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Elizabeth.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS YET," "MADEMOISELLE MARGUERITE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.



AT the end of a weary day, and with the vivid hardness and difficulty of the thing fresh upon her mind, Elizabeth had told herself that her punishment was more than she could bear; but in the early dawn of the new, bright day that followed, renewed powers of resistance and endurance came to her, and she rose, not hopeful and happy certainly, but resolute, and determined to overcome. But every day that passed by had a weary ending, for its hours were filled with trials and temptations to give way and cease trying—things which were conquered in the main—and yet these constantly-recurring troubles had a great effect upon Elizabeth. No exertion of will could keep her from growing gradually paler and more slender, and getting to care less and less for the lovely world around her, with its fair blue sky and stately trees and beautiful broad lands that she had once loved so dearly. Even her books failed to interest and comfort her now, and only occasionally could she get up the resolution to seek relaxation and diversion in her music, and when these rare times came, what she sought was never found, for once launched in the vein of heavy sadness, that cried out for some expression so loudly that some vent must be found, she would go to the piano, at some time when the family had dispersed to some of their haunts of pleasure and enjoyment, and play for hours such heart-breaking, sorrowful music, that its spell would lead her on and on, until, having spent her feeble strength in those deep-toned strains of unmeasured sorrow, she would pause perfectly weak and exhausted.

So there seemed no rest for the poor girl—no respite from pain except in the unconsciousness of sleep; and, alas, how frequent a thing it was that for many weary hours she courted the restfulness of sleep in vain! How often the thought would come to her in these hours of weary wakefulness, of how she had said that she could bear to see Mr. Keeting given up heart and soul to another, if only the keen pain of occasional glimpses of the vivid joy which one of his fervent looks or smiles could give her, and the keener pain that inevitably followed it, was withheld from her!

She had fancied that, if she saw him unmistakably and tenderly attached to Miss Decourcy, and consistent in his devotion to her and her alone, she would be able to call to her aid her sense of honor and her once large stock of self-control, and force herself into contentment, resignation to the absolutely inevitable. And now that these evidences were before her eyes as plain as the noonday, now that his every look and tone was for Miss Decourcy, and hour after hour, try as she did with all her soul to avoid and escape them, visions of their happiness were constantly thrust before her eyes, how her feelings had changed! Oh for one more kind look from those kindest and sweetest of eyes—for one more tender word from that tenderest and most caressing of voices—for one more gentle clasp of that gentlest hand, what immeasurable after agonies she would have undergone. But the kind eyes, the gentle words, the tender handclasp were Miss Decourcy's now, and weak and foolish as she might be in private, Elizabeth was brave and strong in the sight of others, and somehow managed to get through her daily tasks in the school-room, and her still harder trials when she would be sent for to the drawing-room at night, with a resolution and strength of endurance that were none the less determined and resolved on account of the fading roses in her cheeks and the waning of her bodily strength. She was ill, poor girl, iller than she dreamed of herself, and how little those around her heeded. Mrs. Woodville said to her one day, "You look ill, Miss Cuthbert, are you sure you are quite well?" And Elizabeth, smitten with sudden fear that she might be sent back to her

isolated home with her cousins, where she would be tormented with imaginings of what might be happening, far worse than these present painful consciousnesses, had answered so quickly that she was quite well, and Mrs. Woodville had taken no further notice. Mrs. Woodville, who was kinder to her now than any one, had remarked the change more seriously, and questioned her gravely on the subject; but he had been assured that it was nothing, and had seen also how these questionings distressed and annoyed her, and had forbore to repeat them. It was a rare thing for Mr. Keeting to speak to her now, or take notice of her in any way at all, and Elizabeth used to smile sometimes at the recollection of the earnest warnings she had given him not to betray their early acquaintance. How utterly useless such cautions were! Not the keenest eye or the most suspicious ear could detect in look or tone of his that Elizabeth Cuthbert was one whit more to him than merely his sister's governess, whom he knew in no other capacity.

Mrs. Woodville's guests had arrived in the end of November, and now Christmas was nearly come. As this merry season approached, the neighborhood became quite gay, and almost every night, there was party or a musicale, or a dinner, or a theatrical entertainment, at some of the houses that were so thickly studded around the town of Lennox. Of course, in all this gayety and merry-making Elizabeth had neither part nor lot. She had chosen to decline her one invitation, which was to Mrs. Moore's. Miss Decourcy and Keeting went everywhere, usually accompanied by Mrs. Woodville, and sometimes by Mr. Woodville as well. There had been one or two dinners, and a supper or so given by the Woodvilles, but Elizabeth had not appeared. In point of fact, she had not been invited to do so, though Mrs. Woodville had been kind enough to say to Miss Decourcy, in her presence, that it was too bad Miss Cuthbert's mourning prevented her coming into the room. Elizabeth smiled as she reflected how difficult it would have been for her to go down, if she had desired it ever so much, without any invitation from the hostess. Mr. Woodville indeed, who was always kind, had never failed to request her presence on these occa-

at she was more than glad to have an for keeping away. Mrs. Woodville had in a confidential way, informed her that after Christmas she was to give a great party, and announce the engagement of her brother and Miss Decourey, for, as she informed Elizabeth, it was plain to see that they were already engaged, or just on the eve of it, and once they were engaged the wedding would follow very speedily. Moreover, she further notified Elizabeth that Mrs. Bell, the rich old aunt, who had planned the match and was to leave the young people her fortune, was to arrive the day before Christmas, and it would displease her very much if all the arrangements for the wedding were not completed during this visit of hers. She was extremely self-willed and peculiar, and she rarely left home, and was only coming now for the purpose of witnessing the open avowal of the consummation of her dearest wish. Miss Decourey, as Mrs. Woodville explained, was not related to Mrs. Bell, but was the niece of her late husband, and Mrs. Bell disliking to divide her fortune, and wishing at the same time to make some provision for her husband's niece, and being really devoted to her favorite nephew Algernon Keeting, had hit upon the plan of leaving the money to them both, and still keeping her fortune together, which could only be effected by a marriage between the two legatees, which Mrs. Bell accordingly set her heart upon.

She was, moreover, extremely proud of Flora's beauty, Mrs. Woodville said, and much gratified by the admiration it created everywhere, which was really something remarkable. There was no end to the good matches Flora might have made if she had not been known to be mortgaged property ever since her entrance into New York society. "For, of course," she added, "they are as good as engaged, if not actually so. Algernon has gone too far to draw back, even if he desired to, which no man in his senses would do, and it is easy to see that, in this respect, Algernon has recovered his at last, though he was a long time about it. I used to be quite indignant at his indifference to this splendid chance. Such a girl as Flora Decourey, with a good fortune to boot, is not to be had every day."

This little outburst of confidence—if anything that indolent Mrs. Woodville did could be called an outburst—took place one night in the week before Christmas, when Mrs. Woodville was dressing for a large ball at the house of their next neighbor, and Elizabeth had come down to give the aid that was always expected of her now, since Mrs. Woodville had discovered what charming taste she had in arranging the flowers in one's hair and giving the finishing touches to one's toilet. Mrs. Woodville was in great good humor to-night, for she had a rich new dress, which became her admirably, and had turned out to be highly satisfactory. It was this satisfaction that had been the cause of Mrs. Woodville's outburst of confidence. At last the finishing touch was given, and Mrs. Woodville was arrayed.

"I must go down now," she said; "I am afraid I have kept Flora waiting."

And as Miss Decourey absorbed the attention of Mrs. Woodville's maid, Miss Cuthbert was asked if she would be good enough to bring down Mrs. Woodville's white cloak and fan and gloves.

"For of course you must see Flora. You've never seen her in full ball costume yet—have you?" she said to Elizabeth as the latter followed her down the wide staircase, across the lighted hall, and into the great well-warmed, well-lighted drawing-room.

Mr. Woodville alone was in the room, when they entered, and he was looking rather uncomfortable, in his evening suit and white gloves, although he was engrossed with his usual solace—a newspaper.

"Flora has not come down," said Mrs. Woodville; "I was afraid I had kept her waiting. Ah, here she is."

And as she spoke Miss Decourey entered, followed by the maid with her wraps.

"She looks like a queen in a book," quoted Elizabeth to herself, as she saw her, and her pale face for a moment grew more animated at the sight of so much splendor. Miss Decourey was dressed in cream-colored satin, with trimmings of black lace and black velvet. Her magnificent neck, and arms, and shoulders were bare and entirely without ornament. Not even on the wide satiny expanse of her neck was there so much as a chain or a bit of velvet—these were adjuncts which the less confident might use, to hide bones or deficiencies in shape, but Miss Decourey could afford to do without them absolutely. Her blonde hair was piled high on her head, and decorated with two small black velvet bows, and there were large diamonds, set in black enamel, sparkling at her ears. A train, some yard or so long, swept behind her, shimmering and gleaming in the gaslight. She was superb, regal, magnificent. She looked at Elizabeth expectantly, evidently anticipating some expression of admiration, which the latter, without effort, gave in terms so hearty and unequivocal that Miss Decourey looked into the mirror with a more complacent smile than ever on her countenance.

At this moment Keeting entered, quietly and unobservedly, but Elizabeth's quick eye had caught sight of him the moment his figure appeared in the doorway. She had never seen him in full evening dress before, being accustomed to say good-bye to Mrs. Woodville at the door of her dressing-room, and not accompany her down stairs. And now, as he advanced into the room, how altogether high-bred, and refined, and handsome he looked! Certainly a handsome man never looks so handsome as when arrayed in the severity and simplicity of a dress suit. Keeting's appearance now, in his faultless evening dress, was that of as perfect a gentleman and as high bred and handsome a man as one could ever wish to see. He took a swift survey of the two women whom accident had placed in close juxtaposition—the one in her sumptuous splendor and the other in her dark simplicity of dress—and, merely saying that they were late, and it was time to set out, he left the room, followed by the rest of the party.

CHAPTER XII.

LEFT entirely alone in the great drawing-room, Elizabeth sank upon a lounge near by, and fell into a fit of musing. At such times as these there were only the very saddest of thoughts that came to her, and now they were rendered more than usually sad by the unwonted addition of a little feeling of bitter complaint that her lot should be so widely separated from the happy destiny of those around her, who seemed not so very much worthier. But this was too new and unnatural a thought to Elizabeth to have any great duration. The unspeakable pain, the unmeasured sadness of a deeper sorrow than any her life had yet known, or could ever know again, soon shut out other feelings. With a weary look of care and sadness on her youthful fair face, she sat on the luxurious lounge, with her pale, slim hands lying vacant and idle in her lap, and her hopeless, beautiful eyes—larger than common because of her decreased flesh—fixed with a look of despairing weariness upon the coals of the grate. It was a long, long time that she sat there, solitary and alone, her rapid, unhappy thoughts finding expression, now and then, in an unconsciously uttered sentence or ejaculation, that, in the solitude of that great room, was as safe from betrayal as if no spoken words had crossed her lips. Something—perhaps the feverish brightness of her mind and memory—gave her thoughts to-night a more poignant power of pain than usual, and, at the same time, gave her a clearer insight into the feelings and thoughts of her own bosom than she had yet known. She had made no effort, heretofore, at self-examination and self-knowledge concerning these new troubled feelings of hers, dreading the result that might follow from these; but now, without any volition of her own, she was brought, by some strange internal influence, face to face with certain thoughts and feelings of her heart which she had shrunk from owning before. Portentous as these thoughts and feelings were, they did not shock or surprise her—they had been too long inmates of her bosom for her to be wholly unacquainted with their nature, and yet nothing but the exceeding physical and mental weakness in which this mood found her, would have induced her to recognize, and almost to encourage these feelings.

"Who am I, that I should love him?" she said, speaking lowly to herself. "Who am I, that I should dare to love him? Ah, vain, vain question! It matters not how poor and small I am, I love him. I do, I do, I do! Oh tender heart that cared for me when I was isolated and alone! Oh brave and gentle friend, whose cruel hand alone has burst the bonds of sleep and darkness which had always held me, and revealed to me the sense and emotion of living. It matters not that the life you have shown me is one of lasting agony and bitter pain, for, spite of that, it is a wider and a fuller life than I have known before, bringing with it the knowledge of divine possibilities, which, although unrealized, give fuller sympathy to thought and feeling—larger range to heart and soul. Oh far-away days of content and oblivion, would I

have you back again? Not for worlds! Better the present pain, the future sorrow and hopelessness, and love therewith. 'Sweet is true love, though given in vain, in vain!' she quoted, not remembering whence the words came, but feeling only that they fitted her thought, and expressed the newly realized condition of her heart. "And who am I?" she went on, half to herself and half in broken whispers; "who am I, that I should win his love? Oh, the idleness, the presumption of the thought; and yet, the sweetness of it, too—the utter joy of it—if for one moment it could seem possible! But they were vain and idle words that he said to me long ago, when he used to talk of loving to be with me, and say I could retain and keep him, if I chose. Yes, these were empty, meaningless words—they were treacherous, wrong, untruthful words." She said this last clause with much sweet gentleness in her tones, and instead of the look of wrath and indignation which should fitly accompany such words as the ones she used, a lovely smile sat on her sweet red lips. "I do not blame you, Algernon," she said. "I do not hate you for the harm your gentle looks and tender words have done me. No; I love you for them dearly, dearly, and I shall be the better for them, by-and-by—not now—not just yet; but when we have been parted a long time, and I have grown to hold you, not as one less lovable and dear, but as one too far beyond me for my humble love to reach, and whom I shall remember with vivid gladness for the having known and suffered for you, when I have outlived the bitter pain."

The exceeding tender and relenting mood that awayed her now, carried her so far beyond herself and her actual surroundings that she was unconscious of the slow, soft tears that forced their way from the wide-open eyes and fell in heavy drops upon her lap.

"You will be married by and by, Algernon," she said, "and I shall live to see it, and live through it, and beyond it. In the midst of all your friends that flock around you I shall be here too to wish you joy. Ah, it will be a fervent, hearty wish, but I mistrust it—I mistrust it—and if Heaven would give to me the power, I should choose a dearer wife for you than this one you have chosen. She should have been like her in being beautiful, but she should be more lovely yet, and I should give to her a noble soul, a tender sympathy, a lofty mind. She should be so beautiful and wise and good that she would be like no one in the world—and yet, in one thing only, she should be like me, for though in intellect, in beauty, in nobleness and goodness she should be far above me, I would give to her my loving heart, for, oh, my love, my love, no other measure of devotion can be so great as that!"

She ceased to speak, and her tired head sank back upon the sofa's top, and through her closed, white lids the slow and gentle tears still forced themselves, although they were attended by no unlovely, pained contortions of the gentle little face. A heavy sigh escaped her, but she seemed to be unconscious of it, and lay there yet so white and still, until a light sound, very close at hand, smote upon her ear and caused the weary lids to flutter

and lift themselves. As they did so the brown eyes underneath rested upon Algernon Keeting. He was standing just in front of her, clad in his well-made evening dress, and looking so manly and kind and beautiful, that, against her will or knowledge, there came to her lovely lips a radiant smile of welcome, and without knowing what she did rose to her feet and stretched out both hands to him with sudden confidence and gladness. In an instant he had drawn a step nearer, and had thrown a pair of loving arms about her and caught her to his heart, but it was not for the space of one tick of the clock that he held her so; in an instant she had recovered herself and sank, like water, from his clasp, and his eager arms held in them nothing but thin air. Then a sudden deadly pallor overspread her face, and brought with it a look of remembering pain. With a swift, hurried motion she withdrew a few paces from him, and then said quickly:

"I had been dreaming. I did not know what I was doing. I was back in the past, and had forgotten present things. It is over now, and I will go."

"Miss Cuthbert," Keeting answered gravely, "I don't deserve it of you, but I beg you to remain a moment and give me time to explain. I had forgotten too—I too was dreaming, and was back again in the past—that bygone time when sorrow, such as I now feel, seemed a vague improbability, and happiness a thing that might be just within my grasp. Will you not forget what has just happened, and sit down and talk to me awhile? It is so rarely that the opportunity comes, and, for the sake of old times, you will let me say how it goes to my heart to see you grown pale and thin and sad like this. Oh, for the sake of that bygone friendship, that you cannot gain-say or deny, try as you will, give me the right to grieve at this—to tell you how it breaks my heart to see you so."

From very physical weakness Elizabeth sank back on her seat, and while he threw himself into another near by and went on hastily, she sat quite still and listened.

"I have said that you cannot forget and disbelieve in my friendship for you," he said, "and yet, of late, I have done everything to make you do so, fool, fool that I have been! But it cannot be that I have succeeded in this besotted plan of mine. You surely must know that words such as I have said to you could only come from a man's heart. They were the first sincere loving words that I have ever spoken yet to any living woman. But from the first I saw you could not love me—saw how plain it was that my ardent love could make no impression on your well-guarded heart. You gave me no quarter—you baffled me at every side. When I humbled myself before you, that last day that I saw you, and said that even then—even after all your coldness and rebuffs—you might do with me as you would, and for a word or a sign from you I would stay—you withheld that word and sent me from you. And yet you must have known how I have loved you—how your dear face haunted my mind and lingered in my memory, making all others, the kindest and most beautiful of them, void and without expression to me. I thought I was beginning to forget when I came

here a month ago, but the first moment that I looked upon that fair and gentle face of yours again, it all came back—the old hunger and longing—the old passionate, unanswered love."

Elizabeth had placed her two elbows on the table at which she sat, and dropped her face in her hands to hide from his view the sudden joy that, in spite of restraining thoughts and fears, shone there as plain as the noon-day. But Algernon Keeting, seeing this motion, understood it to indicate the sorrow that her gentle heart was feeling at the thought of the grief she had caused, and in pursuance of this idea he determined to repress himself in his eager desire to speak out all that his heart had been withholding for so long, and said with a change of tone:

"But Miss Cuthbert, I am keeping you too long. I came here to-night in the hope of finding you, to make to you a confession, but forgetting and neglecting that purpose, and selfish as I fear I have always been in thrusting my feelings upon you, when the subject was one you could not respond to, I have kept you too long listening to these oft-repeated words, but if you could know the comfort of it, the blessed joy of being able to say to you, as I never shall say it again, Elizabeth, I love you, I love you, I love you!"

There was a passionate depth in his hushed voice as he said these words that thrilled her through and through, and that carried conviction with it, in spite of a thousand doubts and disproofs and Miss Decourcys to the contrary. As he finished, she turned and dropped her hands upon the arms of her chair, lifting her white face and looking on him. She was trembling like a leaf, and it was with a mighty effort of self-control and a straining grasp upon the chair that she forced herself to be outwardly quite calm and composed as she said in a low, guarded tone:

"Can this be true? Do you really and truly mean to say that you love me, Mr. Keeting?"

"Great heavens!" he cried out wildly, "can you disbelieve it still? Look at me, Elizabeth. Can it be possible that you do not see it?"

At his bidding she lifted up her eyes to him, and surely those clear brown eyes of hers must have been dull and sightless and blind not to have read the loving language which Mr. Keeting's were showing.

"I believe it," she said solemnly. "Then let me feel the comfort, too, of speaking out the words which I have been repressing and withholding for so long, and which I thought to have kept within my bosom forever and forever. Mr. Keeting, I have loved you from the first—I love you, heaven knows how dearly now—and I shall love and hold in my heart you and you only as long as my life shall endure."

She had risen to her feet as she spoke, and drawn herself gradually more and more erect until she stood before him at her fullest height, tall, fair and beautiful, in her plain black garments. Her whole being was pervaded with a sense of the blessedness of loving and being loved in such wise as this, and it seemed that not only her heart and soul and mind were grown and expanded, but that her very body itself was freer, stronger than be-

fore. She was utterly full of thoughts of love and tenderness, and she longed but to touch his dear hand with her own, but maidenly pride prevented her from seeking any token of love from him, and he made no motion to draw nearer, but stood, five paces off, facing her silently, with a look of deepest agony upon his face. At length his white lips parted, and he spoke:

"It is my turn to question and to wonder," he said. "Can it be possible, Elizabeth, that you love me? Mind how you trifle, for I am in sacred earnest."

"Trifle!" she said sadly, all the proud gladness vanishing from her face, "am I so untrustworthy a person that you can ask me this? Do you hold me so light a woman that you could believe it of me? If you do, then, Mr. Keeting, your love for me is of poorer stuff than mine for you."

"Oh, you don't know how you torture me," he said, coming closer to her, and stretching out his arms with a passionate, impulsive gesture. Then he added hurriedly, in a quick eager whisper, "Elizabeth, are you willing to prove to me that this great, this overwhelming thing is true? Give me your hands," he said, and when she put them pliant and soft into his, he lifted them and clasped them round his neck. "Now," he said lowly, "say these words after me, 'Algernon, I love you truly, and I promise you that I will be your wife, to comfort you and cling to you through evil and good report until death divides us.'"

Meekly, at his bidding, she says the words, framing them lovingly with her sweet lips, and looking up at him the while, with her true, true eyes on his. As she did so a great light broke over his face, and he dropped his head yet lower and lower above her.

"Then kiss me, my darling, my one love, my bride," he said, whisperingly, and when, at his bidding, she had lifted her pure sweet face to his, and their lips had met in one long kiss, a great sigh of relief escaped him as he drew her closer to him yet, and said with passionate excitement:

"Now, come what will, you are mine."

It was so new and strange a thing to her, so solemn and blissful a thought, that from very timidity she bowed her head and hid from his view the lovely, happy face that was his own forever now.

"Yes, you are mine," he said again, with a yet more fervent and resolute tone, "and nothing shall separate us. It would be impious and ungrateful for us to let anything, no matter of what importance, part us from each other. O, beloved, will you be true to me—will you never forget that you have sworn to cling to me through evil report and good?"

Elizabeth lifted her head and looked into his face, and as she did so a shadow came across her own reflected from the deeper shade on his.

"What is it?" she said, anxiously. "There is something that you have not told me. You spoke of a confession that you had to make. What is it?"

"Hush," he said quickly, "do not force me to remember that; I am trying to forget it, and I will, when once I can feel that you are truly and altogether my own. I cannot take it in yet in all its blessedness. Forgive me, love, but

the idea is so new and wonderful a one to me. Long ago, when I used to think that I longed in vain for what has come to me now, you used to talk as if your past had held some secret that might have divided us. What was this? What were the inferences you used to draw about the sadness and pain of that past? Elizabeth, I used to think that in that past there was some other love, the mere memory of whom was enough to close your heart to me. Tell me, was this so?"

"No, Algernon," she answered with a solemn look on her face, that did not dim the radiance of the perfect love and trust for him that shone in her upturned eyes. "No, Algernon, my heart has known, in all its existence, no love but the love I feel for you; but still there is something—something that I used to think might have separated us, even if our hearts bound us together—but it was nothing like that. You believe me when I say you are my one love, and now, when I think of that past trouble, I can bear to regard it more lightly than I did in those early days, when my love for you was young and feeble. It is a serious thing, Mr. Keeting, but, judging the measure of your love for me by my knowledge of mine for you, I believe I need fear its influence on you no longer. I believe I may feel secure that your love for me is strong enough to overleap it, as mine for you is strong enough, I know, to withstand every trial and obstacle and cling to you, as you have said, through evil report and good."

"God bless you for these words," said Keeting, solemnly; "they are a blessed balm and comfort to me; but, mark you, Elizabeth, you may find them more than empty words—you may be called upon, and sooner than you think, to prove their strength and sincerity, and oh, my darling, my darling, are you sure that you will not fail me?"

"So sure," said Elizabeth, steadily, "that I long to have the test put here and now. I am eager to prove it to you, Mr. Keeting. You shall see how sacredly I mean what I say."

"Not now, not now," he said, smiling, and stooping over her, with a face whose lovingness had banished every trace of the anxiety and doubt which had rested there till now. "We will be altogether happy to-night. Tomorrow what I mean shall be explained to you, and, after all, it is no such great thing—it only requires a steady love and trust in me, and, if you have those, we need fear nothing."

It here occurred to Elizabeth that she had been quite long enough in her present tender attitude, and so she made an effort to withdraw from his firmly-clasped arms, saying, as she did so:

"I think it is quite time now, and more than time, Mr. Keeting, for me to retire to my room, but, before I go, will you be good enough to explain how it happens that you are here instead of at the party? I have really forgotten, until now, to put the inquiry."

Keeting started suddenly, and a surprised look of remembrance passed over his face, but this was followed by a bright smile, as he answered:

"They had begun the German, and I, through a remissness of my own, I must confess, was unprovided with a partner, and so,

not caring to look on, it occurred to me to run over and look after you. It was so near that I thought I could get back before I should be missed, and so I mean to now."

"But why did not Miss Decourcy dance with you, and how did you happen to know you would find me here?"

"Miss Decourcy," said Keeting, quickly, and Elizabeth thought she saw a slight shade pass over his face at the name, "was immediately seized upon and appropriated by young Darril, the gentleman of the house, and I can give no answer to your other question, except to say that my heart told me I should find you here, which may or may not be comprehensible to you."

"And you say your purpose was to make this confession, and I shall not be perfectly satisfied until I have heard it. However, it is too late to insist on it to-night, for you must return to the party, or you will be missed, and I must go to my room," and she made another effort to withdraw from his clasp, but it was vainer than the first.

"I am going," he said, smiling, "but let me look at my watch. I give you my word I have no idea whether it is six o'clock in the evening or early dawn. I had forgotten that there was such a thing as time in the world, and, indeed, that is one of the best features of that better place, to which I shall hope to gain an entrance, with your pure hand and noble purposes to guide my life's actions here, Elizabeth. They have no time in that place, dear, but loving hearts, who have lived true and worthy lives below, will go on loving there forever and forever."

The solemn earnestness of his face, as he said these words, gave Elizabeth the truest joy that this happy evening had held for her yet, but she said only a simple:

"God grant it to us, dear," and then, when he loosed his arm to get out his watch, she slid from him, saying as she did so:

"Never mind the time. I must go now. I know it is very late. Good-night, Mr. Keeting, I shall look for your confession to-morrow, when you must manage to see me in some way, so that we may decide on what steps are to be taken, for, of course, your sister must soon be informed."

There surely was a look of trouble on his face at her last words, but it quickly gave place to the look of joy that could not be banished from his eyes for long on this happy night, as he said:

"Well, come and say good-night."

"Good-night," she said, simply, and would have turned away, but he sprang forward and caught her in his arms.

"Is that the way?" he said, with quick reproachfulness. "Why, you would have given me such a good-night as that yesterday, but now"—and leaving his sentence unfinished he stooped over her, and covered her red lips and flushed cheeks and her happy closed eyelids with loving kisses. He was still bending over her so, with his arms around her waist and his kisses on her forehead, when Elizabeth caught sight of a figure in the doorway that made her blood seem to freeze in her veins, and caused a great cry to stop, from very weakness and terror, unuttered on her pale

lips. It was Mrs. Woodville, in her rich ball dress, with her shimmering satin cloak around her. It was but for the space of a second, and then she reached forward and grasped the handle of the door and pulled it to, and shut it with a sudden bang, saying, when the closed door had hid her from poor Elizabeth's view:

"Let us go at once up stairs," Flora. "It is so cold down here." And then poor Elizabeth had time to hear the swish of the silken garments going past the door, and women's voices decreasing in the distance, as they passed up the staircase, before the strength returned to her to tear herself from her lover's arms, and fly wildly from the room by another door, which gave upon another staircase, leading her to a landing near her own chamber door.

(To be continued.)



His Lordship.

BY CHARLES STOKES WAYNE.



A COSY, tastefully-furnished morning room in a large country house. A wood fire burning brightly on the tiled hearth, gives an air of comfort to the apartment this chilly October morning, and I, desirous of having as much comfort from the fire as possible, have drawn a large easy-chair before it, and am lying luxuriously back among the cushions, with my feet resting on the shining brass fender. I endeavor to go on with some zephyr work, but, looking up presently, I catch sight of my reflection in the beveled glass mirror, which is framed in the massive oak chimney-piece, and stop to gaze at myself. This is what I see: a tall, plump girl of twenty years and over, with dark hair waved rather becomingly over the forehead and caught up in a knot at the back. The face is not oval enough to be beautiful, it is rather broad for its length; the nose seems to have followed its example, and is chubby. The eyes are dark and expressive, and around the mouth—which is too small to be firm—seems to linger a perpetual smile, which presents itself on the slightest provocation. I

have often looked at myself before—what girl has not?—but still I never paid quite as much attention to my features as I have this morning. I am wondering what it can possibly be that makes me so attractive to the young English nobleman who visits here so persistently nowadays. It surely cannot be my face, for I am acknowledged by every one to be rather plain, and, were it not for my eyes, I really think I should be absolutely homely. During my reverie my crocheting has fallen in my lap, and I sit staring stupidly in the glass, when suddenly the door opens and Aunt Catherine enters.

"I've had quite a ride, Emily," she exclaims, as she walks over and seats herself opposite me. "I've been over to Mr. Tolland's new place, and would you believe it? he's trying to surpass *us*; he's actually gone and imported an English gardener to lay out his grounds; but they won't *nearly* come up to ours. The money your uncle has laid out here has been something enormous, and that upstart need never expect to get ahead of Geoffrey Robin, Esquire." My aunt looks very proud as she says this, and indeed I think these proud, dignified looks become her, as they do a few women—very few. She is over fifty, but her complexion is still fresh, and her hair has not yet a streak of silver. She is my mother's sister, and I am dependent upon her and her husband—Uncle Robin—for everything that I have. I was left an orphan six years ago by the death of my father. He was an artist—poor man—a very clever artist, too, but, like many others of his class, he was not appreciated, and died almost penniless. Then I came to live with Aunt Catherine and Uncle Robin, and, dear good souls that they are, they have never once given me cause to feel my dependence.

"Our park and gardens are surely very handsome," I say, in reply to my aunt's remarks, "and I don't think that Mr. Tolland can hope to have such grounds for many a day. Nothing but time can produce the results Uncle Robin has achieved."

"Yes, dear, that's a fact; but then, you see, I can't bear such shoddy people as the Tollands; now if Lord Carnhurst had done this I should have admired it; for I know he's been used to such things in England; but for these people, who have made their money in the tallow-candle business, to attempt such a splurge—why, it's really scandalous."

She is silent for a moment, and I can see her excitement gradually diminish. Presently her face lights up with a pleasant smile, and she says: "Emily, my dear, whom do you think I met? Lord Carnhurst, on horseback; he rode beside the carriage for nearly a mile, and you should have heard him admire my ponies; he said they reminded him of Lady Braglow's, only they were *much* more spirited. I do think his lordship's a charming fellow."

Aunt Catherine pauses for me to make some laudatory remark, but I remain silent.

"And do you know," she continues, "I think he'll call here on his way back to the village, for, if I remember rightly, he made some remark about asking you to ride with him this afternoon."

"Ride with him!" I exclaim, "why it was

only day before yesterday we rode over to Brookvale together; surely he's presuming too much to ask me out every other day."

"Tut, tut," replies Aunt Catherine, "you should feel honored by the attention he pays you," and then, dropping her voice to almost a whisper, she leans toward me, and says, rather impressively, "and remember this: if, by any hook or crook, he should propose to you, don't you think of saying 'No.'" "Oh, Aunt!" I exclaim, in surprise, "how can you talk in that way? To think, for a moment, of Lord Carnhurst proposing to me, a poor American orphan girl, when many an English lady of fortune and title would jump at him! And, even if he did ask me, how could you expect me to say 'Yes,' when you know I'm engaged to Arthur Urmston?"

My aunt smiles rather provokingly, as she replies:

"Arthur Urmston, eh? And how much longer are you going to wait for that poor young architect, who has, no doubt, married some fair-haired English maiden, long before this? When was it you heard from him last?"

"A year ago last month," I answer, as the tears begin to come to my eyes, for I love Arthur Urmston, and to have Aunt Catherine talk as she does, pains me terribly. It has been three years now since Arthur went to England to study architecture with a London architect of some renown.

I shall never forget the letters that have passed between us since then: how he told me of his slow but steady advancement; how he always spoke of the pleasure he had, in anticipation, of returning and making me his wife; and how each letter seemed to make me love him more and more—then they suddenly stopped. Not an intimation that he had grown tired of me; not a hint that he was going to leave England, or that he was coming home, but a sudden discontinuance. I never knew the address of the architect he was with; I believe his name was Smith, but there are quite a number of architects of that name in London, and so it happened I could not write to inquire about him. The weeks that followed were long, anxious weeks to me. Every mail I looked for a letter, and every mail brought me disappointment. Six months passed, and then Lord Carnhurst suddenly appeared in the village. Somehow Uncle Robin made his acquaintance, and, both being Englishmen, a friendship soon sprang up between them. His lordship visited here, at first, at intervals of from one to three weeks, but, during the last three months, he has become quite sociable, and has, it seems, gotten into the habit of calling at least once a day, and sometimes twice.

Aunt Catherine sees the tears in my eyes, I fancy, for she says no more now, but sits looking steadily at me, while I look as steadily into the fire. We are thus engaged when the door opens, and Sparks, the footman, announces Lord Carnhurst. The next moment his lordship stalks into the room. He is a tall, rather stoop-shouldered man, of probably thirty-five or forty. His hair is a light brown, so thin on top as to give a suspicion of baldness, but his face is rather pleasant, save for a sharp, wicked

look, which, at times, is noticeable about his eyes. He wears side-whiskers and mustaches, and is, on the whole, rather handsome. He dresses with faultless taste, and this morning is attired in a light woolen suit and a dark blue scarf, which is quite becoming.

Aunt Catherine and I both rise as he enters. "Good morning, Miss Dean," he says, extending his hand to me—a thin delicate hand with long taper fingers, which, Aunt Catherine says, is aristocratic. "Mrs. Robin, I trust you enjoyed your drive." He shakes hands with both of us, accepts a chair, and we resume our seats by the fireside.

"And how did you enjoy *your* ride?" asks Aunt, after she has detailed the vulgarities of Mr. Tolland and his new estate.

"Oh, awfully well, thanks; I had a look at Tolland myself, and I rather fancy it's only a speculation on the part of the candlemaker. He's like all Americans, you know, determined to make money. After he's improved those grounds, they'll be worth double what they are now, and will fully repay him for all he spends on them."

"That would be a nice place for you to buy, my lord," suggests Aunt Catherine, "and I've no doubt *you* would make it look quite respectable."

"Thanks. I shouldn't mind, if I were going to remain in the States, but I'm going back to England in a month or two, and I don't care to make any investments here," says his lordship, with a pure English accent, and without once being tempted to prefix an h.

"You don't say you're going back, Lord Carnhurst," I remark; "why, I fully expected you would make America your home; you seemed so much in love with it."

His lordship looks at me rather dreamily, as if trying to understand what I said.

"I am very pleased with the country," he says, "exceedingly pleased; but I can't stand the people. The Yankees are a bad lot, Miss Dean—you excepted, for your aunt and you are about as near English as may be."

"I'm sorry you have such a poor opinion of Americans, my lord," adds Aunt Catherine, "though I acknowledge myself, those who are really well bred are few and far between. So you really think you will leave us?"

"Yes; I should like to be home for Christmas, you know. I generally have quite a number of friends down at Carnhurst for the holidays, and it would not seem right at all to spend Christmas away from England."

Lunch is announced, and we press his lordship to stay, but to no avail.

"I have an engagement to lunch with a friend at my hotel to-day," he says, and then turning to me, he adds, "I had nearly gone without accomplishing my errand. Miss Dean, may I be honored with your company for a

ride, this afternoon? I should like to show you these grounds Mrs. Robin spoke of, this speculation of the candlemaker."

"Thank you," I reply, "I shall be pleased to go; will four o'clock suit you to start?"

"If agreeable to you."

"And then, my lord, you must promise me to dine with us on your return," says Aunt Catherine.

"Thanks, I shall be most happy; at four, then, Miss Dean. Good-morning, ladies," and with a profound bow he is gone.

I am sitting alone in my room: a cosy, dainty apartment, furnished in the Queen Anne style, and containing everything possible to make one comfortable, yet I do not ap-

have refused, and so I went, and now how I wish to heaven I had feigned illness—even though I had told fifty lies it would have been far better than to have come to this. It was pleasant enough going; and I so enjoyed hearing him talk. I liked so to hear his pure accent, that strange rising and falling inflexion all through his sentences, to me, seemed so odd, that I was fairly intoxicated with his conversation. Then, as we started to return, he began to murmur kind words, and to talk sympathetically about my being lonely here at "The Oaks," with no companions but Aunt Catherine and Uncle Robin. I told him I was very well satisfied, but this did not quiet him; still he went on, and—oh how I wish he had never come near "The Oaks," that he had never

come near Brookvale, that he had never even crossed the Atlantic. Yes, he proposed to me; asked me to marry him, and go with him back to England. Then for the first time I realized what Aunt Catherine said this morning about my not refusing him. I grew faint for an instant, and thought I would have fallen from my horse. I think he must have noticed it, for he rode close beside me, and stretching out his arm suddenly, he placed it about my waist. It was this that roused me, and with an impulse to resent such a liberty, I pulled up my horse quickly, thus drawing myself completely out of his lordship's reach.

"I would thank you, Lord Carnhurst," I said, "to remember what you are doing. When I have promised to be your wife, it will be quite time enough to attempt such liberties."

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I thought you seemed about to fall. I trust you will not deem it an intentional rudeness on my part."

"I am not subject to fainting," I replied shortly, and we rode on in silence. Nothing more was said—that was all; but it was far too much; it was a proposal surely, and I had not "answered him

nay:" no, I had rather encouraged him to believe I would some time say "yes." He dined with us to-day, and spent the evening after; but to me what a dreary dinner hour that was, with his lordship sitting there conversing with us about England, his home, telling us of his estates, his village, his country house, and his city house. It was all done for my benefit, I know, but it failed to inspire in me the slightest wish to share them with him.

Since that ride how different he seems to me; before it I rather liked him; he was very agreeable, and extremely well-bred; but now I have a perfect horror of him. It seems that never before did I love Arthur Urmston so fondly; never before did I know how superior I think him to all other men; and it is now that this English lord comes and offers to take



I HAVE LAIN HERE SOBBING FOR SOME TIME WHEN I HEAR SOME ONE BESIDE ME. I AM CONSCIOUS OF A SENSE OF MORTIFICATION, AND MY FIRST IMPULSE IS TO ESCAPE OBSERVATION.

preciate it; a poor hovel, with a bed of straw, I think, would be far preferable to all this elegance, provided I were far away from those who wish me to do as they ask, and not as I desire. It has only been eight hours since I accepted the invitation to ride with Lord Carnhurst, but into that period it seems all the misery possible for me to know has been crowded. As I sit here in my favorite position, before the grate, with my hands holding the back of my head, I wish that I had died when I was a child, that I had never lived to suffer as I am suffering now, and as I know I must suffer. And to think this trouble should have come so soon, so suddenly. The events of this afternoon rush through my brain again and again, until they seem to drive me mad. His lordship asked me to ride with him to Tolland; it would have been awfully rude of me to

his place. I excused myself this evening, and left him with Aunt Catherine and Uncle Robin. I had a terrible headache, I said, and so I have. I cannot, will not marry Lord Carnhurst, and yet I cannot, will not disobey Aunt Catherine, who has been so kind to me.

"Oh, what shall I do? how shall I escape this choice?" I cry aloud, "I will go mad if I am forced to marry him, and I shall always be unhappy if I do not do as my aunt wishes." I fall on my knees, and leaning my head on the chair, seek comfort from Him who is better able and more willing to assist us than any earthly friend can be, and who is sufficiently powerful to remove all difficulties from our paths, however great.

"O God!" I plead, "help me, I pray Thee, and give me wisdom to choose, if I must, that which is best—" I am praying thus when I hear a light tap at the door; I spring up and open it as quickly as possible. It is Aunt Catherine on her way to her bedroom.

"For mercy's sake, Emily," she exclaims, "what's the matter? What have you been doing? You are as pale as a ghost, and look as if you had lost your last friend. Has anything gone wrong, child?"

"I've a fearful headache, aunt," I reply, still holding the door, "but otherwise I am quite well," and then, striving to throw off all suspicions of my trouble, I ask: "Has his lordship been gone long?"

Her face lights up at this, and as she walks in—quite uninvited—and sits down by my writing-table, she says:

"Not long, about half an hour only; and my dear, it's about him that I stopped to talk with you."

As these words fall on my ear my heart seems for a moment to stop its beating. Oh, that she would never mention that man's name to me; but now she has seated herself, and I know I am doomed to a long discourse on this dreaded subject; so I close the door, throw myself in a chair, and wait for her to open the conversation.

"Emily, my child," she begins, "it has turned out just as I knew it would. From the first day that Lord Carnhurst entered this house I prophesied that he would be sure to fall in love with you. Your uncle laughed at the idea, but I always said that such a winning girl as you are would soon gain the love of any man, and especially that of a stranger in a strange land."

