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## Two Doves in a Cote.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

"When there's no grain in the cote the doves fight."

**W**HEN, from motives of policy, Adrian Rochfort made a journey to Sackville to see his maternal aunt, Miss Elizabeth Fortesque, he had no intuition of the important link he was forging in the chain of his fate.

Miss Fortesque was rich, and had no one but Adrian to whom to leave her money. Yet Adrian was not at all sure that it would ever come into his possession; for not only was Miss Fortesque in perfect health, and likely to live a score of years longer, but she was given to all sorts of whims and fancies as well, and so easily offended that in spite of the pains Adrian took to please her, and the fact that they lived hundreds of miles apart, she threatened about once a month to leave every penny she had to charity. So, there being such an uncertainty of his ever stepping into his aunt's shoes, Adrian, on leaving college at twenty-one, established a law office at once, and worked as hard to secure business as if there was no chance whatever of his ever gaining money by anything else. Yet he was nothing loath a year later to accept an invitation to spend a week at Sackville, having, as has been already stated, no intuition of the importance of the step, or what a vital interest it would have in shaping his whole future.

Miss Fortesque was much delighted at the improvement which had taken place in the appearance of her nephew since she had seen him last, and so pleasantly did he make the first evening of his visit pass, that she was moved to inform him confidentially, just before the maid brought the bedroom candles, that she had never meant what she had said about leaving her property to found hospitals and asylums, but fully meant that he should have it all.

With mingled feelings of relief and gratitude Adrian kissed the withered cheek presented to him, and departed to his chamber very well satisfied with himself. Though there was no immediate prospect of stepping into his inheritance, it was pleasant, to say the least, to have the matter settled. He decided that he could get through a week at Sackville very comfortably now that he had made such a good beginning.

The next morning he started for the river with his fishing tackle, promising his aunt that he would bring home to her the best it could afford; for he rather prided himself on his skill as an angler.

But, alas, for pride! It is doomed to have a fall sooner or later, and in Adrian's case it came very soon indeed. He

had scarcely seated himself on the river bank and opened his can of bait, when his attention was attracted by a shrill, prolonged scream from the direction of a field at a little distance. He sprang up, vaulted over the fence which enclosed it, and found himself on a scene of considerable action. Before him stood a young lady, besieged by a stout, long-bearded goat, which pranced about and butted to the best of its ability, entirely unmoved by the screams or the tears of its unfortunate victim.

It was the work of only a moment for Adrian to rout the enemy, and then he led the trembling, frightened girl from the field, noticing as he assisted her over the fence how neat was the foot unconsciously exposed to his view.

"Suppose you sit down here by the river and rest a few moments?" he suggested. "You are not able to go on just now, I know."

The young lady should, of course, have repelled this suggestion with dignity, and shown a proper horror of a possible *tête-à-tête* with a handsome young man and not even the ghost of a *chaperone*; but she did nothing of the sort. She gracefully accepted the seat which Adrian hastily improvised out of his fish bucket and a rubber blanket, and seemed very much flattered at his evident desire for her society.

"That horrid goat!" she said, with a pout of her scarlet lips. "I'll never go through that field again as long as I live; and he made me drop all my ferns!"

She looked very pretty and very childish as she sat there with her dimpled hands in her lap, and her fluffy, golden curls blowing about her rosy cheeks, and poor susceptible Adrian felt singular sensations in the region of his heart, never experienced before.

It did not take long for these young people to become well acquainted with each other, and the fish bucket did duty as a seat for nearly two hours, while the worms Adrian had brought for bait crawled out of the overturned tomato-can and hid themselves in the long grass, and the fish laughed in their fins as they swam serenely by.

When at last Miss Eva Garnett rose to go, with a laughing reproach to Adrian for having kept her so long, that young disciple of Blackstone had no doubt whatever as to the meaning of those singular sensations about his heart. He felt as though there existed for him but one woman in the world, *i. e.*, Eva.

Adrian bore very complacently his aunt's laughter over the empty pail he brought home, but, while he joined with her in deprecating his poor luck, he omitted to mention the real cause of it, and kept the fact of his acquaintance with Miss Garnett a profound secret.

What need to tell how or where these young people met again? Moved by the tender passion they found opportunities enough to indulge their fondness for the society of each other. Sufficient be it that at the end of the week Adrian told his aunt that he thought his health so much improved by his visit that he would like to prolong it, and received a cordial invitation to stay as long as he could make himself contented.

Miss Fortesque was intensely gratified at the apparent pleasure her handsome nephew took in her society, and, in spite of the many hours he spent away from her, it did not occur to her for an instant that he might possibly be seeking the society of some one else. That he was not entirely alone on the river bank day after day, she never suspected, and though she laughed at his poor success as an angler, and reminded him of the vain boasts he had made the evening of his arrival respecting his skill in that direction, she did not dream that his poor luck was due to the distractions caused by the near vicinity of a pair of big blue eyes, a silvery voice and a set of dimples.

Her amazement, chagrin and anger may therefore be imagined when one warm July day she appeared on the river bank in quest of her nephew, who she desired should drive her to a neighboring village, and found him under the shade of a spreading oak reading aloud from Tennyson, with one arm about a slender waist, and a head crowned with golden, fluffy curls on his shoulder.

No description could do justice to the scene that followed. Eva, too, had an aunt, her only relative, and a woman almost an exact counterpart of Miss Fortesque, both in appearance and disposition. No sooner was the awful tale of Eva's iniquity unfolded to her by Miss Fortesque than she began to make the life of the poor child utterly wretched.

"A poor, struggling young lawyer," she repeated over and over again. "Marry him, indeed! You'd far better throw yourself in the river! What would you live on, I'd like to know?"

"We love each other," sobbed Eva.

"And would live on love, I suppose?" grimly. "Hearty diet you'd find it. The young rascal, not a penny to his name! And you ought to know better than to think I'd ever countenance your marrying a starving pauper. I'd sooner bury you."

"We don't care for money," cried Eva, driven to desperation. "We're not mer-mer-cenary," with a fresh burst of tears. "We wouldn't be so sordid as you are, Aunt Rebecca."

Adrian said very much the same thing to Miss Fortesque.

"I'm not the man to marry any girl for her money, aunt," with a proud uplifting of his handsome young head. "I love Eva, and intend to marry her, in spite of the fact of her poverty. Her gentle disposition and loving heart will be worth more to me than an ocean of money, and make me far happier."

