and from room to room. It is, in fact, a true family friend.

An Increasing Business.

EVERYBODY in New York City who knows anything of Cooper Institute, which is at the junction of Eighth street with Third and Fourth avenue, knows C. L. Hadley, who has for many years done a large house-furnishing business in one of the stores under the Institute. Knowing his honesty and fair dealing, they are happy to find that success, and a constantly increasing business has compelled him to remove to larger and more commodious premises on the upper corner of the same block, under the shadow of the same venerable philanthropist, Peter Cooper, from whom he has no idea of ever being separated. Mr. Hadley pays great attention to country orders, and has, therefore, a large country patronage; for he is so old-fashioned in his ideas that when people intrust an order to his judgment and honor he feels even more responsible for their satisfaction than when they select it themselves. This care, and the knowledge that what he sells is fully worth the money he asks for it, makes him quite willing to send goods C. O. D., which enables persons living at a distance to make sure of what they get before they pay for it. In Mr. Hadley's case virtue has been rewarded, and we hope it will go on being rewarded.

Chapel and Parlor Organs.

THERE is probably no instrument in the world so perfectly suited to chapel, school, and parlor use combined, as the modern cabinet organ. Its matchless tone for its size (if the instrument is a good one), its solidity, its adaptability and its price, recommend it to intelligent persons everywhere, so that it has quite superseded the melodeon, besides filling the place of the larger organ in small churches, chapels, school-houses, and the like. The rapid growth in popularity of an instrument or object of any kind will generally be found due to the enterprise of some one individual in developing and bringing it before the public. It is certainly the case with the cabinet organ. It has been customary for musical instruments to frequently bear the stamp of the dealer instead of that of the real manufacturer or factory from whence it originated. This compelled the public to pay two profits instead of one, and it prevented the buyer from knowing who the maker was, so that two instruments, each having a different reputation and selling for different prices, were not unfrequently made by the same hand. Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, the famous manufacturer of Washington, New Jersey, is the man who has done so much to improve and popularize cabinet organs, and bring them within the reach of those who most require them. He it was who first brought the paying public directly in contact with the manufacturer by shipping to every purchaser, direct from the factory, at factory prices. He has also secured the control of some very valuable improvements, so that in his Beethoven organ the buyer secures for \$60, the very low price at which it is offered, an instrument which possesses the patent stop-action, the right to use which is held only by Mr. Beatty. There is no reduction on terms; no deceptive list of prices; the bottom terms are offered to the buyer

of one instrument as well as the purchaser of a dozen, and if it is not as represented the money is refunded. This is a novel mode of dealing; but Mayor Beatty is not an ordinary man; he intends and insists upon giving to every one the worth of his money, and prefers to deal with his customers direct, giving them the advantage that usually finds its way into the pockets of the dealer, or the middle-man who stands between the producer and the consumer. The Beatty-Beethoven organ is beyond doubt a superior cabinet organ, and when to its undeniable quality and excellences is added the unusual moderation in price, its universal popularity is explained. The publisher of this magazine has recently purchased one of "Beatty's Best" and was delighted and surprised, both with the elegant finish and the very superior quality of tone.

Queen Louise of Prussia.

WE are having a magnificent picture of this beautiful and truly royal lady executed in a manner superior to anything ever before attempted for presentation. It will be given to our subscribers with the September number, and will be worth much more than the year's subscription to the magazine.

The Department of "Household Art," which is represented under "Home Art, and Home Comfort," will shortly give a design for a *Portière*, full size, so that it can be reproduced by any of our subscribers skilled in needlework.

Our List of Contributors is superior to that of any other magazine, embracing the names of the following eminent authors: Miss L. M. Alcott, Thomas Hardy, Miss Jessie Fothergill, author of "Wellstead," "Probation," etc.; Jenny June, Philip Bourke Marston, Miss Julia Magruder, author of "Elizabeth," "Seed Time and Harvest," etc.; Charles Barnard, Margeret E. Sangster, Auber Forestier, F. S. Saltus, Carlotta Perry, Ella Wheeler, D. G. Croly, Mrs. L. P. Lewis, Margeret Lee, author of "A Celebrated Case," etc.; Augusta de Bubna, H. F. Reddall, James Grant, Julie K. Wetherill, author of "Wings," and many others, more or less known to fame.

Miss Louise M. Alcott's next story, written for this magazine, will be entitled "THE SUPERFLUOUS WOMAN."

Good Words.