I close my eyes, and struggle hard to keep back the tears, for my heart seems breaking now, as I see what is about to follow. Still my aunt heeds it not, but keeps on in the same strain.

"And now, Emily, to-night after you left the room, he turned to your uncle and I, and with a pleading look in his eyes he said: 'Mr. and Mrs. Robin, I am about to ask you a very great favor, and yet I think you will grant it me,' and his good English sounded so pleasant and gentle that I knew I couldn't refuse his request, even if it were to deed him all I possess; and then, my dear, he went on to say how fondly he loved you, how devoted he was to you, and how he longed to make you his wife, and ended up by asking us if we would kindly spare you, and let him take

you back to England with him when he returns."

With an awful weight seeming to press upon me, and my heart nearly breaking, I ask: "And what did you tell him? Oh, aunt, you didn't say yes?"

"Of course I did, but—"

Before she can finish her sentence, my strength gives way. I can stand it no longer, and I burst into an uncontrollable fit of weeping.

"Aunt, aunt," I cry, "I cannot, cannot marry him. You know I am engaged to Arthur. Oh, why did you say yes?"

She looks at me steadily for a moment, then a frown comes over her face and she rises, about to leave the room.

"I cannot understand your foolishness," she says; "the idea of thinking of that man, who don't care a straw for you, and refusing an English lord who is dead in love with you, is the height of silliness. I can't comprehend you at all."

Still I sit here weeping, and never say one word in reply. She starts for a second time, and on reaching the door turns to me again, and says rather sharply:

"Emily, you have always been welcome to live in this house; all I have done for you was done freely; but when you refuse such an offer as this, I hope you will remember that you are dependent upon Mr. Robin, and as he is no real relation, it is—"

She is going on in this way, when I spring up and rush towards her.

"Stop, aunt; stop," I cry, "do not throw my dependence in my face. I am miserable now, quite miserable enough without this. Have some pity, say no more, leave me alone, and to-morrow I will be better prepared to talk with you."

She does not answer me, but sweeping out of the room she slams the door after her, and again I am by myself. As I realize that she is gone, that there is no one here to witness my agony, I sink back upon the bed and give way to my grief. Over and over again I ask myself what I have done to deserve this terrible trouble. For the first time in my life I have had my dependence thrown in my face. How unkind of Aunt Catherine to do this. I think, and yet what she said is quite true—if it were not I could bear it better—I am daily living at uncle Robin's expense, and am giving him nothing in return. What would I not give to be independent? How I long to be able to repay all he has ever done for me. A hard, desperate struggle I have, trying to decide what is best for me to do. Shall I marry Lord Carnhurst or not? Shall I free myself from all obligation to uncle Robin, or shall I continue to be fed and clothed at his expense? All night long I lie here with these questions agitating my very soul. At times I decide to marry his lordship at all hazards, but then the awful realization that I do not love him, that the very sight of him would be to me a never-ceasing reminder that I am the wife of the man who caused me all this misery.

"Oh," I say again and again, "why did he ever ask me? Why was he not content to marry one of his own countrywomen, and leave me the little happiness I had begun to have,

thinking of Arthur Urmston as dead, and loving his very memory?"

Then I decide I will continue to live here at uncle's expense, and perhaps in a few months all this will be forgot; but my pride revolts; I cannot, I must not remain, after those words of Aunt Catherine's; she said that he is no relation of mine, that I have no claim on him. She is right, I have not, and therefore I will not remain in his house a moment longer than I can help. I will go somewhere and teach school, I will earn my living as best as I may, anywhere away from those who begrudge me the food that I eat; but—oh, how often that "but" comes between me and my resolutions—I cannot thus repay past kindness; I would only merit the anger of my aunt, and she, it is true, is my best friend. She wants me to marry Lord Carnhurst because she thinks it would be best for me to do so. How can I go contrary to her wishes? I must marry him for Aunt Catherine's sake; I must overlook my own happiness; I must repay her now for all her past favors by doing as she desires.

It is a terrible effort, but I decide at last; and with my decision comes comparative calmness. I make up my mind that I will go to aunt in the morning, that I will tell her I will do as she wishes, and that I believe it best that I marry this English lord, though I will tell her frankly I do not love him; all I can do is to give him my hand, and try and learn to give him my heart. The little brass clock on my mantel shelf strikes one as I come to this decision, and with nervous, trembling limbs I rise from my bed and begin to undress. If I can get a few hours' sleep before morning, I am quite sure I shall be able to carry out my resolution. My rest, however, is disturbed; I fall into a doze which lasts only for a moment, when I awake again with a start; my nerves seem to have been thoroughly unstrung, and it will be months before I can even hope to regain my usual composure.

I am sitting in the morning room at "The Oaks."

To-morrow is Thanksgiving day. It has been just one month since that terrible day when Lord Carnhurst proposed to me, and since that fearful night when I tried so hard to decide what it was best for me to do; the result of it all is that I am to be married to-morrow; married to a man I do not love, to a man I do not even respect. It has been very hurried, but his lordship wished to be home by Christmas, and he wants the affair over before he starts. I am not going with him; I made that condition when I accepted his offer. He promised me that he would live hereafter in America, and now he returns to England, only to make the necessary transactions consequent upon a change of residence. I do not understand what it is to do, though I believe it is something relating to money matters. How I wish that he would die before to-morrow dawns! How I tremble when I think of standing before the altar with one man, and loving another—either living or dead—with all my heart, and with all my soul; but I have given my word, all the arrangements are made, and it's far too late to draw back. I am thinking thus when Ellen, my aunt's maid, enters.

"A letter for you, Miss," she says.

I look at her in astonishment. A letter for me! Who can it possibly be from? I take it off the salver and glance at the address—

I utter a sharp, piercing shriek, the letter drops from my fingers, and I fall back into my chair in a dead faint.

When I return to consciousness, Ellen is still by me, but no one else is in the room. Aunt Catherine went out to drive this morning, and has not yet got back.

"Oh Miss Dean," says Ellen, "I'm so glad you've come to ye'rself; I was real scared, and nobody in this part of the house."

"I'm quite well now, Ellen; quite well, thanks, and you need stay no longer."

She picks up the letter, and handing it to me leaves the room. I see the handwriting: it is that which a year ago I looked for day after day; it is addressed in the familiar hand of Arthur Urmston, and it bears a pink "tuppence ha'penny" stamp. With nervous fingers I tear open the envelope and take out the letter. In an instant it is unfolded, and with eager eyes I am reading the contents:

"LONDON, Nov. 14, 187—

"MY DEAR EMILY:

"At last am able to write you, and what I say shall be short. I have much to tell you; far too much to put in a letter. Suffice it now that I am on my way home, and hope to reach 'The Oaks,' by Thanksgiving day at the latest. I am,

"Hoping to see you before many weeks,

"Yours, as of old,

"ARTHUR."

Oh how my heart thrills with joy as I read this. Arthur is coming home; he is coming here; again I shall see his dear face; the face which I have been so longing to look upon. Then the dreadful realization darts through my soul: I can never think of marrying him; I shall be another man's wife. The thought is too terrible to bear. "I will not marry Lord Carnhurst," I exclaim; "I cannot marry him and love my dear, my own Arthur." I rise and walk hastily up and down the room, in an endeavor to quell the emotions which surge within me like a storm-beaten river. I have two or three turns from one end to the other, and then, unable to control my feelings longer, I throw myself upon a lounge, and burying my face in one of the cushions, burst into a flood of tears. I have lain here sobbing for some time when I hear some one beside me. I am conscious of a sense of mortification, and my first impulse is to escape observation. I venture to look up, however, and that one look is fatal. Between myself and the center-table—upon which my letter lies spread out—I see the familiar form and features of him whom I love above all others on earth—Arthur Urmston.

It is so sudden, so unexpected, that for a moment it seems I am unable to breathe, then with an exclamation of "Oh, Arthur!" I spring to my feet, and am about to rush toward him, when—like a draft of ice-cold air in the heat of summer—comes the terrible realization that I am engaged, that I am promised to another, and no man but he has a right to my

love. As the thought breaks upon me, I utter one agonized shriek, and start back from my returned lover. He takes one step toward me, and encircling my waist with his strong, manly arm, he prevents me from falling. The next moment he strains me to his breast, and before I can prevent it—I do not wish to prevent it—he has imprinted two burning kisses upon my lips.

"Emily, dear, what's the matter?" he exclaims, as I struggle to escape; "Is this the way you receive your future husband?"

"Oh!" I cry, "Arthur, dear Arthur, I would to heaven you were to be my husband; but it's too late, it's too late."

"What!" he exclaims excitedly, "too late? How too late? For God's sake, Emily, tell me; you cannot mean you are married."

With an amazing degree of self-possession, astonishing to myself, I beg him to be seated, and I will tell him all. Then I sit down on the lounge, and he seats himself near me. I take a good look at him now; he is not much changed. His face is clean shaven with the exception of his upper lip, upon which he has raised heavy mustaches. He is very handsome, dear fellow, though I think rather thinner than when he left home; but, then, he is much older, and so manly looking. I have always admired him, but now I really adore him. He looks at me piteously, beseechingly, and I can see that the suspense he endures is something awful.

"I will tell you all, Arthur," I repeat, "and oh how I wish it had never happened, and need never be told!"

"Go on, Emily," he says, "go on, I can bear anything better than this suspense."

"Arthur," I reply, and the tears come to my eyes, "I am to be married to-morrow. I am engaged to Lord Carnhurst." I again begin to sob; Arthur turns pale as death and trembles violently.

"Emily," he exclaims suddenly, "Emily," and I look at him through my tears, "you do not love this man? you are not marrying him for love?" he asks.

"No; heaven knows I am not," I reply firmly.

"Then," he adds, "*you shall not be his wife*. You shall be mine yet. Your promise was to me first, and now I claim that promise." As he says this emphatically, and rather loudly, the door is opened, and Sparks announces:

"Lord Carnhurst."

His lordship enters, attired in a suit of brown tweed, and bows rather stiffly. I rise and go toward him, for I know that he expects it, and I seem to be bound to obey his wishes.

"Lord Carnhurst, my friend, Mr. Urmston, who has just returned from abroad," I say, by way of introduction.

His lordship looks at Arthur coldly for an instant, then I see a startled expression in his eyes; and he seems to be ill at ease. Arthur in turn stares at him madly, almost defiantly, then a look of recognition, and a fierce light takes the place of the cold, angry gaze. Before I can realize what is about to happen, Urmston strides across the room, and stopping in front of Carnhurst, he says sharply:

"Will you kindly leave this place? You are recognized."

He is very calm, and I can hardly believe that I hear rightly. The words are so simple, so business-like, and yet so terribly, awfully severe.

His lordship's face assumes a ghastly pallor, and he seems about to fall. He staggers back a step or two, then partially regains his composure, and says to me in a faltering, nervous voice:

"Why am I insulted in this manner, my dear? Why do you allow such insufferable cads in your —?"

"Stop a moment," interrupts Arthur, "you will not address Miss Dean, if you please; she is a lady, and is not accustomed to be spoken to so familiarly by such a rogue as you are. As I said before, you had better leave the house, or I shall be compelled to help you." His lordship takes another step toward the door, and Arthur continues: "Though you may have imposed on Mr. and Mrs. Robin; though by misrepresentation you may have gained the promise of Miss Dean's hand, it is quite impossible for you to pass your title off on me. One year ago you were an architect like myself, and since that time you have added only disgrace, not title, to your name. Philip Carney, if you wish to escape arrest, go."

Not a reply from the Englishman. He walks straight to the door, thoroughly cowed, and then only stops to say:

"I cannot stand this insulting language, Emily; I am compelled to leave."

Having delivered himself of this excuse for leaving, he goes quickly out and closes the door after him. It is all so sudden I can hardly realize it, until Arthur again takes me in his arms, and tells me in his dear, familiar voice that that is the last I will ever see of his lordship. "And," he continues, "Emily, darling, now you are free, you shall be my wife." Oh, the joy those words give me; it is too much; I am overwhelmed. And then, so intense is my happiness that I lose consciousness—for the second time this morning I actually faint.

Thanksgiving Night.—I am married now. My name is Emily Dean no longer; hereafter I shall be known as Mrs. Arthur Urmston, and how I thank God it is that, and not Lady Carnhurst, as I had expected it would be. The arrangements for the wedding were all made, and so we were married to-day.

Thanksgiving—I have known it as a holiday ever since I was a child, but never until now did I realize its true significance. Again and again I thank God for my narrow escape; over and over I thank Him for the gift of a noble and good husband, and yet I can hardly realize that it is as it is; it seems so like a dream that sometimes I doubt whether I am awake. And to think that Arthur came just in time, after such a long absence, such a long silence. The reason I did not get a letter was this; Arthur was making his mark in London, his designs were generally admitted to be of merit, and he was acknowledged by the best judges to be a very clever architect. In the office with him was a man named Carney, a rather dissolute fellow, but still at times quite sociable. With this man Arthur became quite intimate, and he tells me,

often talked with him about his home here in the United States, and about me, his promised bride. I think he showed him my photograph, and Carney seemed to be interested. About this time Arthur received an order for quite a large sum of money in payment for restoring one of the old cathedrals. He had also his plans and specifications for a new art gallery under the consideration of the board of directors, and was daily expecting their approval, when he was suddenly taken ill. The disease proved to be a slow fever, and he grew worse and worse; at last after four months of battling with this malady, he recovered his bodily health, but his mind was affected, and he was placed by his friends in an asylum, where he remained for the following eight months, at the end of which time he was pronounced thoroughly cured, and allowed to return to his profession. When he attempted to draw the money in payment of the cathedral restoration, to his surprise he found that it had already been drawn on a forged order, which was readily traced to Carney, who, it was discovered, had left the country. He then heard that his art gallery design had been approved, and on being paid for it, wrote home immediately, and sailed the next day for America. And now—how thankful I am for it. I am his wife. He is not wealthy, but he is an acknowledged genius, and with his talent I am quite sure he can soon make his mark in America, as he has already done across the water. His lordship, who, as has been seen, is no other than the disreputable architect Carney, has left Brookvale, and I believe Arthur does not intend to prosecute him. Generosity is one of his virtues, but I am afraid he carries it too far sometimes, and does not look sufficiently to his own interests.

The wedding—our wedding—to-day, was a grand affair. Uncle Robin had everything to make the occasion one of enjoyment, and though the guests, I think, were rather disappointed in not seeing a "real live lord," yet they were thankful for my escape from an adventurer, and I too am thankful that I was rescued from his lordship.

Helen and I.

BY PARTMIDGE BERRY.



WE were very poor, Helen and I; but we were proud, and to a certain extent, happy.

That is, we expected to be happy some time in the future, when we had attained our objects. And, after all, that is the only happiness the majority of people know.

Father and mother were old and had worked hard all their lives. The farm was doing well, and the mortgage in a fair way to be paid, when brother Rob ran away to sea to escape the punishment of his crime, forgery.

We all forgave him though, when we heard

of his death and burial at sea, only three weeks afterward.

The money which we had saved by hard work, toward paying off the mortgage, now must be paid to the men whom our brother had robbed. The interest began to accumulate, and things looked very dark.

Helen and I talked the matter over one night in our little room, which looked out upon the old apple orchard, and the fragrance of the pink and white blossoms came in through the windows with every breeze, and filled the little room while we talked.

Helen had been away to school and had acquired a very fair musical education.

I could paint a little, sing a little, and do a little of a great many things, but did not feel myself to be very proficient in anything. Still, I thought I could fill the position of teacher in a primary school in the city, thirty miles away; a position which had been offered to me only a week before.

I had hesitated about accepting, on account of the drudgery of the work. But poor Rob's crime and death had changed everything in our once happy home.

So we talked and planned, that lovely May night, how we might bear a part of the great burden which weighed so heavily upon the shoulders of the gray-haired man and woman down stairs.

We decided at last, packed our trunks that night, and next morning, at breakfast, told our plans. Father and mother of course objected at first, but finally gave their consent, half unwillingly, and with many doubts as to our success.

Mother had a brother in the city for which we were bound. He had often invited us to visit him, and to him we now went for a few days, until we could find rooms, comfortable and cheap; for we were very independent, Helen and I.

Helen had a few school friends in the city, who loved her enough—everybody loved our Helen—to interest themselves for her; so that before many days had passed, Helen had the promise of eight or ten music scholars, and we had succeeded in finding three pleasant rooms, two tiny ones and one of a comfortable size, in the third story of an old brick building. We had stairs to mount, but we were young and strong enough, we thought, to endure any amount of hard labor.

Our large room, large only when compared with the two tiny ones, answered for parlor, dining-room, library, and conservatory, for we had plants. Helen hung her canary in the east window, and we fastened the pretty home-made brackets in the corners and on the walls, here and there, and hung up the bookshelves which Rob had fashioned for us in happier days.

Our library was small, but what there was of it was good; and that is more than can be said of a great many others making far more pretension and display. There were no pictures save a few of my own crayon drawings, and very little furniture besides Helen's piano, which we had rented for a year, a table, an ottoman, and two or three chairs, one of the latter a big arm-chair.

This was our city home, and here we lived

a busy, happy, and not uneventful life, for several months.

Helen's pupils were little girls, most of them under twelve years of age. One of these was a beautiful little maiden, whom we named Little Sunshine, but whose real name was Bertha Warburton. She became very much attached to Helen, and it was not a rare thing to find them together in our little sanctum, afternoons, when I came in from school.

Bertha was an only daughter, petted and praised enough to spoil any ordinary child; but Bertha was not an ordinary child at all. Her father was a wealthy banker, considerably past middle age, and her mother a woman of fashion, haughty and beautiful.

Often as I turned the corner of the street leading up to our castle, as we called the tall brick building in which we lived, I would see Bertha's pretty nose flattened against the window-pane, as she stood watching for my appearance. As soon as they heard my step on the stairs, Bertha would rush to the door to meet me, then conducting me, with the air of a princess, to the one little cushioned chair, she would take my hat and wraps, and after putting them carefully away, curl herself up like a kitten, on the ottoman at my feet, laying her curly head on my lap, and coax for a story.

I entertained her with stories of sea-nymphs and dryads, of fairies who lived in blue bells and roses, and dined daily upon honey and dew. But she loved, most of all, to hear stories of my childhood and life on the farm.

"Miss Ruth, I think it is a beautiful place, better than Saratoga, or Newport, or even the White Mountains, and I shall ask mamma to let me spend next summer there."

"Why, Bertha," I would say, "my home is not half so beautiful, and cannot be compared at all with the White Mountains, Newport, or Saratoga. It is nothing but a little brown farm-house, more than a hundred years old—"

"All covered with ivy and roses," Bertha interrupted, "and the roof is almost hidden by moss, the birds build their nests under its eaves, and there is such a lovely old well-sweep; the orchard and the cool spring below the hill, the old oak tree, the old-fashioned garden full of hollyhocks and sweet-williams, and such lots of old-fashioned flowers: oh it is just lovely!" she said, pausing for breath.

Helen smiled at her enthusiasm, and what could I do but kiss her and admit that she was right? For was not the old farm-house, with its surroundings, the dearest, the sweetest, most beautiful place to us on earth? For what were we spending this long lonely year in a strange city, if not to obtain means by which we might help to make and keep it our very own?

So the weeks and the months passed away, each filled with its duties and cares, trials and pleasures.

One afternoon, early in November, Bertha danced into our room, her eyes, and indeed her whole face, radiant.

"Oh, Miss Wyllis, Miss Ruth, I am so happy, for Brother Rupert is coming home to-morrow!"

"Brother Rupert!" I exclaimed, "I did not know you had a brother."

"Well, he is not all my brother, only half, mamma says. He has been away ever and ever so many years in Europe, and he is very, very learned, *almost* more than you, Miss Wyllis."

She said this last half reluctantly, as though the statement were disparaging to Helen, whom she believed a paragon of learning.

Helen was very much amused, and more so as the little fairy went on to tell of the "curly brown hair," "such elegant brown eyes, and a mustache, mamma says."

"Besides," she added, "he loves little girls."

After she had gone, I looked at Helen for an explanation. She answered my inquiring glance, with:

"Oh, this Rupert Warburton is a son of Mr. Warburton by his first wife. He has been on the Continent for the last five years, studying at different universities and traveling, I believe."

"Is he very young?" I inquired.

"About thirty, I have heard."

"And handsome?"

"Oh, of course," laughing a little as she thought of Bertha's description of the elegant brown eyes and mustache.

"I suppose we shall be deprived of the pleasure of Bertha's company more in future, she will be so taken up with this new brother. I am half inclined to be jealous," said I.

"But what a sensation he will create among the belles of this aristocratic city, so rich and so handsome."

"Indeed he has created a sensation already," said Helen, "as I could not help overhearing this morning while I was giving Lottie Vaughan her lessons. Miss Vaughan and that pretty little Majorie Lee were in the parlor, discussing balls and parties, and planning such a variety of beautiful costumes to charm and bewitch Mr. Warburton when he makes his appearance. He is a great catch, and there will be much angling and many maneuvers on the part of fair maidens and stately mothers, I suspect."

"Helen, you are so beautiful, do you never envy these girls, no whit superior to yourself in birth, or education, or refinement, who pass their days in luxury, and have every wish gratified, while we must work so hard to obtain even common comforts?"

"No, sister," my darling replied, "I envy no woman on the face of the earth, while I have friends to love and care for, health, and a clear conscience."

My prophecy was fulfilled, for we saw no more of Little Sunshine for several weeks, except as she passed frequently in the carriage, drawn by the beautiful spirited bays I so admired.

I must confess that I peeped out from behind the blinds, at the tall, broad-shouldered gentleman by Bertha's side. I caught but momentary glimpses, but I saw that he was very handsome and distinguished looking, and treated Bertha with the greatest tenderness, while her elegant mamma opposite looked on and smiled placid approval.

Helen manifested very little interest in this

young gentleman whose praise was on every tongue. But by dint of much questioning, I succeeded in drawing from her little descriptions of balls and sleighing parties; for Bertha, to whom Helen still gave music lessons, never tired of talking of this wonderful brother.

"I wish he had remained on the other side of the sea. I am tired of his very name," my sister said one day. Everywhere I go, it is, 'Have you met Mr. Rupert Warburton?' 'Isn't he handsome?' 'He talks so beautifully,' sings 'so adorably,' 'dances exquisitely,' walks with 'such dignity,' and is altogether—*exerciating*."

She stepped to the window and began to talk to her canary.

"Well, but *have* you met him, Helen?" I cautiously asked.

She turned around suddenly and gave me a look meant to extinguish me.

"Ruth, have you too fallen a victim to the mania? I *have* met him two or three times. He manifests a great deal of interest in Bertha's lessons, and once or twice I have caught him staring at me with his 'elegant brown eyes,' in the street cars. To tell the truth, he strikes me as being disagreeably officious."

"Helen!" I said, severely. "I am afraid you are lacking in charity."

"No doubt," she replied, "he *is* an object of charity."

After this, I asked no more questions, but pondered her words in my heart. What was it that troubled my gentle and patient sister? Did she love this man?

The next time the Warburton carriage passed, I shook my fist at him behind the blinds, and a moment after, laughing at my folly, went back to build many a castle, thin as air and rainbow hued; destined, perhaps, to speedy ruin and fall, generally the fate of such structures.

The day before Christmas, a month or two after "Brother Rupert" came home, the Warburton carriage stopped at our door, or rather at the front door of the old brick building in which we lived. The coachman assisted Bertha, who was the only occupant of the carriage this morning, to alight, and a moment after, we heard her tripping up the stairs. She was as bright and winsome as ever, and I gave her an eager welcome, although I reproached her a little for neglecting me so long. She was very remorseful and penitent, but she pleaded as an excuse, that she had never had such a dear brother before, and she had been so very, very busy. She had come to ask a great favor, she said, and throwing her little white arms around Helen's neck, looked wistfully up into her face.

"What is it, darling?" said Helen, trying in vain to look grim and unapproachable.

"It is a very great favor, Miss Wyllis, but Brother Rupert says you sing and play so beautifully, and mamma wants you so very much. Besides, it is my birthday, and I am to be allowed to stay up this once. Do please say you will come, Miss Wyllis."

"Come? Where, Bertha?"

I believe Helen knew all the time, in spite of her demure face.

"Oh, to the party mamma is going to have to-night for Brother Rupert. It is to be small and very select, and we so wish you would favor us this once with some of your beautiful music. Brother Rupert says—"

Helen caught the little girl up and stopped her mouth with kisses. She gave a reluctant consent, for who could disappoint the little one on her tenth birthday. Poor Helen!

After Bertha had gone away in the carriage, I sat down, cast my eyes up towards the ceiling, and pondered long upon the deceitfulness and exceeding artfulness of the masculine heart.

Helen observed me, and said, a little impatiently:

"Ruth, what in the world do you mean by rolling up the whites of your eyes in that lunny style!"

"I am in no way deranged," I replied, with great dignity, bringing my eyes down again to their proper level. "I was merely considering what two young ladies with such very extensive wardrobes should wear on this most auspicious evening."

I possessed one black silk dress, not new, but handsome, and with the aid of a few flowers and a bit of old lace—which, by the way, was an heir-loom—in the neck and sleeves, I thought I could make myself presentable, especially as I meant to keep myself in the background. But what was Helen to wear? My sister was

"Fair, fair, with golden hair."

In one of our trunks, carefully folded away, was Helen's graduating dress, a white organdie. She had never worn it since graduating day. With a little planning and re-arranging of drapery, we thought it would do. There was soft lace in the neck and sleeves, and when she was dressed, with a pale tea-rose in her lovely, waving hair, and a bud with two or three geranium leaves at her throat, I thought I never saw any one more lovely.

"You would do for a bride," I said. She smiled, but the smile was a little weary, I thought.

When we reached the Warburton mansion, we found that it was already brilliantly lighted, and a few of the guests had arrived. The glass doors of the conservatory were thrown wide open, and the piano stood just before it, completely surrounded by flowers; so my Helen was to play and sing in a bower of roses.

The air was heavy with the fragrance of rare exotics, and as the rooms began to be filled with handsome men and richly dressed women, it seemed to me like a scene from fairy-land. The fairy soon appeared in the shape of Bertha, who almost smothered us with kisses *sub rosa*. I soon found that this was not a place where the people danced from the time they came until the time they went away, in "the wee sma' hours," exercising their heels far more than their brains. They did dance, of course, but there was, besides, a

"Feast of reason and flow of soul."

One gray-haired professor found me in my

quiet corner, and we conversed long and delightfully upon various topics. Ancient literature, political economy, art and science, all came in for a share. I felt greatly refreshed and much enriched after drawing from his rare, and, it seemed to me, almost exhaustless store of knowledge.

While improving my mind, I also made good use of my eyes. I noticed that while Mr. Rupert Warburton was very kind and attentive to his guests, exerting all his powers of fascination, and they were not few, he seemed somewhat *distract*. He listened to Miss Vaughan's platitudes with polite attention, and feigned delight at her witty sallies, but with a far-off look in his eyes.

Presently he whirled by us in a dizzy waltz with pretty Majorie Lee. As they passed us I could see that the girl's cheeks were the color of crimson damask roses, and her large dark eyes glowed like brilliants as she looked up into his face. I read a secret, but I read it with a little pang of pity, for the brown eyes which looked down upon her were cool and unconcerned. Indeed, I do not think he realized at all what was so near him. After a while I saw them pass into the conservatory, and there I detected him furtively watching Helen, who was playing one of Beethoven's waltzes. Helen, all unconscious of his scrutiny, looked more lovely than I had ever seen her. Usually rather pale, her cheeks to-night were flushed, making her more beautiful, but hardly natural, I thought. Her beauty was generally too statuesque; poor Helen, she worked too hard! But to-night the music or something else excited her, and there she sat playing, the color coming and going in her cheeks, and her eyes flashing and dilating as I had never seen them before. I almost trembled as I looked, her beauty was so unearthly.

After a time she was asked to sing, and she complied with a song, "When the Tide Comes In." I had heard her sing it before, but never, never as that night. Her voice rose and fell pure, clear, and sweet, but oh, the grief and the passion! I was frightened almost to tears. What had come over my quiet sister?

I turned and glanced again into the conservatory where Majorie Lee and Rupert Warburton were still standing, listening to the song. I saw a look in his eyes, and in a moment I understood it all. "Helen, Helen, what shall I do!" I cried, but not aloud.

It was not long before I saw Helen and Rupert conversing pleasantly together, but with no shadow of what I had seen in either face. I turned away greatly relieved, and the evening wore pleasantly away. Many were the congratulations and compliments we received. My sister's beauty was admired, and her voice praised as something wonderful. But what did it matter to us, so poor and so proud?

Rupert Warburton insisted upon seeing us safely home, much to the mortification and chagrin of Mrs. Warburton, who had hoped much from this evening as a rare opportunity to bring Rupert and the immensely wealthy Miss Vaughan together, and awaken a mutual interest. That young lady was herself nothing loth, and would gladly have laid herself and her thousands, figuratively speaking, at his feet.

But he, like so many estimable young men of the day, was very perverse, and so blind to his own interests and Miss Vaughan's attractions, that he accompanied home two young ladies, whose only merit in the eyes of his fashionable friends was, that they were industrious and respectable. "Very well in their place; but you know, my dear, that it would not do to allow such persons to rise for a moment *above* their place; they are so quick to see and take an advantage."

We said "good night," at the door, and climbed wearily up the long stairs to our room, where we found the fire-light dancing and flickering on the wall. I put away our wraps, then drawing our chairs close to the fire, for we were chilled with our long walk, I made Helen sit at my feet, and drawing her head down into my lap, said gently,

"Now, sister, tell me all about it."

She was very silent for a long time, but at last answered me in a voice which sounded a little tearful and constrained.

"Ruthie, I suppose you have a right to know it, although I thought I should never tell you. Rupert Warburton has asked me to be his wife, and I believe he loves me, but it can never, never, be!"

"Why not, Helen? Do you not love him?" I asked, softly, although I more than suspected what her answer would be.

"Oh, Ruth, how can you ask! Was not our brother a criminal, and can I consent to bring the faintest shadow of a stain upon the hitherto spotless name of Warburton? Never, never!"

I admired my sister's courage, and under the same circumstances, would no doubt have felt just as she felt. But a vision of a resolute, masculine face among the exotics of a conservatory passed before my eyes, and I did not feel wholly discouraged.

So the days went on and on, dull and tiresome enough at times. The city was very gay that winter, and Rupert Warburton was among the gayest of the gay. I saw him riding in Miss Vaughan's phaeton, drawn by her cream-colored ponies. He was very attentive, and rumor said they were soon to be married. I did not believe it, however, and I was confirmed in my opinion when I saw him in his dashing little sleigh with Majorie Lee, a few days afterward. I think he really admired the piquant little beauty, but I had enough faith in the man to believe that he never would have encouraged her so cruelly, had he known what I was so sure I saw in her face every time they were together.

One Friday morning, late in February, we received a letter from home, saying that father had one of his rheumatic attacks, and longed to see one or both of his girls. I could not leave my school, except in a case of absolute necessity; but Helen packed up a few things and took the afternoon train, intending to spend three or four days with father and mother.

The next day was one of those delightful, sunny days in February, when spring seems very near; so near that the birds begin to sing, and we can almost hear the babbling of the brooks, and feel the freshness and fra-

grance of the green grass and flowers. I was sewing by the east window, and feeling a little lonely and homesick, when I heard a quick but firm masculine tread on the stairs. There was a rap at the door, and when I arose to answer it, greatly wondering, for we very seldom had callers, and the expressman never came to our door—whom should I see standing before me, but Mr. Rupert Warburton! I offered him a chair, and he sat down, provokingly cool and self-possessed, while I was hot and cold by turns. I soon regained my equanimity, however, and entertained him to the best of my ability. He complimented Helen's bird, and remarked upon the beauty of our plants, standing in the south windows. Indeed, I found him quite learned and proficient in floral culture.

But at last, artful fellow that he was, though I had carefully steered clear of the rocks, he gently touched upon the topic I knew he had been longing to introduce ever since he had entered the room. When I told him that Helen had gone home, he looked surprised and a little anxious. He asked several questions, and little by little I wickedly drew the poor fellow on to talk of Helen, until his secret was at last in my possession.

We had a long, long talk, and *mirabile dictu*—I began to like him very much. When he arose to go, it was with a smiling, hopeful face; and as I heard his brisk, receding steps on the pavement below, I thought it sounded like the walk of a very happy man.

A few days later, I saw a spirited, black horse, tall and handsome, coming up the street. As he came nearer, I saw that there was a dashing little sleigh behind him, and in the sleigh, two people whom I thought I recognized. They both had very red cheeks, and if the whole truth were told, there were dashes of carmine on their chins and noses. As the bells jingled up to the door, I rushed down stairs, two steps at a time, in a way that would have transfixed my pupils dumb with astonishment, could they have seen me.

I would not dare to relate how silly Rupert and Helen behaved, nor anything more about it, save that they were married long before another Christmas. Bertha of course was in ecstasies, and her father fully sympathized with her. Mrs. Warburton senior and the dear thousand and one friends made the best of Mrs. Warburton junior, and Helen is now a very queen among them.

I felt a little sorry for poor Majorie Lee, but I may have been mistaken after all, for she married a gay lieutenant in the army, less than a year afterward.

As for me, I kept my school until the close of the year, then went home with six hundred dollars, our joint savings, toward the mortgage. That mortgage was paid some time ago, in a way not very mysterious. Father and mother have the promise of a happy old age, free from care.

There is a certain young minister in a neighboring town, who believes that his flock need a shepherdess as well as a shepherd. And as I fully agree with him, and sympathize with his need, I have consented to fill the position to the best of my ability, before many months. No cards.

Miss Myra's May Basket.

BY AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.



HE moon was up, and the curtains still drawn. There was no light in the parlor, and the shadows of the leafy vines at the windows made flickering little bits of mosaic on the pale gray wall-paper inside. Miss Myra sat in her little low rocking-chair, softly humming a tune she used to sing years ago. Most of the words had gone out of her mind; only a tender little refrain chiming in now and then upon her recollection of the quaint old melody. What a flood of memories those few little quavering notes of tune poured in upon her. The mists of twenty years dissolved, and again she saw herself a bright-eyed, happy child; the "Wylde Myra," as they used laughingly to transpose her curious name sometimes.

Panoramic pictures moved slowly before her, to the music and rhythm of the old tune on her lips. First, there appeared a vision of her childhood. A dusty yellow road; a short, maple-bordered green, and then a turn and an old red school-house, whose sides were as spotted and brown as were the faces of the urchins who rushed pell-mell out of its door at recess. One curly brown head, and one pair of honest brown eyes, gleamed out above all others in the crowd. They belonged to Myra's boy lover, Roger Merton. He it was who used to whistle that same tune when he brought her May apples from the woods, and hung the pretty May baskets on her door early May-day morning. Then that picture faded, and another, fairer still, and brighter, shone out. A great orchard of crooked apple-trees, all pink and fragrant with bloom. Under the low, blushing branches, a brown haired youth and slender maiden plighting their vows—a May morn over their heads, and May-time in their hearts, and the sweet old tune sung softly as they walked together. Again the scene changes. May, again; and the eve before the bridal. Two lovers saying "good-night and good-bye" for the last time, and a happy whistle of the old tune sounding "over the hills and far away," as Roger goes to his home alone, to return on the morrow for his bride. Then a dark cloud o'erhangs the picture. It is May morning; but a heavy sorrow, instead of a light-hearted joy, is in the household. Death—not marriage—has taken one away, and the mother, leaving in the arms of Myra, her eldest born, a baby girl, with ebbing breath, whispers, "Be a mother to her, as I have been to you. Let nothing come between you and her, Myra." And Myra kneels, and receives the sacred charge.

"We cannot marry now, Roger," she sobbed. "I have a duty here to perform first. Wait until the little one is old enough to leave, and I will come to you."

But Roger had demurred. There was no need to wait, he said. He would take the child, too.

"No," Myra entreated. "Leave me so. I have promised to let nothing come between me and her. I should forget her in my love for you, Roger. Wait until she is grown; then I can leave her behind, and come to you with an undivided heart."

It is only woman who can love, and wait. A man's love means possession. The object of his passion must be his "to have and to hold," absolutely, else the love wanes, and goes out. It is a woman only, who can keep the tender fire burning, fanned by the breath of her almost divine patience. For a few months, Roger Newton yielded to the entreaties of his bride to be, and bowed his head meekly to the situation. But he fretted and chafed at length; and so, when pretty, sly, little Bertha Loyd made her gracious attempts at condolence and consolation, he found them so agreeable and satisfactory that he forgot his promises to Myra, and decided he would grant to Bertha the privilege of sympathizing with him in his troubles the rest of her days. When another May morning brightened the skies, Bertha Loyd went home over the hill with Roger Merton as his wife, and Myra Wylde sat in her lonely room, and rocked her baby sister on her bruised heart. But the tune upon her lips was hushed.

Many May days came and went in the years that followed. Roger and Myra seldom met. He had his wife and children in his grand new home on the hill; she devoted her days to her father and her little sister in the old home down in the valley. In the solitude of his drives, over the old haunts they had trod together in the bright springtime of their youth, sometimes he would think of Myra tenderly, and wonder if she had forgiven him his faithlessness, and reproach himself bitterly for the mistake he had made, for Bertha, though a good mother to his children, was not the wife he had hoped to find in Myra. While she, when the May blooms were hanging on the trees, would often dream of her boy lover, and of her girlhood's choice—but of the husband of her neighbor, she never thought. If she had forgotten the man, however, she had not forgiven him. There was a rankling wound yet in the woman's heart—a wound that bled when touched.

When Hope, for so had Myra called the little one, grew to be a maiden, she came one day to her sister, and hiding the blushing face upon her shoulder, confessed that she loved, and was beloved.

Miss Myra suddenly felt, with a shock that startled her, that her baby was no more; was this too, to be taken from her now?

"You, my baby! you, my child, my Hope! Who has dared to speak of love to you, yet?" she cried, holding fast the golden head upon her bosom.

"It is Roger—Roger Merton," came the trembling reply.

As if stung by a serpent, Miss Myra flung off the tender arms about her neck.

"Again," she muttered, "does he again thus seek to break my heart!"

"We are both young, I know, sister, but we can wait. Roger's father says we had best wait."

"Tell your lover's father for me, that I

know what his child's waiting would be, and as long as you live, never speak to me again of loving or being loved by one of the name of Merton!"

Every one noticed how Miss Myra aged about this time; her smooth brown hair glistened with gray, and her pretty blue eyes grew dim, and set deep under the brows. Roger Merton's wife sickened and died, that same spring, and notwithstanding Miss Myra was no longer of an age to set gossips' tongues wagging, the country people in the neighborhood nodded their heads and wove romantic little theories and speculations concerning "the widower on the hill and the old maid in the holler."

Whether it was because Roger senior wanted consolation again in the person of a young woman at the head of his table, or because Roger junior, like his father, would not "wait" for his love, not long after Mrs. Merton's death, Hope Wylde wrote a pathetic little letter of adieu to her sister, and went over the hills with her lover, as his bride.

Many vain attempts were made by both Hope and her husband after, to meet Miss Myra and obtain her pardon, but she was obdurate to their petitions, and kept herself so sedulously within her own grounds, that it was impossible to obtain either a hearing or an interview. Two years passed in this way, and it was May once more. The moon was up, and the shadows of the vines at the windows made tremulous bits of mosaic on the pale gray paper on the wall of the little parlor where Miss Myra sat. The old tune still lingered on her lips; there seemed to be a faint echo of the melody in the air; she paused to listen, but all was quiet; there was no one in the house but herself. A gentle sound as though some one cautiously turned the handle of the door, roused her again. She rose and walked out on to the verandah, and discovered hanging upon the door knob a curiously-shaped basket. She lifted it off and found it heavy. Quickly she brought it into the parlor and lighted the lamp, and kneeling down beside it read upon a card attached:

"A May basket for Myra, from loving hearts."

With trembling hands she opened the cover, and there laughed up in her face, a baby, with her little sister's eyes. She put her hand to her heart, and gasped, then burst into a flood of tears. The baby reached out both its hands, and she lifted it up onto her bosom.

Outside the window three anxious watchers stood, and there were tears upon their cheeks as they beheld the tableau. With the baby still upon her heart, Miss Myra rushed to the door again, and out on the still May night there came the cry:

"Come to me, Hope; you are forgiven!"

It was a glad, hushed, happy moment. There were no words spoken in the meeting; but when the baby lifted its head and held out its little arms to its grandfather, then Roger Merton spoke:

"Myra," he said, "it was a child that separated us, will you let one reunite us?"

And Miss Myra put the baby in his arms, and laid her hand in his, in token of her forgiveness for the past.



THE INVENTOR OF THE POWER LOOM.

The Invention of the Power Loom.