"Fudge!" ejaculated Miss Fortesque, with a look of disgust. "Wait until you're able to afford it in dollars and cents before you indulge in such rhapsodies. You'll find that it will take fees from a good many more clients than you've any prospect of having to put bonnets on her silly head, and shoes on those fairy feet you rave about. Don't put a spoke in your wheel just as it has begun to go round, boy."

But Adrian was very young and very much in love, and consequently not at all inclined to reason or to listen to advice. And even when his aunt resorted to her old threats of leaving her property away from him, he remained unmoved.

On learning from his darling that she was being made utterly miserable, he took a very decisive step. He bought

two railway tickets to Sheffield Center, persuaded Eva to accompany him there, procured a license and married her forthwith.

The rage and chagrin of the two aunts when they learned of the march which had been stolen upon them need not be dwelt upon. They had plenty to say, and they said it with much force; but it did not affect the young people in the least, for they did not return to Sackville, but after a brief honeymoon at a pretty mountain retreat repaired to the city in which Adrian's office was situated. That dingy little office, with the one room at the back in which were piled in hopeless confusion all the young lawyer's bachelor belongings, was the only home to which he could take his bride. But they made the best of it for a week, and then began housekeeping in a little six-room cottage in the suburbs of the city. Adrian went into debt to furnish it, of course. But he was so happy and so much in love with his pretty little wife that he did not give a second thought to the imprudence of beginning matrimony and housekeeping on an income of nothing a year.

However, life in the cottage was, for a few weeks, all sunshine and peace. A good cook prepared the most appetizing meals, and assumed all the responsibility of the household management, thus leaving the pretty, ignorant Eva unfettered; while Adrian had, to his unconcealed joy, secured a new client and taken in a "retainer" of fifty dollars.

"Oh, Adrian, how good of you to marry me! and how happy we are!" Eva would say a dozen times in the course of an evening, as, perched on her young husband's knee, she chattered away like a golden-haired little magpie.

"You bring *me* happiness, too, darling," Adrian would reply with a fond caress. "My star was in the ascendant when I went to see my aunt, wasn't it? Poor old soul! she wouldn't have asked me to visit her if she had dreamed of all this, would she? But I'd rather have you than all her money, dearest."

"The idea of their saying we wouldn't get along!" said Eva. "Cross old things! how they croaked! They think people can't be happy without money. They just ought to see *us*!"

But if Eva brought happiness to Adrian she brought him bills as well. The cook applied for her month's wages, and he was obliged to tell her that he hadn't twelve dollars to spare just then; whereupon she packed up her goods and chattels—together with some of Eva's—and with many a remark as to the social status of "folks as cheated honest people out'n their just dues," shook the dust of the cottage from her feet, leaving Eva with the dinner to get, and no knowledge how to get it. Consequently Adrian dined on crackers, cheese, and apples, and had bad dreams all night.

It fell to his lot, of course, to make the fire in the kitchen stove the next morning, and after working over it nearly an hour, and getting himself covered with ashes and soot, he was decidedly cross, and out of humor with the whole system of housekeeping. Eva, in preparing breakfast, scalded her hand, burnt the toast, and got her apron on fire, which made *her* cross. And when Adrian found that the meal consisted of some half-cooked cracked wheat, underdone potatoes, three slices of black toast, and some muddy, disreputable-looking coffee, he was crosser still, and went to his office in the firm belief that life didn't pay, anyhow.

Eva cried herself almost into hysterics on the dining-room sofa, and then took a soother for her mind in the shape of a late novel. When Adrian came home at four o'clock, bearing a box of fried oysters and a loaf of baker's bread, it was to find his bride of six weeks asleep on the sofa, with the dilapidated remains of the morning meal still on the table.

Then the bills began to come in. The grocer, the butcher, the baker, and the milk-man, all charged upon Adrian at once. And the total of their united claims caused chills to creep down the poor young lawyer's spine. He put the tradesmen off with promises, and tried to impress Eva with the stern necessity of economizing.

"I don't know how, Adrian," said the poor little bride, with a tremulous voice. "Shall I get just bread and milk? Meat seems to be so dear."

"A man can't work on bread and milk," said Adrian, a little crossly. "Did your aunt teach you *nothing* useful?"

"She would never let me go into the kitchen. She said I was more bother than help," was the reply. "I just played on the piano and read, or took walks."

Adrian sighed hopelessly, and tried to resign himself to the fate on which he had rushed so recklessly. He began to see now that there was a good deal of truth and common sense in what his aunt had said, after all.

He confessed that it had *all* proved true, as he became more deeply entangled in the net of debt and difficulty which his own reckless hands had woven. And he began to look harassed and worn, and to envy men who were better off than himself. He was irritable and peevish, and repulsed rather than welcomed the caresses and attentions which Eva would fain have showered upon him.

"You don't love me any more," she said one day, in tearful reproach.

"We were fools to get married," answered Adrian, bitterly. "There is nothing left for us now but suicide or starvation. You can take your choice."

This heartless speech, wrung from him by the utter hopelessness of his condition, reduced Eva to hysterics; but even this did not move the young husband to tenderness. He stalked out of the room without so much as a word, and spent the rest of the day with his feet on his office desk, waiting for the clients who did not come, and meditating gloomily on the evil fate which seemed to have pursued him from the day of his birth. For in his present state of mind he was incapable of recalling a single happy hour.

The first quarrel simply paved the way for others, and the cottage became the scene of many unfortunate differences, in which Eva was, perhaps, as much to blame as Adrian, for she never failed to regret at least three times a day in her husband's hearing that she had ever left her aunt's protection.

They now owed every tradesman within a mile of their home, and were besieged with bills. Adrian never stepped outside his door without being confronted by a dun of some kind or other, and his mail consisted of little else. He was beginning, in his desperation, to think seriously of pawning his effects and departing for parts unknown, when an event occurred which changed very materially the face of affairs.

Adrian came home one evening to find the nest empty and the bird flown. A little, tear-stained, hastily scrawled note, pinned to the clock in the dining-room, explained matters.