ONE intelligent correspondent writes:—"I have been a subscriber to your Magazine for nearly nine years, and each number is an improvement upon the one preceding it. They are always so helpful and full of sympathy for women and their work; encouraging and advising, and always leading us on and up. I am a more self-reliant woman and am better in many ways than if I had not read your Magazine. I shall have to need many things before I can give it up; indeed I feel as if it is more to me than all else, except bread. H. T."

Medals of Honor or honorable mention have been decreed by the French Minister of the Interior to the following women for deeds of devotion or courage:

1. Mlle. Marie-Francoise Keranflech, a servant at Lannion, grievously wounded in coming to the assistance of a woman whose husband underwent temporary insanity, was striking her with a knife.
2. Mme. Marguerite Pierron of Roche-sur-Marne, for care given to a woman ill of small-pox.
3. Mme. Isabelle Klein, a photographer at Saintes, for stopping a runaway horse.
4. Mme. Emilie Dumay, Superior of the Communal School at Etang, for care given to small-pox patients.
5. Mme. Jeanne Garaud, for rescuing a child fallen into the River Creuse.
6. Mme. Guilbert of Luxeuil, for helping people fallen into the Orbiquet.
7. Mme. Fons of Esperagu, for saving a child who was being drowned in the Aude.

LITERATURE

Companion to the Revised Edition of the New Testament.—Simultaneously with the revised edition of the New Testament, which has attracted more widespread interest than any recent event in the literary world, Cassell, Petter & Galpin publish a "Companion" to this work, by Alexander Roberts D.D., one of the Committee of Revision, which is of inestimable value in forming a judgment, not only as to the actual difficulties and merits of the recent work, but in giving a just idea of the sources whence the New Testament is derived, and the extent, as well as the causes of errors which have crept into the text. Fresh from the field of his late labor, this dispassionate examination of the ground has a clearness and thoroughness which is usually lacking in works of this description; while its judicial tone and impartiality render it equally acceptable to Christians of all denominations. The revised edition of the New Testament is certainly not complete without this carefully prepared "Companion," which is at once historical guide, index, and commentary.

The Magazine of Art, for May, maintains the high character won for this popular enterprise, and affords a rich treat in the diversified and carefully prepared contents. The frontispiece is the "Symbol," from the painting by Frank Dicksee, A.R.A., from the Royal Academy Exhibition of the present season (1881), and it is a most charming composition, treated with exquisite delicacy and grace. The collection of Mr. C. P. Mathews figures under the head of "Treasure Houses of Art," from which several delightful examples are selected for illustration. "Birds and their Haunts" is the subject for a most restful and readable summer article, which is also well illustrated. "Our Living Artists" are represented by a sketch of William Quiller Orchardson, R.A., with engraved copies of some of his best known pictures—"A Social Eddy," and "Queen of Swords," among others. There is an article on "Children in Painting and Sculpture," and one on "Homes of Living Artists," in which Mr. Millais' noble dwelling is pictured.

"Culture and Cooking."—Cassell, Petter & Galpin have published an excellent little book with the above title, which the author, Catherine Owen, makes haste to tell us, is not a "cookery" book—nor is it. It is, rather, talks about cooking, with an occasional receipt thrown in. These talks are very clever and very readable, possessing a cultivated literary flavor, yet imparting a good deal of valuable practical information, so that the title, "Culture and Cooking," is entirely applicable, and expresses its character more truly than titles usually do. It is a small book of only one hundred and less than twenty pages, and does not go into any lengthy dissertations; its object is mainly, stated by the author, to show that "cooking and cultivation are, by no means, antagonistic"—that a woman may be a cook and a lady; in fact that, being an educated lady, she will be more likely to be a good cook. We extract some paragraphs, which our readers will find under the head of "Kitchen."

"Rosecroft."—This is the pretty title of a charming story of "common places and common people," by Wm. M. T. Round, author of "Aeshah," and other popular stories. We differ from the author, however, in describing his *dramatis personæ* as "common" people; "Rachel" is anything but a common character—in fact, she ought to have been the heroine. Mr. Round, with the best intentions, cannot make the sort of woman he wants you to know as Esther. She is a trifle priggish, New England, and school-marmy, notwithstanding his anxiety to make us understand, all the time, that she is not anything but the most divine of mortal women. Calvin Bertram is another uncommon character, but he is a character, and an admirably drawn one. Would there were more of his sort. The opening scenes of life at "Spring Hill" are delightful; and the book is, altogether, pleasant summer reading. It is published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

"Miss Slimmen's Window" is the first of a series of dime records of an unfortunate spinster milliner in her persevering efforts to entrap a husband. At the close of the first she has not succeeded; but others are promised.