THE invention of the stocking loom marks an era in mechanics which is of the utmost interest, and whose importance we are apt to forget in these days when everything that we have or want is made by machinery with so much ease and rapidity that we forget the comforts it has supplied to the millions who formerly only possessed them by the slow, expensive process of hand labor, and glorify the past as if it were better than the present.

Our picture shows Dr. Edmund Cartright, the inventor of the power loom, as he sits watching his wife as she knits a stocking with her baby upon her lap. Dr. Cartright was at this time a Church of England clergyman, forty years old, a native of Nottinghamshire, and had never interested himself in mechanics. This was in 1783. By April of the succeeding year he has his idea, which had sprung, as it were, full grown into existence, embodied in a loom, and in complete working order. In the meantime, however, he had consulted well-known cotton spinners and intelligent mechanics, and had received much encouragement. No great

invention ever belonged entirely to one person—it has grown to the time of its birth in the womb of time, and favoring conditions project it upon the waiting world. Not that the entire world is always ready for the new departure, on the contrary, the ignorant always oppose it, and consider it as directed against their rights, as well as the established order of things. The Cartright invention was no exception to the rule. Up to this time he had been a quiet clergyman, a studious man of letters, but now he found himself in the midst of turmoil, himself and his family the subjects of suspicion and insult. A company had been formed, a factory built, but it was soon burned to the ground with five hundred spindles, by the enraged stocking spinners and working men, who considered their privileges invaded. But the retarding of the work was only temporary, the factory was rebuilt in time, improvements were made, and the world in this direction proceeded to move on its new basis. It was many years, however, before Dr. Cartright obtained any pecuniary benefit from his invention. In 1809 Parliament voted him ten thousand pounds, but a poor acknowledgment for his years of labor and the obloquy he had suffered. He interested himself for years in steam power as applied to locomotion, but he did not live to see it accomplished. He died October 30, 1823,

Only a Friend.

BY JULIA E. LEIGH.

I AM very sad, my darling,
And I cannot think to-night
Of those simple words of friendship,
That, alone, I dare to write ;
If I could but have you with me,
And could hold you to my heart
With a sense that coming ages
Would not tear our souls apart ;

COULD even think, my darling,
That this bond of ours would last :
But I know, too well, that some time
It will be a thing that's past ;
For a woman's love, my darling,
Is to man of little worth
When it's measured, gauged, and fettered
By the other ties of earth.

I AM mad, I know, for dreaming
Of a time that may not come.
When to even words of friendship
Tongue and pen will both be dumb ;
But I've grown so tired of waiting,
When there's nothing at the end,
That I'd almost rather lose you
Than to simply be your friend.

Hawthorn or "May."

BY MRS. C. S. NOURSE.

HAWTHORN, the very name has the breath of spring in it. What pictures rise up before the mind's eye at the sound—of soft, delicate fragrance, of lovely blossoms thrown out upon the shining background of foliage with lavish profusion of beauty, as though they enjoyed the luxury of giving delight to every sense. Who has not watched the clouds of snowy petals floating out upon the air, and descending in slow undulating lines to the green grass below, thick set with violets and buttercups? Who that delights in woodland wanderings has not been delighted to come, among the tender greens of the early spring foliage, suddenly upon a hawthorn in full bloom, its abundant blossoms scenting the air with the rare sweetness of the trailing arbutus and the freshness of the briar rose. Yes, we think we know it well, and we love it, but our English cousins have little faith in our knowing the loveliness of the "May," as it has been called in England from the times of Chaucer. Our climate does not suit it well, and it does not attain with us the thrifty and vigorous growth that it has in that country, where it grows in wild luxuriance, and often attains to the height of a tree.

The genus *Crataegus* includes many species; some make it over sixty in England alone.

The *Crataegus oxy-cantha* is the "May" of England, and our common hawthorn. Other species are found distributed from latitude 60 north to Palestine, in the east, and Mexico in the western hemisphere.

None of the genus are found farther south than this. Many varieties are highly ornamental evergreen shrubs, and all are adorned with fruit which succeeds the corymbs of flowers, in rich clusters of purple, orange, or brilliant scarlet berries.

Except one or two Italian varieties, which are pleasant to the taste, and used for food, ornament seems to be their only use for man; but where they are plentiful birds feast upon them, and they form a great part of the provision of those hardy songsters who remain through the winter months in northern climes. For the embellishment of parks, nothing can be finer than this whole family of plants, which exhibits such variety of attraction, flowering profusely in the spring, and graced by abundance of gay-colored fruit in

the autumn, which often endures until the severe winter frosts, having handsome foliage, which in some species may be almost said to vie with the holly in brilliancy.

The Glastonbury thorn, growing in the neighborhood of the abbey from which it takes its name, flowers twice a year, early in May and just before Christmas. We can readily imagine what beautiful pious legends would once have been woven upon the basis of this kindly freak of nature. The abbey ought to have been credited with the beautiful miracle of the "May" blooming at Christmas.

The English poets, and indeed for that matter the prose writers likewise, seem never weary of singing the praise of the lovely White Thorn and the charm which it gives to the hedge-rows of their native land. Mary Howit, whose exquisite appreciation of natural beauty never suffered her to pass the lowliest blossom unnoticed, revels in exuberant description of the hawthorn, its picturesque effects upon the landscape, and its lavish wealth of fragrance.

The pleasant and ancient customs of May-day cluster about it. It was the chief ornament of the Maypole, and was gathered by youths and maidens at early dawn while still laden with night dews, and borne into the

thriving. They grew sparsely, and showed more thorns than flowers, and most unfortunately for the beauty of our rural homes, brought hedge planting into disrepute without any good reason, and substituted the rigid fence of white wood for the delightful hedge, with its mysteries of hidden nests and flowery tangle full of the merry haunts of bird and bee.

But it is yet to be hoped that the hedge will be a feature of an American landscape, and there is no reason why it may not be of hawthorn. The Evergreen, or *Pyracanth* thorn, a native of the south of Europe, has been introduced into this country, and thrives well as far south as Maryland and Virginia, and an accidental variety from this has been found to be perfectly hardy near New York. It is, as is not unfrequently the case, stronger and healthier than its type, and can be raised with ease from cuttings. The hawthorn is, however, generally obtained from seed, which are buried in a heap of earth mixed with well rotted manure and left there for an entire year before they germinate.

The Catspur Thorn (*Crataegus Crus galli*) is a native of our own country, and grows under favorable circumstances to a tree from ten to twenty feet high. The branches grow horizon-

tally, and the tree forms a round top resembling a young apple; its thorns are from two to four inches long. The flowers grow close to the branch upon short spurs, shorter than the thorns. The fruit is about half an inch in diameter. The thorns are beautifully polished, and add much to the picturesque character of the shrub.

The wood is of slow growth, and very hard, and for this reason is used by cabinet-makers for the purposes to which it is adapted, and because it is capable of receiving a high polish it is valued for ornament.

It attains great age, and many individual plants or trees have become noted on this account. One in England is said to be two hundred years old.

The leaves are simple and often lobed, and the flowers vary from ivory-white to a bright pink, and in one instance deepen to scarlet.

Where the plant flourishes, it forms a strong and formidable hedge by the size and strength of its sharp thorns, and on account of its great beauty, both in summer and winter; it is most desirable that it be successfully introduced in this country as a hedge-plant.



COCKSPUR THORN.

towns to wreath the door of every house for the merry festival, and so it gained the name of "May" or "Mai," as the old poets have it.

When the English settlers came to our shores, they naturally desired to perpetuate in New England the charming hedge-rows of their native land, but the harsh climate, and mayhap the chill condemnation of all May-day festivities, prevented the hedges from

About Fans.

BY MAJOR L. RAMEL.

IF we may believe the great Chinese essayist, Pin Ching Lung, the idea of the fan was hit in the beginning of the Kiang dynasty, some 5,700 years ago, at a feast of lanterns, where the beautiful Kan-si, daughter of Blue-Buttoned Mandarin of the Loo Kong district, found herself so hot that, contrary to etiquette, she was obliged to take off her mask, with which partly to hide her blushes, partly to cool her heated face, she commenced upon herself the process now known as "fanning." The action was seen and admired by Kan-si's young and fair companions, and at once, says the eloquent and truthful Pin Ching Lung, "ten thousand hands agitated ten thousand masks." Other writers, among them the learned and quaint Froissard, have discovered the origin of the fan in the necessity felt in all hot climates for keeping off flies, whether from the sacred offerings in temples or from the hands and faces of officiating priests or from the persons of noble distinction. In China and India the original model of the fan was the wing of a bird, and an admirable fan can be made from two bird's wings joined by a strip of ivory or wood.

The fans of the high priests of Isis were in the form of a half circle, made of feathers of different lengths. Such, too, were the fans carried in triumphal processions, and which, among the ancient Egyptians and Persians, served as military standards in time of war.

The Sibyls are said to have been in the habit of fanning themselves while delivering their oracles, the fan being evidently not regarded in those days as in any way connected with frivolity. The fans carried by the Roman ladies during the Augustan age were not like the most ancient Chinese fans, made in one piece, whether of paper, gauze, or silk, but were composed of little tablets of perfumed wood, specimens of which can be seen at the museums of Florence and Naples.

The ladies of high rank and fashion were followed by fan-bearers, or *flabelliferæ*, whenever they went out promenading or visiting, and guests of either sex were fanned by slaves at dinner.

The earliest reference to fans by a classical author occurs in Euripides' tragedy of "Helen," where one of the characters, a eunuch, relates how, according to the ancient Phrygian



HAWTHORN (THE MAY).

custom, he has fanned the hair, face, and bosom of the beautiful heroine.

The fans of the middle ages were worn in good society, suspended by gold or silver chains fastened to the girdle, and were usually made of peacocks', ostrichs' and parrots' feathers, and sometimes, also, of pheasants' feathers. They were sold in large numbers in the markets of the Levant, whence they were sent to Venice, and from there to other parts of Italy.

The fan was introduced in France by Catharine de Médici, where it was quickly adopted by the belles of the period and also by effeminate fops. Thus, Henri's notorious minions habitually carried fans.

Under the "*Grand Monarque*," and also under his successor, Louis XV., the art of painting fans was brought to great perfection.

Among the celebrated artists who have not disdained to employ their talents in the artistic decoration of the fan, Watteau and Boucher must first be named.

In our own time, Diaz the great colorist, Eugene Lami so well known by his marine pictures, Hamon the painter of scenes from ancient Roman life, and Gaverni, celebrated as a caricaturist, but who has exercised his talents in almost every department of art, have all painted fans. The most famous sculptor and decorator of fans in the present day is Froment Meurice, a jeweler and goldsmith, but who is in fact a great artist: he displayed at the last Paris Exposition the most beautiful collection of fans ever got up, and which

received the most flattering praises of artists, connoisseurs and critics.

Parisian fans are esteemed all over the world for their artistic beauty and workmanship. The leading manufacturers and dealers are Messieurs Susse Frères, Place de la Bourse, M. Henri of the *Magazin de la Pensée*, Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, and M. Chardin, in the Rue du Bae in the Quartier Saint Germain. A visit to any of the above places will repay the lover of art, for he will see there some of the most beautiful specimens of that elegant appendage of feminine attire.

The French Fanmakers' Company was established by edict in 1683, when to be received into the corporation or guild, it was declared necessary to have served four years' apprenticeship, and to have produced a "masterpiece."

The masterpiece, however, was not required of the sons of fanmakers nor of apprentices who had married fanmakers' daughters. A great number of processes are employed in

fanmaking, and each girl or man have separate parts to make, such as cutting the frame, shaping, polishing, trimming, engraving, inlaying painting, gilding, and riveting. The web has to be printed, gummed, colored and retouched. Yet, after passing through so many hands, fans are sold in Paris at one *sou* (one cent) apiece. This is the lowest figure, and the highest I have seen was one lovely one at M. Henri's, which was offered for two thousand francs (400 dollars). Some fans have cost a great deal more than that, for instance one made by the Messieurs Susse, for the lovely Ex-Empress Eugénie, and on which Boucher lavished all his talents, cost 12,000 francs (\$2,400), or that made for the Princess of Wales by Chardin, cost 8,000 francs.

Fans are generally divided into two classes, those consisting of one web of paper or silk, and those which are made up of several pieces of ivory, wood, or other materials. The former are held to be the best for fanning, and the latter for shuffling, or for the little *manœuvre* known as "firting" the fan.

It was during the reign of Elizabeth, about the year 1570, that fans were introduced in England, and they soon became "fashionable," if we may judge from the innumerable portraits of the belles of good Queen Bess' court at Hampton Court. They are said to have been imported from Italy, but it is more probable that they reached England from Paris, where they were the "furore," during the reign of Catharine de Médici.

From Kent to Devon.

SUMMER RAMBLES ON THE ENGLISH COAST.



IT is safe to assert that in richness of material to interest the tourist and the historian, in records of "moving tales of flood and field," the south coast of England is unsurpassed by any other shore line in the world. Even the coasts of Greece and Italy, and the isles of the Mediterranean Sea—the Pontus Maximus of the ancients—washed by waters that have borne on their bosoms half the illustrious heroes of antiquity, rich as they are in stories of deeds of prowess and valor, and important as the events of which they were the scene have been in their influence on the destiny of mankind, must yield the palm to another and more northern shore. The events in which Greeks, Romans, Phœnicians, Egyptians, and Persians took part, occurred in a remote age, and their influence has long ceased to be felt. Not so with the localities comprised under the head of this article. The "white walls of Albion" have looked down on conflicts whose mighty waves changed the map of Europe—nay of the world; they have witnessed the departure of fleets that have opened up two continents to Saxon enterprise; they were the first to receive the shock of the foreign foe, and the first to welcome the return of the victorious fleets; and to-day they stand, as ever, majestic in their strength, the first solid land that greets the eyes of the voyager on ships bound up Channel.

We Americans, Saxons by descent, should be interested in this historic expanse of earth and water; for, judging by the nomenclature of our eastern coast from Maine to Connecticut, one might imagine that a slice of the Old England had been grafted on the New. Dorchester, Weymouth, Portland, Dover, Plymouth, and a host of others bear witness to the connection between the two. Nor does the parallel end here. Many parts of Maine and Massachusetts, in bold and picturesque coast outline, resemble that of Kent and Cornwall; while many a quiet dell reaching to the water's edge bears a striking resemblance to the sunny slopes of Devonshire. Nowhere, however, is the peculiar chalk formation of the cliffs of England found in her namesake on this side of the Atlantic.

Passing out of the Thames, we first meet on our right the frowning North Foreland. This, with its companion headland the South Foreland, have been not inaptly termed the guardians of the Channel. These two giant headlands are sixteen miles apart—sixteen miles of white chalk cliff, only occasionally broken by a cleft through which one gets glimpses of waving corn-fields, grazing sheep and quiet villages. In many places these cliffs are two hundred feet high and almost perpendicular, with the blue Channel water washing their feet at high tide—at low tide a wide margin of golden sand or shingle. In many places the cliffs recede from the waves, leaving a space of perhaps an acre or more, composed of *debris* from the cliff

itself. This is the work of the waves, ceaselessly boring, undermining, and eating their way in the soft material of which the cliffs are composed. On these elevated beaches—for they are nothing else—between the cliffs and the sea, may be occasionally seen fishing villages and hamlets. The larger villages and towns, such as Deal, Brighton, Hastings, Dover, Margate, Ramsgate, and Broadstairs—all these occur within a line of about thirty miles—are built on depressions in the cliffs, or in a hollow or "gate" between two opposite cliffs; and in some of these the land slopes gradually to the sea, notably at a point near Dover, where the grass grows down to the margin of the water, and at flood tide has the appearance of the bank of a river.

Between the North and South Foreland are the towns of Deal, Sandwich, Margate, Ramsgate, and Broadstairs, all noted resorts in summer, as much for their beauty as for their historical associations. The expanse of water between the two points is the Downs, the great roadstead and last stopping place of all outward bound commerce. Here may be seen vessels of every flag under the sun—heavy Dutch craft, trim American clippers, conspicuous by their tapering spars and light rig, jaunty French ships, and English packets. After a stiff gale this celebrated anchorage is a wonderful sight; and on a rough day giving promise of a "dirty" night, vessels may be seen running for the Downs from all points; and they continue to arrive until one would think there was hardly room for them all.

Outside of the Downs, and at a distance from the mainland of from five to seven miles, are the Goodwin Sands, which from their position afford a natural break-water to the roadstead, and in whose treacherous bosom is buried the wealth of centuries of storm and shipwreck. At low tide these quicksands are bare at many places, and in favorable weather may be walked upon—care being taken however, to keep in motion—any standing still being followed by a slow but sure sinking. To say that these sands are dreaded by sailors throughout the world gives but a faint idea of their terrors. Once aground, the luckless vessel is doomed, and her total disappearance is only a matter of time—often a very few hours. The last great catastrophe was the wreck of the *Royal Charter*, an Australian treasure ship, in 1859, within sight of the crowds on Ramsgate Pier. Much might be written about the heroism of the Deal and Ramsgate boatmen, and of their efforts to save life from vessels caught on the Goodwins.

One case in particular merits a few words. A trading vessel, which afterward proved to be a brig loaded with fruit from the Mediterranean for London, was sighted one December afternoon of last year, ashore on the South Shoal—the sands being divided by a narrow channel into two portions. The night was closing in fast, and the Ramsgate life-boat was away on other service. Word was telegraphed to the Deal boatmen, and they heroically responded, although it was a matter of much difficulty to launch their boat, so terrific was the surf. About nine o'clock, after a struggle of nearly three hours through a most terrific sea, they succeeded in reaching the

brig, and taking her crew on board the life-boat—six men and a boy. The tide had turned, and was dead against them when they started to return, and for two hours they bumped over the Goodwins, each wave lifting the boat and then dashing it down on the sand with such force as to almost pitch them out. However, after having been exposed to the weather in an open boat for nearly six hours, they reached Ramsgate Pier and were safe.

There is a legend that the spot where the Goodwin Sands now are was formerly the castle and estate of Godwin, Earl of Thanet—whence the name—and that the whole was engulfed by the sea. However true this may be, certain it is that the waves have made great inroads upon the land. In 1847, a huge mass, weighing many hundred tons, fell from Shakespeare's Cliff near Dover, after having been undermined by the waves; and it is matter of history that the old cellars of Dover and Walmer Castles, which were dug into the cliff itself, were by its gradual crumbling away on the shoreward side broken into by the waves, and in Walmer Castle casks of old wine that had long been forgotten were washed out by the waves. The reverse of this, however, has happened to the town of Sandwich, which, from being the principal port of the south coast in the time of the Stuarts, is now become comparatively an inland town, the sand having gradually filled up its harbor until the town is now two miles from the sea.

From the cliffs at Ramsgate a view may be had of the opposite coast of France, on a clear day, and it was from these heights that the Spanish Armada was first seen coming up Channel.

A marked peculiarity of this coast, and indeed, of the whole of the eastern coast of England where the beach slopes very gradually, is the rapid flow of the incoming tide over the almost level sand. Many have been the narrow escapes of those who, through ignorance of the time of the tide and the manner of its coming in, have been caught between the cliffs and the waves, with no loop-hole of escape save refuge in some grotto hollowed out by the ceaseless beating of old Neptune, or clinging to some scant shrubbery or grass growing in the clefts of the cliffs.

The only warning of its coming—and it can only be told by old fishermen and the like—is a peculiar "comb" to the waves, only to be seen, moreover, in calm weather, and then it fairly comes in with a rush. Where but a few moments before was a shining expanse of sand, in some places near a mile broad, is now covered by foaming, tossing waves. An incident of a narrow escape from this tide occurred a few years ago, and illustrates the perils alluded to.

A party of ladies and gentlemen were at lunch in a pretty cottage on the Parade at Ramsgate. During the repast, conversation turned upon an excursion which had been made by the party that morning. They had walked to Broadstairs, two miles distant, through the corn-fields which, along the way, grew almost to the brink of the cliff, and had returned by way of the sands at the foot, the tide being out; and all were loud in their

praises of the enjoyableness of the walk. It chanced that a nurse-maid in the service of one of the ladies of the party was in attendance in the room, and heard most of the conversation. After lunch she was dispatched on her daily walk with one of her young charges. The girl, never having been in the direction of Broadstairs, and the conversation she had heard at the lunch table still in her memory, conceived the idea of going to Broadstairs and back *by way of the sands!* thinking, no doubt, that it was far more pleasant than the dusty path through the corn-fields. She had accomplished more than half the distance when, the little one becoming weary, she started to return, and, somewhat to her astonishment, found they were alone on the beach. However, they strolled along unconcernedly, the child stopping occasionally to gather the many colored shells that were abundantly scattered around, until she became aware of the shortening day by the long shadows thrown by the cliffs on the water. Looking seaward, it seemed to her that the water was nearer than when they had passed before; but as yet, knowing nothing about the ebb and flow of the tide, imagined no danger. Slightly quickening her pace, however, she took the child's hand to hurry her along. What was her dismay, on turning a projecting buttress of the cliff, to see the broad strip of sand over which they had walked earlier in the day now dwindled to little more than a bridle path, and that close to the base of the cliff! The horrid truth now flashed upon her—the tide was coming in upon them, and unless they could get round the headland, which marks the southern limit of Ramsgate Harbor, before the tide covered the sand, they were lost. Vain hope! The swift waves were lapping her feet even now; but taking the child in her arms, the girl started on a run toward the goal, nearly half a mile distant. But fatigue overcame her, burdened as she was, and besides she could see that a few rods farther on there would be no footing for her, and that long before she could reach the headland the water would be many feet deep. Long and loud did she call, and the child mingled its cries with hers; but none heard—none saw. Even had any one heard, it would have been impossible to see them from the summit, the slightly retreating tops of the cliffs effectually hiding anything which happened to be close under their base. From seaward their chance of rescue was equally precarious; hidden as they were in the spray and shadow, not the strongest glass could have picked them out, even had any one been on the watch.

She cast a hurried glance around for some floating thing to which they might cling—some stone or projection in the face of the cliff. She thought she saw a few projecting shrubs growing out of a ledge of the cliff which, could she reach, would at least take them out of the reach of this devouring element which now threatened their destruction. Tying the little one in her dress in front of her, she commenced to draw herself toward the coveted resting-place by the aid of a few tufts of grass and the slight projections of the cliff. Little by little she neared it, and at last reached it, but it was a ledge hardly a foot

wide, and she had still to support herself and the child by clinging to the tufts of grass and wild flowers that waved above her head.

She found she could not long remain here—even now they were drenched by the spray that dashed upon the rocks a few feet below—so, after a few minutes' rest, she commenced her perilous ascent once more, literally scaling the face of the cliff by a path which, at any other time, would have made her dizzy to look at. Up! up! she climbed, the loose stones and gravel falling behind her at every step.

At length, as by a miracle, with hands torn and bleeding, her dress in tatters, but with the child safe, she reached the summit, and fell fainting on the ground.

Meantime, the fears of those at the cottage had caused search to be made, and they were shortly afterward found and cared for.

The town of Ramsgate, so called from being built in the depression or "gate" between two chalky hills, possesses the largest artificial harbor in England. It is formed by two stone piers, upwards of 2,000 feet long, jutting out into the sea at nearly right angles to the shore, and forming an inward curve at their seaward extremities. The shelter thus formed is available for the largest vessels, and is an invaluable harbor of refuge to the immense amount of shipping passing up and down the Channel, whose frequent storms and heavy seas render it at all times difficult for navigators; and Ramsgate Harbor is the Mecca of many a drenched and hungry crew.

The Old and the New.

BY N. J. T. B.

THE old life—the life of the body,
Weary, and weak, and old,
Dreading the rain of the autumn,
Dreading the winter's cold;
Fearing the clouds as they gather,
Drifting across the sun,
Dreading the change that cometh
When the work of the earth is done.

STRANGE is the life of the mortal,
Bending, although he hath trust;
With a brow that is furrowed with anguish,
Bending toward the dust;
Locks that grow white as the snowdrifts,
Forn that grows weary and old,
Passing away through the autumn,
Away through the winter's cold.

BUT, lo! thou weary-eyed mortal,
Look upward! for heaven is true;
The clouds they shall break and scatter,
Above them the sky is blue.
You are traveling on through the autumn,
Passing the white drifts of snow;
And you surely shall yet reach the spring-time,
Where the valleys bud, waken, and blow.

WHEN do not grow sad in the shadows;
Do not heed the long cold,
There cometh the dawn of the spring-time,
When you shall be nevermore old.
Out through the darkness of night-time
Your feet must travel to-day,
To reach the glad dawn, with its brightness,
Past shadows of night-time's decay.

[Read before a Meeting of the Committee on Science of Sorosis.]

Committee Work in Women's Clubs.

BY JENNIE JUNE.



Y those who are unacquainted with Women's Clubs—who have never attended their meetings, and know nothing of the interior activities of such associations—they are constantly met with the observation that they have no purpose, that they do no work, and have no interests beyond meeting together and having a "good time;" a kind of taking for granted, and basing objections on their own assertions, which very many persons are apt to indulge in; and perhaps it is natural at least that women should look at clubs in this way. As yet few of them have a correct idea of what organization means. Their experience of it has been confined mainly to church societies, sewing societies, charitable societies—societies drawn together and held together by a special bond of union—devoted to the carrying out of a single object, to which all the energies are applied.

The Women's Club has not this element of strength—it has no single object in which all the members are interested, to which they are all bound in a spirit of loyal devotion and religious zeal.

Men's Clubs hold together through motives of self-interest. Their club life is the home-life of many of them; it furnishes them with luxuries not obtainable under any other circumstances, and with constant and more or less congenial companionship. No Women's Club has yet been able to provide itself with a luxuriously appointed house in which it exercises sole right of proprietorship, they never assess a member, they cost their members very little, and for what is paid give generous return. Still the absence of the single object, and the lack of a home, are drawbacks to unity, and to the strength which grows out of fixed and harmonious purpose.

"Why not furnish an object, then, in which all will be interested, and for which every one will be willing to work?" is asked.

Because this is contrary to the very genius of club life. Clubs differ from societies in this respect: in being complex, composed of many individualities, all of which work harmoniously, though in many different directions. No club of men could be made to put all their efforts into a "School," or a "Hospital," or a "Home," even though the members were, individually, largely interested in educational and philanthropic objects, for the reason that each one would have his own particular hobby, which he would desire the rest to ride. And if this is true of men, it is ten

times more true of the women of a Woman's Club. The novelty of the situation, firstly, brings together women largely of ideas. Secondly, it is women who create and sustain, or obtain the sustenance for, nine-tenths of the charities—in short, do the unpaid work—and being themselves always afflicted with poverty, for they do not hold the money-bags, the temptation to urge others to join forces assumes the form of an absolute necessity. But a Club is and must be a free agent; it is not to be turned into an Asylum or a Refuge, and yet it must furnish a sufficient amount of interest to supply equally those who have scarcely any active life outside of it, and those whose lives are full and running over with light, and warmth, and blessing.

How can this be done?

Some Women's Clubs bring to their aid an advisory committee of gentlemen, and depend mainly upon papers from outside, both from men and women, to supply the intellectual stimulus and entertainment of the members. The committee work, so far as it is done at all, is without special reference to the furnishing of mental provision for Club meetings. It is a fact that should be borne in mind in reference to Sorosis, that when it started it had no precedent to follow—it had to make its own rules for its own guidance; and it says something for the way in which these were thought out in the beginning, that no important change has been made in them during the eleven years of its existence.

The great point, however, was this: how is the life of the Club to grow and be rendered permanent without a fixed home, or the one central and all-pervading object of interest, which, in the shape of a pastor's dressing-gown, flannels for the South Sea Islanders, or dolls for an Infant Asylum, had been the pivot upon which the united action of women had heretofore turned.

The central principle of the Club from the beginning, and its abiding inspiration, was Unity and Loyalty. Whatever was done by one was to serve the interest of the whole—it was to be Sorosis, not its individual members, first, last, and always. It was also self-centered, standing alone, doing its work, whatever it might be, alone; kindly, hospitable, gracious, with a welcome for women from afar and women that were near, but acting always on its own responsibility, managing its own affairs, and asking neither help nor advice from the outside world.

The wisdom of such an experiment as this had to be tested—made the subject of experiment, before its wisdom, or even its practicability could be decided upon. Old methods were gradually giving way to new ones, and the ordinary woman, though of average intelligence, whose education was finished twenty-five years ago, began to feel herself at an immeasurable disadvantage beside the college graduate, and desired to learn something of the world into which she had been born, and in which she had been allowed to grow, and live, with partially shut eyes.

The division of membership into committees representing the Activities of Women, and the assignment to each one of club work duty and responsibility, was the method

adopted by Sorosis for establishing itself upon a permanent footing, and securing the goodwill and co-operation of all its members.

And now what should the work of these committees be? "Literature," "Art," "Science," "Education," "Philanthropy," "Music," the "Drama," "House and Home," were all represented, and to these have been added of late years "Business Women," and "Journalism." What should the work of all these be? What duties should be imposed upon them, in the economy of the whole, and in the working out, and development of a broader, and more complete womanhood?

To illustrate various theories by practical effort was impossible. A club may inspire and encourage all enterprises, but it cannot found hospitals, or asylums, or build dramatic colleges, or musical schools. Each part of the structure is entitled to as much life, liberty, and happiness, and the broad cultivation of the whole must not be neglected for the special devotion to one particular part. What then could be done but make each one subsidiary to the whole, and the whole helpful and stimulative to each part? It was soon discovered that knowledge in special directions was very limited—that thought was not well formulated, that expression was feeble, that utterance was inexact, and that what was known was often just enough to inspire timidity, not to give mastery. From the committees and their work should come enlightenment.

What was not known individually, could be learned collectively. Each committee, in the hands of a good and efficient chairman, should organize itself into a class, collect facts in regard to its department, develop ideas, explode worn-out traditions, and help to form new, and strong, and true opinion. All this they could bring in the form of papers to the club, and the discussions upon these would help still farther to exhibit all sides of a subject, and educate each one into correctness of thought, and freedom and aptness of speech.

Instead of adding another to the small shops already in existence for the distribution of mental and moral wares gratis, Sorosis proposed to increase its own efficiency in every direction, by making itself better acquainted with what had already been done, what was being done, what could be done within the limits assigned to every mortal, and every society of mortals.

From the Committee on Education, for example, could be learned what advances are being made, not only in the education of women, but also in the methods of education pursued by the world at large. New ideas, which are apt to be received with enthusiasm because they are new, are, by a committee of thoughtful women, intent on discovering the truest truth, and with no personal prejudices or private ends to serve, weighed, and sifted, and given their proper place and value. Traditions, on the contrary, which have the respectability of habit and custom to sustain them, have a deeper hold with women than with men, and step in to modify and control, to a certain extent, both judgment and action.

Other committees naturally start with the

same broad outlook, the same endeavor to inform the Club upon the general facts which belong to its department, the same calmness, candor, good judgment, and freedom from prejudice in dealing with the conclusions to be drawn from them. The field of each one is sufficiently broad, without treading on the domain of the other, and the work is better and more usefully done within the proper limits, than by skirmishing all over its own and everybody's ground, as it must be said is too much the manner of us women.

I have been told of a Committee on Literature, also an offshoot of a Woman's Club, that met, read a few miscellaneous newspaper items, and then glided off into a general talk which began with the "Woman" question, and ended with the trials ancient servant girls. "Did you say this was a Committee on Literature?" asked a visitor. "Yes," was the reply. "I have heard nothing in regard to literature, or literary subjects," remarked the guest. "Well, we have not as yet decided just what branch of literature to take up," answered the member, who was also the chairman. "But," pursued the investigator, "has your work no relation to your Club, its life and growth? is it quite independent?" "Oh yes! quite independent," returned the other, "we have not thought yet of making it in any way useful to the Club in general—in fact, we have not been asked."

Committees on Literature are favorite ones with most Women's Clubs. They feel that they are on safe ground.

In one upon which I myself once inadvertently dropped, "Chaucer" had been the subject for desultory and comparatively uninterested reading and comment for four months. The Club meanwhile had had papers from clever men and clever women outside of its ranks, but its actual work was of the most desultory description, and tended neither to inform the members nor consolidate its interests.

Competition is the life of everything; why not of Club Committees?

Has one committee a right to absorb the whole strength of the Club? is asked. Certainly not; and if one committee does, it only shows that the others have been idle. A club that has, like Sorosis for instance, ten standing committees, appeals to every element, and ought to present at the close of each year, a complete and thoroughly well-rounded epitome of what has been thought, and what has been done in every department. The great trouble is, that while every one is willing to hear and get the result of other people's work, but few like to go through the labor which lies back of any real achievement. Actual committee work is "so dull, and stupid, and uninteresting," say the majority. "It is all very well to come together and have pleasant social meetings, and hear good papers, but to collect facts and discuss theories which one doesn't half understand, is a very different thing." The Club itself is the body, the committees are its members; labor, strength, help, influence, should be, as nearly as possible, equally distributed. Where the majority are supine and inactive, one may show with advantage what may be done, and even if the strength is used which

of right belongs in some other channel, there is no cause for complaint. But in the strength that is employed, and the work that is done, the welfare of the whole body, its interests, its dignity, its honor, should be of the first importance, for it is from it that the strength is derived by which the offshoots flourish. There should be a noble ambition therefore in each committee to surpass the other, in work which would tend to the enlargement, the consolidation, the glory of the whole.

There is no necessity either for adhering to strict, rigid, or arbitrary lines. No person or set of persons can lay down absolute rules for the government of one who is equally a free agent with the rest; the only thing that is necessary is recognition of the fundamental principles of Unity, Honor, Loyalty, and subordination to self-imposed law and the will of the majority, upon which permanence and growth in associative movements depend. Suppose a Musical Committee conceived the project of a great musical conservatory, free to girls, as the one thing needful in the city of New York. Suppose at the same time our Committee on Education wished to open free classes for instruction in mathematics; the Committee on Science to institute a course of lectures: the Committee on Philanthropy to found a "Home" for something or other; the Committee on the Drama, to get up a school of dramatic art; the Committee on Art, free classes for teaching decorative and industrial art, and so on—these things could not be done; for to do any one of them would tax the strength and resources of the club in such a way, that to the carrying out of the plan it would have to devote all its energies. Suppose the will-power and influence in one direction sufficient to do this, the associative body would be no longer a club, but a society for the advancement of one specific and limited object, always making desperate efforts to get together small resources for accomplishing an undertaking that was probably being much better done in some other and more self-reliant way.

The work then of Club Committees, while broad as the universe, must be limited by the strength, by the equal and harmonious direction of rights and privileges and by the desire on the part of each one to do what is done for the benefit of the whole. There is no reason however, why the capacities of each one should not be enlarged, or why they should be limited to the showing to which time or circumstance confine it in the club. The point is simply this, that the work done in committees should be subordinated, to a certain extent, to its club work, and planned to render its club work more compact, more distinctive, more thorough, and more reliable.

From a Committee on Music, for example, may be obtained not only much of the pleasure of social meetings, but solid information in regard to musical culture, voice development, music as a profession for women, its physical, mental and moral essentials, statistics in regard to vocalists, the percentage of success, and how it compares with other arts and professions. There is also an interesting question in the difference between the singing voice of different nations, and what effect the physical and

climatic variations have to do in producing these differences.

Take next "House and Home" Committee, which deals with household matters generally; ventilation, the modern apartment house, as compared with the isolated dwelling, of country houses, as compared with city houses, of boarding, as compared with a family home, of sanitary requisites, of improved methods, of the intelligence needed in using them, of household government and expenses, the care and management of children, and direction of servants, and the whole system of architecture, as relating to family wants and convenience, is open, and offers a field, in addition to others which have been more or less trodden, from which much that is of importance to our daily lives may be gathered.

Is there one active element, indeed, that a Club can afford to lose? The work of the Committee on Philanthropy, though it may not be of a kind to be trumpeted through the newspapers, is a perpetual benediction on the rest of the doings, and, though the occasional donations dispensed through its means are a less important part of its work than the wider knowledge that is gained of what can be best and most usefully done to alleviate seemingly inevitable woes, still it is a part that the majority most readily appreciate; for we all know how much easier it is to excite sympathy than to act justly—how prone the world is to generalize from the single facts of individual experience, and become filled up with small attempts to cure great evils, while the broad, universal principles, upon which the universe is founded, are ignorantly disregarded. Knowing all this, we may well wait a little, as well as work; give time and thought to social problems, and weigh carefully all that comes to us before attempting a remedy for what we only partially understand.

More than by any other agency, Sorosis has been built up by the admirable work done in its Committees of Art, Education, Science, Literature, and the rest; and if the belief is expressed that more united, systematic, and earnest effort—a better understanding of the possibilities contained in them—would produce still more satisfactory results, it is only giving voice to the universal law of growth, which springs from order, obedience, and honest, patient endeavor.

Women of Italy.

NAPLES, ITALY.



OMAN is making for herself so wide a breach in the ancient walls of prejudice that surround her—her importance as a factor in the world's sum of happiness or misery is being so clearly demonstrated, and so intimately felt—that it is with a certain sense of curiosity one hears advanced, in this year of our Lord 1878, the theories of the dark ages concerning her condition and capabilities: a sort of antiquarian curiosity, which may be further gratified

by comparing the old with the new opinions of the country; for, even in this ancient land, the new heaven is at work. Nations live by periods. Italy—though now sadly in the background—was, in former ages, the cradle of female development. In times when writers in other countries doubted the existence of a soul in woman, Gaetana Agnesi occupied a professorial chair in the University of Pavia, and taught physics and mathematics. Laura Bassi, at Bologna, discussed publicly the planetary system, and Di Yele, at the age of sixteen, published a treatise on differential calculus which confounded mathematicians. Later, Vittoria Colonna, Gaspara Stampa, Giustina Micheli, Isabella Albrizzi, moved the world with the profundity and versatility of their genius.

In the long period of intellectual and political slavery that followed, Italy lost her place in the vanguard of female progress, and it is only of late, under the fostering influences of liberty and unity, that mental activity among women again manifests itself. Marchesa Colombi (*nom de plume* of the wife of one of our well-known journalists) has recently published a novel with the title "*In the Rice-fields*," in which the customs of the peasants of Lombardy—the prejudices, hates, loves, sufferings of a life passed in the miasms of the rice-fields, are described with a power that recalls the rural stories of George Sand. Neera, Virginia Mulazzi, many others whom I might name, have risen of late to celebrity. But I will mention only a name beloved, not only for rare attainments, but for philanthropy—Erminia Fusinato, who died recently in Rome. A powerful thinker and graceful writer, she dedicated her life to the advancement of knowledge, organized in Rome—stronghold of papal ignorance—the common schools of the municipality, and was so great a benefactress that it was proposed to create a decoration expressly in her favor.

All of which is *apropos* of the lecture on *Literary Women*, delivered by Professor Dalbono of the Royal University, before the Philologic Club of Naples, some time since. This club, as the name indicates, is an organization primarily for the culture of languages, and secondly of thought. English, French, Italian, Russian, and Modern Greek, are taught in classes, accompanied by *conversazione* intended to put the knowledge gained to a practical use. Weekly *conference* or lectures are given by (more or less) able professors. The subject chosen by Professor Dalbono proved unusually attractive, and sufficed to fill the pleasant hall of the club with a throng of eager listeners, mostly ladies—Madame De Sanctis, wife of the Minister of Public Industry, Baroness Nicotera, and other celebrities were present.

Instead of a review of those grand writers whose works have illumined the last two centuries and made life richer and nobler, Professor Dalbono regaled us with a dissertation on the Inferiority of Woman, which, however unexpected, was not devoid of interest, such as the study of any "fossil remains" might awaken.

Beginning with the obsolete Latin grammar of the universities, he quoted one of its first

rules. "The male gender is nobler than the female," adding, however, that the ladies must not be inconsolable, since—quoting—"the female gender is nobler than the neuter!"

Next came a selection of old-time proverbs—"Two things are tiresome, yea three, mosquitoes, tight shoes, and learned women!" "Suffice it that a woman knows enough of geography to follow the round of her own house, enough of chemistry to make the pot boil!"

With generous tolerance the worthy professor admitted that these views were rather extreme. He even acknowledged that some women had risen to deserved eminence in the world of letters, affirming, however, that these were *exceptions* (as if the Stuart Mills, the Taines, the Longfellows, the Tennysons, were not also exceptions!) He deplored the fact that in the presence of these eminent women he felt no emotion save that of reverence, and declared woman's high mission to be the awakening of a far different feeling (as if man in the presence of woman is to be an amorous sultan, and woman an indiscriminate Messalina). The lecturer concluded, on the whole, that the female mind was incapable of rising, except temporarily and spasmodically, to those heights whereon the male intellect dwells in serene comfort!

It may be said, at least, that the obtuseness was distinctively masculine which could calmly deliver this discourse to a largely feminine and quietly derisive audience.