"I can't stand it any longer, Adie," it ran. "I see now that we ought never to have married, and it wasn't good of you to take me from a nice home and make me so unhappy. I have sold my watch, and am going back to Aunt Rebecca. Of course you will *never* see me again. I don't want to drive you to *suicide* or the *penitentiary*, as you have often said I would. I hope you will be *very* happy, and please don't ask me to come back, for I *never* will."

Poor Adrian! He read this note over and over again until he knew it by heart. Then he threw himself down on the sofa, and for the first time since his childhood burst into tears.

The next day he sent all the furniture back to the warehouse from whence it had come; and after giving his note

to various tradesmen, went back to his bachelor quarters behind the dingy little office.

He had plenty of time for reflection in the days that followed, plenty of time to think over the past, to regret its mistakes, and to make good resolutions regarding the future. And he grew calm and reconciled at last, and, buoyed up by a hope of which he dreamed day and night, he set to work with a will to make a name for himself.

So three years passed, and found Adrian still hard at work, but with a future before him now, and with plenty of clients to occupy his attention. But he had not yet realized that hope which gave color to his whole life. He had not written to Eva, neither had he received a line from her since that little note in which she had bidden him farewell forever. But yet it was with anything but a doubting heart that he stepped off the train at Sackville one summer morning, and made his way to Miss Rebecca Garnett's humble residence.

He walked rapidly up the neat gravel walk which led to the door, but paused as the sound of singing fell upon his ears. His heart beat rapidly, a glow of happiness and expectation suffused his face. He did not knock on the front door, but walked quietly around to the back of the house and came suddenly in front of a window where a young girl stood, singing over her work.

He had expected to see Eva, for he had thought the voice hers; but was this Eva, who stood before the kitchen table, her hands in a big basin of flour, a gingham apron shrouding her calico dress, and a white handkerchief tied over her golden curls?

He was not long left in doubt. With a cry of "Adrian!" a pair of plump arms were thrown about his neck, and he was half dragged into the kitchen window.

"Eva, darling."

"Adrian, I thought you were *never* coming."

"You told me I shouldn't come, you know."

"I don't mean it, now."

"It's too late to mean it, now I'm here."

"Oh, just see how I'm getting flour all over you, darling."

"Release me, madam, and I'll come around where you can bestow your attentions on me more conveniently."

Oh, how happy they were! They forgot that they had ever been anything else.

"And I'm fit to be a poor man's wife now, Adrian," Eva said a little later. "I made up my mind that I would learn how to do *everything*; so if you ever *did* come, you know, I could feel sure that I'd be a help to you and not a hindrance."

"And I made up *my* mind, Eva," said Adrian, "that I never *would* come for you, until I could offer you a good home, and promise no more money difficulties. I have bought a pretty house, dearest, and have furnished it beautifully, and I have ten thousand dollars well invested, and a growing practice. I've worked hard to win my wife back, and to deserve her; now, will she come?"

"You seemed to feel pretty sure I would, I think," said Eva, laughing. "You dear boy, I'm just crazy to get into that house and show you what a manager I am."

So, once again the young couple left Sackville together and started on a second voyage, made wise by the storms which had beset their first. And so skillful a pilot did Adrian prove, and so well did Eva fulfill her duties as first mate, that there was no chance for either Aunt Rebecca or Miss Fortesque to croak. The new home was one of happiness and peace, and, as the years rolled away, they brought Adrian and Eva only nearer together, and made them forget in the sunshine of the present the dark clouds which had obscured their matrimonial horizon when, as young doves, they had tried housekeeping with no grain in the cote.

## ✠ THE ✠ ADMIRAL'S ✠ WARD. ✠

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

### CHAPTER XXVI.

**I**N the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," said the Almighty to exiled Adam, when the cherubim of the flaming sword sent him forth from smiling Eden to wring a hard subsistence from the soil that for him brought forth but thorns and thistles. Yet in this stern decree was enfolded the secret of human progress, happiness, and consolation. What strength and purification and dignity come from labor, provided the labor be not overstrained; what a delightful preparation for the joy of rest, which cannot be enjoyed without it; what an invigorating discipline for mind and body, what sweetness in the sense of success and remuneration, what a relief to sorrow in the enforced variation of thought!

Thus at least to Laura came the blessing of work. The head of the house which gave her occasional employment, was a man of some taste and knowledge, with a sound business capacity which enabled him to turn his taste to account and disposed him to appreciate a bargain, while a disposition good-natured from sound health and consciousness of success inclined him to do "good turns" when they did not cost him too much.

He examined Laura's picture with severe scrutiny, and after first observing that it was crude and unfinished, though not without promise, he offered a small sum for it, and gave her a commission to copy a "Sunset by Danby," in the Kensington Museum, which he would pay for, he said, according to execution. To this Laura contentedly agreed, and after a little artistic talk, left him, considerably the better for the total change in the current of her thoughts.

Perhaps in such a case as Laura's the best consolation and support is a love of art. The sense of a soul in things inanimate, the means of expressing one's heart in such a universal language as outlines, forms, and cunningly blended colors, these give moments of perfect deliverance to the "dull sullen prisoner in the body's cage," even if obliged to return anon to the dim shadows of his barred dungeon, the impeded movements of his fettered being, the hour of light and liberty will come again, a foretaste of the hereafter when "we shall know—even as we are known."

Before she slept that night Laura penned a reply to Winnie's letter; it was short yet it brought rest and comfort to the recipient:—

"My own dear Winnie—your letter was no surprise to me, I always anticipated your marriage with Reginald; your rejection of him would do me no good, and I beg you not to be miserable about me any more. I have told the Admiral everything, he will see you when you come to town, and desires me to say that though grieved and disappointed he is still your friend. Mrs. Crewe too is not implacable. I am glad all concealment is at an end; I long to see you, let me know directly you come, I can then learn everything.

"Dearest Winnie, I am always yours as in the old days, truly and lovingly,

"LAURA PIERS."

This dispatched, there was nothing left but to wait and endure Mrs. Crewe's explanations and sudden spasms of regret and despondency. The Admiral went on his way as

usual; if he wrote to Reginald he said nothing about it, and Laura was too glad to avoid the subject.

Meantime the necessary preliminaries for copying the picture agreed upon were arranged, and she set to work upon it with great interest.

The Admiral was somewhat exercised in his mind as to the prudence of letting her work in so public a place, and on one occasion accompanied her there to judge of her surroundings himself. When, however, he found several other young ladies similarly employed he was comforted, though he could not quite form a decided opinion as to the advisability of such a pursuit. Music he loved and appreciated, nay more, it was a means of worship; but painting, he was not so sure about that.

Meantime Mrs. Trent was true to her promise of trying to help her young relative, and procured her a pupil in the only son of a friend, a little crippled boy, too fragile to be sent to school; at the conclusion of the note in which she asked Laura to call upon the boy's mother, she wrote, "I have just heard the astounding news that Reginald Piers is to be married immediately and to Winnie Fielden! This explains much. I am infinitely vexed at the whole affair, and have evidently been mistaken in my estimate of Reggie's character."

On the whole Laura escaped much of Mrs. Crewe's irrepressible conjectures, exclamations, and mingled reproaches and consolations, by being much away from the house in the daytime, for other lessons offered, and she was most diligent in her copying. So the weary time of waiting wore away, and at last the expected letter from Winnie reached her. It was dated the evening but one before:—

"How can I ever thank you enough for the blest relief of your generous letter? We (Lady Jervois, Sybil, and I) start for London to-morrow morning; *pray* come and see me on Wednesday afternoon at the Langham, I shall be alone—and oh! how glad I shall be to see your face again. Ever your loving Winnie."

"Wednesday! why that is to-morrow," exclaimed Laura, her heart beating and her pulses throbbing.

The day was clear and bright, the streets and squares of the Westbourne district were alive with the indescribable movement of spring and "the season" as Laura sallied forth to make her way to the Langham.

She was too completely wrapped in her own anticipations, too deeply convinced of her own secure insignificance, to feel any nervousness in presenting herself at the grand portals of a fashionable hotel.

"Lady Jervois," said the porter in reply to her inquiries, turning to the list of rooms in his bureau. No. 278. "(Lift at end of right hand passage, get out at second story.)"

After a few giddy moments during which she almost prayed not to meet Reginald, Laura found herself tapping at a door. "Come in," said a voice, and she crossed the threshold of a large handsome room full of subdued sunshine, the venetians being lowered. Her first impression was of a general litter, as small parcels, books, mantles, a hat, and a long lace scarf lay scattered about; a delicious perfume of violets pervaded the atmosphere from a quantity of that flower which filled a large tazza; near one of the win-

dows, in the simple mourning dress which erst was her best, sat Winnie at a writing-table, and beside it, in her bonnet and cloak, stood Lady Jervois.

The moment Winnie caught a glimpse of her visitor she started up with a little cry, and rushed to throw her arms round Laura; she clung to her without speaking for a few seconds, covering her cheeks, her hair, the morsel of her throat left open, with kisses. "I knew you would come, dear, dear Laura; oh! how rejoiced I am to see you."

"Not more than I am to be with you!"

"I suppose you will allow Miss Piers to shake hands with me," said Lady Jervois, coming forward with a smile.

"Oh! yes, dear Laura, after yourself Lady Jervois is my kindest friend. I cannot tell you how good she has been to me."

"We have been some comfort to each other," returned Lady Jervois; "sit down Miss Piers. I am just going out for an afternoon of shopping, so you and Winifrid can have a long talk to yourselves. Make the most of it, for I do not fancy she will have many more spare moments for some time to come."

A few polite inquiries for the Admiral, a little hunting for her list of purchases, for her patterns, her purse, etc., and Lady Jervois departed.

As soon as the door was closed behind her Winnie drew near the sofa where Laura sat, and kneeling down beside her put her arms round her waist, and leaning her head against her bosom, wept for a moment or two very quietly while she trembled slightly all through her frame; "Oh Laura, Laura," she whispered, "you are looking so pale and your eyes are so sad! It breaks my heart to see you, and yet it is delightful to be near you! do you quite—quite forgive me?"

"With my whole heart," returned Laura, pressing her in her arms. "Indeed I have little to forgive, we have all of us been rather helpless and the sport of circumstance."

"I have so wanted to speak to you," resumed Winnie, still in a half whisper. "I cannot tell anyone else the sort of dread that mixes with my happiness, for you know in some ways I cannot help being happy."

"Of course not," said Laura kindly, "do you think I wish you to be otherwise?"

"No, I am sure you do not, but I seem heartless to myself; yet, when *he* is with me—Oh Laura, may I speak to you of Reginald, you will not mind?"

"Not the least, dear Winnie."

"Ah! I cannot speak without mentioning him, it is so strange how he seems in every thought—and just fills up my whole heart; do you know it frightens me!" said Winnie more calmly and rising to take a seat beside her cousin, whose hand she continued to hold, leaning her head lovingly on her shoulder; "when *he* is with me nothing is fearful or threatening, all is bright and delightful, but when I am alone I shrink from all this happiness has cost. I tremble at the idea of the shadow of disloyalty that hangs about my marriage. I fear, I do not know what."

"I cannot mention this," resumed Winnie after a pause "to Lady Jervois—it would seem a reflection on her brother. I cannot breathe it to Reginald, who is most sensitive to any allusion of the kind, and I cannot describe the nervous horror that oppresses me! Have I done very wrong in promising to marry Reginald—answer me truly, Laura?"

"Certainly not, dear," returned Laura, cheerfully; "because Reginald made a great mistake, it is not necessary that you should punish him and yourself. Your nerves are strained. Do not look back. You are pledged to Reginald; simply resolve to do your best for him honestly and lovingly, and leave the rest to God. Come, let us talk of something else. It does no good to dwell on nervous fan-

cies, and as to me, I have many sources of grave thought besides this change of my destiny. The Admiral's affairs, my own anxiety to collect a *clientèle*, all these things give me enough to think about. You will be delighted to hear how well I am getting on," and she plunged into a description of her small successes which had a dubious effect on her hearer, who listened with tearful eyes and quivering lips. At the end she exclaimed: "And while you are toiling I shall be enjoying all the luxury of wealth and—oh! how unjust it all seems."

"Now, tell me all about your plans," said Laura, disregarding this parenthesis; "I have heard but little as yet."

"They are simple enough," said Winifred, flushing all over, and evidently embarrassed. "You see, both Lady Jervois and Reginald think it better the marriage should take place at once. I have nowhere to go to, and to stay in the house with that horrid Sir Gilbert when he knows everything is quite impossible, and it would be equally impossible to go to Mrs. Crewe, you know that. I really have no refuge but Reginald"—her voice broke a little here—"I have no money, nothing, so it is decided that—that we are to be married at once, in about ten days."