I am conscious of the incredibility of my statement, yet I am obliged to say that these sentiments, hoary with the respectable must of ages, met with the approval of a certain portion of the hearers. True, that portion was composed of elegant young gentlemen, who had evidently spent much anxious thought on the arrangement of a faultless toilet, and who felt the necessity of restricting woman's advancement, lest they should lose the pleasure of looking down on something.

But there were men of older heads and larger wisdom, whose just instincts condemned as heartily as the others applauded. Palesciano, the first surgeon of Italy, who declared that it was no longer possible to exclude from the university and the clinique students who surpassed their male competitors in examination; Lauria, Judge of the Court of Appeals, who affirmed that in spite of the restrictions thrown around young women in Italy, their culture, as a class, is in advance of that of the young men of the country; Uda, critic of the *Pungolo*, who inquired whether the quotations cited were intended to make us forget that Eliot, Ghistenbrand, Stowe are women, and that women also were George Sand, Agnesi, De Stael, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, whom Taine, the philosopher, historian, and critic, has declared the "*greatest and most profound of contemporaneous thinkers!*"

Indeed the *conferenza* would have hardly been worth noting were it not an echo of the irrepressible conflict between the old and new thought of Italy. Naples, so long wrapped in sleepy ignorance, feels beneath her heart the throbs of something besides Vesuvian lava, which may at any time prove eruptive. Al-

though repressed by the iron crust of prejudice, woman has, even here, from time to time affirmed her splendid possibilities, and been accepted as an "exception;" but the deep and wide connection that now exists is no longer individual.

The *lavandaga* seeks relief from the abuse of a brutal taskmaster, the high-born lady from the contemptuous protection of holders of the oak-and-vine doctrine. It will be fortunate if the crisis brings only the emancipation of women to the surface, and does not, as it threatens, rock the foundations of society, and level barriers of every description. The triumph of Communism, at least temporarily, is, in the opinion of many thinkers here, only a question of time. The French Revolution affirmed the rights of the third estate—the *bourgeois*—but there is the fourth—the laborer—whose voice will undoubtedly be heard ere long in these crowded lands, where the struggle is for bare existence. And we know the formidable rôle played by women, from the fish-wife to the princess, in the social upheaval of 1793!

The wise and liberal views of the few will hardly save the European world from the self-complacent folly of the many who, like Professor Dalbono, busily engaged in sounding tin horns of praise in each other's ears, fail to hear the distant diapason of the thunder.

ATHOS.

The Bird in the Chapel.

AN INCIDENT AT WEST POINT.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

INTO the chapel at West Point flew,
One Sabbath morning in balmy weather,
A tiny bird of gorgeous hue
That every eye from the preacher drew
As fell from her wing a golden feather.

IN mid air poised, but not with fear,
She gazed a moment on word'ring throng;
A shaft of sunlight lay warm and clear
Above the pulpit, and, floating near,
She filled the house with a gush of song.

AND now the picture that genius planned—
The skillful Weir—on the chapel wall,
By the little messenger's wing is fanned;
Lo! now on that female figure's hand
Would she alight, but deceived, doth fall.

NEXT on the emblem of Peace and Love,
The branch of olive those fingers hold,
Vain would she rest like a weary dove;
Ah! the green twigs seem to move above
When her bright wings softly she would fold!

GAIN and again, with gushing heart,
God's melody poured for ev'ry ear,
Her feet are placed on that work of art,
Till, dazed and frightened, with sudden dart
She joins her mate in the green grove near.

MURMUR: "How nobly painter wrought."
I heard as I watched the gay bird go—
"Better," perchance, "than he knew," I thought;
Like those who strove in the lists of art
For the victor's wreath, long, long ago.

LEMPSTEIN, N. H.

A Modern Cupid.



MISS TINA WELLS was not a general pet. She wore her front hair in straight, perpendicular bangs, that concealed her low forehead, and gave a bold, questioning look to her large, blue-gray eyes. Her small, clear-cut nose, and full, pouting lips had also a rather saucy expression, and her manner was independent in the extreme. However, to her face people were always polite and conciliating. When out of hearing, she might be "a dreadful child," "an imp," "an insolent little bore," but when her silk stockings, velvet skirt, and rippling golden hair came in view, the wearer was recognized as the child of a millionaire, and caressed if only for the value of her feathers.

"What is St. Valentine's day for?" she asked her father one morning, having heard the remark, "to-morrow will be St. Valentine's day."

"People send valentines to their sweethearts."

"Oh! and can ladies send them to gentlemen?"

"Why, yes, if they wish; especially such small-sized ladies as yourself."

"Oh, I always send valentines to my friends; I meant could cousin Madge send them to her sweethearts?"

"What! has Madge a sweetheart?" Mr. Wells glanced at a pretty girl who sat at the head of the table, and had looked up, slightly blushing.

"Give me some money, pa. I am going out to buy my valentines this afternoon."

"All right. That will do to waste on pictures; and now, good-bye."

He put a bill in her hand and went into the hall. Tina danced after him, her red legs decidedly prominent. "I'll send you one, pa, you are really my only sweetheart, so you shall have the prettiest; but I like to tease the fellows on the street."

"No doubt," he sighed, as he kissed the pouting lips held up to his; and quickly shut the door lest his darling should take cold. Fortunately, in his eyes, his motherless child was as near perfection as mortals should be.

"Now, cousin Madge, I'm ready!" said Tina, rushing into her cousin's room, some hours afterward. "Thank Heaven! Miss Barnard is gone; I didn't know my lessons, but I told her that I was so busy thinking about valentines that I forgot to look over them."

"Why, Tina! after saying them perfectly to me last night?"

"I know, but indeed, they went right out of my head. Perhaps they'll all come back again after to-morrow. I'm going to have a holiday."

"Tina; what nonsense! So many holidays will keep you back in your studies."

"Well, it is a holiday, and I'm going to keep it."

"You are certainly a spoiled child."

"Pa says that isn't so." Tina walked to the

window and stood gazing into the street, while Madge dressed to go with her. A quick exclamation from the child drew her cousin's attention. "What is it?" she asked, as Tina pressed her face against the pane and watched something in the street.

"Oh, how funny!" she said, after a while, drawing a long breath and laughing to herself. Madge had forgotten the question, and in a few minutes the two were proceeding down Broadway; Tina stopping at every window that could be suspected of containing valentines.

At length they reached a store which apparently had been given over to St. Valentine and his admirers. Valentines filled the windows, covered the counters, peeped from pretty boxes inside the glass case, and in the most enticing forms begged to be carried off and properly appreciated.

Tina was in her element. Her purse in her hand, and her eyes dilated and full of speculation, left no doubt of her good intentions in the way of buying. Madge listened, looked, and either approved or discouraged her while she made her selection.

"How do you like this, cousin Madge?" she asked, bringing a box in which lay a little bunch of grasses, ferns, and seeds, beautifully imitated. Such a bunch as one gathers on a country ramble, perhaps to keep, more probably to let fall for something rarer or more charming.

Madge flushed as she looked, and a gentleman who was leaving the store threw a comprehensive glance at her and the valentine. Tina had skipped down the store in search of more treasures, and Madge, with a sigh, laid the valentine on the counter. "I want something for Johnny Green; he sent me a fifty-cent one last year, and I guess I'll send him as nice a one this time."

"Put this where you took it from, Tina," said Madge, with a last glance at the delicate ferns.

"It's awful pretty, though, isn't it, cousin Madge?" asked Tina, with an odd glance at her cousin's face.

"Yes, but too expensive, I think, for you to buy for one of your little friends. He might not be able to send as expensive a one in return, and I suppose that would displease him more than anything else."

"I can't help that," said Tina, walking off with the box, and Madge saw her watching the process of putting her valentines in envelopes. Directing them was evidently a much more laborious effort, and fell entirely upon Tina, who drew off her small gloves, and perched herself on a stool for the task, being gallantly assisted by the lad who had waited upon her. Madge was buying note-paper, and took no further notice of the valentines.

"He will put them in the letter-box," said Tina, "as they are small. This I can leave myself, after dark."

"That is your box. Dear me, Tina, what will papa say about it?"

"Nothing at all. I'll tell him all about it. That's what I do. I tell him everything, and he lets me do as I please. He made a bargain with me."

"A bargain?"

"Yes, that is what you call it, isn't it?"

"Yes, but I do not understand, Tina. You are to do as you please so long as you tell him afterward? Is that the agreement?"

"Yes, exactly."

"Rather a curious one. Why not consult him before you do anything? That would be more sensible."

"I don't think so. I don't know what I'm going to do, so how can I consult him? eh, cousin Madge?"

"That is so. You have a new idea every hour, and I think you generally put your theories into practice."

"Well, don't you see, when he comes home at night, I tell him everything I have done through the day. He never says, 'Oh, Tina!' or looks cross. He hugs me, and tells me all about his business, and how stocks are."

"Stocks! And do you know anything about them, Tina?"

"I know they go up and down, and one of these days, papa says that I'll be old enough to understand his affairs. You see, cousin Madge, I am not like other little girls. I have no mother to go to, and so papa says that the only thing to be done is for us to trust each other and be jolly friends together, so every night when he comes in to kiss me, we have such darling talks!"

"Papa is entirely right," said Madge, her voice sounding rather weak and tremulous. "So long as you tell him everything all will go well with you. How dark it is growing!"

"Let us walk quicker, then. I have to leave this after you go in."

"Why, I can go with you, Tina. You can put it on the stoop and ring the bell, then run away, and I'll watch that the servant takes it in."

"All right," and Tina laughed merrily and long. She led her cousin past their own house, and ran up the stoop of a large house on the other side of the street and near the corner. Running home was the work of a second after pulling the bell with a mighty effort that roused the household. Madge walked slowly by, saw the servant open the door and take up the box, and then went to report to Tina, who was in the second story window trying to see events through the dusk.

Tina watched in vain that evening for her father. Late that night he sent a telegram from Philadelphia, saying that he would be away for several days on business, and to send on his valise. Tina put her valentine in the valise quite safe between two silk handkerchiefs, but her daily confidences had to be postponed.

Meanwhile, the box left opposite had been carried to a room on the second floor and handed to the gentleman whose name was written in a very uncertain hand on the upper side, Mr. Louis Johnston. He had a friend in the room, and the two young men examined the handwriting with much interest and many conjectures.

"Open it, Louis; that is written badly on purpose."

"Harrah! some one thinks well of me to put all that money in a valentine for my benefit. It is really beautiful; just look, and envy me, Joe."

"You know just where it comes from."

"Upon my honor, I have no idea."

"Think again, for I saw a lady buying that valentine this afternoon. She had an over-dressed child with her."

"Could you describe her—the lady?"

"Not particularly. She was rather small, and I should say pretty, but I did not like to stare too much at her. The child was making herself quite at home in the cases and drawers."

"Well, the ferns recall an incident that took place this summer up at the Mountain House, but I hardly think that Miss Madge Wells would remember it to the extent of sending me this valentine, and yet your description answers for her and the child."

"Let me hear it. This has some significance. A woman does not take the trouble to find such a valentine and send it without meaning something."

"I cannot make up my mind that she sent it."

"Oh, go on with the story."

"Well, it is simply this: She and the little girl you speak of, were at the Mountain House, I suppose for some time, last summer. I spent my ten days there. Of course, I had the pleasure of sitting at the same table and passing her twenty times a day in the halls and on the stairs. No one was there that could introduce us, and so my admiration was all thrown away. One day I was going through Pudding-stone Hall as she and Tina were coming down those steep stones that lead to the top of the rock. The child slipped, but I caught her before she struck the ground. No doubt I saved her a few bruises, but Miss Wells quite over-estimated the danger and what I did. In her fright she dropped all her little traps, and I picked up those I saw and handed them to her. After they had left the narrow passage through the rock, I found a little bunch of ferns and grasses, so delicate and minute that I fancied she would miss them, so I ran after her and gave them to her. She thanked me, said she particularly wanted them, and so on. That is all! Miss Wells bowed to me once or twice afterward, and Tina was very fond of smiling at me, and sometimes she came over and talked to me when we were in the parlor. She told me her name, and informed me that her cousin Madge was an orphan, and lived with her. That was the end of our acquaintance. My vacation had wings. Whatever 'might have been,' had we gone on living under the same roof, never had a chance to happen. Those terrible business screws are death to romance, and besides Miss Wells's dignity was a barrier to any chance acquaintanceship. I cannot believe my eyes now, although that bunch of ferns recalls the one I gave her most vividly."

"Well, I read it this way. She has heard of you in some way, and this is a delicate manner of letting you understand that she would like to make your acquaintance. I would go boldly to her uncle, thus armed, produce my credentials, and ask for a regular introduction."

"I wish I could feel sure that she sent it."

"Why, I assure you that I saw it in a young lady's hand this afternoon, and you say that

her description and that of the child would do for these summer friends of yours. The valentine is a proof of her recollection of you. Such a design cannot be a chance selection. You are a fool if you do not follow it up, that is if you admire the young lady."

"I did sincerely admire her, not only for her beauty, but for her dignified manner; so easy, yet so free from the least touch of coquetry. There is nothing so tantalizing as these summer meetings. You are thrown so much with people that you learn all their little ways and tastes, and naturally feel an intimacy that would require years to grow in city life. You see them off guard and fancy that a simple introduction would give you the privileges of a long friendship. There is no proper introduction possible, and your visions take flight when you start for home. The dusty stage-coach kills all sentiment."

"Yes, seeing people in a hotel is terribly familiarizing. It is every man for himself, and human nature comes out boldly. If you can preserve your respect for a person after a summer campaign together, that person must be worthy of admiration. The table experience finishes me as a general thing. I can stand considerable, but when it comes to a struggle for the first dishes, I give up."

"Yes, there is nothing like hunger to test a person's politeness. Well, I shall take no notice of this valentine unless something more decided occurs; because I cannot argue myself into the belief that Miss Wells sent it."

"All right, my boy, ignore your chances and see what you'll gain by it. Are you going to the 'German' at Pells' on Thursday night?"

"I may. It's a stupid sort of a house, but I suppose there is no use in offending them by not accepting the invitation."

"Then I'll see you there; till then, I'll leave you to your sober reflections."

Joe Mason went off, and Mr. Louis Johnston contemplated his valentine, examined every delicate spray, and read and re-read the verse hidden by the leaves,

"Reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better."

The lines haunted him. He found himself constantly repeating them, and recalling his most trifling recollections of Miss Wells; how she dressed, how she spent her summer hours, how she laughed, walked, and talked, and above all, the expression of her face when, as it often happened, her eyes met his.

So much did she occupy his thoughts, that it seemed quite right and natural to perceive her in Mrs. Pell's parlor on the night of the "German." She was dressed in a thin, white muslin, and looked the very spirit of the woods where he had left her in the summer. She had fern leaves here and there draping her long train, and some delicate fronds nestled in her corsage. After a little delay which seemed interminable, Mr. Johnston procured the services of his hostess and achieved his dearest desire, a proper introduction.

Miss Wells smiled on him with real pleasure in her dark eyes.

"How strange never to have seen or heard of you all these months, and then to meet you here and get acquainted! I never thanked you

half enough for saving Tina that day, and uncles must have the pleasure of doing it to-night. Did you go to the tip-top rock that day?"

"Yes, as far as I could climb." "She did not send the valentine," was his rapid reflection.

"What lovely little ferns grow up there! I have the little bunch you found for me, still. I pressed them, and they look as pretty as ever."

"She must have sent it," was his next inspiration.

"You went away in August. What a pity! The woods were more charming than ever in October. Tina was so well there that we staid on until we had that immense house almost to ourselves. Did you go up Puddingstone Hall after that? We did constantly, and Tina would always stop and say, 'This is where I slipped, and where Mr. Johnston picked me up;' and so, you see, we remembered you, whether you thought of us or not."

Then they discussed the whole thing, from the moment of leaving New York on the river boat to the moment of reaching the busy city when summer joys are temporarily over. The 'German' was forgotten, and the most minute circumstance that had occurred during their joint stay at the Mountain House was recalled with delight and much laughter. They found that they had been amused by the same comic incidents, had experienced like sentiments in contemplating Nature's handiwork, had visited the same places, walked over the same ground, and in fact had a subject for endless discussion and interest. The hours took wings. Mr. Johnston changed his opinion of the house, and was so charmed by Mr. Wells' thanks and general manner that he accepted an invitation to call on that gentleman with delighted eagerness. Joe Mason, who had been a silent but amused looker-on, accosted him in the dressing-room.

"Well, did I not tell you so?"

"She never sent it, I am sure."

"The week is not out; return the compliment, and see if she does admit having done it."

"I'll think of it."

But, on sober second thought, Mr. Johnston concluded to let the mystery remain as it was, and to follow up the acquaintance in the customary way.

On his first call, Tina received him with much effusion and volubility. Madge had little to say until Tina retired. There was a mischievous light in Tina's eyes as she was leaving the room, and she stood for a moment at the door while she asked the question:

"Mr. Johnston, did you get many valentines?"

"I only got one, but that was a beauty," he said, with his eyes fixed on Madge.

"I got twenty," said Tina, laughing, "but cousin Madge didn't get a single one."

"You are quite a belle. Are they very pretty ones?"

"Yes, indeed. I'll show them to you, if you will let me see yours."

"Agreed."

"Then bring it to-morrow evening."

"I do not know that your cousin would like me to trespass so much on her time."

"Oh, Madge doesn't care," said Tina.

"Tina is decidedly spoiled, Mr. Johnston," said unconscious Madge, flushing slightly. "She thinks she has only to command."

"I shall obey with pleasure," was the quick answer.

Tina ran up-stairs, and the old subject was renewed between the young people. Mr. Wells coming in helped to prolong the visit, and Mr. Johnston went home more and more charmed with his new acquaintance.

He felt quite easy about showing his valentine, being thoroughly convinced now that, although it had worked a charm, the object of his thoughts was perfectly unconscious of its existence. The next evening, his box in his pocket, he presented himself at Mr. Wells. Tina was quite ready for the interview, having all her valentines spread out on the library table in their order of excellence. Madge sat and laughed at the interest that the two took in each valentine, and the rapid descriptions of the senders given by Tina.

"Now for yours," cried Tina, pushing aside her own pile and leaning across the table, her eager eyes fastened on Mr. Johnston. "Who sent it?"

"That I cannot tell you."

"I think you are real mean. I told you who sent every one of mine."

"But you know, I have no idea on the subject."

"Well, open it."

Madge leaned forward as the box was opened.

"Oh, Tina!" she exclaimed, a burning flush mounting in her cheeks. "How could you do it!"

"What! Did you send it?" asked Mr. Johnston.

Tina laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks.

"I knew you would think that cousin Madge sent it. Oh, dear! what jolly fun!"

"But I did not think so at all, Tina. I tried hard to convince myself of the fact, and failed completely."

"Well, anyhow, cousin Madge keeps the little bunch of ferns all safe in a box—"

"Tina, please don't say any more," cried Madge, rising quickly and going to the window.

Perplexed, Tina looked from one to the other, the silence was embarrassing. "I told papa all about it, and he said that there was no harm in it; that you would not give it a second thought, and that cousin Madge would never know anything about it—"

"But now you do know all about it, and I have given it nearly all my thoughts since receiving it," said Mr. Johnston, following Madge to the window; "let us compare thoughts," he whispered. "I think Tina has unwittingly given us the key. She is a witch, and reads secrets."

"I am going up-stairs with my valentines," said Tina, coming beside her cousin. "If it is all as papa says, and I have done no harm, please give me a kiss."

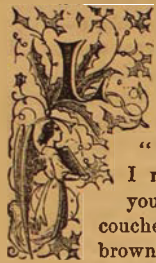
"As many as you please," said Mr. Johnston; "and let me give you one in return for my valentine."

"I thought you would like it," said Tina, with her most innocent smile.

A Woman's Way.

BY PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

CHAPTER I.



AURA, what does Mr. Thurger mean by actually asking you to wait for him this afternoon?"

"How can I possibly tell, dear," I replied, looking down at my younger and only sister, who is couched on the hearth-rug, her soft, brown curls falling about the face hidden in my lap.

We are quite alone in the world, Annie and I. Our parents having died when we were small children, we were at once handed over to the care of a spinster aunt—a lady of gray hairs and unimpeachable morals. She certainly did everything for us that she could have done; yet just as certainly, we had no love to give her.

Annie and I are by ourselves this gray October afternoon in the pretty, modestly-furnished little drawing-room of Bedford Villa, St. John's Wood. The day is cold, even for the advanced time of the year, and we are keenly enjoying the first fire of the season.

"What are you thinking of?" I say, after a silence that I feel is growing soporific.

"Well," replies Annie, "I am thinking if Mr. Thurger had loved me as he loves you, I should not let him wait two years for a satisfactory answer."

"But you don't love him."

"Certainly not; but, as Mark Twain said of the baby, I respect him."

"He is not handsome," I interpose.

"True; but he is very manly-looking; he is very good, too, and would, I am sure, make a first-rate husband. But there is his quick knock at the hall door, I have only just time to escape." So saying, Annie, resisting all efforts at detention, darts from the room, while her small dog, Lily, who has been curled asleep on our most comfortable chair, springs to the ground and barks vociferously. The door opens, and in walks Mr. Stephen Thurger.

As I have already said, he was certainly not a handsome man. About the middle height, and powerfully built, his strength for want of grace, seemed to fit on him awkwardly, like an ill-fitting garment, perhaps partly owing to a slight, but still perceptible stoop. His large, handsome hands gave one the impression that they embarrassed him. They had a purposeless, ill-at-ease look, and were generally thrust away into the pockets of his coat. The face, which boasted no regularity of feature, wore

generally a kind, though grave expression; its redeeming points consisting of the frank gray eyes, the width of the forehead, and the softly-molded temples.

I kept my hand in his till Lily's anger had been appeased, then he says, in his low, pleasant voice, "Thank you for keeping in for me."

"Oh, no thanks are necessary," I replied, resuming my low chair in front of the fire; "anyhow, I would have been at home."

I am aware, after I have said it, that I have made no very polite speech, but I cannot see Stephen's face. It is turned from me as he leans on the mantel-piece, his head resting on his hand. For the space of some minutes, I should think, there is complete silence between us. We hear the low sound of the flickering fire, and a servant-maid mopping out an adjoining area, while from a near street comes the loud peal of a muffin-man's bell,



THE FIRST FIRE OF THE SEASON—WAITING FOR STEPHEN.

succeeded by his long and dolorous cry. I cannot help a smile as I think of those childish days when there seemed no suffering in the world which could not be more than atoned for by tea with muffins and crumpets, but Stephen's voice puts to flight these unromantic reminiscences of childhood.

"I asked you to stay in," he says, rather awkwardly, shifting his position, though still not looking at me, "because I have come to say good-bye."

"Good-bye!" I exclaimed, in sheer amazement.

"Yes, I am going away to-morrow, or day after."

"And your mother?" I questioned. "How will she bear it, without you?"

"Oh, she will grow accustomed to it in time," he replies. "She always thinks of what is good for me first. When I do go down

to see her, you know, she frets because I am not happy. Dear soul, I do so try to deceive her, but she is quicker than I am." Then, as if he were rather ashamed of the words, "you understand it is not much, but mothers are morbid."

"You will be away some time, then?" I say.

"Yes, some years, I suppose."

I had never foreseen things under this aspect. I never imagined Stephen could leave me, and yet I knew him to be a man of strong will. He had will enough to break his own heart, and smile while he did it.

"I want to know," he goes on, after a brief pause, "if you will take charge of some books for me—some of them, you know, we were to have read together."

"I do not think I shall care to read them alone," I say, looking straight into the fire.

"Oh, yes you will," he replies, "one can enjoy a good book better than a good dinner by oneself."

Then there is another pause.

"The weather is cool for October," he remarks at last.

"Yes," I reply, absently. "You will go to Italy, first, I suppose."

"I presume so."

Then for about twenty minutes we talked brokenly upon different things. At the expiration of this time he rises to leave.

"You will give my love to Annie," he says, "and remember me affectionately to your aunt? Good-bye."

But I do not rise, neither do I take his proffered hand.

"You seem determined to make this farewell visit a short one," I say. "Please tell me before you go, if I have vexed you in any way, if I have done anything to offend you?"

"How could you do that?" he rejoins, looking down at me with his kind, sad eyes.

"You should be more frank with me," I reply, petulantly. "I want to know why you are going away so suddenly, and why you are so strange and altered in your manner to me."

I know I have nothing of a coquette in me, and yet to save my life I cannot let him leave me like this. For two years past he has guided me so kindly in all things. He has shown me all that was beautiful in poetry and art.

When he next speaks, his voice rings just a little harshly.

"I will tell you, if you like," he says, "though you should not ask me. I came here prepared to be strong, but you make it so difficult for me. I wanted your last thought of me to be one to which I could look back with no shame. Two nights ago, when I sat by myself, I grew ashamed. I knew my conduct to have been weak and cowardly. For two years I loved you silently. There was nothing wrong in that, but since then I have persecuted you with my love. In every way I could, I have striven to win you. I know

that I am a man not attractive to women, and for me to think of winning for myself the loveliest, the most intellectual, the most terribly captivating woman I have ever seen, was base and presumptuous. I could not stay and be strong; so I resolved to do the one right thing I could, and that was to leave the country. I did not wish to speak of my love for you again. I wished to make you suffer no more for my sake, but you made me speak. You would wring the truth from me, and now, my darling, while my strength still holds out, be merciful to me. For mercy's sake, Laura, let me go!"

But this is what I cannot do. Certainly I never knew I loved him so much before. How can I let him go, I say to myself. How can I put from my life all this great love, this love for which so many women long, and weary, and die, never having known it? Why should I put it from me? Surely if his going or staying can thus affect me, if I cannot even conceive of the life in which he shall have no part, I must really love him.

In the adjoining house some one stirs a fire vigorously, the clock on the mantelpiece strikes four, an outer door goes to with a slam.

"Good-bye," again says Stephen, holding out his hand.

"You will stay if I wish you?" I answer.

"Yes, but you won't wish me to stay."

"But I do wish it!" I cry impetuously.

"You want me to be just as wretched as I can."

"No, to make you happy," I rejoin; "if my love can make you so, you have it."

I marked a wonderful smile live for a moment and die round the corners of his mouth.

"Laura, I don't see how this can be."

"But it is."

"You would not have said so a week ago."

"Yes, just the same if you had been going away. I can't live, now, without your love."

Still he stands there, holding my hands, gazing down on my face with his frank, searching eyes, but looking only half convinced.

"If I only could believe it," he murmurs, almost to himself; and then in a voice vibrating with pain and passion, "O Laura, Laura, do you know what you have said? Do you understand the meaning of your words? Can you distinguish between love and compassion?"

"Am I to do all the wooing?" I rejoin, drawing my hand from his. "I have told you that I love you. I am old enough, I suppose, to know my own mind. Now make your choice whether to go or stay."

Then he folds me to him, and kisses my lips long and lovingly.

The rest of the day goes by in a sort of dream, and when I go to bed that night, I have never before been so glad or so serious; and I wonder a little why all great joy is just touched by an undefinable sadness.

CHAPTER II.

I HAVE been engaged a week to day. I rise, eat, drink, sleep, read, write, talk, pay visits, do all things just as usual. Poor Annie! I

think she is disappointed. She imagined it would be much more exciting, so much more like something out of a novel.

"You are the first lovers," she said, in tones of profound disappointment, "whom I have ever seen. I never saw any people half as quiet."

"There are many ways of loving," observed my aunt, who was drawing on her gloves and arranging her shawl, before the very modest mirror, that graced the drawing-room of Bedford Villa. "I am sure Laura is very much in love with Stephen, just as much as he is with her, though they do not make themselves ill about each other. I have no patience with unreasonable love."

"Oh, how nice it is to be so reasonable!" says Annie, with a slight shrug of her shoulders.

It is always a little joke between us that Miss Graham is so reasonable. She and Annie are going to spend the evening with some country relations staying in town. I have begged off going—what girl would not do so, especially when there is a very fair chance of her sweetheart calling?

Aunt and sister are gone, the door closes behind them. It is seven o'clock; Stephen told me that he could not come till eight; how on earth am I to pass the hour? An hour is such a long time to a girl waiting for her lover. I turn to my unflinching consolation—music. I play and sing well, especially the latter. It is so strange Stephen cares nothing for music. Well, it is hardly not caring about it—he cannot distinguish one note from another. It is a sort of bluntness of hearing. I wish that he could appreciate music, because my singing does give people pleasure. So I play song after song, and between them I think of the past and speculate on the future. At length I muster up heart to look at the clock. Long as the hour will be, it must surely be more than half gone. At that moment the clock, considerably wishing to save me the trouble of turning my face from the music, tells the hour aloud in its clear, silver voice. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine. Nine, oh, that is impossible, I did not count properly, or the clock has got wrong. I rise and examine it carefully. Yes, it is nine; my little Geneva watch is nine, too. Is it possible that just twice the time can have gone? I am cross with myself, and provoked. I am ashamed too, a little. Nothing but music could have made me forget the time, and oh, where is Stephen, and why does he not come? Has he so soon found some one more attractive, or can he be ill? Awful visions rise before me. I begin to think that I am very jealous, I know I am apprehensive, and I do so wish that I had not let that other hour slip by. But here is his footfall, up the little garden path, and followed by the resolute, gentle knock. It will be a great pity when we have done away with all our knockers; there are few things more characteristic of us than our handling of the knocker. I know who it is, and so hasten to open the door.

"Am I not late, darling?" he says, kissing me, and pushing the hair back from my forehead.

"I fancied lovers never broke their appoint-

ments," I rejoined, trying to look very resentful.

"No more they do," he replied.

"That means you are not a lover, then?"

"No, I am the exception—to prove the rule."

We are standing in the drawing-room now, he with one arm resting on my shoulder.

"I will tell you all about it, dearest—"

"I don't quite know that I want to hear," I answer, trying to move away.

But he holds me fast with his arm, faster perhaps with his eyes, which have on them now a radiant look, such as I have never seen there before. My display of petulance seems to delight him.

"Well," he continues smiling, "I was just leaving my rooms when they brought me in a telegram from some dear old friends of mine whom I have not seen for years. They were only going to stay one night in London on their way back to the continent."

"Where on earth have they come from, then?" I say.

"From America, my child. Nice, kind, genial Americans."

"And you prefer the society of your 'nice, kind, genial Americans' to mine?"

"They wanted me to spend all the evening with them, and I gave them precisely" taking out his watch and consulting it, "I gave them precisely five and thirty minutes, and I have not seen them for years, and don't know when I shall see them again."

"Oh, I suppose I must be content with what you do give me," I rejoined. "You may only have spent five and thirty minutes there, but the whole thing made one hour's difference. No, don't bring your face so close, please. When I come to recollect, I don't think that I will let you kiss me again till you say good-night, and perhaps not then."

"Ah, my darling, you have made me happy to-night!" evidently not at all alarmed by my threat—"Those two hours did seem long to you. Now, if you had been very sweet and amiable about my not coming, I should have said, 'This girl does not love me as much as she thinks.' You know, dearest, you are not at all reasonable—but then love never is."

"Never," I echo, trying to solve the problem which is vexing my brains. "Must I always be jealous, unreasonable, stormy, full of suspicion and discontent, cruel and exacting?" I wonder to myself why I speak so bitterly. "Is it not possible to imagine a love, fair with faith and trust—a love which would believe anything rather than suspect the beloved of doing or saying any unworthy thing?"

"You have gone to extremes, in both cases," he replied. "Love must be to some extent exacting; but this does not conflict with a large amount of faith. But to-morrow I have to go down on business to the Elms; I can't, by any possibility, get up to London for a fortnight. My mother wants awfully to know you. Are you coming down to see her, for that time? It would be very nice for some one else," he adds, with his bright smile.

Shortly after, Miss Graham and Annie return.

My aunt approved warmly of my visiting

the Elms, but I would not go down the next day because I had promised the evening to a friend. Every girl, not much over twenty, has that wonderful friend who stands only second to the lover himself, and has the privilege of seeing all his letters and of hearing all that is to be said for or against him. However Stephen bore it very well.

"I thought you would have been made unreasonable?" I say, as I stand in the hall, my hand on the handle of the door.

"It would be too great presumption on my part to be unreasonable," he replies.

Oh how I do wish he would not talk like that.

"Will it be a bad day for you, to-morrow?" he says.

"Oh, yes, very bad," I reply quickly, letting him draw me closer to him. "What shall I do with myself all day?"

"In the evening your friend comes."

"Yes, but till then?"

"I know what I wish you would do," he replies. "Dearest, I don't venture to ask you, I only tell you what I wish."

"Oh if you would only tell me to do something! If you would be less deferential and more authoritative!"

"Well," he resumes, "it would be nice if you were to write me a letter, and if you posted it before five, it would reach me the first thing next morning."

"Oh, that will be a delightful way of spending the day!" I answered gayly.

At my heart I have a little pain for not having thought of it before. Shall I, on my own account, never be able to originate some sweetness of love?

"Well, good-night," he says once again; and once again our lips come together. "I shall long so for my letter." Now the door closes and he is gone.

Early the next morning, after breakfast, I begin my letter, a course of conduct of which Annie highly approves.

"I really think you are in love," she says.

"Thank you, dear," I reply, lifting my hand to stroke her face, "thank you very much for allowing me to be in love with the man I am going to marry."

Annie seats herself in front of the fire and begins to comb Lily, who has just undergone the agonies of washing, and who, from time to time, during this process, utters small complaining whimpers.

"It must be very difficult to write a love letter, I should think," goes on Annie. "I suppose it would do to begin 'My dearest' or 'My best beloved,' but must it be all love? Would it be considered wrong to mention the last book one had been reading, or the last theater one had been to, or any little thing of that sort, which came into one's head?"

"Annie, Annie," I say, putting down my pen, "how is Stephen to get his letter posted before five if you persist in chattering in this way?"

"Goodness, is there to be much more!" she exclaims, opening her pretty blue eyes very wide. "I believe I could count six sheets already. You know he will never be able to put it in the breast pocket of his coat. He will have to make selections."

"I do wish you would go!" I say piteously. "I am certain Lily ought to have a walk after her bath."

"Well, perhaps she ought," says Annie, rising, "but, oh dear, I should so like to know how to write a nice love-letter!"

"And when you stand in need of that knowledge, dear," I reply, "I shall be happy to furnish you with the recipe."

So she goes; and I am left to finish my letter in peace, and at five o'clock I duly post it with my own hand.

The next morning Annie and Miss Graham come with me to Charing Cross Station. My place is secured in a compartment of a first-class carriage, made quite safe and respectable by the presence of two very elderly ladies awfully severe and sour looking, in charge of a school girl of some thirteen years. A very angular school-girl, having around her an unmistakable atmosphere of the globes and well-thumbed lesson-books. Not cheerful traveling companions, certainly! However, just before the time of starting, the corner opposite to me is taken by a man, and a remarkably handsome one, too. He does not represent that type of the modern Hercules which lady-novelists of the present day are never weary of describing. He is tall, though, and well-made; but the presence of his strength is suggested rather than obtruded. His face, delicate in outline and regular in feature, would be perfect but for the mouth, which a slight moustache unfortunately does not entirely conceal; the mouth is weak.

"Well, my dear," says my aunt, as the porter closes the door, though a truck laden with luggage is wheeled by with the customary "By'r leave," "you will be sure to write to us as soon as you get to the Elms? A post-card will do. Of course Stephen will be at Dunton Green to meet you."

"I wonder if he has got through his letter yet?" says Annie. "Give my regards to Mrs. Thurger."

I give Annie a look of reproof, a command for silence. I have an unpleasant idea that all this must be very amusing for the other inmates of the carriage, especially that one who happens to be directly opposite to me; but just then, to my great relief, a whistle sounds and we move slowly away, Annie waving her hand to me till I can see her no longer. I cannot help feeling that my handsome *vis-à-vis* glances at me from time to time. Once or twice he seems to be on the point of speaking.

At length, when we have passed London Bridge, and are fairly on our way for woods and fields, he does speak.

"You are not afraid of the open window?"

"Not at all, thanks," I reply. "The air is so mild."

"Yes, though the month is November," he rejoins. "I have known many days, in May not half so pleasant." Then, after a pause, "I trust you won't consider me impertinent, but I believe we are not only bound for the same station, but for the same house. The lady who left you in the train mentioned the Thurgers and the Elms. If they are the Thurgers I know, as I think they must be, I am most intimate with them. Stephen Thurger is one of

the best friends I have in the world, and for the matter of that, so is Mrs. Thurger too."

"They must be the same," I reply, much interested.

"I should think so," he says, "unless by some extraordinary coincidence there should be two Mrs. Thurgers, each having an oldest son called Stephen; each having a house called the Elms; and these houses just the same distance from one station. Well, considering that in an hour's time we shall be formally introduced to one another, I think we may as well anticipate that time: my name is Massinger. Stephen Thurger is my oldest friend, and Mrs. Thurger is more like my own mother than anything else."

"My name is Lockwood," I reply.

"And that lady who bade you 'Good-bye' at the station, is your mother, I presume?"

"No. I have no parents now; that was my aunt."

"But the young lady was your sister?"

"Yes."

"Well, is it not strange," he goes on, "that we should travel down not only on the same day, but also in the very same compartment? A double pleasure for Thurger. He has no idea I am coming. I only returned to England yesterday."

"Then how can you be sure of finding him at home?" I inquire; "he is so much in London, is he not?"

"Yes, that is true," he replies, "but if I do not find him I should find his mother. It always does me good to spend two or three days with her, she is so nice, isn't she?"

"She must be, from all I have heard," I reply, "but this is my first visit."

"Ah, then, you have a pleasure to come! Mrs. Thurger is simply a perfect old lady, and what a mother she has been!"

Here he puts his hat on the hat-rack and shows a well-shaped head, waved over with brown hair—hair which has in it "the gold enbrownment of the lion's eye."

"You know, when Stephen began life, he first of all set to painting, for which he had remarkable qualifications; but as he could not reach what he thought the highest point, he left art for art criticism, at which, as I dare say you know, he is no end of a swell. Poor dear Mrs. Thurger, it went very near to break her heart! She thought Stephen was going to be a second Raphael. For my part, I think he made a mistake. It is not necessary for a man to do the finest work which can be done in order to give pleasure to a great many people. Do you agree with me, Miss Lockwood, or has Stephen quite won you over to his theory?"

"No, I quite agree with you," I replied; "besides there are many persons in this world who cannot appreciate the finest work, though they have perceptions educated to a certain point."

"Quite so," he rejoins, "but I will go even further; suppose that a man does only daub instead of paint, or write rhyme instead of poetry, if it pleases him, why take his pleasure from him? Life has not so many pleasures. It is harmless and hurts no one."

"Except the critics," I reply.

"Oh, it does not hurt them. They get well

paid for breaking butterflies on wheels. A really bad book is very dear to the heart of a clever critic. It gives him the opportunity of being amusing, and that pleases his editor and his readers. I do a little in art, myself. Stephen has been very forbearing with me, though at first, he used to pitch into me, and indeed for the matter of that does still; but I am beginning to think that he is getting to have some hope of me."

"He is a very sincere critic," I reply.

"Yes, by Jove, he is! But altogether he is a splendid fellow. It is impossible for anyone to know as I do the extent of that man's goodness,—but see how well the light falls there—on that water. Talking of light, I am just from Italy you know."

"I, too, have been in Italy."

And this topic of conversation proves so fruitful that we are both surprised to find ourselves just at our destination.

Dear Stephen is on the platform. Before the train stops he recognizes Mr. Massinger.

"This is a real surprise, old fellow," he says, after he has handed me out. "I thought you were in Italy."

"Yes, so I was three days ago, and I have been so fortunate as to meet your friend, on the way here. We require no further introduction."

"I will ask you to take charge of Miss Lockwood a little longer, then," says Stephen, just till I find her trunks."

Dunton Green is a small station, and there are seldom many passengers for it; so it is not long before my boxes are identified. Then we get into the carriage and drive off. Stephen hardly seemed so glad to see his friend as I imagined he would be. Mr. Massinger was in splendid spirits, brimming over with good humor and health. He has very expressive eyes, eyes I could imagine melting to tenderness or kindling to fire. We drive swiftly, and soon reach the Elms. Mrs. Thurger is at the door to receive us. She greets me very kindly, and welcomes Mr. Massinger as if he had been her son.

"I hope you will like the Elms," she says to me, holding my hand; "it is quite an old-fashioned house, as you see, with a wonderful old garden going all round it."

Then she takes me to my room.

Certainly, a sweet old lady to look at. Tall, with a proud, placid face, having Stephen's eyes. Her smooth hair is still as brown as a girl's.

"Now, let me have a good look at you," she says, kissing me and fixing her sweet gentle eyes on me. "Yes, dear, you are very nice to look at! Poor Stephen, how he must have loved you. He is so keenly sensitive to beauty. I used to hear so much about your Madonna-like face framed in red gold hair. What a beautiful picture he would have made of you had he kept to art. Ah, it was such a pity he gave up painting! Perhaps one day, dear, you may persuade him to resume it. I think he would if you asked him. Well, I am sure, darling, he has a prize in you; but then he does deserve to be happy, he is so good."