"So soon!" cried Laura, startled. Then, after a moment's silence, she added: "I do not see that you can do otherwise. When you are his wife, dear Winnie, everything will arrange itself, and this painful nervous tension will relax; you will feel stronger and more settled. You, too, dear, look pale and worn, as if you were all eyes; do not be fearful and uneasy, dearest," she added, with the tender patience Winifrid knew so well in her old times of childish trouble,

"Ah! Laura, you are like a mother to me, though there is barely two years between us. How I wish I ever could return you the infinite good you have done me to-day," she exclaimed. "I want all my courage, too, for we dine with Mrs. Piers, and I cannot tell you how I dread it. I *know* she does not like me quite, and I cannot make out how Reginald contrived to win her consent, but she *has* consented. She was here this morning and took away Sybil (dear, sweet Sybil! I should like you to know her). She brought me that scarf as a wedding gift, but she was terribly cold and stiff."

"It is beautiful lace—Brussels lace, I think. I do not know much about it, but I love lace more, far more than jewels. It is like the embodiment of a delicate fancy."

"Yes, I like lace, too, but as to presents, Reginald gives me too many; only it is very trying about clothes and things. I am going to have just a wedding dress and a traveling dress. Lady Jervois is wonderfully kind, and helps me in every way, but it is very cruel not to be able to do anything for oneself. However, Reginald says we are to go to Paris, and, as I am to have the usual Pierslynn pin-money I can get all I want. Laura, I want you and Reginald to meet *once* as friends before"—she stopped abruptly.

"I would rather wait until he is really your husband," returned Laura, in a low tone. "The first meeting will be a little trying, no doubt, but that will soon pass over. Where is he now?"

"He went away to Pierslynn about a week ago, but he is to be in town to-day, in time for dinner at his mother's. He will be glad to hear that I have seen you; I know he often thinks of you, though I see he cannot bear to speak about you. Ah! dear Laura, we shall neither of us be quite happy until we see you married to some nice charming person who has taught you to wonder how you could ever have cared so much for Reginald."

Laura smiled. "It is hard to say what is in the future," she said, carelessly. "But, dear Winnie, time is passing, you will want to dress for dinner."

"Not yet, oh, not yet. It is not quite five, and I have

not said half what I wanted. Is the Admiral really coming to see me? What do you think he will say?"

"Everything that is kind."

"Was he not dreadfully cut up about you?"

"He said very little, Winnie dear; it would be kinder to let me forget myself."

"Yes, of course it would. I am so stupid. But you know how I love you! What ought I to do about Mrs. Crewe? She was always so good."

"Ask her to come and see you and any pretty things you may have, and give her a hug and a kiss."

"You are such a clever Laura! I have not many pretty things yet. Here," rising and going to the table where she had been sitting when Laura first came in. "Here is a gift I had this morning from a friend of Reggie's." She took up a heavy antique-looking gold cross encrusted with uncut gems of many hues. "Is it not a quaint old thing? This was sent to me by the Princess Moscynski. She seems a great ally of Reggie's, and says she is under some obligations to him. I am sure I do not know what. She writes prettily, does she not?" handing a pale gray note with a monogram in silver to Laura. "I wonder who this belonged to? Poniatowski, perhaps. Reginald says she will be of great use to me in Paris."

"Is she to meet you in Paris?"

"She generally lives there, I believe. We do not go direct to Paris. Reginald says he wants to have a peep at Normandy before the summer tide of cockney tourists sets in, so we are to spend a week or ten days among the old Norman towns and then go on to Paris; after that I do not know."

"Nor care, no doubt," said Laura with a smile as she glanced through the prettily worded rather Frenchified note which expressed the writer's wish to make her (Winnie's) acquaintance in flattering phrase, and implied that she (the writer) was in some way indebted to Reginald for some favor or courtesy; finally she begged Winnie's acceptance of the accompanying souvenir, which though possessing little beauty had the charm of association, as it once "adorned the noble form of one of Poland's worthiest sons."

"It is a charming note is it not?" said Winifrid, as Laura gave it back.

"It is," said Laura, thoughtfully. "Who is the Princess Moscynski?"

"I scarcely know, I believe she is half English, and the niece of one of Reginald's nearest neighbors, a Lord something. I believe they both were of the yachting party. It seems wonderful to be on easy terms with nobles and princesses, eh, Laura! after my quiet and obscure life."

"You will soon get used to them, they are but ladies and gentlemen after all; and now dear, dear Winnie, I must leave you; you must take time to dress. When shall I see you again?"

"Oh soon, soon, and yet, I do not know what engagements Lady Jervois may have made for me. I will send you a little note to-morrow, and the Admiral—ought I not go to see him? only it would be dreadful to go to that house again. Oh! tell him to make his own appointment and I will be at home. I wish you would come with him, dearest, I am rather afraid of seeing him."

"You need not be! I will come with him if he will let me, but I rather think he wants to see you alone."

"Well, just wait for five minutes longer, Laura; does it not seem almost impossible that a year ago we were all together in dear, dreamy Dresden, and hardly remembered that Reginald was in existence? How much has happened since!"

"How much, indeed! But you must not keep me any longer, Winnie, it is getting late, and I do not care to be here when Lady Jervois comes back."

"I suppose I must let you go. Oh, I have still a thousand

things to say, but you, you will come again. I will write to you to-night; good-bye dear, darling Laura! you do not know what a relief and delight your visit has been."

A loving embrace, a few words explaining her own engagements for the current week, and Laura was gone.—Winnie looked after her for a moment, then sitting down rested her elbows on the table and covering her face with her hands wept silently for a few minutes, then she put her writing things and the various objects scattered about into some degree of order, and with a brighter expression in her countenance went to her own room to make the best toilet her means permitted; the idea that in another hour, or hour and a half, she would see Reggie face to face and hear his voice, gradually absorbing her to the exclusion of all others.

Meantime Laura walked quietly away westward. It was difficult to find a place in the omnibuses at that hour, and she was glad to have an opportunity to marshal her thoughts and examine her impressions, before encountering the raking fire of Mrs. Crewe's queries.