This sentiment I can echo warmly.

Then Stephen's mother leaves me, and, dispensing with the services of her maid, I pro-

ceed to change my dress and smooth my hair. A bright fire burns in my comfortable room, and it is sufficiently warm to allow of the window being opened, this soft November day. Stephen and his friend are walking up and down outside. They must be smoking, to judge from the fragrance of cigars which the soft west wind blows in. Mr. Massinger has a deep, full voice, and I cannot help hearing what he says. At the present moment he seems to be in a state of pleasurable excitement. "Sold it for three hundred pounds," I hear him exclaim, "that little picture, you know, of the girl feeding chickens, which you liked so much."

"Yes, I remember, it had some of your most conscientious work in it," replied Stephen. His voice is much lower than Mr. Massinger's, who begins, after a pause, with renewed energy, "Was it not droll my coming down with your friend Miss Lockwood? You must get her to let me paint her. Why, she is perfect; I have never in all my life seen such a face and figure."

How can I help smiling and being pleased that Stephen should hear this? Shortly after they move away, and Mrs. Thurger comes in with the pleasing intelligence that luncheon is ready.

Stephen and Mr. Massinger are already in the dining room, and engaged in earnest conversation which they break off abruptly when we enter. Mr. Massinger is very entertaining all through luncheon, but when it is at length over Mrs. Thurger says, "Come, Gerald, light your cigar; I am going to take you to the farm-yard. I know you would like to see our latest improvements."

"It is a good thing to have a mother like that, isn't it?" said Stephen, when they had passed through the open French window, and out of sight down the long garden, "but let us come to the library, it will be pleasanter there."

"And how do you like Massinger?" he asks, after he has kissed me tenderly.

"Oh, he is very amusing," I reply, "and of course I should like any friend of yours."

"But would it not have been nicer if we could have been quite alone together here."

"Yes, certainly it would," he returns. "I think it is awfully unfortunate he should have come down just now. I have not told him how we stand to one another, because I did not know whether you would like it or not."

"Oh, no, don't tell him!" I exclaimed earnestly, growing red at the thought. "I think it would be horrible for anyone to know; to feel persons are always thinking and saying foolish things about you."

"You are too sensitive, my darling; but everything shall be as you wish."

Then he shows me his books.

"Some of these, you know, you were to have taken charge of; now we will take charge of them together."

After an hour he sends me away, because he has a number of business letters to write. "Couldn't I answer some of them," I say, lingering with my hand on his shoulder.

"No, my dear, I hardly think so?" he answers with a smile, "besides we must not begin to task you so soon. Good-bye, my

darling, for a little while." So he kisses me and I go.

I hasten to the drawing-room, where I find Mrs. Thurger.

"Has Stephen sent you away, dear?" she says, as I enter.

"Yes, he had letters to write."

"I told Gerald he would be very busy," she rejoins, with a knowing smile, which suits so well her beautiful, innocent face; "so he had one of the horses saddled and went out for a ride. He is very bright and winning, is he not? I always look upon him as my second and younger son. Stephen thinks he may some day paint a really fine picture, but who would have painted like Stephen? Talk about color, my dear, you never saw such a colorist."

I lament with her. Then mindful of my own letter, I borrow pens and paper to write it. At the expiration of an hour, I see signs of uneasiness on dear Mrs. Thurger's part. She rises, she looks at the clock, she speaks a few words to the very ancient poll-parrot, who has persisted all through the afternoon in giving us "Good morning."

"I expect Gerald will soon be back from his ride," she says, fixing her sweet persuasive eyes on my face, with a look I feel I ought to interpret, but cannot. Then after a pause, "would you like to go and see how Stephen gets on with his letters?"

Oh, this is what the look meant then?

"Of course," I say, "only I was afraid I might put him out by going when he was writing."

But, oh, how ignorant I am in love's ways! I have always to be told what to do. It is dark, now. There is no light in the library save what comes from the cheerful wood fire. Stephen is not writing, though he has pens and ink beside him. He is leaning forward with his head on his hand. He does not know that I have entered, till, coming close behind him, I put my hands over his forehead.

"What! is it you, Laura darling?" he exclaims, drawing one hand away to kiss it.

"I came to see how the letters went on," I reply.

"Oh, I worked till the daylight went out, and then I would not be bothered with them any more."

I bring a footstool and sit down at his feet, while he strokes my hair down with his kind, loving hand.

"Soft, lovely hair," I hear him murmur, half to himself; then aloud, "where is Massinger?"

"Oh, Mrs. Thurger told him you were busy, so he made the best of it, and went out for a ride."

"I am very sorry for that," says Stephen. "I thought he would have been entertaining you this afternoon."

"If you please, I don't want to be entertained by anybody except your mother when you are not there."

"Yes, I knew you would like her."

I jump up quickly as the door opens and Mr. Massinger walks in.

"Oh, here you are in the twilight," he exclaims, "looking delightfully romantic."

"I have been showing Miss Lockwood my books," says Stephen.

"He has a fine collection hasn't he?" says Gerald Massinger, casting himself on the rug in front of the fire, and resting one elbow on the seat of a low chair; "I generally take off half a dozen of the rarest when I come, but then, I always return them."

"Yes, we shan't quarrel on that score," says Stephen, in his quiet, beautifully modulated voice.

"That chestnut of yours is a good investment," says Massinger, "I have had a splendid ride."

For half an hour longer we sit and chat in the firelight, then the dressing-bell rings and we disperse.

That evening, the gentlemen having smoked their after-dinner cigars, we are all in the drawing-room together again. Mrs. Thurger proposes music. I demur on the ground of its being a pleasure in which Stephen cannot participate, but this objection is overruled.

"I love music only second to my art," says Mr. Massinger, as we turn over the portfolio together.

Its contents do not show great varieties.

"But here is 'Auld Robin Gray,' exclaimed Gerald, in the tone of one who has found a prize. "One can't hear it too often. I suppose it is absolutely the most pathetic air ever composed.

So he arranges the music and I sing. Since catching sight of his handsome face, I cannot help wondering if he knows how good he is to look at, and if the knowledge pleases men as much as it does women. This thought suggests to me a train of droll ideas and I cannot help smiling in this pathos of my song.

"I can't do more than thank you, you know," he says, when I had finished. "I never knew singing to give me such pleasure. You have the most sympathetic voice I ever heard; but what made you smile so when you were singing? It was such a wicked little smile. Did my admiration make me look too idiotic?"

"I really do not think I saw you," I say, laughing at the deep tone of concern in his voice.

"You won't tell me the thought that made you smile, then?"

"Twopence for your thoughts you know," I say, preparing to play the next song he sets before me.

"No, I won't buy them," he returns. "I'll have them as a gift, or not at all."

Then more singing, then conversation, and then, rather to my relief, for God has gifted me with a constitution capable of absorbing a great quantity of sleep, Mrs. Thurger gives the signal to retire.

"Thank you for my pleasant journey down," says Mr. Massinger, keeping my hand fast while he bids 'good-night,' "and thank you again and again for your singing, and some day, I am going to know what you were smiling at."

"That you never will," I reply, laughing, and so I go on up-stairs.

But I have not traversed the long corridor, at the end of which my room stands, when I am overtaken by Stephen.

"You did not suppose, did you," he says, "that I should be contented with a 'good-night' like that?"

"I did not suppose that either of us cared much about it," I reply.

"Dearest," he says, as we stand there, he with his arm round my waist, "we must arrange to see more of one another to-morrow. It would be so much easier if only Gerald knew."

I know he wants my permission to tell Mr. Massinger, but this is just what I cannot and will not give, so I reply, perhaps a little petulantly, "Oh, we must do the best we can; where there's a will there's a way."

That night, before going to bed, I think long over all the events of the past day. I wonder a little curiously why Mr. Massinger wanted so to know the reason of my smile, but it is of Stephen, my pure-hearted lover, my husband to be, that I think last, before I fall asleep.

CHAPTER III.

My fortnight at the Elms is nearly over. Stephen and I cannot see as much of one another as we would. The will in this instance does not seem to find the way. Mr. Massinger is just too much for us; he has asked and gained permission to paint my portrait, and every day I sit to him for two or three hours. To-day I have been sitting to him longer than usual, so long that the failure of light compels him to put his brush aside.

"Oh, don't get up just this moment," he exclaims, observing that I am about to rise. "Don't you know it is so like a child, glad to rush out of school the moment her task is over? I don't want you to think me a task-master. I think I have caught something of your face here, as far as regards eyes and mouth, but oh, Miss Lockwood, why have you such an unpaintable expression? It is enough to break the heart of any painter who ever lived."

"I would gladly alter it if I could," I say, smiling.

"No, you wouldn't. I demur to that," he cries quickly, "you know too well how much power lies in it. By-the-by, Stephen tells me that he must go to London at the end of this week. Your visit, I suppose, will be a prolonged one?"

"No, I only came for a fortnight, and cannot stay longer. Mr. Thurger has kindly undertaken to see me to London."

"That's all right," replied Mr. Massinger, "we can all travel up together; for I must spend no more time in the country."

Music in the evening has grown to be a regular institution now; Stephen generally sets this time apart to attend to his correspondence.

"We shan't have any more of these evenings, shall we?" says Gerald, as we rifle the portfolio for a particular song.

"No, only two more nights," I reply.

"Are they never going to be resumed, then?" he says, with an impatient toss of his head and a look of genuine astonishment in his superb eyes. "I thought I should sometimes take the liberty of asking Stephen to bring me up to your place. I want to make the acquaintance of your aunt and sister."

"I am sure they will be delighted," I return.

"But you won't?" he says, speaking in low tones. "You want to get rid of me as soon as possible. Why, I had a vista of musical evenings all through the winter."

"And you think I shan't sing to you if you come," I say.

"And will you?"

"Yes."

"And shall you like it, as much as now?"

"Yes."

I wish he would take his eyes off me; I feel, under their fascination, the blood coming and going in my cheeks.

Two hours afterward, when Stephen bids me "good night," outside the door of my room, I say to him, "Dear, you may tell Mr. Massinger about our engagement."

"But you would not like it?" he replies, doubtfully.

"Yes, I wish you to now," and I see by the look which comes over his face how happy my words have made him.

That night my sleep is broken, and in the morning I come down stairs with rather a shame-faced feeling. There seems to me a touch of formality in Mr. Massinger's manner, but I will go through with it bravely; whatever he may choose to think or say, I will devote myself exclusively to Stephen. Perhaps I am a little disappointed to find, after all, that I am not to put my heroism to the test, for as soon as breakfast is over, Mr. Massinger expresses a keen desire to visit some remote points of the country, and for this purpose begs Stephen's chestnut again. Well, he is gone, and Stephen and I spend the day together; he, I think, is entirely happy; for me, some cloud, which I cannot dispel, hangs over me; even while Stephen is planning out our future life—where we shall live, and what we shall do—my attention wanders.

The dressing-bell had rung before Mr. Massinger returned from his long ride. From my room, I can hear Mrs. Thurger say, as she meets him on the corridor, "We quite expected you back to luncheon. You must have ridden miles," and when I meet him at dinner, he hardly seems to me the same man. His face seems to have grown haggard and weary—the eyes have lost their clear, healthy daylight, and replaced it by a slow smouldering fire. He talks only by fits and starts, occasionally falling into long silences.

"You are tired with your ride, my dear," says Mrs. Thurger, looking at him anxiously, her dear, motherly heart in alarm.

"No, thank you, I am not tired," he replies, carelessly, "though I did ride far and fast. I have taken it out of your chestnut to-day, Stephen; however, I do not think she is any the worse for it. She carried me splendidly."

That evening, an hour afterwards, I am sitting by myself in the drawing-room. Mrs. Thurger has gone to bed, prostrated by a severe nervous headache, and has asked me to excuse her to the others. It is a wild night, a shrill north-east wind rages round the house and surges through the leafless branches outside. The rain rushes down, pattering against the windows. Presently, I hear the dining-room door open and close; then a light quick

step comes along the passage, and the door opens and Gerald comes in, alone.

"By yourself, are you?" seating himself at some distance from me.

"Yes, Mrs. Thurger was too unwell to stay up, to-night."

"And Stephen asks me to excuse him. It appears he is so awfully busy."

"We must console ourselves with music then," I reply.

"No, not to-night, thanks," he rejoins, adding, with sudden energy, "I wish that music were a lost art! I trust the first woman who learned to sing had no good time of it in the after world."

"I wonder why you should be so bitter against music, to-night," I say. "We shall only have one more evening to sing together."

"Thanks," he rejoins, "it is very tempting,—but not to-night."

"Which are you, then," I say, "ill or busy?"

"Neither, but reckless, if you like it. I feel in the mood for a walk."

"In a night like this?" I question.

"Oh, yes, I am tough enough for anything. Will you kindly tell Stephen, if you see him, that I will join him some time in the smoking room, but you, I suppose, I shall not see again, so good-night."

He holds my hand lightly a moment, then goes. In another minute I hear the house-door close after him.

Oh, what new-born terror and desolation is this that overcomes me? I pace up and down, shuddering at the voices of wind and rain outside.

Well, I will go to Stephen. I find him in the library, which looks the picture of comfort; fire-light and lamp-light upon the varied bindings of the books. Stephen, sitting at the table, a pile of letters before him. He looks radiant, and his face contrasts strangely in my mind with the one from which I had just parted.

"What has become of Gerald," he says—"why has the music been interrupted?"

"Mr. Massinger has gone for a walk," I reply, trying to look very indifferent.

"Ah, it is hardly the night for a ramble," rejoins Stephen, "but there is no knowing what Massinger won't do, when he is in one of these moods. They generally forerun the notion of some great picture; which I doubt whether he has genius enough to paint, though he has some power, decidedly."

I help Stephen by writing letters at his dictation, while he paces up and down smoking his pipe, with a look of extreme contentment; but I make an excuse to get to bed early, only I say, as he holds me in his arms, with more passion than I have shown before, "You do love me, Stephen, don't you?"

"Yes, my darling, God knows it."

"And do I make your life as happy, as you thought I should?"

"Yes, sweetheart, you have changed it altogether. You have made it beautiful for me."

"And you won't cease to love me when we are married?" I go on, clinging closer to him.

"No, my darling; I shall love you more, if possible. Good-night," and so I leave him.

I go straight to my room, but a fearful wakefulness possesses me so that I cannot sleep. For a couple of hours I pace up and down, then I force myself to undress and go to bed. But I toss restlessly from side to side; I lie awake, and hear the persistent streaming of the rain, and the wind's voice outside—at times close by, and at times far away—now commanding, now supplicating, now deploring. Strange spirits are abroad in the night, giving mysterious signs and countersigns. God help me, I feel so utterly alone!

About dawn I fall into an uneasy doze, from which I am speedily aroused by the ringing of the breakfast bell. I jump up, and dress quickly. They are all assembled when I go down.

"You don't look well, Pussy," says Stephen, surveying me anxiously.

"You didn't sleep well, dear," says Mrs. Thurger. "I woke up once or twice, and fancied I heard you snoring in your room."

Mr. Massinger is standing by the fireplace, his arm resting on the mantelpiece.

"I hope you did not take any hurt from your wet walk," I say, showing more anxiety about him than he seemed disposed to show about me.

"No, thanks," he replies, "I have a great sympathy with a high wind, it blows so many ideas of pictures into my brain."

"Let us hope it will blow some out, then," says Stephen. "It would be greatly to your interest if you centered your power in one idea, instead of frittering it away on many."

"Hark to this man!" exclaimed Gerald, with a smile that was not far from a sneer; "hark to him speaking divine truths from the lofty heights of criticism."

"My advice is certainly wise, my dear fellow, whether you like it or not," replies Stephen, as we seat ourselves. "You stand in need of two things, patience and moderation."

"The artistic temperament loathes moderation," exclaims Mr. Massinger.

"My dear fellow, you are too proud of your artistic temperament," returns Stephen.

"No, I am not proud of it," says the other, knitting his brows, "but I do thank God for his mercy in not giving me the critical temperament. I would rather have mine, with all its pains and passions."

"You are quarrelsome this morning," says Stephen, serenely, "and I never in all my life felt less like grumbling."

And here Mrs. Thurger, who has eagerly been watching her opportunity, strikes in and leads the conversation into a less personal channel.

But I think we are all glad when the morning meal is over. It is a wretched, wretched day, though, which follows. Stephen is too busy to see me. Mr. Massinger goes out riding again, and we have all the morning and afternoon together, myself and Mrs. Thurger. Mr. Massinger returns at dinner-time. I wonder why he is so changed, why he looks altogether, utterly hopeless. After dinner, he comes into the drawing-room. Mrs. Thurger, at one end of the long room, has lost herself in a book, and I am sitting, empty, however, in a deep, cozy corner by the fireplace. The wind is not as boisterous as it was last night,

but it moans very persistently through the fir trees under the harsh November sky.

Gerald paces up and down restlessly, examining books and photographic albums, or stopping to make some observation about the pictures and engravings on the walls. I wish he would come up, with his old confident smile, and say as he used to, "Well, I wonder is some one going to sing now?" but, as he does not do this, some one can't sing. At length he rests in his walk, leaning against the piano. I can see his face, with intense suffering branded upon it. A woman cannot help knowing when a man loves her. A great passion of pity overcomes me. Oh, my God, is the pity all for him? I question myself and shudder. I get up and go to the piano, and begin singing one of the songs we love.

"Thank you," he says, when I have finished, adding in a tone hardly louder than a whisper, "No more to-night; I cannot bear it."

Soon after this Stephen enters, and I am so thankful when the time for going to rest comes.

Next morning, Mrs. Thurger takes a very tender farewell of me, reminding me of my promise to induce Stephen, at some future time to resume his art.

We have a silent journey to London; Stephen, I know, is thinking what a delight it will be to have me again without fear of interruption; and Gerald and I—how can I tell what we are thinking of? I watch the country, and he reads the *Daily News*.

Here we are at Charing Cross, then; how the brief hour has flown. My boxes are found and duly hoisted on the top of a cab.

"Now, old fellow, can we give you a lift anywhere?" says Stephen, after he has handed me in.

"No, thanks," replies Gerald, striking a light for his cigar. "I shall walk down to the club. I shall probably go to Paris this evening. Good-bye, Miss Lockwood."

The cab-door is shut, and we drive away through the raw November afternoon; through the muddy miry thoroughfares; down highways and byways, till we reach the quiet of St. John's Wood; but before the bell of Bedford Villa can have well sounded, the hall door is opened, and Annie flies down the steps.

"I heard the cab stop," she says, pulling the door open. "How are you, darling? What a pleasure to have you back again. Lily has been washed a day before her proper time to receive you, and she has been and bought a beautiful piece of broad lilac ribbon, she has," addressing these last observations pointedly to Lily, who is doing her very best to demolish the fur on my jacket.

Only letting me have a word with my aunt, I am hurried away to my own rooms, pursued frantically by Lily.

"Now, let us have a look at you," says Annie. "Well," in a meditative tone, after having surveyed me for a few moments, "well, you don't look, dear, as if, altogether, love had agreed with you. You've got red rims round your eyes, as if you had not slept, and you are quite pale."

"No, I have not been sleeping very well,"

I reply, endeavoring to arrange my hair before the looking-glass.

"Oh, do let me know something more about the handsome man in the train," says Annie. "So he is absolutely a friend of Stephen's? How did you like him on a close acquaintance?"

"Oh, he was entertaining enough," I reply.

"I do hope he is going to call," says Annie.

"Yes, I should think that quite probable."

That evening Stephen and I have it all to ourselves, and when I feel his love folding me round, I feel also, that I have been saved from a terror without a name.

(To be continued.)

The Influence of Trees on Health.

THE value of trees from a sanitary point of view, in large and overcrowded cities, can scarcely be over-estimated. Apart from the sense of relief and coolness which they impart, their value as purifiers of the atmosphere is almost incredible. It has been calculated that a good-sized elm, plane, or lime-tree, will produce seven million leaves, having a united area of two hundred thousand square feet. The influence of such a large surface in the absorption of deleterious gases and the exhalation of oxygen, must therefore be of immense benefit in over-crowded and unhealthy districts. In London and all large cities there exists a great number of waste spots in which one or more trees could be planted to advantage in every way. In this respect, at all events, they manage things better in France, and indeed in most Continental cities, where the Boulevards are kept cool in summer and warm in winter, owing to the influence which trees have in modifying temperature; in addition, they tend by absorption to purify the soil below as well as the atmosphere above them. A society for planting trees in the wide streets and waste places of the metropolis might accomplish as beneficial results as the excellent institution which supplies drinking fountains for the refreshment of man and beast.

To Preserve Decaying Trees.

THOSE who may be anxious to preserve old and decaying trees may be glad to try the following method, which is recommended by the *Gardener's Chronicle*, in preference to plugging them with concrete. "However much care may be bestowed upon it, it is impossible to make cement adhere to a living tree, and before long the water, percolating along the bark, will find its way slowly but effectually into the hole, and pursue its work. The only effective way of curing such a disease is to make a plug of oak or other hard wood, smear it with tar, and hammer it tight into the hole until its outer surface is on the same level as the hole. If there is any recuperative power left in the tree, the bark will soon grow over the plug, and the wound be perfectly healed, which will never happen with the concrete process." The plug is not, however, in our opinion, always necessary, as a cherry-tree much injured by wood-boring worms has been successfully cured by carefully stripping open the injured place, and cutting away all the damaged wood, and then thoroughly driving in warm gaster with a stiff brush, using the latter as a house-painter does his brush when painting very rough surfaces.

Correspondents' Class.

THIS department is intended exclusively as a means of communication between those who have questions to ask in regard to art decorative, industrial, or art proper, and those who have information to give to those seeking it. Questions in regard to literary and social matters, household, fashions and the like, belong to the department of the Ladies' Club. The "Class" must adhere strictly in future to its original purpose.—(Ed.)

"LINA D."—Theorem painting is done in the following manner: It is better adapted to fruits, birds, and butterflies, than to landscapes and heads. It will enable you to paint on paper, silk, velvet, crape, and light-colored wood. *To make Horn Paper:* Take equal parts of copal, mastic, and Japan varnish; add to the mixture half as much balsam of fir as there is of either of the varnishes, and a piece of white wax the size of a thimble; simmer these together till the wax is melted. If the composition is too thick, add a little spirits of turpentine. Put it upon one side of the paper while it is warm, the paper having been previously prepared with painter's oil to make it transparent. The oil must be put upon both sides of the paper, rather warm, and the whole of the paper lie together one night; it is then wiped with a cloth, to absorb the oil on the surface, and dried one week in the sun before varnishing. Each side of the paper must be varnished twice, and the greatest care taken to dry it well. Trace the picture you intend to copy on white paper, with a soft lead pencil; then mark those parts which do not touch each other with a figure 1. Lay the horn paper over the sketch, and trace with a sharp-pointed penknife, or large pin, all the objects marked 1. Mark another piece of horn paper for theorem 2, and cut again; continue thus till you have enough theorem cut for your whole picture. Of course, it will require much more time to cut a set of theorems nicely than it would to draw one picture; but a good set of theorems is equal to twenty-five or thirty sketches. The durability of your theorems will depend upon the care with which you treat them. Do not attempt to paint with less than a dozen stiff brushes, because you must have one for every color you need to use; and, as has been mentioned elsewhere, put a few drops of water on your palette with the end of the brush, to avoid dipping the bristles in water. Lay the theorem on the paper on which you intend to paint. Good drawing paper is best for the first attempt. Press the theorem firmly down with weights at each corner, and proceed to paint. Commence with a leaf; take plenty of paint—oil tube colors will answer, or powders mixed well with outside varnish. Paint in the cut leaf of the theorem; hold the brush upright, and manipulate quickly with a circular motion. It is best to begin at a little distance from and work toward the edges; if you take just enough paint, it goes on softly and smoothly; if too much, it looks dauby; if too little, spotted. To shade the leaves, cut bits of horn paper on the edge, in the form of the large veins, and laying on the leaf already painted, paint from this edge into the leaf; slip the paper, and paint other veined parts in the same way. If successful with a leaf, try a grape. Paint first purple, then blue, and finish off with carmine. On removing the last of your theorems, if you see any inequality in the painted parts, lay the theorem on again and correct; if any spaces, fill up by dotting in with a fine brush. All dots, stalks, fibers, etc., must be put in with camel's hair pencils. In many parts of a painting, the effect is heightened by striking on paint here and there with the stiff brush, and blending the edges together to produce softness. *To paint on Wood:* Choose hard wood, of light color; paint as before, and varnish when done. *To paint on Velvet:* Select firm, white cotton velvet. Use the paints a little more moistened. *To paint on Silk, Satin, and Crape:* Size the parts to be painted with gum arabic, or

isinglass, and proceed as with drawing-paper. We have seen ball dresses painted, with bells and neck ribbon to match; also white crape dresses, with vines of gold and silver.

"HATTIE L."—To gild on satin, paper, cloth, light-colored, unprepared wood, etc., proceed as follows: If the gilding is required upon small parts of articles only, use strong isinglass solution—the purer the better. Take a small camel's hair brush, and coat over with the isinglass size, while it is warm, the places you wish to gild. When dry, proceed with your gold size same as in gold size gilding. The reason of applying the isinglass size is to satisfy the porous nature of the fabric, and make a delicate kind of crust as a foundation for the gold size. If you wish to paint flags and banners with oil paint, you must coat over the parts first with isinglass size.

"ALEEN."—Decoration on china has been fully considered in several answers to correspondents. See March, '78, etc.

"M. H."—To dye a blue zephyr shawl a bright scarlet, proceed as follows: Goods to be redyed must first be steeped and scoured in soap and soda. If the remaining color be unequal and dark, the goods must be worked for a short time in a sour, made by dissolving two ounces bisulphate of potassa in each gallon of water used. Woolen goods are always dyed hot, as near boiling point as possible; this necessitates the use of boilers, which should be of copper, or copper and tin, as iron will not answer the purpose. The dye-stuffs are generally put in the boiler, and the goods worked with it. All washings are to be in cold water, unless otherwise specified. The quantities given in the receipt are for dyeing ten pounds of woolen goods scarlet. Work in a bath for one hour with one pound tartar, two ounces dry cochineal, eight ounces sumach, and eight ounces fustic; wash out and dry.

To preserve your bronze lamps from turning black, oil them occasionally, and wipe them with a soft cloth.

Flower cultivation receives attention in the Magazine. See Oct., '78, etc.

QUESTIONS.

"COR. CLASS."—1. Give me some advice as to the first painting in portrait painting.

"2. The features?"

"3. How to glaze?"

"4. The hair?"

HENRIETTA."

Will some one of the COR. CLASS give me the direction for crystallizing grasses,

and oblige, "C."

Will some one tell me in the "Correspondents' Class," how the black back-grounds for the panel pictures are prepared? I want a dead, and not a glossy, black for pasteboard. "B. M. H."

"ED. COR. CLASS."—I am in need of some practical advice and help about painting in oil, and I am out of the reach of a teacher. Will some one help me? I want to do some things on wood and some on glass. What I most need to know is what colors to buy, and what kinds of oil to get; also, what kind of brushes and varnish and trying oil.

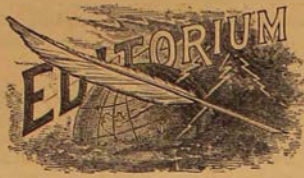
"C. W. S."

"COR. CLASS."—How are colored pictures transferred to wax, muslin, or wood? Is the process called decalcomanie? "N. P. B."

Yes.—[Ed.]

"INDEPENDENCE, IOWA.

"Will you please let me know through the 'Correspondents' Class' if the tube colors, used in oil painting, can be used in china painting, and if you know of any place in Chicago where the burning is done, and oblige, "DAISY."



The Rush of Modern Life.

It is only a wide experience that enables us to understand that law of compensation, of which we hear so much, but of which the majority know so little. All conditions of life, all circumstances, asserts the philosopher, have their compensations, but we do not stop to consider this in making a grievance of whatever happens to be our special environment.

Years ago, when railroads were scarce and the telegraph and telephone unknown, people traveled less, but enjoyed their home life much more. If they had no gas, they had also no gas bills to pay, and oil and candles were much cheaper. If they had no furnaces by which the whole of the house could be warmed, their fuel bills were kept at a minimum instead of a maximum. If they had no kitchen ranges, they did not do half the cooking that is done now-a-days, and ate bread and milk occasionally with a better relish than we give to our scalloped oysters or *omelette soufflé*.

Every change from those benighted times is recorded as an advance, and greeted as an improvement, and doubtless they are so, but the old times had their compensations, and the new times have their disadvantages, and one of the latter is the complex character or shape which everything, small and great, has taken upon itself. Everybody is hurried to death, driven by so many necessities that the best good, its sweetness, its truth, its humanity, in short, seems to be taken out of our lives and expended in talk, in theorizing over social problems and social necessities.

It costs so much more to live than men can earn, that every one is compelled to take to the field, and battle for their own subsistence. Meanwhile, the life of the home, the interior life, that upon which the souls of men, women, and children grow and thrive, goes to waste for want of cultivation, and in its midst spring the seeds of decay and dissolution.

The desire for activity is natural to the young and the strong, but let them wisely limit their efforts to what they can do best without sacrificing their duty to others. This is the kind of activity that bears good fruit, and prevents the absorption in the mad rush and whirl of lives bound by no ties, held by no obligations, and only eager for participation in the maddest of the giddy evolutions, without thought of inevitable consequences. Let those who are "tied" to the simple routine of a quiet life find some satisfaction in the utter weariness of all created things that they escape, and try to fill the mental void by active interest in whatever is going on about them, and by intimate acquaintance with the admirable authors whose works give us the world for a possession shorn of its cruelty, of its barbarism, of its treachery, its disappointments, and its cares, and filled with the beautiful light of their illuminating genius.

French Phrases.

It is very much the custom, now-a-days among young writers and a certain kind of society people, to interlard their conversation, their sentences, and general talk, with a variety of French words and phrases. As a rule, such persons know nothing at all of the language; but they pick up a

society word, here and there, and sandwich it in with an air as if French were so natural to them that they could hardly avoid mixing it with the mother tongue. Of course they sometimes make humiliating mistakes in sense or pronunciation, but as they are not often aware of their blunders, these are not of so much account. The point to be made is the dishonesty and affectation of such artifices, which sometimes misrepresent them in the minds of good people, and always create a prejudice with the cultivated and intelligent.

Some of these affectations have been fastened on society generally by the adoption of the current tricks and fopperies of society years ago, and the difficulty of getting rid of them when once established. But although it is somewhat difficult to lead a reform, there is no necessity to add to these evidences of weakness personal affectations and pretenses of our own. The acquisition of the French language is a very desirable thing to a young man or a young woman, and not only adds infinitely to the comfort of going abroad, but opens up a wide field of pleasure and profit at home. But those who are thoroughly acquainted with French have usually been first equally good students of English, and know well that either language is better for being spoken or written simply and purely, without any attempt at an interlarding of phrases or a hybrid mixture, which is an impertinence to those who may not be able to understand one part of it.

Social customs may be observed, especially in neighborhoods where departures provoke comment. But truth and honesty are always the best, and that which is neither true nor honest should be discouraged by those who understand how little abuses soon grow into great evils.

View on the Lake of Geneva.

The charming spot known as the "Bosquet de Julie," or harbor of Julie, is so named after the "Julie" of Rousseau's *Confessions*. It lies between Clarens and Chillon, facing the valley, and is famous for its lovely vistas, as may be readily seen from the picture. It is only a short distance from Vevey, said to be the most beautiful country in the world, and also from Chillon, with its famous castle which was built in 830, and whose dungeons were tunneled below the surface of the lake, which is here upward of three hundred feet deep, into the solid rock.

The beautiful harbor of Julie, however, has little in common with so grim and ghastly a subject. It seems made for lovers, and one cannot see the clear surface of the water, or look through the leafy glades without feeling a strong desire to seek congenial companionship, and live and die in the contemplation of so much natural loveliness. The picture is in itself a gem fully equal, and, indeed, superior in finish to many oil paintings, and will certainly be appreciated highly by the intelligent reader.

The May-Pole.

THE May-Pole will call vividly to the minds of our readers the scenes which were formerly common in "Merrie England" during the blithe and beautiful month of May. The May-Pole, twined about with flowers and gayly-colored ribbons, is set in the midst of the village green, and around it a jovial circle of men and maids are celebrating its advent by tripping gayly to the inspiring sounds of a pipe and fiddle. A castle with its tower stands in the background, and shows glimpses of a broad domain and the ancestral park. Lords and ladies of high degree mingle with the revelers who are engaged in vigorously prosecuting all sorts of games, some of them more original and

grotesque than polite, and the church, with its banner spread to the breeze, evidently sympathizes with the spirit of fun that is abroad, and perhaps participates in it. The solid air of good living which pervades the different groups, speaks well for the condition of the larders at home, and the mingling of young and old, and high and low, of the general good feeling which pervaded those primitive communities.



My Housekeeping Class.

NUMBER TWO.

BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

"BEFORE anybody asks any questions," says Lucy Little, at our next meeting, "I should like to say, for the teacher's encouragement, that I've kept the parlor looking-glass in such a state of glitter, ever since our lecture on glass cleaning, that mamma says she has discovered three new wrinkles on her forehead that she never would have suspected if she hadn't had such improved facilities for looking at herself."

"I should think the opportunity to discover new wrinkles, or any other defects, was a questionable blessing," says Miss Kitty.

"Not in the least questionable," says I, rather sententiously, perhaps. "One had better realize their defects, whether of person or of character—acquaintance with the latter sort would assist in their correction."

"Very likely," says Miss Kitty, with a pretty little shrug that she picked up in Paris last summer. "But what are you going to do about the former sort?"

"If I had read the books of Lola Montez and Mrs. Haweis on dress, and beauty, and kindred subjects," I reply, "I might give you a more intelligent answer; but, as it is, I can only say, that if one discovers their own faults of face or person, and knows of no way to remedy them, compensation must be sought in the charm of agreeable manners and conversation, and the cultivation of whatever gifts nature has bestowed. Some extraordinarily popular women have had plain faces."

"That's a comfort," says Jennie, with a resolute little nod. "I'm going to shine up my looking-glass, when I go home, and see if the daily contemplation of a large mouth and a pug nose won't give me a more ardent longing to practice my singing lessons."

"But, after all, I don't see what this has to do with housekeeping," remarks Miss Seymour, a very practical young lady with a note book in her hand.

"Not much, indeed," say I, penitently. "But women are proverbially 'prone to wander, prone to stray,' so I suppose we are faulty, like our sex."

"There is altogether too much said about women's faults," says Miss Kitty. "Why are men's faults so much less discussed? I don't mean their vices, like drunkenness; but ordinary things."

"If that is so," I answer, "I suppose it is because our faults, or traits, are so different from their business-like ways, that they seem very objectionable to them. I honestly think that women deserve grave censure in one thing, and that is the irregular and unmethodical way in which many of them manage their houses."

"But it is so tiresome to be forever bothering about things in the house, up stairs and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber."

"Yes, you will find it a bother, if you make it so, but order and system will do much toward oiling the wheels of domestic machinery, and making them run smoothly. We all admire a well-ordered house, and a well-regulated family, but such results require some good management to produce. There are few good things to be obtained without trouble, and much of the charm of a refined home, is due to the close attention of its mistress to small details."

"I don't see exactly how attention to small details, as you call them, has much to do with the looks of a house," says Jennie, "although I should like to see, because my mother wants me to take care of the housekeeping every other week, and I would be glad enough to have the house look tasteful and refined."

"Of course you would," I assent, "and one important means of making it look so, is perfect cleanliness."

Some of the girls looked rather indignant, and Miss Kitty treats us to another little shrug, but Miss Seymour makes an entry in her little notebook, Jennie says:

"I suppose everybody tries to keep their house clean."

"And I should think keeping it clean, was the business of the servants," says another young lady.

"So it undoubtedly is, but it is also the business of a mistress to see that they do so," I say, "and in apology for my implication that every one does not have a clean house, I must tell you that the author of one of the delightful series of 'Art at Home' books, lays it down as a fundamental principle, that nothing compensates in a house for dirtiness. Which shows that she regards want of tidiness as a not uncommon fault."

"I don't think that it makes it any more excusable," says Sophie Mapes, modestly.

"Oh, not a bit," I agree.

"Well, if you won't laugh at me," says Nellie Greene, a new member of the class, "I should like to ask how you go to work to get things clean. I don't have any very great luck myself."

"It is not a question of luck, I should say, but a matter of perseverance and industry; and suppose," I went on, "that I give you my idea of how a parlor ought to be taken care of. Not that I consider that the most important part of a house, but perhaps it is the most interesting to you."

"Suppose then," I say, "that the room is not the family sitting-room through the day, but used for that purpose in the evening. Once a week in that case, will probably be as often as it will need sweeping. The servant will, it is most likely, attend to that, and if she is allowed to follow her own sweet will, in performing the operation, it will not be surprising if the general appearance of the room is dirtier than it was before she began. But before she begins, you must prepare for the storm of dust her vigorous broom-handling will create, by taking all of the smaller furniture out of the room, and covering the sofas and other large pieces with old sheets. If there are wood carvings in the room, they also should be carefully covered, and pictures with elaborate frames should be protected in the same way. All the little articles of bric-a-brac should be laid upon a waiter, and taken into another room, and while the sweeping is in process, those of them which are of a washable nature, such as china vases, plaques, etc., should be wiped with a damp cloth, or if they need it, washed with warm water, soap, and a soft brush. If your maid is of the more intelligent order, perhaps you can impress her with the idea that a broom and a spade are to be differently handled. At any rate, you can make the effort;

tell her to first pick up the shreds that may be on the carpet, and then sprinkle it with damp, not dripping tea leaves, which may be saved from the tea-pot every day, and kept in a jar for the purpose. Then she should go over the carpet lightly, with a broom that is never used for any other room. Hard sweeping injures the carpet, and throws the dust into the air only to settle back again on the floor or on something else. The sofas and tables should be pushed to one side of the room, and when the other side has been swept, they may be rolled back to the clean side, and the other gone over. If there are curtains or portieres in the room, they should be pinned up before the sweeping is begun. After it is over, the windows on each side should be left open, that the draft may blow out some of the dust that is floating in the air."

"I have given these directions," I go on to say, "under the impression that none of you were going to sweep the rooms yourselves, but if you do, all the better; the exercise will do you good, and help to give your cheeks the charming color that we envy our English cousins for. But even if you don't sweep the room, I advise you to go over it, before you replace the furniture, with a broom wrapped in a slightly dampened towel, to draw off the loose dust which has escaped the broom, or has settled down since. If there is a marble mantel it may be washed or wiped with an old silk handkerchief. If there should at any time be iron stains upon the marble, they can be taken out by moistening them with vitriol, or oxalic acid. If they do not come out readily, leave the acid on for half an hour. Grease spots can be taken out by spreading on them a paste made of lime, pearl-ash, and water, and leaving it for a few hours, when it must be renewed, if it has not accomplished the work. If there is an uncovered marble hearth in the room, it should be washed clean in hot soap-suds, and then wiped dry. After that it should be rubbed with a flannel dipped in oil, linseed oil is the best, and wiped with a clean cloth. It may not need either of these applications as often as once a week, and probably will not, unless your family treat themselves to the luxury of an open fire, which, picturesque and refined though it may be, makes a great deal of extra work for the person who has charge of the parlor."

"Now, to return to the furniture that was carried out of the room. Before it is taken back again, brush the upholstered parts with a furniture brush, and dust the woodwork with silk or linen. Occasionally, the wood should be rubbed with a mixture of turpentine and beeswax, or with a reliable furniture polish. Whichever is used, the effect is much better if it is thoroughly rubbed in with the hand, instead of smeared on with a cloth."

"It makes my back ache to hear of such opportunities for exercise," declares Jennie, emphatically.

"But," I say, "it doesn't make your back ache to hear of an opportunity to dance half a night, I dare say."

"Exercise to music is quite a different thing."

"Get a hand organ to play 'Secret Love,' or some other gem while you pursue your distasteful task," says Miss Katy, with a half sneering laugh.

"No, I thank you," replies Jennie, humming the air under her breath. "When I work I work, and when I play I play, and I don't mix them up. Besides, when I dance I don't want a broom for a partner."

"I think I could suggest one more appropriate," I say, laughing, and wishing the light-hearted girls good-by, for our time is up, and we shall have to postpone giving the last touches to our parlor till we meet again.

A Friendly Talk on Shopping.

BY L. R. FEWELL.

SHOPPING is said to be the delight of feminine hearts, yet in spite of this purely masculine dictum, I will venture to say there are hundreds of women in the length and breadth of our land, neither strong-minded, nor exceptions to the sex, who regard their spring and fall trips to town for this purpose with far greater dread than pleasure. And how many weary sisters, limited, like myself, to a narrow income, are, even while I write, tossing on sleepless pillows in the vain endeavor to contrive a way to make one dollar do the work of ten in the buying of spring supplies.

For the benefit of these, especially if they live so far in the country that the work of many days has to be crowded into one, I would offer a few suggestions, which may, at least, save them the blistered feet, aching head, shattered nerves, and irritated temper, which so many of us have carried back from such excursions, making our return anything but a source of delight to those we have left behind. It is said an ounce of precaution is worth a full pound of cure, therefore preparations should begin at least a month before the time fixed for your shopping excursion, by endeavoring to ascertain what are likely to be the prevailing styles for that season, as all women are more or less followers of the fashions. This can be easily done by sending fifteen cents to Madame Demorest for her "What to Wear," which is always published both spring and fall in ample time for any one to lay up a store of information in regard to all articles of feminine wear. Having settled to your own satisfaction, by means of this book, the style likely to suit your taste and means, both for yourself and children, ascertain from your dressmaker, if you are fortunate enough to possess one, or else from the bought patterns which are so easily procured, the quantities of material and trimmings the styles require, and enter them carefully on the sheet of paper, that, with a pencil attached, should repose for all these weeks in your work-basket or machine drawer.

A few days before the time fixed for the trip, take this piece of paper, full of erasures and addenda—I am not now writing of or to the pattern women of the sex—and carefully sift from its incongruous contents the *must haves*, copying them carefully first on the list under each head of the memorandum book which can be furnished you by any firm with which you deal, or easily made by yourself by folding and sewing sheets of paper. Following these "inevitables" may come the "like to haves," which always exceed in number and duration the first named, for while all of us echo with our lips the axiom of the great moralizer,

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long;"

our hearts respond to the truth of the following couplet

"'Tis not with me exactly so,
But 'tis so in my song,"

and feel now more than ever before that however little they may want, they may want it *long*, whether it be cloak, sacque, or dress.

The eventful day having ushered itself in with a clear sky, let us hope, arise in time to dress yourself in clothing so genteel and yet so suitable that it will leave no impression either pleasant or unpleasant upon your own mind. As you love yourself, eschew a dress so nice that it has to be taken care of, or new shoes, no matter how large. Give yourself time to eat a comfortable breakfast, and yet reach the station with ample space to buy your ticket, and take your place in the early train. Employ the time of the rapid transit in mapping out the

plan of the day's operations, either with yourself or your companion, if you have one. If the latter is of the male persuasion, either father, husband, friend, or brother, appoint some place and hour for meeting for dinner or return. Never be guilty of the folly of taking him around with you, for, whatever the relation, you will soon feel hampered, and he worn out and disgusted with "women and their fallals," and indeed I know of few situations so lowering to the dignity of true manhood as the rôle of escort on a shopping excursion, and if he makes it his business to inspect, cheapen, and hold the purse strings, the spectator is irresistibly reminded of a tame bear dancing to music, or an unwieldy bovine in a china shop.

Arrived at the city depot, leave all encumbrances, except sun umbrella in the safe place to which you will have all your packages sent, for transmission to your home, as even a light bundle soon grows burdensome, besides the risk of mislaying it. If New York is the Mecca of your pilgrimage, take the most direct means of conveyance that suits your purse to Stewart's, Lord & Taylor's, or Arnold & Constable's. If Cincinnati, Chilltoe's or Boutillier's. If Mobile, Peppers & Co. Only be sure to select some large and reliable establishment, where many varieties of goods are sold under one roof, for much valuable time is lost in running around looking for bargains, in which there is generally quite as great a difference in the quality as in the prices asked for the same article by large dealers. Remember that in all large stores there are different departments for each class of goods, and, if you are a novice, mention the department you want to visit to the ushers, who are always near the principal entrance—they will at once direct you to the point sought; but if you are an habitue of the store, make your way at once to the place, unheeding the crowd and deafening cries of "cash" from all quarters. Behind the counter will be found one or more clerks, male or female, and if one is disengaged, he will at once advance with the inquiry as to what he can show you; but if you see that all are occupied, it is but courtesy to wait, at least a few minutes, for their leisure, for though a supercilious indifference has taken the place of the obsequious solicitude formerly displayed by small shopkeepers, the fashion has not spread to large and well-conducted establishments, where the employees are generally as anxious to sell as the customers are to buy.

In asking for goods, give the clerk an outline of the fabric, color, and quality of the article desired, to prevent the trouble occasioned by the lady, who went over a large city inquiring for traveling goods, a genus comprising so many species now, as to be bewildering to the most experienced clerk. The line of goods desired being placed before you, take time to examine them carefully, though we cannot commend as an example worthy of imitation, the notable manager who in shopping would insist upon turning gloves and stockings wrong side out, and chewing the corners of goods to see if the colors were fast. But even these sharp customers are not such a terror to clerks as "the will and the won't" purchaser. The writer is acquainted with a lady, estimable in all the relations of life, whose shopping excursions are justly dreaded by all concerned in them on account of her utter inability to make up her mind decidedly on any subject, or to be satisfied with anything she has bought. I knew her once to buy a churn, trade it for calico, and trade the calico for sugar before ever leaving the store—a country one, where a general assortment was kept—and one could hardly blame the clerk when in making out her bill, he asked rather saucily if he should charge her with churn, calico, or sugar. What unreasonable questions and requests these amiable imbeciles will ask of the shopkeepers, with an in-

nocence that would be amusing if it were not too absurd. Such as what number of shoes she ought to buy for a child, age not given—or would he send over and get a soup tureen just like Mrs. Col. D.'s, who probably lives ten miles away, and of whose dinner service he is as utterly ignorant as of that of the Great Mogul's himself. And just here, by the law of contrasts, we come upon the true secret of shopping successfully. It is to know what you want when you have found it, and to buy it without any unreasonable appeals to anyone's taste or judgment, every one of which is a libel upon your own, for "*Chacune à son gout*," is a maxim that helps the machinery of shopping, as well as society, to revolve without unnecessary friction.

Do not, however, fly to the other extreme, and buy so hastily that the article purchased will not be suitable to wear with anything else that you have in your wardrobe. And just here a person whose sense of harmony has not been cultivated, is quite as apt to err in the matter of likeness as unlikeness, for the lady, who determined to be of a piece, had seven distinct shades of brown in one costume, and because she had scarlet ribbons on her hat dyed her kid gauntlets the same color, was quite as far from the mark as the one who wears a green bonnet with a blue dress. Indeed, a sharp contrast is often not so unpleasing as a mixture of unharmonious tints, each of which kills the other. This may be easily seen by placing different shades of any color—pink, for instance—side by side, and attempting to make a selection. They will all look dull, faded, and ugly, but view them separately, or in contrast with green, and each will seem to acquire fresh lustre; thus, in buying goods, if you wish to learn the exact shade of a piece of goods, place by it some opposite color, or strong contrast, before making a selection. In these days of soft colors and harmonious tints, however, it seems almost inexcusable for any one, not born color blind, to mix incongruous elements; but as there are many who doubt even their own instinctive perceptions, I would say to these "doubting Jacobs" that they have strong cities of refuge in black and white. Some of the best dressed ladies I have ever known have restricted themselves to these two colors, which philosophers have pronounced no colors; and no woman can be entirely dowdy in a clean, well-fitting dress of either, suiting in texture the season and her circumstances; while just now Dame Fashion seems to be favoring them still more by proclaiming that dark colors alone shall be worn in the daytime. We of the far south, however, will have to cry in this as in many other things *peccavi*, for I think if the fickle jade could feel the fervor of the beams, which even now, in the merry month of May, are sending mercury and pulses far up in the nineties, she would declare in favor of "vapory muslins," of less absorbent hues than dark browns, prunes, and navy-blues. Where summer reigns from March till November, it is folly to copy directions only intended for those regions where she only pays a coy or reluctant visit of six weeks or two months in the year. So in these matters, as well as many others, we will have to continue to be a law unto ourselves, and still cling to our light-colored linens, lawns, muslins, etc., reserving darker colors and richer textures for cooler days. But to those whose lines have fallen unto them "by green pastures and still waters," this decree of the mighty goddess will be considered a godsend, doing away as it does in a measure with the laundry bills, which have for several years made summer toilets almost worth their weight in gold to their possessors. Indeed, the general tendency of fashion now seems to be toward economy, in spite of all that is said and written of the extravagance of the age. There never has been a time within the memory of the

writer when different materials could be so well combined, and jaunty costumes made and remodeled at so little outlay. It does not take half the material to make a dress it did five years ago, and by the aid of the exact and perfectly proportioned patterns now to be bought, a lady with any skill with her needle can furnish herself with half a dozen dresses for the cost of one in former years; and, though they may lack the elegance and finish of one of Worth, they will be suitable, comfortable, and graceful costumes for any or most of the occasions that fall to the lot of the average American woman, who may thus save means to have her high day and holiday robes made by some dressmaker able to impart that indescribable, yet palpable, thing which we call "style," and the French "chic." Far too many of us have spent on this same costume, often not worn more than half a dozen times a year, the means that should have brightened every day of the remaining three hundred and fifty-three by some neat and appropriate dress. But this is very bad policy, as many of us have found to the cost of our happiness, comfort, and self-respect.

Anything is good enough for home wear is a maxim on many lips; but it is a very pernicious one, for it is not the grand occasions that give poetry and sweetness to life, and a pretty woman, in a clean, neat dress, if but a print, is much more apt to strike the fancy, and touch the heart of a man, than trailing silken robes through marble halls. Ask any gentleman of average taste what points always strike him most in a lady's dress. The answer will be, nine times out of ten, "spotless collars and cuffs, and well arranged hair," if indoors—if outdoors, "well-fitting shoes and gloves," and beyond these items, you will find that ladies' dress is an unknown quantity to them. So, if you still cling to the idea that you dress to please the men, pay most attention to the points enumerated; but, if you have awakened to the fallacy of this opinion, and know that it is for the keen and knowing eyes of your dear feminine friends that you spend so much time and thought on your costumes, you are quite right to study material, fit, and fashion, knowing that each and all of these will be criticized in turn. How quickly they perceive the ill-fitting arm-hole, the badly matched stripe or check, the side-body cut the wrong way of the goods, the poorly worked button-hole, the ill-hanging skirt. And is not this censorship among themselves a good thing for women, whose greatest hindrance to equality with man is the want of thoroughness and finish in their work? Skilled labor of any kind rarely wants a market, and in all professions the upper rounds of the ladder are never crowded, and she who governs her household with the strictest regard to the happiness and well-being of its inmates, cuts and makes garments with economy, skill, and ease, or cooks a dinner in accordance with hygienic laws, may, by thoroughness in these humble tasks, be laying stepping stones to higher walks; for we have the authority of Mrs. Hannah Moore that "Those women who are so puffed up with conceit of talents or position as to neglect the plain duties of life, will not often be found women of the best abilities."

A closing whisper in the ear of our shopper, who, like ourselves, is growing weary of the business, and running over the last articles on her list with dispatch.

Beware of shams or mixtures. Take a print in preference to a cotton delaine; a soft wool, instead of a flimsy silk. Always buy the best quality your purse will allow—colors that will not fade, fabrics that will turn, figures that will not grow conspicuous, styles that will not be *outré* by another season, at least. Avoid novelties, and let no saleswoman or milliner persuade you into buying what you know to be unbecoming and unsuit-

able, simply because it happens to be the fashion; for, at the bottom of the old dame's decrees, as well as those of most other autocrats, lies a *raison d'être* soon found by close study. Thus we can easily see that to those whose "lines have fallen unto them," in cold climates, where the damp, chilly spring winds bear pneumonia and consumption to any thinly clad person, the fashion of completing a street suit with a jacket of the same material is a sensible and comfortable style; yet the lady, who, at the same season, between the two fires of our fervid sun and sandy soil, would persist in sweltering beneath one of these additions to her out-door dress, instead of the light mantel or lace shawl belonging to her wardrobe, would show a great want of common sense and independence of spirit; and any one who has seen a whole city adopt a style, as the writer saw a western town of many thousands do the close-fitting bonnet of last winter, without any respect to sharp noses, high cheek bones, long necks, complexions, height, age, or "previous condition of servitude," save that the younger the wearer, the plainer and more grandmotherly must be the bonnet, could not help being struck with the resemblance between women and sheep, of which, if one jumps a gap, the entire flock must follow, even if destruction await them on the other side; and, sighing for the days when woman shall emancipate herself from the most galling yoke that now rests upon her shoulders—the blind following of fashion—and shall declare her right to dress according to her own taste, appearance, condition, and circumstances, and carry out this declaration in all her shopping, resting assured, if she does, she will be spared the stinging consciousness of having made a fool of herself, which often, more than bodily fatigue, renders us irritable and uncomfortable after such an excursion; and we are very sure there are many fellow-sufferers who will cry Amen to this sentiment.

Novelties for Decoration.

MANTEL-DRAPERIES, BRASSES, PLAQUE-INLAID

TABLES.

MANTEL draperies, after for a brief period falling into disfavor, are again revived, and to such an extent that a great deal might be written on the subject. So very elegant are some of the embroidered designs now being issued that they may be said to compare favorably with the most elegant of the embroideries for chairs. Scollops are favorites, as are also long points. Superb *mantoux-de-cheminée*—literally *chimney-cloaks*—as they were called in old times when there were none in marble or bronze or in wood, but all were in tapestry, are of black or red satin, matching the furniture always, but never of bright red or of any shade brighter than a deep dark crimson. A stand has been taken in favor of red, because it lights up well with fire-light. If red, it must be subdued by a dark and heavy fringe. Broadcloth of various shades is used for mantel draperies and is admirably suited to yellow and gold-hued embroidery. The present taste, which runs to bright intermingling of varied tints, demands the very richest in these draperies, or some of which appears lace of a heavy and rich kind, imitating, in some instances, the new Ragusa point.

In brasses, there is such a rush of new design, so many new objects are appearing in this metal, that there is no knowing where it will end. Not

content with brass beds, blowers, scuttles, and-irons, clocks, tongs and shovel, inkstands and goblets, we have now busts entirely in brass and large life-size figures. The Venus of Milo is reproduced in full size in brass, and the old-time armor-clad knights re-appear for niche figures and for the adornment of libraries. Complete toilet furniture is issued, comprising the mirror of beveled glass set in a frame of the most florid style of ornamental embossage, and, in front of it, is set a full-sized *Cupidon*, or *amorino*, of brass. The sconces for tapers accompanying this mirror are female hands concealing the sockets, and extend at both sides of the mirror itself so that it is brilliantly illuminated when the tapers are lit. These tapers must be as large as a good-sized wrist, and decorated with water-color designs of a rich kind. Two brass caskets for jewels complete the set.

Magnificent tables for reception rooms have large *plaques* of brass, inlaid. Some of these superb articles are inlaid with rich porcelain *plaques*, adorned with figure-subjects, of which the favorites are either mystic or grotesque.

"CABINET" MANTEL-PIECES.

A novel and elegant style of mantel-piece is that which gives in a more modern form the beautiful closet or cabinet design of old times. This mantel extends to the ceiling, and is of walnut wood or of cherry or rosewood veneer. Two doors fastened with clamp-locks, and having highly ornamented hinges of silver or of brass, display when opened tiles of faience or of majolica having figure-subjects. The doors display elaborate and tasteful carving in their own workmanship. Below the doors, forming the closet or cabinet, is a long shelf, upon which are placed rich caskets flanked by goblets. These are of brass or of silver. If, however, this lower shelf has a lining or tiling of any decorated ware—some have simply white porcelain backgrounds—no ornament must be set in front, as it would hide the figure-subjects in the ware, and they would by their presence destroy the effect of the ornaments set before them. The white porcelain backed shelves have frequently a cuckoo-clock. Quaint old-time clocks are greatly in favor for this style of mantel-piece, the quaint the better. Grotesque figures are well displayed by a white, undecorated porcelain background, squat Hindoo idols being much sought for this purpose.

SCREENS.

The renewed passion for screens has set a great many ladies to painting and embroidering screens for themselves. The comfort of interposing a screen-protection between one's face and the fire is beginning once more to be appreciated, and, in the dressing-room, the very great convenience of being able to make a second room, so to speak, by the use of the largest sized screens, is also regarded as great. Porcelain painted screens mounted in brass or rattan, satin screens framed in bamboo or mounted in cherry-wood, white-wood, walnut wood, or rose-wood or ebony veneer, are the most elegant, but a great many others of material much less rich and expensive are in full vogue. Floral subjects are very elegant for screens, and Japanese designs imitated in embroidery are favored. Superb water-color work protected by glass and mounted in silver gilt is to be found in very stylish abodes, all designs introducing insects and grasses being much sought. Of these a very elegant one has cardinal birds on elegant perches, and butterflies scattered about over a low-toned surface. The grotesque is also much sought for these designs, as also are fairy subjects. Old verses find their illustrations, as for example, "The Frog he would a wooing go."

Japanese Pictorial Art.

It would be a great error to suppose that the efforts of Japanese artists are confined to such designs, devoid of all perspective, as are seen on the commoner kinds of fans and pottery. On the contrary, the student of Japanese art, or even the casual observer of the better specimens of work, cannot fail to be impressed with the great exactness of detail in the representation of objects, joined with a comprehensive adherence to the general form. They are quick to grasp the smallest item; but their command over the subject at large challenges the wonder and admiration of the beholder. A recent writer has said: "We must remember that in Japan decorative art has been forced to its extreme limits, and the acknowledgment of this is shown in the fact that other countries make almost slavish copies of Japanese work, in their stuffs, their bronzes, and their porcelain, not to mention their inimitable lacquer ware."

In faience, it will be noticed, that the ornamentation frequently consists of designs of birds and flowers, all of which, taken singly or in combination one with another, have some special meaning or significance; these meanings being derived from Japanese poetry, or from the real or imaginary attributes of the objects delineated. In this paper we shall glance at a few of the most frequently appearing designs, as they have undoubtedly puzzled not a few of our readers as to their real significance.

Perhaps the most frequent decoration on Japanese ware is the figure of the stork—the emblem of longevity. This is often coupled with the pine tree, also considered to be emblematic of long life. The swallow, sparrow, willow-tree, and bamboo, are used to signify gentleness, while the phoenix bird is emphatically the insignia of royalty, being invariably emblazoned on the Mikado's curtains, robes, and rugs.

The bamboo and the tiger are often coupled together on large objects of use or ornament—the tiger, being afraid of elephants, is supposed to hide in the bamboo thickets. The subject of the fox and the chrysanthemums refers to the hundred and one stories current about Master Reynard.

The mulberry and the goat are coupled by the artist, because the latter is a greater lover of the leaves of the tree than even the silk-worm; while the vivid red maple leaves, and the stag, are considered appropriate for fire screens.

A most attractive decoration is that of pheasants and cherry blossoms—certainly two of the many beautiful things in nature. A most ludicrous picture is that of the long-armed baboon gasping at the reflection of the moon in the water.

It is said of geese, that, in their migratory flights, they carry rushes in their mouths, and drop them before alighting in the water, in order that they may settle on them; hence the geese and rushes are always portrayed together.

Two fabulous beasts, often seen on large articles, and much admired by lovers of the grotesque, are the Chinese lion and the flying wild boar—two beasts which certainly never trod this earth.

The most poetic of all the many designs is that of the nightingale and plum tree. The nightingale is called the poet of birds, and, in China, the plum is called the poet's tree. An emblem of success in life is that of a dragon crossing the summit of the sacred mountain Fusi-yama supported on the clouds.

It is astonishing to those who have been accustomed to work from set plans or models to see the freedom with which the Japanese artist depicts all phases of life. It never seems to cause

him embarrassment to be required to represent anything. In a snow-storm, or in a calm, moon-light night; in a glassy sea, or in the raging hurricane, he is equally at his best; and he attempts all subjects with the same wonderful power, and in a style of his own, which throws the attempts of foreign artists in this particular far into the shade.

To My Old Thimble.

DEAR memories of the long ago
Within my heart enfolden!—
How many of them cluster round
This little thimble golden!

BIRTHDAY gift at "sweet sixteen"—
Oh, who can tell the fancies
That fill the little maiden's soul
While swift her needle glances?

THE mother thinks her still a child,
But ah! too soon discovers
That, while she meekly sews her seam,
She's dreaming of her lovers!

AS! the castles built in Spain,
While flew the fingers nimble;
I see them rising fair again
When looking at my thimble.

WHEN, with the solemn marriage bell,
The airy fabrics vanished—
My little thimble, you can tell
How soon sweet dreams were banished.

FOR you and I in earnest served
When war took all our riches,
And many a tear dropped on the seam
And mingled with the stitches.

BUT, ah! my thimble, joyous times
We had again together
When baby came to bless the house
And brighten wintry weather.

THE dainty garments that we made,
The aprons and the dresses!
Oh, happy time, made up of hopes,
Of kisses and caresses.

WHEN came, O God, the heavy cloud.
How swiftly flown my pleasure!
The dress I sewed was but a shroud
To wrap my dearest treasure.

NOW merry voices fill the house,
And all the hours brighten;
Now with a thimble new I sew
While love my labor lightens.

BUT tenderly within my heart
Lie those first joys enfolden—
That time in which you bore a part,
My little thimble golden.

Charcoal.

BY LYDIA M. MILLARD.

"CHARCOAL, laid flat while cold on a burn, causes the pain to abate immediately; by leaving it on for an hour, the burn seems almost healed, when the burn is superficial;" and charcoal is valuable for many other purposes. Tainted meat, surrounded with it, is sweetened; strown over heaps of decomposing pelts, or over dead animals, it prevents any unpleasant odor. Foul water is purified by it. It is a great disinfectant, and sweetens offensive air if placed in shallow trays around apartments. It is so very porous, in its "minute interior spaces," it absorbs and condenses gases most rapidly. One cubic inch of fresh charcoal will absorb nearly one hundred inches of gaseous ammonia. Charcoal forms an unrivaled poultice for malignant wounds and sores, often corroding away the dead flesh, reducing it one quarter in six hours. In cases of what we call proud flesh, it is invaluable. I have seen mortification arrested by it. It gives no disagreeable odor, corrodes no metal, hurts no texture, injures no color, is a simple and safe sweetener and disinfectant.

A teaspoon of charcoal, in half a glass of water, often relieves a sick headache; it absorbs the gases and relieves the distended stomach, by pressing against the nerves, which extend from the stomach to the head.

Charcoal absorbs a hundred times its weight of gas or wind in the stomach or bowels, and in this way it purifies the breath. It often relieves constipation, pain, or heartburn. It seems to sweeten every place where you leave it. In pen or stable, almost all disagreeable odors are removed by it, and domestic animals thrive better and faster with charcoal scattered around them. Horse, and hen, and hog, and cow will all be healthier. If a hog can eat it and have it around him, he will almost change his pen into a parlor. If hens have access to it, they will grow fat and have more and larger eggs; and if charcoal is dropped in the ground whenever potatoes are planted, you will be surprised to see the great increase in the quantity of potatoes and the improvement in quality.

Many flowers will thrive better with a little charcoal in the earth. Blackening the soil often improves the plant, and I have kept cut flowers fresh a long time by putting charcoal in the water. I do not believe we yet know half the uses of charcoal.

Saying Disagreeable Things.

No class of people can inflict such martyrdom on their associates as those who are given to the habit of reminding others of their failings or peculiarities. You are never safe with such a person. When you have done your very best to please, and are feeling kindly and pleasantly, out will pop some bitter speech, some underhand stab which you alone comprehend—a sneer which is masked, but too well aimed to be misunderstood. Only half a dozen words, spoken merely because he is afraid you are too happy or too conceited, and ought to be "taken down a peg." Yet they are worse than so many blows. How many sleepless nights have such mean attempts caused tender-hearted idiots! How, after them, one awakes with aching eyes and head, to remember that speech before anything else—that bright, sharp, well aimed needle of a speech that probed the very center of your soul. There is only one comfort to be taken. The repetition of such attacks soon weans your heart from the attacker; and this once done, nothing he can say will ever pain you more. While, as for him, one friendship after another, mortally stung by his sarcasm, dies, and he finds himself at last alone and friendless—as he deserves to be.

What Women are Doing.

Misses Goodell & King, attorneys at law, have entered into partnership in Janesville, Wis.

The **March Conference of the Woman's Congress** met in New York this year, the members having been invited to be the guests of Sorosis, the Woman's Club of New York City.

The **New Hampshire Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals** has elected Miss Mary A. Foster, Secretary.

The **St. Louis Woman's Club** has been in existence five years. It is a success. Literature, Art, Science, Education, and Philanthropy receive systematic attention and study.

Mrs. Hester M. Poole is the editor of the excellent "Woman and Household" Department of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

Marie A. Browne, a young lady residing in Boston, has translated from the Swedish a poem called "Nadeschda," by Johan Ludwig Runebell.

One of the courses of Cambridge lectures to women this term is given by a lady—Miss Crofts. The subject is English history.

Mrs. E. Asire has entered upon her second year as Professor of Voice Culture, in Adrian College, Michigan.

Dr. Frances D. Janney, a graduate of Boston University, has made a specialty of diseases of the eye and the ear, and is in successful practice at Columbus, Ohio, her native place.

Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth says that she has written constantly since she was fifteen years old; she is now at work on her sixtieth novel.

Charlotte Thompson, the actress, owns one of the finest plantations in the South—3,000 acres—near Montgomery, Ala.

Miss C. E. Handy, a graduate of the Boston School of Oratory, has acquired distinction as a teacher of articulation, and for the great success of her methods for improving defective utterance of every description.

A course of historical lectures has been given recently by Miss A. C. Fletcher, in Providence, and other cities, with great success. Miss Fletcher's treatment of her subjects is analytic and philosophical. She does not emphasize the mere record, but treats facts as the outgrowth of mental states and conditions, which tend to form the character of a people.

Miss Fanny Basevi is a young cousin of Benjamin Disraeli (Lord Beaconsfield), who is greatly distinguishing herself in painting among the art students at Kensington. She comes from a clever family; her sister Agnes, married to a Prussian officer, is known in German musical society as a brilliant pianist; and her brother, the late Captain James Palladio Basevi, was so efficient in conducting the trigonometrical survey of India that his death from the hardships of the expedition was deplored as a public calamity.

The **Young Ladies' Bible College**, Binghamton, N. Y., which affords board, tuition, and music free to daughters of worn-out clergymen and missionaries, is overflowing with students, representing almost all the States and Territories and many foreign nationalities, Cuba, Peru, Germany, Russia, Syria, Australia, etc. A recent arrival is a young lady from the Holy Land—born on the top of Mt. Zion. She returns to teach that Jesus is the Christ—beginning at Jerusalem.

The "English Woman's Review" sorrowfully records the death of Lady Anna Gore Langton, the only daughter of the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, and one of the earliest and most sincere of the friends of the Woman Movement in England. It remarks, "there was hardly a section of the many-sided question to which she did not

give her ready sympathy, and her death will be felt as a private as well as public calamity by thousands of women who did not personally know her, but had occasion to reap the benefit of her help and experience."

Twenty-two Women in San Francisco daily hold themselves in readiness to supply the demand for temporary teachers. They go to the office of the School Board in the morning, whence they are sent to houses needing teachers for the day. Their compensation is from three to four dollars a day when teaching, and \$1.50 for the day when there is no call for them.

Miss Fletcher, the brilliant young author of "Kismet," is credited with the production of "Signor Monaldini's Niece," the latest, and one of the best of the "No Name" Series.

Mrs. Mary Holbrook, of Brockton, a remarkably industrious old woman, recently died, aged ninety-three. When seventy-five she began the manufacture of tidies, which found so ready a sale at Boston that she hired other old women to help her, doing the finer work herself, and in this way she netted \$6,000 up to her ninetieth year.

Miss Blanche Willis Howard, the author of "One Summer," has become a permanent resident of Stuttgart, where she has taken the place of the late Ferdinand Freiligrath, the poet, as editor of Hallberger's *Illustrated Journal*, the fortnightly eclectic, printed in English, which has a large circulation on the continent.

M. Molinari says, in the *English Woman's Review*: "As is the case in the United States, the women in Sweden play an important part in primary instruction; the State schools employ not less than 4,800 women. They also compete successfully with men in a great number of branches of work which are elsewhere monopolized by men. Some examples are found of women directing private banks, and, in a provincial city, it is a woman who fills the part of municipal treasurer. Better still. In spite of a theory—wholly masculine—which absolutely denies women the inventive genius, Sweden possesses inventors of the female sex to whom are due an ingenious machine for the fabrication of thread, the patent of which the Norwegian government has bought, improvements on sewing machines, etc., etc. * * * We may add that recent laws have relieved women from the larger part of the incapacities that formerly weighed upon them; not only can the married woman have control of the property given her by the marriage contract, but she has a right to her own earnings. Almost all professions are open to Swedish women."

Reform in Tenement Houses.—The effort which has been begun in New York, to effect a much needed reform in the tenement house system, started with the work of the Ladies' State Charities Aid Society, of which Miss Louisa Lee Schuyler is President. Already there are thirteen women who have become proprietors of some of the worst tenement houses in New York, and by careful superintendence, by thorough system, and by exacting obedience to established rules and order, have succeeded in creating a transformation in their interior conditions and aspect. Cleanliness, ventilation, lighted halls and staircases, the removal of foul odors, the presence of authority and sense of protection, are the novel features, which have already worked reformation in the character and habits of some of the most degraded of the occupants. The public meetings held at Cooper Institute will doubtless have good results in the erection of some new model tenement buildings, but in the mean time, the women are doing a still more practical work in carrying out the plans first suggested by Miss Octavia Hill, in her beneficent work among the London poor.

Annual Election of Sorosis.—The eleventh annual election of "Sorosis," the Woman's Club of New York, resulted in the election, for the fifth successive term, of Mrs. J. C. Croly as president; first vice-president, Mrs. R. A. Morse; second vice-president, Mrs. E. M. Grey; third vice-president, Mrs. Henrietta Marvin; fourth vice-president, Mrs. C. A. Coleman; recording secretary, Mrs. M. A. Newton; corresponding secretary, Mrs. F. I. Helmut; treasurer, Mrs. S. E. King; auditor, Mrs. Ryder; executive committee, Mrs. A. D. French, M. D., Mrs. S. Hoffman, Mrs. M. E. Powers, Miss Julia Thomas, and Mrs. Ravenhill. For the chairmen of standing committees—Mrs. Hester Poole, on Literature; Miss Helen Burt, on Art; Mrs. Anna Randall Diehl, on Drama; Mrs. Esther Herman, on Philanthropy; Mrs. A. Hastings, on Science; Mrs. S. L. Hopper, on Education; Mrs. L. M. Bronson, on House and Home; Mrs. George Vandenhoff, on Business Women; Helen M. Cooke, on Journalism. For custodians—Miss Hannah Allen, Mrs. Ellen Van Brunt, Mrs. Burbank, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Ackerman, and Mrs. Edna Smith.

Since the last annual meeting, sixteen social and business meetings have been held, besides numerous committee and conference meetings, and one evening reception, to which gentlemen were invited.

At the social meetings the Standing Committees have furnished for the entertainment and instruction of members and guests thirty-three original essays, nine original poems, twenty recitations, twenty-six songs, seven instrumental solos, and three duets.

Eight questions have been furnished for discussion from the Committees on Art, Music, Science, House and Home, Education, Business Women, and Journalism. Sixteen new members have been added during the year, and four elected to honorary membership; George Eliot, Dr. Elizabeth Hoggan, of London, Dr. Elizabeth B. Blackwell, and Dr. Elizabeth Garrett Anderson.

Through the agency of the Philanthropic Committee, \$50 has been donated to the Flower and Fruit Mission of this city, \$50 to the "Woman's Protective Union," and \$150 to the yellow fever sufferers.

As guests at social meetings, ladies have been present from Florida, Iowa, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Michigan, California, Washington, England, Scotland, France, and Italy. The treasurer's report gives a surplus of \$2,000 in the treasury. The working year of Sorosis is only eight months, the summer recess lasting from June till October.

Higher Education.—The proposed scheme of educating women at Cambridge, Mass., can hardly be said to belong to Harvard, as that university holds no official relations to it, and the governing authorities simply do not oppose it. It may, however, by courtesy, be called the Harvard plan, as the instruction is to be given at Cambridge, by Harvard professors. The president and fellows "take the position," says Colonel Higginson, in *The Woman's Journal*, "that as the salaries of the professors are generally low, and as they often teach private pupils, there can be no objection to their teaching young ladies. The instruction given will be of exactly the same grade as that provided for the regular students of Harvard. The circular sent out by the committee states that the expense of instruction in as many branches as a student can profitably take up at once, will probably not exceed \$400 a year, and may be as low as \$250. The living expenses of a student at Cambridge are estimated at from \$400 to \$650 a year. It will give a more definite idea of the matter to say that those professors who undertake to receive young ladies as pupils will ask the usual prices given for private instruction in Cambridge

—\$3 an hour for one pupil, and \$1 each where there is a class. The arrangements for entering examinations have not yet been announced. The qualifications of the young women applying must of course fully equal those of the male candidates to the Freshman class. As the young women will have no official connection with the University, they will naturally receive no degree at the successful completion of their studies. Those, however, who go through a four years' course will receive a certificate signed by all their instructors, while those who take only two or three branches will have separate certificates signed by their teacher in each.

Colonel Higginson records that one of the arguments oftenest quoted in Cambridge in support of the scheme "is that furnished by one young lady who has, during the current year, induced several of the most influential professors to take her as a private pupil; and whose fidelity and success have done much to open the way for all her coming fellow students."

In considering the careful manner in which the authorities of Harvard have held aloof from the plan, it may not be amiss to mention that the association formed to arrange the new scheme for women's education at Oxford—the greatest college in the world—has the Master of University for its President. Among the leading promoters of the scheme are the Bishop of Oxford; Dr. Percival, the new President of Trinity; Professor Green, and Professor Legge.

Miss Hosmer, in a letter to a friend in this city, expresses, though with extreme good nature and womanly kindness, her amazement at the pretensions put forward by Mr. Chapman to a share in the invention of her new motor. She cites Mr. Chapman's own words and conduct while abroad, to show that nothing was less to have been expected of him by her, but as she is preparing a thorough and careful statement of the whole case, she very properly declines to deal with it at all until that statement is ready for publication.

A Useful Invention.—An ingenious lady of New York, widely known in social as well as in philanthropic circles, has successfully put her woman's wits to work to solve a problem that has long perplexed masculine professionals—the raising of patients for the dressing of wounds, and their transfer from cot to cot, or to the operating-room, without pain to the sick person, or the strain upon the nurses which is apt to occur where an extra hundred pounds of plaster of Paris are added to a heavy patient in a surgical case. By her invention, a simple frame is laid upon the cot, from one side of which to the other bands are slid painlessly under the patient by means of a long, thin blade or spear of wood. These being simply fastened to pegs on the frame, the latter is lifted with the patient by means of cords attached to the sides, at top, bottom, and center, depending from an upright framework on rubber castors, which is rolled over the cot. The cords pass over pulleys, and are all wound up evenly and simultaneously on a roller at the foot of the cot, by a crank which can be handled by a child. A ratchet prevents any possible fall or jerk of the patient as he is lifted, and an automatic brake protects him as he is lowered. The whole framework can be rolled over another cot, or from ward to ward; or the patient can be raised for the dressing of a back wound only; or the frame serves as a stretcher in which he can be carried by hand. The simple device is likely to alleviate much suffering. The inventor has patented it, not with a view to charging a royalty for its use, but to prevent its manufacture by irresponsible persons, who might make it less strong than is needed, and thus harm instead of help—perhaps a useful precaution in these days of sham.

Women of Yesterday and To-Day.

WOMEN EDITORS OF TWO CENTURIES.

In rummaging over books and papers in libraries and garret literature, to make a historic list of the women journalists, thinking at the beginning it would be a short and easy task, I have found, to my delight and amazement, that the long array of names would require a mightier general than I to marshal them in review in one paper.

In every nook and corner of this country, where there is a newspaper, we find women at work with hands, hearts and brains.

It is noticeable that nearly all the journals established by women, are the outgrowth of some noble principle; the desire for better and higher things, for purer morals, for a broader education for the sex and the world, and a combative force against evil.

The first daily newspaper printed in the world was established and edited by a woman—Elizabeth Mallet, in London, in 1702—almost two hundred years ago.

In her salutatory, she said she had established her newspaper "to spare the public half the impertinences which the ordinary papers contain." Woman like, her paper was reformatory.

The first newspaper published in America, of which we have any record, was in Mass. It was called the "Mass. Gazette and News-Letter." After the death of the editor, the widow edited it in a most spirited manner for two or three years. It was the only paper that did not suspend publication when Boston was besieged by the British. The editor's name was Margaret Craper.

In 1732 Rhode Island issued its first newspaper. It was owned and edited by Anna Franklin. She and her two daughters did the printing, and their house servant worked the printing press. History tells us that for her quickness and correctness she was appointed printer to the Colony, supplying pamphlets, etc., to the colonial officers. She also printed an edition of the Colonial Laws, of 340 pages.

In 1776 Sarah Goddard printed a paper in Newport, the same State, ably conducting her journal; afterward associating with her John Carter. The firm was announced "Sarah Goddard & Co.," taking the partnership precedence, as was proper and right.

Among the papers now published in Rhode Island, is "The Providence Journal," edited by Mrs. Churchill.

The second paper published in New York was "The N. Y. Weekly Journal." After the death of its editor, the widow, Mrs. Zenger, conducted it successfully for years. It was discontinued in 1748.

In 1784 Mrs. Mary Holt edited "The New York Journal," and was appointed State printer.

In 1798 "The Journal and Argus" was conducted by Mrs. Mary Greenleaf—this paper was a daily and semi-weekly.

In 1828 "The New Harmony" was issued, for which Mrs. Frances Wright wrote leading editorials, and also a series of articles entitled "A Few Days in Athens." She afterward became the editor, and changed the name to "The Free Inquirer." It was the first paper in the United States established for free and fearless inquiry upon all subjects.

One of the oldest of the pioneer editors in New York is the able editor and publisher of the *Staats Zeitung*, Mrs. Ottendorfer, who was her husband's assistant from its start, and has maintained its high character since his death.

Another is Mrs. J. C. Croly, "Jennie June," who has held editorial position on daily, weekly, and monthly journals for twenty-four years.

To-day, New York can boast of several journals

and magazines edited by women, any one of which contains more reading matter than a year's edition of old century papers.

The third newspaper published in America was "The Mercury," in Philadelphia. After its editor died, in 1742, the paper suspended publication for one week, after which the widow, Mrs. Cornelia Bradford, conducted it successfully for a long time.

To-day, Philadelphia has "The Christian Woman," edited by Annie Whittenmyer; and Annie McDowell, who has been connected with the "Sunday Republic" and other journals for over twenty years; "The Pennsylvania Mail," also edited by a woman. Sarah J. Hale first established a monthly magazine in Boston, in 1827, afterward removing it to Philadelphia, associating with her Louis Gody, and changing the name to "Gody's Lady's Book," with such writers as Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Kirkland, and Frances Osgood, as editors and contributors.

The first paper printed in Maryland, and one of the oldest in America, was established by Anna Green. It was called "The Maryland Gazette." Mrs. Green did the colony printing, and continued the business till her death, in 1775.

In 1773 Mrs. Hassbath established a paper in Baltimore. About the same time Mary K. Goddard published and edited a paper called "The Maryland Journal." Her editorials were so sharp and spirited that only her sex saved her from floggings. After the Revolution she was appointed the first post-master of the State, and held the office eight years, a historical fact which Maryland ought to be proud of.

In 1772 Clementine Reid published a paper in Virginia, favoring the Colonial cause, greatly offending the royalists; and two years after another paper was started in the interests of the crown by Mrs. H. Boyle, borrowing the name of Mrs. Reid's paper, which was "The Virginia Gazette," but which was short lived. Both papers were published in the town of Williamsburg. The Colonial paper was the first newspaper in which the Declaration of Independence was printed.

In 1773 Elizabeth Timothy published and edited a paper in Charleston, South Carolina. After the Revolution, Anne Timothy became its editor, and was appointed State printer, which position she held seventeen years. Mary Crouch published a paper in Charleston about the same time, in special opposition to the stamp act. She afterward removed her paper to Salem, Massachusetts, and continued its publication there for years after.

Penelope Russell edited a paper, "The Censor," in Boston, in 1771. She was a woman of great literary and executive ability, setting her own editorials into type without copy, and recording the horrible details of the war.

In 1877 Lydia Maria Childs published a paper for children called "Juvenile Miscellany." She afterward became editor of "The Anti-Slavery Standard." Her editorials, and in fact all her writings, were marked for their strength and vigor, for the depth and purity of thought.