On the whole she was well satisfied. Winifrid was quite her own true self, as natural, as loving as ever; surely the friendship of two women never stood a severer test. This interview had done much to soothe the sore, bruised feeling of Laura's heart, though she was much too human not to contrast her own lot with that of the fair girl she had just left. Work and loneliness were to be her portion. The work she was quite willing to accept, but the loneliness was hard. As to Winnie, she felt convinced that there could be little or no communication or intimacy between them in future. Laura felt that Reginald would be, whether intentionally or not, an insurmountable obstacle to the full freedom of friendship. However she herself might forgive him, she could never forgive her, for being injured and forsaken. The presence of a living reproach is intolerable. "I had better give her up with a good grace, than wear out our mutual affection by everlasting efforts to keep the old links from snapping, or wearing through. The less I see or think of either the better for my peace and strength. Not yet a year, she said, since we had but one heart, one home, and now how far apart we shall drift—we are already drifting. Dear Winnie, surely he will always be good and true to her? It would break her heart if he were not. Why should I doubt him? He was not false to me, he simply never loved me, I see that plainly enough now. Why, why did he ever seek me? I could not have supposed that Reginald would have mistaken friendship for love."

The time of Winnie's stay in London was one of great excitement and mental strain to Laura. The longing to be with her cousin and of use to her, the distress she felt at the circumstances under which her hasty sombre wedding was to take place, the irresistible disappointment as the days slipped past and she could see so little of her, all pressed heavily even on her rare self control; only once more did she see her dear playfellow as Winifrid Fielden, when she startled Mrs. Crewe and Laura by a sudden, most unexpected, and cruelly short visit, just as Mrs. Crewe was declaring that although it was against her principles to make any advance to a person who, whatever might be the true state of the case, had acted the part Winnie apparently had, yet out of consideration for her dear Laura she would not mind accompanying her that afternoon to call on the bride elect.

This visit was in truth a bitter disappointment to the excellent widow. She was burning to see the fine things, which as she argued, a bride elect *must* have. She was thirsting for a chance to encounter Reginald. She was eager to renew her acquaintance with Lady Jervois, and even longing to inspect their apartments at the Langham.

Winifrid's visit of course quenched all the possible light in which Mrs. Crewe had hoped to revel.

Laura was infinitely surprised, having a keen recollection of Winnie's vividly expressed horror of visiting the house again, and she shrewdly suspected that there was some good reason for the change.

She could see that her cousin was terribly nervous, and even longing to get the visit over.

She embraced Mrs. Crewe, exclaiming, "I do not think you wanted to come to me, so I came to you, I could not leave without seeing *you*, who made me so happy, when I was a miserable stranger, in this great awful London."

"I am sure I am delighted to see you, dear Winnie, though I cannot deny that I have been dreadfully cut up about everything, but I do not wish to make any allusions—tell me! are you nearly ready? It seems such a hurried affair. Do you really think your wedding can take place on Wednesday next?"

"No, I fancy it will be Thursday."

"And have you a cake and all the usual etceteras?" and Mrs. Crewe proceeded to show her own intimate knowledge of all the rites and ceremonies of a fashionable wedding, till the tears rose to Winnie's eyes, and Laura came to the rescue. "I am so sorry the Admiral is not at home," she said. "He would have liked to see you."

"He has been with me this morning," returned Winnie with a little quiver in her voice, "and bid me good-bye and blessed me! I wished so much to have asked him for Thursday, but they thought it better taste not to do so. I know he and—Mr. Piers have had some correspondence, but we do not mention him now."

"I am sorry for that, and sorry for the necessity," observed Mrs. Crewe, severely.

"Ah! so am I," cried poor Winifrid, almost breaking down. "How ill he looks! his dear beautiful eyes are large and more far-away looking than ever! and when I asked if Herbert might not come to us for two days, that I might have some one of my own near me, he said, 'I do not presume to exercise any more authority over a lad whom I cannot help; write to the head-master, he will no doubt let him come,' so I did."

"Would you like to see the Admiral's rooms?" asked Mrs. Crewe, "you cannot think how nicely we have arranged them," and Winnie was paraded through the sitting-room and bed-room, admiring with all her might.

Then she inquired kindly for Denzil, and spoke with Collins, for whom she had a little present; she even took up Topsy in her arms, so with scarce suppressed tears, and with a sort of nervous haste, Winnie bade them farewell.

Mrs. Crewe, under the influence of contending feelings, sat down and wept.

"There is something heartrending about the whole thing," she said. "No one can help loving her, and I am sure she never *did* intend to do you harm, but as to him! I have no patience with him. I did think he was a good young man like my Denzil, but I declare they are all alike except the Admiral and my boy! Nasty selfish, heartless lot! Never thinking of anything but their own whims and fancies, and cowardly into the bargain! Would that young Piers come here like a man or at any rate one's idea of a man, and say 'Laura! I am ashamed of myself, I know I have behaved like a blackguard! but forgive me, and let us be friends and accept a sister's portion out of my estate?' Not he! he just sneaks away out of sight, to escape the disagreeables he deserves. No! Laura, don't interrupt me, don't try to stand up for him, he does not deserve it, from you of all people."

"No, dear Mrs. Crewe," said Laura with an irresistible smile. "I know it would be useless; for myself, I am very thankful he does not come to make his apologies in person.

When he returns after some months, a married man, we shall meet comfortably and easily."

"Well, well, you are quite beyond my comprehension," returned Mrs. Crewe, with an air of irritation. "I suppose it is philosophy; but to me it looks like want of feeling."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

So Winifrid Fielden was transformed into Mrs. Piers. She seemed to pass out of Laura's life for the present; an occasional letter told of the places she visited, the people she met, but they were few and far between, and had a vague tone of constraint that Laura felt more than perceived. Now and then there was a hasty postscript, full of tender words, evidently dictated by the old loving spirit which was suppressed but not extinguished.

The routine of existence arranged itself in Leamington Road easily and tranquilly if a little monotonously—flowing with a slow current in the channels created by the tastes and avocations of Mrs. Crewe's inmates.