In 1849 Margaret Fuller appeared as editor of a transcendental quarterly called "The Dial," with a galaxy of contributors that delighted the literary world, such as Ralph Waldo Emerson, William Henry Channing, Thoreau, Theodore Parker, and many of the most scholarly and profound thinkers of the time. Boston has now among its editors Mrs. S. R. G. Bennett, of "The Advocate and Guardian;" Lucy Stone, and Mary Livermore, of the "Woman's Journal;" Julia Ward Howe, and a host of women journalists.

After the death of the editor of the Hartford, Connecticut, "Courant," in 1777, the widow, Mrs. Watson, conducted and edited the paper two years. It is still a flourishing paper.

Annie M. S. Rossiter is the editor of the "Forum," published in Wallingford, Connecticut.

Mrs. Bradley is the literary editor of her husband's paper, "The Journal," published at Asbury Park, New Jersey.

Abigail Scott Dunaway is editor of "The New Northwest," published in Portland, Oregon.

Matilda Joslyn Gage is editor of the "National Citizen and Ballot Box," published at Syracuse, New York, a monthly, devoted to woman suffrage. Mrs. Gage is a strong, independent writer, and is well known for her correct statistical lore; few women, if any, have so thorough a knowledge of the political history of this country as she.

"The Golden Dawn," in San Francisco, has a woman editor.

"The Woman's Exponent," in Salt Lake City, Utah, is edited by Mrs. E. M. Wells, one of the four wives of the Ex-Mayor of Salt Lake City.

"The Woman's Tribune," of Indianapolis, Indiana, is published and edited by Mary E. Haggart and Florence Anderson. It is an excellent weekly, and devoted to the interests of women.

Emma Mallory published a temperance paper at South Bend, Indiana.

"The Mirror," a Denver, Colorado, paper, has a woman editor.

The "Texas Democrat" is edited by Mrs. McPherson.

"The Alpha," Washington, D. C., is published monthly, and edited by Dr. Caroline B. Winslow.

"Woman's Words," also published monthly in Washington, is edited by Mrs. Juan Lewis, and is a paper devoted to woman's interests.

There is no city in this country that gives a longer list of industrious and successful journalists than Chicago.

Margaret Sullivan is connected with the "Chicago Times," and is one of the best editorial writers in America: Mrs. Hubbard, of the *Chicago Tribune*, is one of the finest book critics and reviewers: Mrs. Maxwell is editor of "The Legal News;" "The Illinois Social Science Journal," is published and edited by Miss Richards, Mrs. W. E. Clifford, and Mrs. Eliza Sunderland; "Current Thought," a monthly, by Mrs. Rayne.

"The Fireside Friend," by Miss Alice Chase, a granddaughter of Chief Justice Chase.

Miss Annie White is editor of "The Young Folks' Monthly," and "The Western Rural."

Miss Charlotte Smith is publisher and editor of "The Inland Monthly." She publishes her magazine in Chicago and St. Louis, and has a branch office in New Orleans.

It is a fact that, as a woman becomes more independent in thought and action, there is an increasing desire to grow! And if self-culture does not degenerate into self-reverence—if her ambition is well poised, her standard high, and her character strong—she may reach the sublime heights at which Margaret Fuller aimed.

We see in this queenly soul a demonstration of the capabilities of woman!

Women, like roses, need culture to perfect their growth and bloom.

I think the world has failed to recognize, fully, the sublime grandeur and heroism of those women's lives who venture in the rugged upward paths—alone; meeting with repressions, the resistance to enervating despair, the battle with temptations to the downward paths of luxury and ease, and all the tragic depths that underlie the woman life; for, since the world began, great achievements of character (which is after all the greatest of life's victories) always come through silent suffering, struggle, and discipline, and only such possess that undying element which is—IMMORTALITY!

—Helen M. Cook.

YOUNG AMERICA

That Little Oddity.

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

CHAPTER V.

"O my love is like the red, red rose
That sweetly springs in June!
O my love is like the melody
That lightly plays in tune!"

THERE was an hour of daylight left, Penelope found, when she came out of Miss Prissy's store, and she hesitated whether to go directly home and tell her wonderful news to Lily, or go and make a call at Squire Ilsley's, as she usually did when she came to Shaftesbury village.

Remembering suddenly that Kitty was expected home, on a few days' vacation, she turned Pegasus's head in the direction of the Squire's. It was a little ways out of the village, and set upon a hill—the great, old-fashioned house, modernized a little, and "uglyfied" a great deal, by bay windows and French-roofed wings, and a tower, which looked as if it was a church steeple which had been blown there in a high wind, and caught perversely in the worst possible place. It had been a handsome and stately mansion in the time of the Squire's father, who had been, in his turn, the owner of the mills and the Great Mogul of Shaftesbury, as the Squire was now, and the inside had suffered very little change; the Squire had "put his foot down" on that point, while leaving his wife and daughters, and a New York architect, to work their own fell designs on the outside. The new rooms which had been added had, of course, been finished and furnished in modern style, but the old ones were left unchanged, with their heavy oak panelings, queer, Dutch tiles, and deep window seats, and now the Squire's children were beginning to share their father's pride in the ancient aspect of their home. There was a noble lawn in front of the house, and a spacious hospitable-looking driveway, but elsewhere on the grounds Nature had been left to her own sweet will; there were groves of forest trees, great moss-covered rocks, and damp and shady dingles, where white violets grew, and cardinal flowers tossed their gay heads as boldly as if they were free, wild-wood rovers, instead of prisoned between stone walls, and sure to be plucked at their brightest.

The grounds were bordered on one side by the river, which, rising in a far-away hill, held a wayward and fretful course, always a shallow little streamlet, but raging over stones, and tumbling itself down every high rock it could find, with as much noise as if it turned a mill. Here it was scarcely wider than a ribbon, but when it reached Shaftesbury Mills it suddenly broadened into a noble river, and went serenely on its way to the sea, bearing great vessels on its bosom, and turning the wheels of innumerable mills.

Even on this cold, gray, November day, the Squire's was a pleasant place to look upon; when a summer day showed it in all its glory, there were few more beautiful.

Pegasus quickened his pace as his mistress turned him in between the two great lion-crowned stone posts of the gateway, enlivened probably by the recollection that there were oats in the Squire's stables, which Mike, the stable boy, who was his great friend, never let him go away without tasting. But suddenly Pegasus started violently, and manifested intentions of performing a *pas seul* on his hind legs. All Penelope's efforts were necessary to quiet him. The figure coming down the driveway was very familiar, but it seemed impossible for Pegasus to become reconciled to it. A venerable and sober-minded beast, there were only two objects to be met in Shaftesbury to which he took exceptions: one was a cow yoked, and drawing a load—a not unusual thing among the French mill people—and the other was Miss Judith Ilsley. Clearly, Pegasus was not a friend to the Woman's Rights movement.

Miss Judith (as everybody in Shaftesbury called her) was attired in a bloomer skirt and trousers, and a coat which was very much like a man's. A knot of red ribbon at her throat, and a long ostrich plume waving from her hat—a felt of the cavalier style—were the only signs of feminine weakness visible in her toilet.

She was a rather handsome woman of forty-five or thereabouts, with a finely-poised head, crowned with iron gray locks, short and curling, and keen black eyes, which had no need of the traditional, strong-minded spectacles.

"Penelope, can't you keep that disagreeable beast of yours quiet for a minute? I want to speak to you," she said, in a peremptory tone.

Penelope groaned in spirit, but performed Miss Judith's behest, with outward grace, working upon Pegasus's feelings by flattering words and soothing tones, until he stood still, though with quivering nostrils, and eying Miss Judith askance.

"I want you to do a little errand for me. You know—or perhaps you don't know, for it would be a wonder if those silly nieces of mine, with their heads full of beaux and dress, should think to speak of it—but it is true that I have resolved to attempt the elevation of the mill women."

At this dreadful announcement, Penelope was seized with despair, and Pegasus—that knowing steed—drooped his head with a melancholy whinny. Hitherto, Miss Judith had sought wider worlds to conquer, and Shaftesbury Mills had been left in peace, but now!

"Of course my brother, with the natural arrogance and bigotry of the sex, has stood in my way; and now, after giving his own consent to my using the church at the mill, to deliver a course of lectures in, he absurdly insists upon my obtaining the consent of the new minister—as if it were any affair of his! And what I want you to do is to ask him, for me, if he has any objections. Of course it is a mere form; he would not think of daring to object, and it won't be worth the while for me to go over—if you'll just speak to him about it. I have spent a great deal of time in preparing a lecture, in which I shall touch but lightly upon the great question of Equal Rights. I felt that their minds were not sufficiently enlightened for 'Womanhood Trodden under the Iron Heel of the Despot,' and to convince them of their deplorable condition, generally, and then trace that condition to its one great cause—the tyranny of men—would be the better way. My brother tells me that the filth and squalor of some of the dwellings is dreadful to witness, and accordingly I have entitled my lecture 'The Great Unwashed'—isn't that felicitous? And I hope to convince them, in one lecture, of their utterly de-

graded condition. Then will follow 'Man the Oppressor,' and afterwards 'The Clanking Chains Broken, or—'"

"Miss Judith!" interposed Penelope, desperately, "I don't know Mr. Judkins at all; he has only just come, you know, and he is such a very bashful young man! He blushes if you look at him! I don't think I *could* ask him!"

"So much the better! So much the better!" said Miss Judith briskly. "If he's bashful he won't think of objecting to a young lady's request. And, of course, though his objecting ought not to be of any consequence, yet my brother is so peculiar! Not do a little favor like that for me, Penelope? Why of course you will! And now you may go along—though I did hope better things of you once, I see you are crazy to get with those girls, and hear all the gossip and fol-de-rol that they have filled their empty heads with since they saw you last!—such a set of idiots, and the silliest one of the lot named after me—mysterious are the ways of Providence! But it's all education; it all comes from their being down trodden and oppressed!" said Miss Judith, suddenly remembering her theory. "In the good time coming, when woman are emancipated, it will be forgotten that such frivolous creatures ever existed!"

And Miss Judith tossed her ostrich plume triumphantly out to the passing breeze, and marched on with the air of a soldier, "all fit for the fight."

Penelope availed herself of Miss Judith's permission to go along with scanty ceremony, and drawing a long breath of relief. When Miss Judith was fairly launched upon the subject of woman's rights, to escape from her was not so easy. Mike had seen Pegasus from afar, and was waiting to conduct him to the stable.

Kitty and Susan (familarly known as Toote) were awaiting Penelope in the doorway.

Kitty was a *petite* blonde, with golden hair, arranged with a profusion of puffs, and curls, and frizzes, and braids that was truly wonderful. "If the house were on fire, Kitty wouldn't appear till she had gotten up a stylish head," her sisters were wont to remark. For the rest, Kitty had a very pretty pair of brown eyes, a rather dull and sallow complexion for a blonde, a nose that was a little "tip tilted," and a mouth which, though it was large was also sweet. Toote was fifteen, and was called by her brother and sisters, with the candor common to such relatives, "as broad as she was long," and among graceless boys was known as "Fatty Ilsley." She had a jolly little full moon face, and a hail-fellow-well-met air that made her a general favorite. Toote's weakness was supposed to be candy, as Kitty's was "a stylish head."

"I had a presentiment that you would come over to-day, Pennyroyal, you queen of 'yarbs,'" cried Kitty, bestowing a hug and a hearty kiss upon Penelope. "If I hadn't I should have gone over to your house. How lonesome you must be without Gatty;—but oh, she has grown so stylish and elegant! I went to see her, you know—Steph and I."

"Yes, that's just what I expected!" said Penelope, dolefully. "Boston is as bad as the fairy Barbarette, who changed people into owls and bats! Oh, how I do hate to have Gatty get stylish!"

"Penny, how can you be such a goose! it is ten thousand times worse to be dowdy, than to be homely! But you'll get over such notions fast enough; you'll be getting stylish yourself before long."

"Beautifully I should look with my carrotty locks done up like yours, shouldn't I?" demanded Penelope, with intense scorn.

"We saw Aunt Ju pouncing upon you," said Toote. "Didn't we pity you! Was it about the lectures? Oh, Kitty has brought such a pretty girl home with her! she's what Steph calls a reg-

ular staver! And her name is Rose too; isn't that too much happiness for one girl?—and me Susan, and such a horrid roly-poly.”

Toote's mournful reflections were cut short by their entrance into the room where Judith (generally known among her friends as Ju, Junior, to distinguish her from her aunt), the eldest of the Squire's daughters, Sarah, the next in age, and Kitty's guest, the fortunate Rose of Toote's description, were assembled.

Judith had inherited looks as well as name from her aunt, though she was less handsome than the strong-minded Miss Judith; indeed, she was considered the least comely of the family, Stephen being wont to say that it looked as if nature had tried her “prentice hand” on the family in the beginning, improving as she went along, so that Kitty was very pretty, and Toote, with the aid of the Banting system for reducing the flesh, might turn out a beauty.

Ju, Junior, wore her hair “done up,” wore trailing dresses, instead of a bloomer costume, and had a dreamy, preoccupied air in the place of her aunt's alertness; so the resemblance was not so striking as it would otherwise have been.

Sarah was mild and dove-eyed, with a genius for charity fairs and other good works.

Penelope, after one glance at the new comer, had eyes for nothing else. She was reclining in an arm-chair, languidly trying to excite hostilities between Fluff, a cat of remarkable size and distinguished appearance, who was the pet and pride of the establishment, and Pink, the fat poodle.

She had a tall, willowy figure, a small and shapely head, crowned with silky masses of black hair combed smoothly—no trace of Kitty's puffs and frizzes here!—and disposed in a careless coil, low at the back. A dazzlingly brilliant complexion, which might in time become too coarsely florid but was perfection now; small and regular features, not a flaw anywhere. But as she raised her eyes, which had a trick of drooping under lashes long and curling like a child's, Penelope was surprised to see that they were blue—clear, limpid, light blue. The contrast with her jet black hair was odd, but not unpleasing. Penelope, with her keen love of beauty, was too much bewitched at the first glance to be able to see anything unpleasing about this exquisite young woman.

Her black silk dress was heavy and lustrous, but made as plainly as possible, and relieved only by creamy lace at throat and wrists.

She bestowed a surprised glance upon Penelope, evidently taking in every detail of the awkward, dowdy little figure, with those dreamy blue eyes of hers, and her haughty little mouth took an additional curl.

It is undeniable that there was a feast of gossip and a flow of “fol-de-rol” on this occasion, as Miss Judith had foreseen. It was Kitty's first visit since her summer vacation, and her budget of school experience and pranks was full, and the stayers at home had not yet exhausted the list of Shaftesbury “happenings.”

“Oh, Gatty must be having such delightful times!” said Kitty. “Parties, and operas, and theaters every night, and I think that Mr. Gale Bearse is elegant—not handsome, perhaps, but so *distingue*. I would like to ask him to one of the school ‘evenings,’ only I know if I put him to so much martyrdom as that he'd never come near me again—with Maud Lanton howling ‘Let me Dream Again,’—as if anybody wouldn't rather she'd be dreaming than singing!—and Kate Neilson, and Sallie Griffith overturing the ‘Poet and Peasant,’ thumpety-thump, on two rickety old pianos, every teacher in the establishment on guard, and the young men sitting in a row, with mortal terror stamped upon their countenances. Steph said last year that he would rather be roasted on a gridiron than to come to them, but now he

comes every night. Steph is getting so good that I am afraid he isn't going to live long; he comes to see me every week, and sometimes twice, and such lots of flowers and candy as he sends me! Our room is like a bower all the time, isn't it, Rose? But there's no denying that it is pretty stupid to have nobody but your brother send you flowers and candy. I wish Mr. Gale Bearse knew where we walk, don't you, Rose? But then if he should meet us, and venture to glance at us, the walk would be changed. Don't you remember when we used to meet those two handsome young men on Tremont Street, every day? Corny Lothrop and I looked back at them, one day, and they took off their hats, and the next morning Mrs. Ralston said, ‘Young ladies I find it advisable to change your walk. You will walk to-day on Sahara Street, where no ravening wolf of a young man ever sets foot!’ Of course that isn't just what she said, but that is the amount of it. By the way, Penny, Rose was asking me if Mr. Gale Bearse was a rich young man, is he?”

Miss Rose looked a trifle vexed, and the flush on her cheek deepened a little.

“I don't know,” said Penelope. “Aunt John was a widow with this one son when uncle married her, and I never heard much about her first husband.”

“I couldn't see as much to admire in him as Kitty did, and I thought there must be some particular attraction for her, she talked so much about him,” said Rose.

“Just as if I ever thought whether a man had two cents or not!” said Kitty. “My ‘Jo’ may be as poor as ever he likes—so he isn't stingy! I couldn't stand that. But I could scrub floors on my hands and knees for anybody that I loved.”

“Scrubbing is not very profitable,” remarked Miss Rose, quietly.

“Fancy Kitty, with all her finery and flirtations at an end, reduced to a calico wrapper and a scrubbing brush,” said Judith. “And it never seems to me that Kitty has a bit of sentiment about her, either. I should like to see a man that Kitty would do it for.”

“Well, I can tell you one thing, Ju; my taste is as different from yours as my sentiment, as you call it, is different from yours. He won't be a dignified one, like Dr. Cravens, nor a man who brews witch broth, and goes about with his cuffs and coat stained with it, and invents infernal machines and blows himself up with them periodically, like comical, chemical Camberwell! I have no doubt such scientific men are very interesting, but their little diversions are too lively to suit my taste!”

“Oh, Ju don't care about Professor Camberwell now! He got hurt and was shut up in the house so long that Ju forgot him! At all events she doesn't have anything to say to him since,” said Toote; “I believe he got burned mixing chemicals, though Steph says he spontaneously combusted.”

Penelope looked at Judith, remembering a tender little confidence which had been bestowed upon her three months before; but that young lady's face was as serene as a May morning.

“Did Aunt Ju make you promise to go and see the new minister about her lectures, Penny-royal?” said Sarah.

“She tried to coax me, but I couldn't do it.”

“Don't you be such a goose as to do it, Penny-royal!” said Kitty. “He'll take you for one of the strong-minded sisterhood. Aunt Ju has heard that Mr. Judkins is afraid of women, and she thinks that if a charming young woman presents the request, his hair will stand on end, and his eyes start from their sockets with terror, and no strength be left him to refuse. But don't you go, Penny!—we'll make Stephen; he doesn't care for anything. He is coming on the last train, did you know?—it is time for him now.”

“I would just as soon have gone to ask the minister as not,” said Rose, eagerly. “Why didn't your aunt ask me?—of course my being a stranger would make no difference.”

“Oh, there is no need,” said Kitty carelessly. “You might go with Steph, though. I dare say he would like to have you. I think he is getting to like young ladies better than he used to.”

Penelope rose to go.

“Oh, don't go till Steph comes!” cried Kitty. “He will be so vexed; you and he are such cronies. He always used to say you were nice enough to have been a boy—there was never anything ‘missish’ about you!”

Rose gave Penelope a curious glance at this, and a little smile of disdain, not lost upon Penny, flitted across her face.

“I have stayed longer than I ought, now. It is growing dark—I must go.”

“Come into the library one moment, Penny. I want to speak to you,” said Judith, drawing Penelope with her into the adjoining room, whether she would or no.

“Penelope, I want you to tell me whether Gatty is engaged to John Sylvester,” she said, as soon as the door was closed behind them. “Now, don't keep me in suspense—tell me quick!”

“No, she isn't,” said Penelope, rather shortly.

“Oh, I am so glad!” exclaimed Judith, drawing a long breath. “Because, though I was almost sure it wasn't so, it did worry me a little when I heard people say so. I am almost sure that he cares for me, Penny. If you could see the way he looks at me in church, you wouldn't doubt it; and sometimes when you and I have met him together, haven't you noticed that he changed color—the least bit in the world?”

Judith's tone was so full of eager entreaty that it required greater hardness of heart than Penelope possessed to answer no, decidedly—though this was only an old story with a new hero.

“I don't think I should be likely to notice, Ju,” she said, evasively.

“I am almost sure it is so! I am sure I am not at all inclined to imagine such things! and John Sylvester is not a bit of a flirt. He must be really in love with me; and, O Penny, it would surely be my death if he were not! He is the only man that I ever really cared for, in my life!”

“But you don't remem—have you forgotten—are you sure you have quite gotten over caring for Professor Camberwell?” stammered Penelope, whose frankness was greater than her tact.

“Oh, that was just nonsense!” said Judith, looking a trifle vexed. “I never was really in love with him. I wasn't at all well, you know, and I was moped and dull, staying in the house so much, and he was the only man who came here who was at all attractive, and I was interested in chemistry then, and he taught me a great deal; and so, naturally, I got to thinking a great deal about him. I don't see how I could, though—a horrid, disagreeable, odd creature, that the girls call comical, chemical Camberwell! But ah! Penny-royal, I didn't know what love was, then!”

“Well, I don't know now, Ju; so you can't expect me to sympathize with you!” said Penelope, laughingly, and longing to escape, for the night shades were deepening, and her road was a lonely one.

“Oh, who can help being in love with John Sylvester—so handsome and elegant as he is! And his lameness makes him so interesting. But, Penny, you won't tell, will you? The girls are so dreadfully practical and unfeeling! They can't understand, because they haven't a particle of sentiment, and they make fun, and say very unkind things. But it is such a comfort to confide in somebody who is sympathetic that I can't help telling you. And you know him so well, Penny, that you'll be likely to see signs, very soon, of his

caring for me, and I want you to come straight and tell me every word he says about me, and how he looks when my name is mentioned. I think the reason that he doesn't declare himself may be that he thinks I would scorn him, being only papa's bookkeeper, you know, and I want you to suggest to him, as delicately as you can, that I think a great deal of him!"

"O Ju, I couldn't! I really couldn't do that!" cried Penny, struggling hard against the feeling of contempt and disgust with which poor Ju's confidence always inspired her.

"Penny-royal, won't you do as much as that for me, when you think that my life may be at stake? for I couldn't live, Penny, if he should never tell me that he loved me!"

Back to the past, Penelope's memory strayed. Only a year before Judith had made that same solemn declaration with regard to one Dr. Cravens, whose ministrations she could not now endure when she was ill, because he was "such an ugly man, and so disagreeable."

"I don't see much of John Sylvester now, Ju. I don't believe I shall have a chance to say anything to him about you. And I must go, now. Lily and Mis' Bumpus will send Joel in search of me, and Joel's first efforts will be to scour the woods and drag the river. Mr. Bumpus never looks for anything short of the direst calamity possible, you know."

And Penelope escaped from the library, giving no heed to the plaintive reproach which Judith sent after her:

"Oh, Penny-royal, you are growing just as unsympathetic as the others!"

Stephen had come, and the girls had rushed into the hall to welcome him—all but Rose, who was still in her reclining chair, but looking out with a sort of shy brightness in her face.

Stephen's manner was a little constrained, or, at least, there was not so much boyish hilarity about him as usual, and he seemed rather impatient of the sisterly embraces which were showered upon him.

"Penny-royal you are not going to run away the moment I get here! Can such things be?" he demanded—but his gaze was wandering toward the parlor door.

"Hadn't you better drive Penny over, Steph?" Penelope heard Sarah say. "It is growing dark very fast, and that road is so lonely. Papa is over at the mills, and you can come home with him."

"Where's Mike? He can go!" she heard Stephen answer, a little impatiently.

And then he went into the parlor, through the open door of which Rose was sending soft glances of invitation; and Penelope got away, making hurried adieux, and refusing Mike as an escort.

As she drove through the chill, gray twilight, fast deepening into night, Penelope became conscious that her heart was no longer light and bounding, as it had been when she passed through the great stone gateway, little more than an hour before. A vague depression and pain had fallen upon her. Stephen, her own familiar friend, who had always shown such eagerness in her service—who had often and often walked the two dreary miles back from the mills, merely for the pleasure of driving over with her—had seemed scarcely conscious of her presence, and had thrown her over to Mike's protection so carelessly!

But then, there was the strange guest—he must be polite to her, of course; and she was so beautiful; and Kitty said that he liked young ladies better than he used to. It was natural he should forget her. When Rose was gone he would come over to see her, and be like himself again.

But Penelope's pain refused to be soothed by these reflections.

"Well, I didn't think I had enough silly pride

to feel a little slight like that so deeply. I *won't* be such a goose!"

And she chirruped Pegasus up, and that worthy steed, enlivened by the bountiful lunch of oats provided by Mike, started on at a speed which seemed to bid fair to leave Dull Care behind.

But the great stone lions had not been left far behind when a cheery shout from behind startled Penelope. She turned and saw Stephen, evidently heated by lively exercise.

"Where is your conscience, Penny-royal, to drive a beast, whose sands of life are almost run, at that John Gilpin pace?" he exclaimed, jumping into the carriage beside her, and quietly possessing himself of the reins. "Here I have been pursuing you for half a mile at a dead run, and howling like a maniac! What were you meditating upon so deeply that you did not hear me?"

The blood rushed into Penelope's face, at which she inwardly declared herself an idiot; but there are few people who can bear, unmoved, to be asked what they were thinking of, when the old Inquisition torture, "*la peine forte et dure*," would scarcely draw out their thoughts.

Stephen's question, fortunately, was a careless one, and he did not observe Penny's "idiotic" blushing.

"What did you rush off like that for?" he went on. "Did you suppose I should let you go on this road alone, in this utter darkness?"

He evidently doesn't know that I heard his little allusion to Mike, thought Penelope, and her spirits had suddenly risen to such a height that she felt almost equal to teasing him about it. Almost, but not quite. There was a little sting that "would not out."

"I rushed out the moment the girls told me you had gone. Why you insisted upon going I can't see. We could have sent a note over to the farm, and you could have stayed all night. What a jolly time we could have had this evening!"

"I couldn't, Stephen. It isn't as it used to be at our house, you know. Lily would die of lonesomeness. And you have a plenty without me." And then Penelope, possessed of a curiosity for which she could not have accounted, to hear what he would say about Kitty's friend, added, "How very pretty Miss Rose Germaine is!"

"Rose Geranium, as Kitty calls her. Do you think she is pretty? I thought girls would never acknowledge that of each other. (No, I *didn't* think you were like that, Penny-royal.) Yes, she is pretty—peachy, and creamy, and ravenlocked, and all that. Her eyes are not much. I don't like blue eyes, and hers are entirely too light for her hair and complexion—not so pretty by half as a pair of brown ones that I know of. Mere flesh and blood beauty hers is, Penny-royal, and that is only skin deep, as Mis' Bumpus says."

Perhaps unconsciously, Stephen had employed the artifice, common to young men from time immemorial, of speaking rather disparagingly of one young woman's charms to another. He felt that it would be very bad taste to speak enthusiastically in praise of Miss Rose Germaine's beauty to Miss Penelope Wentworth. Deeper than this feeling there may have been a vague dislike to talking of Miss Rose Germaine at all. At all events he changed the subject at once. While Penelope, in the innocence of her heart, trusted perfectly in Stephen's sincerity, and was, half unconsciously, glad and relieved to know that he did not think Rose so very pretty, and that he liked brown eyes better than blue!

"Aunt Ju is on the war path, I hear," said Stephen, "and means civil war, too. While she was wreaking her vengeance on Selburn, and Rosetter, and Harlingford, I could stand it; but it is a little too much for her to attack Shaftesbury. She must have worried my father to the verge of distraction before he consented to such a thing.

Sarah called after me to be sure to go and ask the minister if he had any objection to her lecturing in the church; she said Aunt Ju would make you go if I didn't. So I think I shall go, Penny-royal, though no other earthly consideration would induce me. I can't have you taken for one of the down-trodden and oppressed. I suppose there is no hope that that little tow-headed divinity student who preaches over here will refuse his consent to Aunt Ju's haranguing in his church, is there? He doesn't look as if he had back-bone enough."

Penelope could give no information with regard to Mr. Judkin's opinions on the Woman's Rights question, as set forth by Miss Judith, nor with regard to the amount of back-bone which he possessed. But she did reprove Stephen for speaking disrespectfully of Mr. Judkins, especially for calling him tow-headed, reminding him that he was not in a situation to make remarks upon the capillary misfortunes of others.

After that the conversation languished. Stephen seemed to be solving some profound problem mentally, and did not raise his head from the contemplation of as much of Pegasus' crimped tail as was discernible in the darkness. Penelope was debating whether she should tell him of her "business opening," or not. She rather dreaded doing it, knowing that Stephen was of Lily's opinion, that there were "few things that a lady could do," and feeling perfectly certain that he did not reckon store-keeping among those few things. It would be a very great vexation to him to have "& Co." in great gilt letters added to Miss Prissy's sign, and to know, and have all Shaftesbury know, that it meant her.

Oddly enough, it occurred to Penelope just then to wonder what Miss Rose Germaine would think of such a thing; she could see the curl of scorn which those lovely scarlet lips of hers would take.

Penelope was too brave and single-hearted, so truly independent a little soul, for any fear of losing caste to trouble her. When Miss Prissy had warned her, her words had sounded but as the idle wind. It was only when she began to look at her undertaking through other people's eyes that she realized that, even in her narrow little world—a little New England village, up among the hills—she was fixing a great gulf between herself and her friends. The minister's daughter might work her fingers to the bone at housework, within her own home—might even cut up turnips and dig potatoes!—without being "looked down upon;" but to become Miss Prissy's assistant, to buy and sell and get gain—that was another thing!

This thought did not cause the slightest wavering in Penelope's resolution. She would carry out her new undertaking because it seemed to be the one thing which she could do, but—Rose Germaine would curl her lip and Stephen would be vexed and disgusted with her, and ashamed to own her as his friend.

It was not so easy and simple a thing to do one's honest, straight-forward, "common-sensible" best, as it would be if one had no friends!

Penelope's childish delight in her business prospects was gone.

She had not opened her lips on the subject to Stephen when they drove up to her own door, and Joel appeared with the lantern, and cheerfully remarked that he "kind o' calkulated Pegasus had stepped off'n the bridge into the creek, or that that there wild man that the Sinkly (Sinclair) boys see in the woods, had ketched her."

Stephen would not go in, for the first time within Penelope's remembrance.

She stood in the doorway and watched him striding off in the darkness toward the Mills.

(To be continued.)

Baby's Basket.

THREE wee shirtlings of white wool, so fine,
That the flax buds all blossomed. I know,
Under the rarest of summer sunshine,
That Baby might thus stronger grow.

SIX little stockings, of pink, blue, and white,
From lambkin's pure soft woven wool,
All waiting for baby feet to stand upright
And fill them out plump, fair, and full.

SIX narrow skirtlets, all roses and vines,
Fashioned by Love's cunning hand;
Wrought in the rarest and richest designs
At exquisite Fancy's command.

DRESSES embroidered, and dresses quite plain,
Robes for a kingdom's own heir;
Ah, long may this happy prince in our hearts
reign.
Light be the crown he shall wear.

HIS be the sovereignty; his be the power
To manifold happiness bring,
With joy for his birthright, and love for his dower,
Oh, gladly we shout "Baby's King!"

G. DE B.

Number Seven.

BY MARY B. LEE.

RICHARD JOHNSON wrote the famous history of the *Seven Champions of Christendom*: St. George, of England; St. Denis, of France; St. James, of Spain; St. Anthony, of Italy; St. Andrew, of Scotland; St. Patrick, of Ireland; and St. David, of Wales. Each was a patron saint.

There is a pretty legend about the island of the Seven Cities. At the time of the conquest of Spain and Portugal by the Moors, seven bishops, followed by a great number of people, took shipping and abandoned themselves to their fate on the high seas. After a time, they landed on an island in the ocean. Here the bishops burned the ships, and founded seven cities. It is said that navigators visited this mysterious island, but were never permitted to return.

Rome was called the Seven-hilled City, because it was originally built on seven hills.

The Seven Sages, or Seven Wise Men of Greece, were a number of men among the Greeks of the sixth century before Christ, noted for their wisdom. Some give their names as Solon, Chilo, Pittacus, Bias, Periander (or, in his place, Epimenides), Cleobulus, and Thales. They were the authors of the seven mottoes: "Know thyself; Consider the end; Know thy opportunity; Most men are bad; Nothing is impossible to industry; Avoid excess; Surety is the precursor of ruin." Each wrote one motto.

The Seven Wise Masters succeeded in saving their pupil, a young Roman prince, by each telling a story on successive days to the king. At the end of seven days the prince tells a story, which leads his father, the king, to have the queen put to death.

Jean Ingelow wrote *Songs of Seven*.

The Seven Sleepers were seven noble youths of Ephesus, who, in the time of the Decian persecution, fled to a certain cavern for refuge. They were pursued, discovered, and walled in for a cruel death, but were made to fall asleep, and were miraculously kept alive for almost two centuries. Their names are given as Maximian,

Malchus, Marthian, Denis, John, Serapion, and Constantine.

The Church has consecrated the 27th of June to their memory. The Koran relates the story of the Seven Sleepers, probably deriving it from the same source as the Christian legend.

In one of the miracles, there were seven loaves, and seven baskets were filled with the fragments after the people had eaten.

At the siege of Jericho, seven priests, bearing seven trumpets, compassed the city for seven days; and, on the seventh day, they compassed the city seven times, when the city fell. So seven is a number of great interest.

Queer Sayings of Children.

DEAR DEMAREST:

Seeing in your Magazine some children's sayings, I thought perhaps a few I can vouch for as original at least, might be acceptable. So many of your mother readers wish you would start a mother's column, in which old and young mothers could talk over the rearing of the wee ones. I often think how our girls marry and bear children in shameful ignorance of everything relating to an infant's life. I heard of a Japanese gentleman visiting us, who, after visiting our institutions, asked: "But where do your women learn to be mothers?" On being told how we entered fearlessly into motherhood, in utter ignorance of its God-given duties, he said, "And can God bless such a people, who put his own little pure images into hands that cannot rear them as they should be reared? Why don't you make schools for mothers to teach the girls to be mothers in their turn?" A good idea, was it not?

A little four-year-old girl of mine was baptized some weeks after. I said to her: "My little Virginia is very good, very kind, to her little brother." "Why," she answered, "I has to be. You know I was baptized, and I am God's little girl now, and God's little children has to be good."

When she was three years old we had a terrible thunder shower. Wishing to divert her, I told her of the flood—we were in the country. "Oh," she said, "what lots of tubs and barrels they must have put out to catch rain water in." Again, I told her God knew when she was good or naughty. "How?" she asked. "Why," I said, he writes it all down; with a sigh, she said, "How I do wish he'd lend me his big pencil."

Another little girl, Addie, when she was three years old was always bathed and dressed at about noon. Her father being ill, his physician called. Having been up all night and not looking as neat as usual, little Addie walked up and surveyed him with hands behind her and a most serious expression on her oval face, and finally said: "Doctor, did you hab your bath?"

But our Clair, now four, is our oddity. I never tell children of eternal punishment, but rather of God's love; but a friend thought fit to disobey my orders in that line, and one day, I heard Clair (then on the friend's lap) say: "So a big bad black man would keep me in a big hole full of fire, would he? Well, now, I guess not, sir! Why I'd jump on top of that fire, stamp and jump on it, put it out, run down, and he would not catch me again. I'd not be such a dunce as to stay and burn up, no sir!" One day, after a visit he had made, having gone on the steam cars he said: "Mamma dear, do you know who that man was who took me out of the cars at R—?" No, I said; why? "Cause he was awful ugly—I think he must have been the very same man who nailed Jesus Christ to the cross."

We had a neighbor whose children were none too choice in their use of language. One morning some one said, "Clair, can't you take care of baby

a little, if I take him in the nursery?" "Oh, yes," he answered, "bring the little devil along." As we never allow a naughty word, the surprise was great.

Some one had told him of what animals meats were made. He was handed pork tenderloin, and with a disgusted look pushed it back saying, "I don't want none of you, hog."

His elder sister being ill, he asked another—Addie—who makes people sick. He had just been naughty, so I said, God does, sometimes, if they swear and say naughty words. "Oh, said he, 'then has Sal been swearing?' Then he asked, 'Who lets doctors make people well?' He was told God—"Well," said he, "he must be a funny God, make people sick one day, send a doctor to make them well the next."

Some one told him Heaven had everything nice in it. "Pooh," he said, "why then, it's nothing but a big store." My two eldest girls, when small, were very different; the eldest, three years older than her sister, was far more lively and childishly wild. Viewing her with disapproval one day, the younger said, "I think God should have made me the eldest sister, I'm so much more sensible than Sal." She was then nine.

Soon another baby came. The nurse said to her, "Miss Addie you have another baby sister." With perfect unconcern she said: "I s'pose so—I been 'spectin' it," which answer was a puzzle. Being asked why she expected it, she said, "Why, I wanted it, and I asked God to send it every night. It's mine own baby." But the nurse said, "You must let mamma keep it—you have no dinner to feed it." With a look of contempt she said, "My mamma says, if God sends babies, he always sends dinners for them." When some years later this same baby sister was shown by the family physician a new baby, and told it was a boy, she said with contempt: "I don't believe it. If it's a boy where am its pants?" And a few days since, Clair and his elder brother were saying they would like a baby, but said the elder, "I s'pose it would have to be black, for God has given us so many babies he could not likely spare to us another *white* one when so many want them."

I hope I've not tired your patience. In a large family, a mother who is with her children hears many odd sayings. One more and I am done. My husband (like, I truly believe, most other husbands) dislikes seeing me exert myself about the house. One day, being engaged in the kitchen, he walked in, saying to me: "Now my dear, do you just walk out of here, and don't come here at least again to-day." My little five-year-old Horace walked up to me, surveying his papa with a frown (a little doubtful of his right to be rude to him), said at last, very boldly, with his arm around me, "Mamma dear, don't you mind him; stay here just as long as you like, and I'll take care of you!"

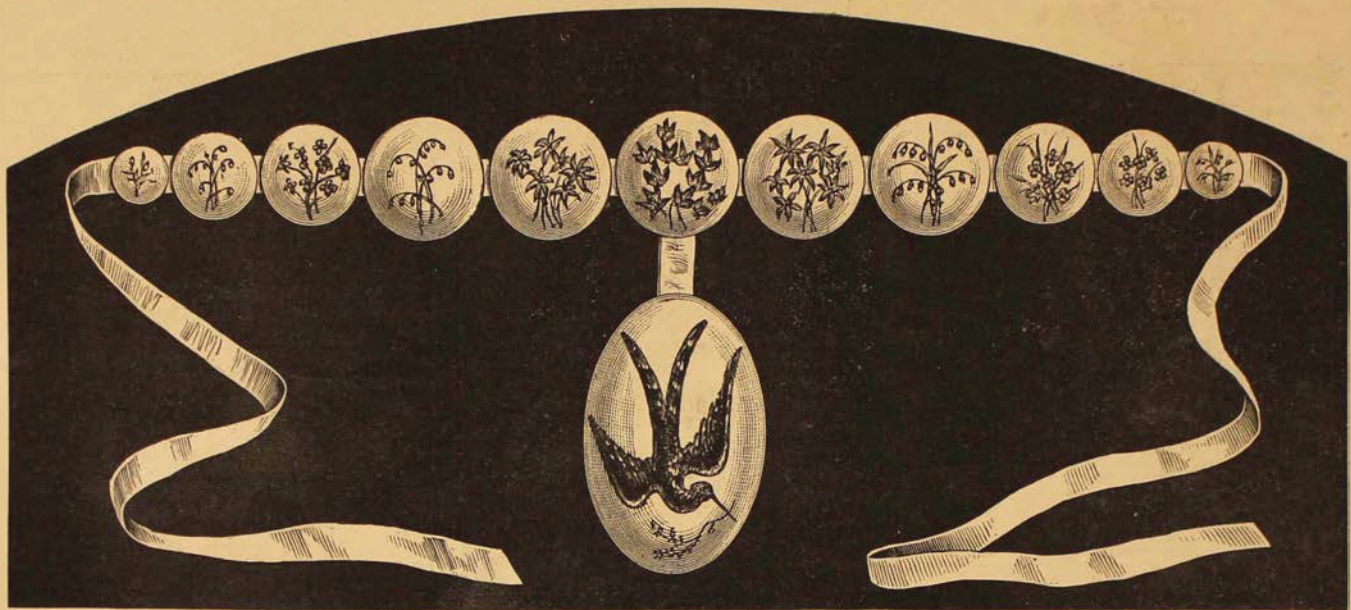
Historical Word Pictures.

No. 1.—A lad bound to a tree. A company of archers in the rear. In the foreground a prominent archer about to draw his bow in the direction of the lad.

No. 2.—A prison—two lads lying in bed. Two men bending over them, one holding a torch, the other raising the end of the bedding as if to throw it over the lads.

No. 3.—A general approaching an ancient city with an army. On the route, two ladies and children throw themselves at the warrior's feet in tears, as if imploring him to desist from some purpose.

The reader must guess the historical event.



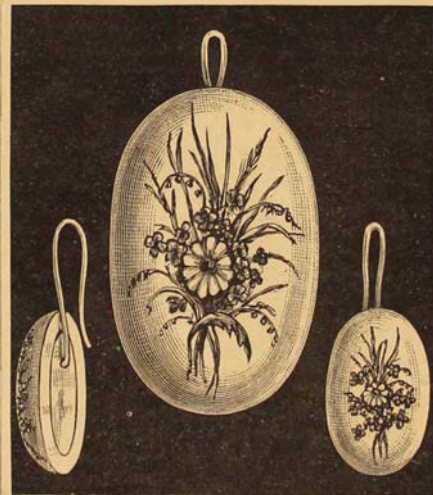
Silk Jewelry.

A NEW kind of ornament, which promises to become very fashionable, has lately made its appearance. It is jewelry made of silk-covered button-molds, upon which some little floral design is painted. The amount of money expended is so small, and the effect obtained is so pretty, that their manufacture would prove a very satisfactory amusement for those deft-fingered ladies who are fond of "fancy work." As the necklace is the most simple, I will begin by describing that. The materials required are eleven button-molds—five about an inch and a quarter in diameter, two about an inch, two three-quarters of an inch, and two half an inch—it is not necessary to have them of exactly these dimensions, but the grading must be in about that relative proportion—an oval, made of wood, cork, or pasteboard, some scraps of silk—the exact amount used is an eighth of a yard—and a yard and a half of narrow ribbon, not over half an inch wide, if procurable. Cover the molds neatly, and, in order to avoid a bunch in the back, be careful not to use too large pieces of silk. When covered, sew them on the ribbon, the five larger ones in the middle, the others grading off on each side, as in the picture. Cover the oval very smoothly, and finish the back by covering a smaller oval of stiff paper with silk, and sewing it on the back; but first insert the little bit of ribbon by which the oval is attached to the necklace; fasten the oval to the necklace by sewing the other end of the ribbon under the center button.

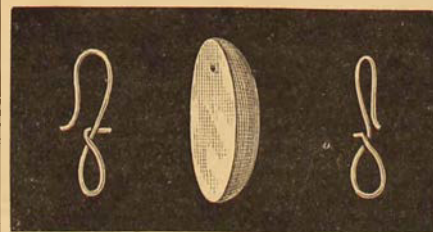
The set of earrings and medallion are somewhat more difficult of construction. The materials are three button-molds, one an inch and a half in diameter, and two half an inch, a quarter of a yard of gold wire, and some bits of silk—about the sixteenth of a yard is ample. Take three inches of the wire and bend it into a hook, with a loop at one end, the extremity of the wire projecting, the loop being at right angles with the hook. There are two views of the hook in the picture, which will, I think, explain it. Press the sharp point of the wire into the back of the mold—it is necessary, sometimes, to bore a little hole first—then cover with silk, taking care to sew the wire loop to the silk, then finish the back in the same way as the oval for the necklace. The pendant is made in the same way, excepting that the wire must be twisted into a ring instead of a hook.

The decorative part requires rather more skill,

but ladies who have any taste for art will find little difficulty in copying some pretty design of birds or flowers from the gift cards so much in vogue, and which are really gems in their way.



Paint with ordinary water colors, using a little gum in the water. Lighten the colors with Chinese white. The best silk on which to paint is a closely woven silk without any cord. Satin is not good for the purpose, as it never looks per-



fectly smooth, and presents a poor surface for painting. The cost of materials for the entire set of necklace, earrings, and pendant, is about a dollar. The items are: silk, a dollar and a quarter a yard; button-molds, from three to ten cents a dozen, according to size; ribbon, fourteen cents, and gold wire ninety cents a yard. This last article can be bought at any jeweler's.

I may just add that the first set of this jewelry came from Paris, and was worn by a very fashionable lady at a wedding reception, where it attracted a great deal of admiration, and stood the test of being compared with diamonds and pearls, without losing its beauty by the contrast.

Berlin Wool Patterns.

(See Patterns in Oil.)

As an acceptable addition to our fancy-work department, we give in the present number two patterns for Berlin wool, as the first of a series which we think will be highly appreciated by our readers. The shaded wools, which are now used altogether for the execution of this work, except where solid lines or masses may be required, give fine effect to the tinting of leaves or the graining of wood, and reduce the actual difficulty of executing a piece of work to less than half its former proportions. The spray of carnations and the cross, which form the subjects of the present patterns, may, of course, be worked in any color or shades of color preferred. If any change is made, however, we should suggest that it be in using less yellow and more brown in the formation of the cross, and shades of brown and green as a background for the carnations, instead of lilac.

Pocket for Whisk Broom.

Cut No. 1 of cardboard, and No. 2 of cardboard and silver paper. Bind No. 1 all round with white braid. Lay the No. 2 cardboard and silver paper together and bind over both.

Join No. 1 and 2 on the sides only, leaving about an inch at the lower edge.

Fasten a strong loop of ribbon on the back, by which to hang it.

In the center of the front piece, glue on a fancy colored picture.

The plaiting is made of red cloth, pinked out on the edge, and 14 inches in width. Drop the broom in the pocket handle down, allowing the handle and a little of the broom to show below. To take the broom out, pull it lightly and it goes through without any trouble. Any one can easily graduate the size of pocket to correspond with their brush, or change the shape of design to many others. Full size patterns will be found on loose pattern sheet, and engraved design on next page.

TALE OF A CUP.



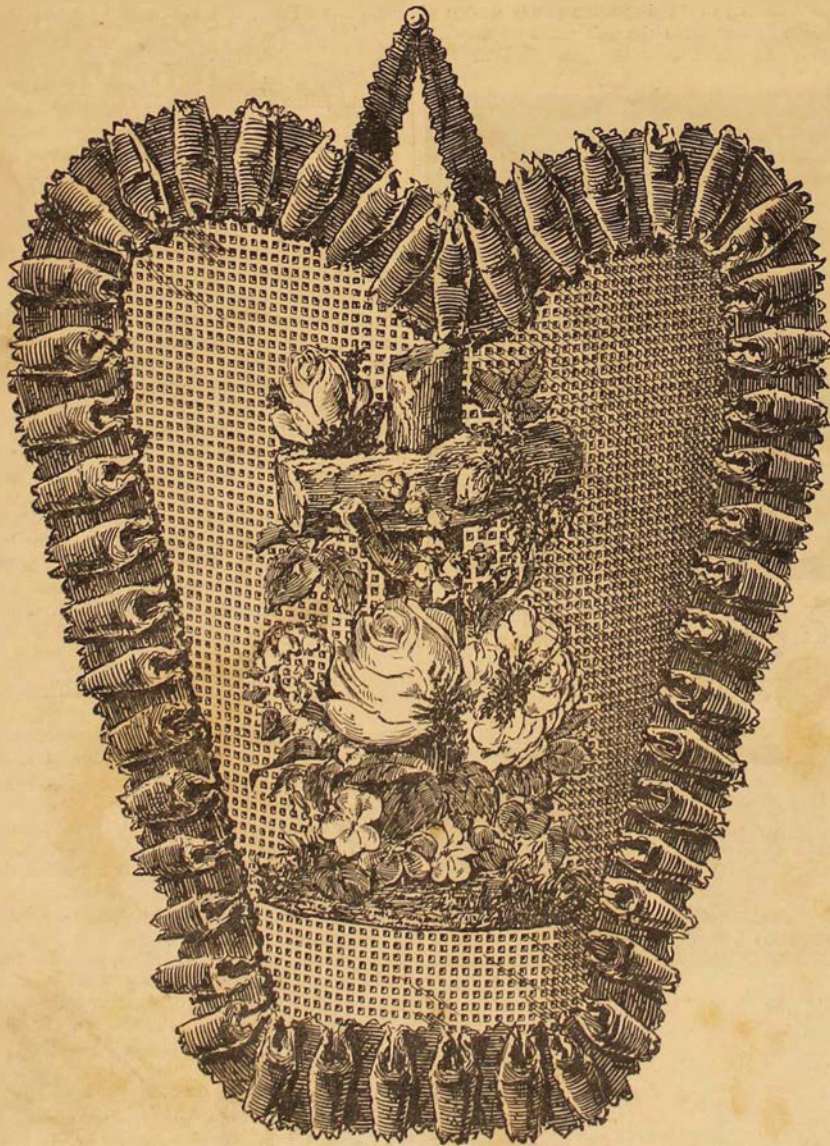
1.—ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO—THE CUP AND ITS USE.



2.—THE STYLE CHANGES, AND IT IS PUT AWAY IN THE ATTIC.



3.—TIME GOES ON, AND IT FINDS ITS WAY INTO THE KITCHEN.



POCKET FOR WHISK BROOM.



4.—IT IS AT LAST FOUND IN AN AUCTION ROOM BY A CERAMIC HUNTER, AND IS ONCE MORE APPRECIATED, AND—



5.—SHE PLACES IT AMONG HER COLLECTION. IS IT VALUED FOR ITS BEAUTY? NO. FOR ITS UTILITY? NO. BUT IT HAS AN ODD MARK ON THE BOTTOM.

DIAMONDS OF THOUGHT

Measure of Life.—No life, worth calling life, is to be measured by years.

Solace in Action.—The best thing to resort to, when evil comes upon us, is not lamentation, but action; we should not sit and suffer, but rise and seek the remedy.

Intellectual Culture.—A cultivated mind may be said to have infinite stores of innocent gratification. Everything may be made interesting to it, by becoming a subject of thought or inquiry.

Good-natured People.—The specially social qualities are good-nature, amiability, the desire to please, the kindness of heart that avoids giving offense and cannot bear to hurt anyone's feelings. A good-natured person may frankly disagree with you, but he never offends.

Art and Artfulness.—When a Brooklyn boy sees a young lady who has improved upon nature by the appliances of art, and whose face is a picture fresh from the hand of the painter, he nudges his companion and shrewdly exclaims, "Jim, she's only a chromo."

Worth Remembering.—It is not what we earn, but what we save, that makes us rich. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us fat. It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us learned. All this is very simple, but it is worth remembering.

Don't Fret.—It is a great misfortune to have a fretful disposition. It takes the fragrance out of one's life, and leaves only weeds where a cheerful disposition would cause flowers to bloom. The habit of fretting is one that grows rapidly unless it be sternly repressed; and the best way to overcome it is to try always to look on the cheerful side of things.

The Trivial Nothings which the mouth utters may become possessed of awful import when accompanied by the language of the eyes; and the poor, commonplace sentences may be taken up and translated, so that they shall stand written across the memory, in letters of flashing sunlight and the colors of June.—*William Black, in Macleod of Dare.*

Life's Discipline.—It is not the best things—that is, the things which we call best—that make men. It is not pleasant things; it is not the calm experiences in life. It is life's rugged experiences, its tempests, its trials. The discipline of life is here good and there evil, here trouble and there joy, here roughness and there smoothness, one working with the other; and the alternations of the one and the other which necessitate adaptations, constitute a part of that which makes a man a man, in distinction from an animal which has no education.

Gossip.—What is the cure for gossip? Simply culture. There is a great deal of gossip that has no malignity in it. Good-natured people talk about their neighbors because, and only because, they have nothing else to talk about.

Gossip is always a personal confession either of malice or imbecility, and the young should not only shun it, but by the most thorough culture relieve themselves from all temptation to indulge in it. It is low, frivolous, and too often a dirty business. There are country neighborhoods in which it rages like a pest. Churches are split in pieces by it. Neighbors make enemies by it for life. In many persons it degenerates into a chronic disease, which is practically incurable. Let the young cure it while they may.

SPICE BOX

Nerve Tonic.—Celery is said to be good for the nerves. Salary is sometimes still better.

Oh! oh!—An ex-detective is about to issue a volume of his 'ketches bound in guilt.

Fact for Young Naturalists.—A dromedary is a camel that has "got his back up" twice.

Query.—Is there a scientific man in the country who can tell, after a sock gets a hole in it, what becomes of the material that once took the place of the aperture?

Awful.—Smaller Boy: "Oh, I say, Jack, my big brother won't go without a collar, like you do, because when you go without a collar you have to wash your neck, you know."

How They Feel.—The gang of burglars who work for seven straight hours to hammer a safe to pieces, to secure half a dollar, know how a country minister feels next day after a collection.

Deluded.—A young doctor in Norfolk spends his leisure hours in practicing on the cornet, and passers-by, thinking an amputation is going on inside, are deluded as to the number of the man's patients.

At Sea.—William came running into the house the other day, and asked, eagerly, "Where does charity begin?"—"At home," was the reply, "in the words of the proverb."—"Not by a great deal," replied the boy. "It begins at sea (C)."

Changing Her Mind.—How some women change their minds respecting their husbands! Mrs. Jinks was forever telling her husband that he wasn't worth the salt in his bread. But when the poor man got killed in a railway smash-up, the fond widow sued the company for \$10,000 damages.

His Portion.—"Young man, we eat rind and all here," said a lodging-house keeper to a lodger who was taking off the outer portion of a piece of cheese.—"All right," replied the lodger. "I'm cutting this off for you."

Preferred the Earthquake.—A fond mother, hearing that an earthquake was coming, sent her boys to a friend's in the country to escape it. After a few days, she received a note from the friend, saying, "For goodness' sake, take your boys away and send along that earthquake instead."

A Mind Reader.—A pretty girl in the West told her beau that she was a mind reader.—"You don't say so!" he exclaimed. "Can you read what's in my mind?"—"Yes," said she. "You have it in mind to ask me to be your wife, but you're just a little scared at the idea."—Their wedding cards are out.

A Leap and a Half.—An Irishman jumps after a ferry boat which has just started, and falls on the deck. There he lies for a few seconds, then rises to a sitting posture, and, with admiration and wonder, surveys the constantly widening distance from the landing place.—"Thirty feet, if it's an inch!" he exclaims. "By Jupiter! what a leap."

Substitutes.—It's very tough on the average sportsman to run down into the country on business, and the shooting good, and have to telegraph to his wife to send his gun and dogs by the next train. We say it is tough, because she invariably forwards the rifle instead of the shot-gun, and an affectionate note stating that both the setters got away the night before, but she sends instead Mrs. Didimus's night-dog and Brown's skye-terrier, which she hopes will do as well.

Domestic Science.

"Anti-pasti."—The use of what Italians call *anti-pasti* is becoming more general and better understood.

Anti-pasti are purely and simply little stimulants to appetite, which are resorted to by all foreigners of the Latin race. They cannot understand why no English, and, till now, no Americans supply them at their tables, and their almost indignation at failing to find them when arriving in England or America, reminds one forcibly of the oft-quoted saying: "Americans eat to live, and foreigners live to eat;" a saying epigrammatic if exaggerated.

A small piece of anchovy paste, a fragment of strong cheese, an olive, a sardine, a leaf of any salad dipped in vinegar, a slice of strongly spiced sausage or ham, a slice of cool melon, two or three grapes; all these, as well as a sip of coffee, or of any very strong tea, are considered quick stimulants to appetite, and each and all are called abroad *anti-pasti*.

The word is easy of analysis, and means simply "before meals." Our new programme here, so to speak, includes spiced pears.

Coal Oil.—It is not generally known that the common coal oil we burn in our lamps possesses medicinal properties. There is nothing better for colds, sore throat, and hoarseness. Take a few drops inwardly, then dip in it a flannel cloth heated as hot as can be borne, and apply it to the throat. For pains, and swelling of the joints, or dropsical affections of the extremities, applied externally, there is no better remedy.

To Remove Rust from Iron.—The easiest method of removing rust from iron is rubbing it with a rag dipped in oil of tartar. The rust will disappear immediately.

Artificial Mineralogical Spars.—Saturate water, kept boiling, with alum; then set the solution in a cool place, suspending in it by a hair, or fine silk thread, a cinder, a sprig of a plant, or any other trifle. As the solution cools, a beautiful crystallization of the salt takes place upon the cinder, etc., which will resemble specimens of spar.

To Cast Figures in Imitation of Ivory.—Make isinglass and strong brandy into a paste with powder of egg-shells, finely ground. You can make it any color you please, but cast warm water into your mould, which should be previously oiled over. Leave the figure in the mould to dry, and, on taking it out, you will find it bears a strong resemblance to ivory.

To Clean Cane Chair Bottoms.—Turn up the chair bottom and wash the cane-work well with soap, hot water, and sponge until completely soaked. Let it dry in the open air, or in a place where there is a thorough draught, and it will become as tight and firm as when new.

How to Obtain Cress all the Year.—Take bottles, baskets, or any article not too large to cover with odd bits of flannel or baize. After covering perfectly, saturate the cloth with water, and sprinkle pepper or mustard seed, not too thickly nor too scantily. Place in a dark and moderately warm place, and wet occasionally. When the seeds begin to germinate, place in the light, and after a few days in the sun; you will soon have cress from one to two inches long.

Opaque Windows.—Cover the glass equally with one or two coats of paste. When dry, dip a rag into a varnish made of Canada balsam and turpentine, and rub over the paste.

A Simple Disinfectant.—Professor Thomas Taylor, of the American Agricultural Bureau, reports that a tablespoonful of turpentine added to a pail of water will disinfect a cesspool instantly, and in the sick-chamber will prove a powerful auxiliary against germs and bad odors.

Pianos Well Cared For.—A cheap piano is hardly worth having, but a good one should have as much care taken of it as an adopted child. The instrument, it should be remembered, is constructed almost exclusively of various kinds of woods and metal; cloth, skin, and felt being used also in the mechanical portion. For this reason atmospheric changes have a great effect on the quality and durability of the instrument, and it is necessary to protect it from all external influences which might affect the materials of which it is composed. It must be shaded from the sun, kept out of a draught, and, above all, guarded against sudden changes of temperature. Moisture is the greatest enemy of the piano, and it cannot be too carefully guarded against. In a very short time damp will destroy every good point about the instrument.

Bread.—Real farmhouse bread is usually made of barley meal, and raised with leaven instead of yeast. Leaven or left, is a piece of dough left from the last baking, and answers the purpose of yeast; it makes the bread rather sour, but is perfectly wholesome. A very excellent brown bread is made of rye meal (not rye flour, which is too fine) and seconds flour, equal quantities, thoroughly well mixed and sifted through a sieve, so that every particle comes in contact with the oxygen of the air; this is a point which should not be forgotten in bread-making. The proportion of fresh German yeast to seven pounds of the above is one ounce, the dough to be well kneaded, and baked, if possible, in a brick oven. There is said to be 30 per cent. more nutriment in rye than in wheat by analysis, and the bread is really brown, very sweet and good, wholesome, and digestible. Equal portions of barley meal, rye meal, and seconds flour also make very good brown bread.

Near Sight.—The writer of an article on "Near-sightedness in Children," printed in *The Educational Weekly*, gives this excellent rule: "Encourage the pupil to look off the book frequently, to change the focus of sight by regarding some distant object. It is not enough to look around vaguely; the eye must be directed to something which is to be clearly seen, like a picture or a motto upon the wall, or a bit of decoration. The greatest damage to the eyes of students is the protracted effort to focus the printed page. It was simply barbarous the way we used to be 'whacked' in school, when we looked off the book. It is easy for a teacher to know the difference between the resting of the eye and the idle gazing around that cannot be allowed."

Parasites.—The extension of our knowledge of parasites and of their life-histories clearly points to the desirability of the exercise of great care in the choice and preparation of our common foods, especially of animal kind. Uncooked animal food, in any form, should be unhesitatingly rejected on common sanitary grounds, the prevailing and fashionable taste for "underdone" meat notwithstanding. The Mosaic abhorrence of the pig is fully justified by an appeal to zoological knowledge regarding the parasites to which that quadruped plays the part of entertainer and host; but the due exercise of the culinary art should in large measure mitigate the severity of the sentence passed against pork as a common medium of parasitic infection. Unwashed vegetables, which may harbor or lodge, without developing, the embryos of parasites, are similarly to be regarded with suspicion—indeed it may be said that the chances of parasitic infection from this latter source are greater than those from badly cooked meat, the vegetable matter escaping even the chance of having its minute tenants destroyed. Unsavory as the subject may at first sight appear, it teems with an interest which should effectually appear to every one in the light of saving knowledge.



Ground Rice Pudding (Baked).—Four tablespoonfuls of ground rice, one pint of milk, two ounces of butter, grated lemon peel, two eggs, and sugar to taste.

Lentil Pudding.—3 oz. lentil flour, 1 oz. of corn flour, a pint of milk, three eggs, and a pinch of salt; pour the milk boiling gradually on to the flour, stirring it; when cool, add the eggs well beaten; mix well, boil an hour in a buttered plain mould; serve with sweet sauce.

Haddock.—Tie the fish with a string in the shape of an S, or with its tail into its mouth; lay it in plenty of cold water, well salted. Place the fish kettle on the fire, and by the time the water is on the point of boiling, the fish, unless it be a very large one, should be quite done. Let it drain across the kettle, and serve with anchovy, capers, Dutch, or egg sauce.

Horseradish Sauce.—Grate a quantity of horseradish, boil it in sufficient water to give it the consistency of sauce, add a pinch of salt and two or three tablespoonfuls of tarragon vinegar, then stir in, off the fire, a gill of cream beaten up with the yolk of an egg.

Hominy Griddle-cakes.—To one pint of warm boiled hominy add a pint of milk or water, and flour enough to make a thin batter; beat up two or three eggs, and stir them into the batter with a little salt. Fry as any other griddle-cakes.

Codfish Stewed.—Boil a piece of codfish, but do not overdo it. Pick out the flesh in flakes, put them in a saucepan with a piece of butter, pepper, and salt to taste, some minced parsley, and the juice of a lemon, with a dust of cayenne. Put it on the fire till quite hot, and serve.

Bread Pudding.—Half a pound of bread crumbs, two ounces of butter, one pint of boiling milk poured on them, and covered over till cold; two eggs, two ounces of lump sugar. This will eat very good when baked, cold, with or without currants; when boiled, serve hot.

Potato Biscuit.—Take one pint of Indian meal, sift in it one teaspoonful of soda; take an equal portion of potatoes—yellow yams are best—bake or boil them, mash very fine and add to the meal, with one egg, one tablespoonful of lard or butter, salt to taste, mix into a stiff batter with sour milk diluted with one-third water. Bake quickly in muffin rings to a reddish brown, or add a little more meal and make into biscuit. Served hot, they are delicious.

Bread Cakes.—Take stale bread and soak it in milk, then run through colander. To each quart add spoonful of saleratus, cup flour, two eggs, spoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and half nutmeg.

Cup-Puddings.—Take one quart of milk, five yolks and one white of egg, five tablespoonfuls of flour, and about a quarter of a pound of butter, and as much sugar as required; bake in cups, beat the whites of eggs and powdered sugar to a froth, and pile on top; serve with sauce.

Mushrooms a la Bismark.—Take a pint of fresh mushrooms. When they are peeled and the stalks cut off, put them into a stew-pan with two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, a sprig or two of parsley, a small onion, a few chives chopped fine, some salt, pepper, and grated nutmeg. Let them boil gently for a quarter of an hour. Before serving stir in the yolks of two eggs.

It is, of course, unnecessary to tell any experienced person that if the onion used in this preparation has turned either blue or black, your mush-

rooms are poisonous; but any one who knows what good mushrooms are, cannot be deceived, as their appearance is sufficient alone for the practiced eye.

Mushroom cultivation has so greatly increased with us of late, that they are becoming a frequent dish. Well cooked they are delicious, and the ways in which they can be served are so many, that the dish seems always new; they form besides a piquant addition to veal and other meats.

In Italy, an excellent *merenda*, or four o'clock dish, consists of mushrooms which have been stewed and then kept in olive oil, and are served with vinegar and slices of toasted bread.

Almond Soup—A Foreign Cure for Coughs and Colds.—Take half a pound of shelled sweet almonds and two ounces of shelled bitter almonds or peach kernels. Scald them and make the skins peel off easily. When they are thus blanched, throw them into cold water, then drain them, and wipe them dry. Beat them, taking a few at a time, in a marble mortar, adding a little milk and a little grated lemon-peel as you beat them.

Have ready two quarts of the richest milk obtainable boiled with two sticks of cinnamon and a quarter of a pound of sugar. Stir the almonds gradually into the milk and let them boil up once. Prepare some slices of toasted bread; take out a little of the soup and soak them in it. Then lay them in the bottom of the tureen and pour the soup over them. Grate on some nutmeg, and serve hot to the invalid.

It is thought that the quick comforting action of this soup in cases of sudden and violent cold, is due to the prussic acid to be found in the almonds as well as in the peach kernels. Its action is tonic and rapid. Many foreigners eat dried peach kernels to prevent sore throat.

Four Foreign Omelettes.—Foreigners have dozens of omelets that we know nothing about, but which when attempted as an innovation are sure to meet with "unbounded applause."

The most delicate and delicious is certainly the *omelette soufflée*. This is merely a sweetened omelet which must be cooked so rapidly that it will puff up, and eaten so immediately after cooking that the French call the method of serving it "*à l'instant*."

The second is the Spanish omelet, made with finely-hashed onions. These are mixed in while stirring the omelet. The Spanish, it is needless to say, use garlic as often as onions, a custom "more honored in the breach than the observance."

A very delicate omelet is made by placing whole apricots inside of the omelet before rolling it over. These composite omelets are the only ones of which foreign cookery permits the turning. Your apricots must be either preserved ones, or daintily stewed in sugar. It is a Toulonese dish.

Omelet number four is filled with chickens' livers through which a little *brochette* or tiny spit is run. You leave it in the row of livers, and it helps to turn over the omelet it fills.

Sorbet a la Gambetta—(A NEW SHERBET.)—You take one quart of fine well-ripened strawberries. Three pints of water are then required, also the juice of one lemon, one tablespoonful of orange-flower water. You crush your strawberries to a smooth paste. Add to this paste all the ingredients except the sugar, and let it stand three hours. Strain the mixture over the sugar, squeezing the cloth hard. Stir until the sugar is fully dissolved; strain again and set upon the ice for more than two hours before you use it.

By the substitution of orange for strawberry juice you have the Oriental sherbet in place of the above, and an equally delicious lemon sherbet may be made, but requires three times as much

sugar. Lemon sherbet is not, however, meant to be extremely sweet.

For summer use these sherbets are very delicious. They do not chill as do ices with some persons. The lemon sherbet, not being over sweet, is the most refreshing, but the delicate flavor of the strawberry makes the new recipe—the first—the most delightful of all.

It is said that American strawberries improve every year.

Crème a la Grèvy—(A NEW DESSERT).—You take one quart of sweet cream and the yolks of four eggs. One cup of white sugar is required. One half ounce of either isinglass or gelatine, and one half a spoonful of vanilla or the extract of bitter almonds. Soak for one hour, in enough cold water to cover it, all your gelatine. After draining it, you then stir it into a pint of the cream made boiling hot. Beat the yolks of the eggs smooth with all your sugar and add the boiling mixture, beating in a small portion at a time. Without actually boiling, it you then heat till it begins to thicken. Remove it from the fire, flavor it, and while it is still hot stir in the remaining pint of cream, which you must previously beat in a syllabub churn to a stiff froth. Beat this whipped cream into the mixture till it looks like a rich batter for cake. Then, after having placed your moulds in cold water, pour in your mixture and set it upon the ice.

This *crème* is very delicious, and preferable to the old style of Bavarian cream which it resembles. If there is a preference for a lemon or strawberry flavor, or for orange, either of these may be used instead of vanilla.

Dublin "Potato Cake."—Roast in the ashes two dozen small, or one dozen large and perfect potatoes. When roasted peel them and put them into a pan with a little salt and the rind of a lemon grated. Add half a pound of butter, or half a pint of cream—less butter will do, if preferred—and a quarter of a pound of sugar. Having mixed all these ingredients together, rub the whole through a colander and stir it very hard. Then set it away to cool.

Beat eight eggs and stir them gradually into the cooled mixture; season it with a tablespoonful of mixed spice, and half a glass of rose water.

Butter a mould or deep dish and spread the inside all over with grated bread. Put the mixture to bake after placing in the mould. Three-quarters of an hour will suffice, and the "potato-bread" will be ready to eat with fresh butter.

The quantity above given will fill a large sized dish, and will furnish sufficient for at least eight people.

Cheese Pyramid.—"Cheese Pyramid" is an English dish, strange to say, for most dishes into which cheese enters in any large proportion are either French, Italian, or Swiss. For lunch, this dish is a great favorite with Londoners, though it originated in Leicestershire.

Take half a pound of fine sifted flour, four ounces of grated cheese of any kind you fancy, four ounces of butter, which must be kneaded in with the flour, the yolks of four eggs and the whites of two. After salt-seasoning and mixing all the above ingredients, you roll out into long strips, which you cut into sections about two inches long. You bake in an oven for about five minutes after having placed your strips in a tin which must first be buttered. When cooked, you place in a glass dish, piling one section over another, and topping off with a long pointed strip which runs up the middle and gives the pyramidal form to this dish, which, besides having a good appearance when placed on the table, is tempting as an appetizer, and sure to be in request when once offered.

Baked Rice Pudding.—Boil together in a saucepan one pint of milk and the grated peel of a small lemon. In another saucepan boil a teacupful of rice until tender, and, when done, drain off all the water. Beat four eggs till light, stir them in the milk, with one ounce of fresh butter, a quarter of a pound of stoned raisins, a quarter of a pound of sugar, a little grated nutmeg, and two tablespoonfuls of rosewater. Add the rice. Stir all well together, and bake in a buttered tin half an hour.

Marmalade.—Take a dozen of oranges, two lemons, and cut them in thin slices, removing nothing but the pips. Weigh the fruit: to each pound add a pint of water. Let this stand twenty-four hours. If much syrup is liked a little more than a pint of water can be added. Boil the fruit and water gently till the rind is tender. Let it stand again twenty-four hours. Third day weigh the water and fruit together, and to each pound add a pound of loaf sugar. Boil it together in a preserving pan for twenty minutes or half an hour. If it boils too long the rind becomes hard.

Marion's Sponge Cake.—Put together in a pan fourteen ounces of sifted loaf sugar, the yolks of eight eggs, eight ounces of fine white flour, and a tablespoonful of orange-flower water. Beat all together till thoroughly mixed. Whip a pint of cream till light, and whisk the whites of the eight eggs to a thick froth. Beat these into the other ingredients, and put in a pan lined with buttered paper. Bake in a quick oven half an hour.

Sauce for Bread Pudding.—Take one pint of water, a large teacupful of sugar, a piece of butter the size of a large egg, a little nutmeg and essence of lemon, and bring it to a boil. Now take a little corn flour (which is best), well beaten into a paste and thinned, and stir gradually till of the consistency of cream, or as thick as you like; then add a large tablespoonful of fruit jelly.

Stewed Pigeons.—Truss and season the pigeons with pepper and salt, and having stuffed them with a mixture of their own livers, chopped with a little sweet salt pork, bread crumbs, parsley, and marjoram, sew them up at both ends, and put them into a vessel breast downward, with half a pound of butter; cover up so that the steam cannot get out; then set them in a pot of water to stew. They will take two hours and more in doing, and they must boil all the time. When stewed enough take them out of the gravy; skim off the fat; put in a spoonful of cream, a little lemon peel, an anchovy, and a few mushrooms; add a little catsup eider, to the gravy, and having thickened with butter and flour, and dished up the pigeons, pour the sauce over them. Garnish with sliced lemon.

Fine Breakfast Rolls.—Boil one pint of milk, and stir into it one heaped tablespoonful of lard and two even tablespoonfuls of sugar. Let it cool, and when milk-warm add flour enough to make a batter as thick as muffin batter. Then stir in a good gill of yeast, and let it rise ten hours; then sprinkle some flour on the paste board. Lay the dough on it, and sprinkle over it just enough sifted flour to roll it out about three-quarters of an inch thick. Do not stir or knead it. Cut out with a round cutter, brush the top of each roll with melted butter, then double each roll by folding the two opposite edges together like a turnover, press the sides a little together, brush the top with melted butter. Set to rise in a warm place, and when very light, in about three hours, bake them ten or fifteen minutes in a moderate oven, and serve at once. They should be of a very light brown color.

Caramel Custards.—Put a handful of loaf sugar in a saucepan, with a little water, and set it on the fire until it becomes a dark brown caramel. Then add more water (boiling) to produce a dark liquor like strong coffee; beat up the yolks of six eggs with a little milk, strain, add one pint of milk, sugar to taste, and as much caramel liquor (cold)

as will give the mixture the desired color. Put the mixture in a *bain marie*, and stir it on the fire as you would any ordinary custard until it thickens; pour into custard glasses and serve.

Mayonnaise Sauce.—Carefully strain the yolks of four eggs into a bowl, place it in a cool place, or if necessary in water or on ice, add salt to taste, then proceed to pour in, a few drops at a time, some very good salad oil, without ceasing to stir the mixture. When one tablespoonful of oil is well incorporated with the yolks of eggs, put in the same manner one teaspoonful of white vinegar; keep on adding oil and vinegar in these proportions until the sauce is of the consistency of very thick cream. Add white pepper to taste.

Cold Dressing for Chicken Salad.—Two teaspoonfuls of mustard and salt stirred in a thick paste; next the oil; then the cayenne and the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, mashed very fine. Then two raw eggs, and lastly the vinegar. This is for one chicken only.

Light Pastry for Chicken or Oyster Pies.—Strain the juice of a lemon into a gill of cold water, and stir in sufficient to well moisten three-quarters of a pound of dry sifted flour; knead to a smooth paste, lay it on a slab, and spread over three-quarters of a pound of butter; turn over the four sides, dredge with flour, and roll out; fold it again, and roll it out four times; then fold it in three, and let it stand in a cool place for two hours.

Cabbage Pickle.—One large white cabbage chopped fine in a chopping tray, two quarts of cider vinegar; take one teaspoonful of ground cloves, and the same of cinnamon, allspice, and mace; tie these in a piece of cloth, and put them into the vinegar, with one tablespoonful of salt and one-half ounce of whole cloves; place the vinegar in a kettle or pan with the spice and cabbage, and boil five minutes; put away in a jar to cool.

Maccaroni with Cheese.—Take half a pound of large maccaroni, cut it into convenient lengths, and place it into a saucepan full of fast-boiling water, add salt to taste, and let it boil rather less than half an hour. Drain off the water, place the maccaroni in a deep dish, pour over it a couple of ounces of butter melted till it just begins to color, add plenty of grated Parmesan cheese; turn over the maccaroni with two forks as a salad is mixed, then put on a final layer of Parmesan; place the dish in a brisk oven for a few minutes, and serve.

Cocoanut Pie.—To one grated cocoanut add three large boiled and mashed potatoes. Boil them fresh and pound them, add butter, milk, salt, and sugar to taste. Then mix the cocoanut and potatoes, add the yolks of three eggs well beaten; make a crust of one pound of flour and half a pound of butter; put only an undercrust; when the pie is baked, beat the whites of the three eggs very light, add a little white sugar, and put it on the top while it is hot. Then put it back in the oven for a few moments.


Braized Fowls with Maccaroni.—Trim a pair of fowls as for boiling, putting an onion and a piece of butter inside each; lay them in a saucepan over two slices of bacon, with an onion and two carrots cut in pieces; add pepper and salt to taste, and a bundle of sweet herbs; moisten with a little stock; put a piece of buttered paper over the fowls, and set them to braize very slowly for one hour, frequently basting them with their own liquor. Throw one pound of ribbon maccaroni into fast-boiling salted water; when done (twenty minutes) drain off the water, put them in a saucepan with the contents of a small bottle of French tomato sauce, one ounce of butter previously melted; toss on the fire a few minutes, adding during the process plenty of Parmesan cheese. Place the fowls on a dish, with the maccaroni round them, and serve.

WORLD OF FASHIONS

BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE AND THE PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE

SPECIALITE OF FASHIONS.

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,

And the Medal of Superiority at the late Fair of the American Institute.

Review of Fashions.

It is very necessary at the present time for ladies who wish to dress either well or economically or both, to discriminate between the great variety and diversified character of the designs and fabrics from which they have to select. In former times dress, especially among the common people, was fixed, and thus became national, and only the slight differences were permitted that could be arranged out of several colors or a choice of stuffs. The form was always the same, the length of skirt, the handkerchief worn in or outside the bodice, the headdress or even the shoes—whether the latter were only wooden or dainty slippers, high heeled and rosetted—were all ordered and regulated by unchangeable custom, which is the most rigid of laws.

These national dresses are disappearing one by one, until the only glimpses that are obtained of them are found in remote districts far from the hum of the busy world, and the march of modern civilization. There are many persons who regret the gradual decadence of these distinctive costumes, as a great loss to the picturesque, in the somewhat commonplace and monotonous round of every-day life, and doubtless there is an element of truth in this complaint; but it must be remembered that it is to those of us alone to whom national costumes are fresh and novel, that they are particularly attractive and interesting. The peasants of Southern France or of Switzerland see nothing specially charming in a dress to which they have all their lives been accustomed, and a change which admits of a dress adapted to special and diversified uses, seems much more sensible and even beautiful to them.

Doubtless the habit so long engendered of a fixed costume made it difficult for women to imagine the possibility of a departure from the rules laid down by some kind of authority, and this is probably why it has been customary for the majority to accept fashion in the most limited sense, and fail to realize how wide a range it is possible to cover, and still be sufficiently fashionable for all practical purposes. In fact, in adapting itself to special needs, special circumstances, and individual tastes, fashion creates a much wider diversity and much greater possibilities in the realm of the artistic and picturesque than it has got rid

of by the practical extinction of peculiarly national costumes, while the freedom given to taste, and the carrying out of original ideas is much more in accordance with the modern tendency toward a broad, free, individual life.

Fashion, arbitrary as it is said to be, was never so little despotic as now, for never before were its extremes in such striking contrast to each other. The wealthy lady who can afford to gratify her caprices, may wear the long straight folds of the simplest robe one day, and a coquettish panier, ruffled and puffed up on the next, and always represent a certain phase of fashion; but the prudent and intelligent woman, be she young or old, whose limited means admit a few changes in her wardrobe, and who must wear her one or two dresses until they are worn out, will avoid both extremes, select as her material a fabric soft and neutral, and put it into a design so little remarkable that it will survive many changes, and if it does not attract admiration, at least enable the wearer to escape unpleasant observation.

The past few seasons have brought a great compensation to intelligent women with small incomes in the lovely cotton fabrics, which seem to have been made in order to bring as much beauty as lies in folds of silk and satin within their reach. Every one should try to possess at least a single dress for indoor wear of foulard finished cambric, or satin finished chintz cotton, pretty colors softened by at least a narrow edge upon the ruffles, at the neck and wrist by an inexpensive linen lace. They are not suited for church dresses, which should properly have a certain unobtrusiveness and uniformity, but they are lovely for afternoon, for the dressing up of that interval between the country dinner and the country tea, which lies through all the summer days, bathed in soft sunshine, for which the flush of pretty muslins, and fine, cool, delicate printed fabrics, is as fitting as the song of the birds, or the gathering of the flowers.

It is worth while to bestow some thought upon dress, for the materials were never cheaper than they are now, and the designs by which they are to be made for every purpose for which dress is required—working, walking, riding, boating, driving, dancing, visiting, and traveling, are all so well thought out and so simply prepared, in the form of patterns, that any one with the least taste, ingenuity, and industry can make her own ward-

robe, and thus where money is more an object than time, save nearly two-thirds of her personal expenditure, for it is a proverb, that the making costs nearly as much again as the material.

It used to be thought that almost anything would do to wear at home, and that all the finery must be kept in reserve for wear abroad, but this idea is gradually yielding to that finer canon of good taste which ordains that the street dress shall be dark, simple, and unobtrusive, and the home dress diversified, delicate, and attractive as the wearer chooses to make it. Even washing dresses are now dark, that are worn out of doors, unless the occasion is a special one, such as a garden party, or an archery meeting, where more dressy costumes are required. Altogether we think few can with cause complain of fashion, for it permits them to wander at their own sweet will, and choose from a thousand different forms and objects, that which will best please their fancy, or gratify their taste.

Models for the Month.

OUR lady readers will find in the illustrations for the present month, some of the very newest of the many novel and attractive ideas embodied in the spring styles.

The "Deosia" princess dress gives an elegant design, adapted to a great variety of materials. It is more showy than the styles to which we have been accustomed of late years, but the effect when made up in a rather striking and handsome material, is very distinguished, and not at all so pronounced as one might be led to expect. The pattern may be used for rich striped and brocaded grenadine over silk, for a combination of Pekin and plain silk, for a combination of plain and figured foulard, for a combination of plain and chintz satine, for mummy cloth trimmed with a plain fabric, and also for a combination of plain or figured lawn or muslin. The style is one of the most graceful and coquettish that can be imagined. The curved lines of the princess basquine, the draped tablier, the well-shaped train surmounted by double loops of wide ribbon, form a picturesque ensemble, which is elaborate without being complicated or difficult to successfully achieve. Eighteen yards of goods about twenty-four inches wide will make the entire dress of one material, includ-