The Admiral joined himself to a Christian charity organization connected with the chapel where he worshiped, and became a scripture reader in a remote and demoralized quarter. The result of this occupation was want of punctuality at meal times (which caused Mrs. Crewe infinite uneasiness) and a decided reluctance on the part of the good old man to replace any article of his toilet. This also was a source of much animadversion to his grateful protégés. "Look here, Laura," Mrs. Crewe would say, "here is the Admiral sending *another* pair of boots to be mended, and it is the second time they have been soled. He gave them to Collins to see to—a pretty state she would bring them back in; she has not an ounce of sense. I shall just take them to the man myself and give him proper directions; give me the string basket, like a good girl, and that old 'Daily Telegraph.' I'll do them up. The amount of shoe-leather that dear good man wears out tramping after those vagabonds about the docks, that would cheat him of his last shilling to spend in the gin-shop! It is too bad to think of it, and he will never do them a bit of good—it is police, not preaching they want," or—"Laura, did you notice the back of the Admiral's morning coat; no? It is shiny enough to see your face in. I ventured to remark that, perhaps, as he did not notice such things, it was right to say his coat was a little gone off. He did not quite take it in at first, but when he did he smiled so gently and said—'I must not indulge in vanities now, my dear Mrs. Crewe;' and, Laura!" impressively, "it is my conviction that he has given away his other morning coat. I saw him last Wednesday sneaking out of the garden gate—really, even for that angel of a man, I can use no other word—he seemed to go out so quickly and carefully, with a big brown paper parcel under his arm; I looked in his wardrobe since (I make it a rule to look in occasionally) and I certainly missed a coat, and I *think* a pair of trousers. *That* has gone too, very likely, to some shabby genteel impostor who has learned a couple of verses out of the Bible, and ought to be on the treadmill. If he would only trust them to *me* I could get him nearly half price for left-off cloth clothes (I declare, even in old clothes the men have the best of it), and he throws them away on creatures that nothing will reclaim."

"Who knows what spark of goodness, not yet quite extinct, may be fostered into warmth and life by a little kindly help—I am sure if any one would turn *me* from the error of my ways—it would be the Admiral," said Laura.

"*You*, my dear, you are very different. It is so difficult to deal with common people, they have quite a different nature from ours."

"Do you really think so?" said Laura, "I doubt it."

"I am sure, Laura, you are quite a radical; you ought not to allow yourself to be run away with by such ideas."

"Why the Admiral is a sort of radical," returned Laura, smiling.

"Ah, yes, a religious radical; of course all men are spiritually equal, but in real life the lower orders ought to be kept in their places."

The distinction was rather too subtle for Laura's preception.

To her great satisfaction she found her days more and more filled with work. Her copy was approved of and fairly paid for—moreover it led to further orders, as it was discovered that she had a happy knack of catching the tone of the originals she copied, and during the season additional pupils offered; so that before the short days came round again she found she could supply all her small personal needs, and hoped that soon she would be quite self-supporting.

This anticipation roused in her the nearest approach to pleasure she had felt for many months. Time and plenty of congenial occupation were, however, doing their work of healing. The keen—nearly insupportable pain of a wounded heart, the sense of aching desolation, was soothed and by insensible degrees lifted from her; still her spirit was clouded by a vague feeling that life was all a colorless dead-level, though, when absorbed in her painting, or feeling that her poor little crippled pupil was acquiring a new source of pleasure in the training she was able to bestow, rifts in the dull gray atmosphere that shut out the sunshine from her soul, showed glimpses of the blue sky, the pleasant lights which are always there, although the drifting mist and cloud that passion and grief and wrong send up from their seething turmoil so often hide them from suffering humanity.

So spring tints and airs deepened and warmed into summer glow and heat, and autumn followed with its gracious wealth of sober beauty.

Still Mr. and Mrs. Piers lingered abroad—amid the Swiss mountains, the lovely Italian lakes, the historical cities of northern Italy, although the 12th of September had come and gone, and the Pierslynn woods had donned the russet hues of early winter.

Winnie's letters, which grew fewer and further between, mentioned that her husband had been very ill at Florence with a sharp attack of fever, which had weakened him a good deal and would necessarily delay their return, but that she longed for home. "I shall let you know when we are likely to be in London: for I suppose we shall only pass through," she wrote. "Though I am a bad correspondent, dear Laura, I *do* long to see you."

Nothing then occurred to break the quiet routine of these months. Mrs. Crewe had not many letters from her son, the last, dated "Yokohama," nearly three months before its receipt, gave a good account of himself and his doings. He said he feared he would be yet another Christmas in strange latitudes, as an opportunity, very advantageous to himself and his employers, had offered, for a voyage to Sydney, and he was to weigh anchor for that port in about a month.

November dark and drear was nearly ended, when one afternoon Laura came suddenly into Mrs. Crewe's room, where that lady was busily engaged arranging her famous box of lace, &c. "Dear Mrs. Crewe, here is a letter from Winnie," holding it up. "They are in Paris; they will be travelling to-morrow, they will be in London to-morrow night, at Claridge's, and dear Winnie wants me to go and see her the day after, see her at any hour—as she has a bad cold and does not intend to leave the house; they go down to Pierslynn on Saturday. Oh! dear Mrs. Crewe, think of seeing Winnie so soon."

"The day after to-morrow?" echoed Mrs. Crewe, "well it is rather sudden; 'I wonder if you will see *him*;' she does not express any wish to see me. Ah! she knows my disapprobation of the whole affair."

"She desires her love to you, and hopes you are quite well."

"Um! she cares a great deal about it: I must say, Laura, I think you have shown decided want of spirit all through; of course my ideas are old-fashioned, &c. &c."

The prospect of this near meeting kept Laura wakeful the greater part of the night, and not a little nervous the following day, though she went carefully through the duties which occupied it. Next morning she was feverishly eager to keep her appointment. Mrs. Crewe was quite vexed that she ate so little dinner. "You will be quite faint," she said, "and I suppose, being at a hotel, Mrs. Piers will hardly offer you afternoon tea, which under any circumstance is an extravagant habit."

"Oh! you do not know how strong I am," returned Laura, as she left the house.

Mrs. Crewe looked after her gravely and shook her head, more in sorrow than in anger. "She must be strong indeed, mustn't she, my precious puss," said she to that sagacious animal, who had walked solemnly to the front door, her tail erect, and sat down upon the threshold as if contemplating the world in general. "Will you go out or come in, Topsy? I cannot stay here all day." Topsy, after a moment's reflection, elected to come in, and with slow and dignified steps ascended the stairs to the Admiral's quarters, where after a few sharp imperative "mews" she was admitted.

Laura on reaching the hotel was at once admitted. She found Winifrid in a handsome, well-warmed room, somewhat dark indeed, but well, even luxuriously, furnished. She was lying on a sofa, an Indian shawl spread over her feet, and a yellow backed French novel in her hand.

"Ah, dearest, dear Laura! I have been expecting you these two hours," she cried springing up and throwing her arms round her, "I am afraid they will be back before we have had half our talk; come near the fire, take off your hat and jacket. Oh! how delightful it is to see you again! and even through the darkness of this horrid place I see you are looking so much better than when we met last spring."

Laura gazed earnestly at her without speaking, trying to trace in what consisted the indefinable sort of change which had passed over her.

She was pale and thin, and her eyes looked larger than ever, but her traveling dress of dark cloth fitting to perfection, her heavy gold sleeve-links and brooch, the costly rings that sparkled on her slender fingers, the exquisite little bronze shoe with its gold buckle that peeped out from beneath the folds of her skirt, all suited her refined style of beauty admirably, and to Laura's keen observation, seemed to mark with startling distinctness the contrast between the past of self-denial—of poverty—the bitter poverty that struggles hard to keep hold still of some little nicety and refinement, and the present of love and luxury and beauty. There was a languid grace about her gestures very unusual in her, which yet seemed perfectly natural, while it appeared quite proper to her state and standing.

These thoughts passed through Laura's brain while she returned her cousin's embrace and exchanged the first hurried loving questions and answers. Then came the pause that so often comes when hearts are too full, and they sat down by the fire in silence.

"I have such quantities to say and to ask that I do not know where to begin," cried Winifrid, at last. "First, tell me dear, are you—are you better? Happier? You know what I mean. Oh! how often have I thought of you, and wished I could look in upon you, into your heart. Indeed, even when happiest—and oh, I have been *so* happy; too happy sometimes—the thought of you would come across me with such a pang."

"I am sorry I presented myself so unpleasantly," returned



Laura, with a smile. "Make your mind easy. I am well—I am succeeding, and, I can truly say, content; everything might have been infinitely worse for me."

"If I could believe you *really* thought so," said Winifrid, wistfully. "There is no use, at any rate, in looking back, at least in some directions. And the dear Admiral, how is he? How does he bear being cooped up in that miserable Leamington Road house after his previous life?"

"Miserable Leamington Road house!" repeated Laura, laughing. "I wish Mrs. Crewe heard you—or, rather, I should be very sorry. Ah! Winnie, what a haven it was to us, and how thankful you were to get back to it from Liverpool."

"I was, indeed, and I *am* grateful to Mrs. Crewe; but, Laura dear, I have had some very wretched hours there, I do not think you can know how wretched."

"The Admiral does not seem changed in any way," replied Laura. "At first he was greatly cast down because he had less to give, but he has quite fitted into his present life. We are all quite comfortable."

"Yes, we were once very happy together, but do you know I am rather ashamed to say I have grown to think many things quite necessary that I never dreamt of possessing."

"How do you mean?" asked Laura, looking affectionately at her friend, who had taken her hand and was caressing it.

"Oh! I mean that I feel it would be intolerable to turn and mend my dresses, and rush about looking for a needle and silk to sew up a hole in my glove before I could go out. Do not imagine I am so commonplace as to be ashamed of these things, or that I am fine; I am simply growing lazy and luxurious. Having enough money was so wonderful at first, but now—if I had five times as large an allowance, I could spend it."

"Beware of extravagance," said Laura, laughing.

"Oh! I shall never get into debt; but beautiful things are so delightful, and I have brought some for you that I think you will like." She rose and touched the bell, thereby evoking a prompt waiter. "Tell Rosalie, my maid, I want her."

Again Laura looked at her and smiled. "Yes," said Winnie, laughing. "Is it not wonderful to hear me ordering my maid to come? I was half afraid of her at first. She is such an elegant young person, as you will see; but she is a good milliner and hair-dresser. She really *has* taste. Mme. Moscyński found her for me. Mme. Moscyński always seems to know where to find what one wants. Oh, Rosalie!"—as a very tastefully dressed, piquant little personage, clad in black silk with extreme neatness, came into the room—"bring me the box and two parcels addressed to Miss Piers." She spoke in French. "I am always trying to improve my French. You know we quite neglected it for German. And Reginald is so anxious I should speak it well. Mme. Moscyński says it is the language of civilization *par excellence*."

"Not now, I think," said Laura. "But how is Reggie? You have not yet told me."

"Ah!" returned his young wife, with a slight sigh, "I am not quite satisfied about him. I do not think he has been so bright or so strong since that attack in Florence." Here Rosalie returned with the packages, and laid them on the table. "Tell them to bring lights," said her mistress, and then went on: "He was so suddenly seized. We had just arrived from Pontresina, and he went to the post to look for letters. When he came back he brought one from you, and soon after he asked to read it. Then he said he felt a terrible headache and thirst, and got so feverish, could not sleep, could not eat, and would not see a doctor. I was very uneasy. He took quantities of lemonade, and after a while grew better, and we went on to Venice. But I do so wish he would consult Gull, or Russell Reynolds, or some great doctor. If you see him try and persuade him to do it."

"If you fail I am not likely to succeed."

"Oh, I do not know," returned Winnie, who was busy opening her parcels. "You need not wait, Rosalie."

A few minutes' silence, and then Winifrid displayed a couple of jewel-cases. "Here, dearest Laura, this is what I chose for you," and she displayed a locket, bracelet, and solitaires of exquisitely carved onyx set in dull gold, solid, and classic looking. "These are Roman, they tell me. I thought them just your style, and," touching a spring, "you see I have put myself inside, and I know you will value the likeness far beyond its worth. Then, dearest Laura, this ring" (a charming antique enameled head, set with diamond sparks) "to replace your gift. See," moving the rings on the third finger of her left hand, and showing Laura's simple little present, which was hidden by its splendid neighbors, "it has never left my hand since. I always feel there is something good and real near me when I have that on."

"But Winnie, dear, this is too costly for me. The least little bit of a token would suffice; this must have cost a small fortune. It is not for that I shall prize it, however. But what does Reginald say to your spending so much?" exclaimed Laura, greatly gratified by her cousin's thought for her.

"Reggie? Oh, he thinks me very prudent and moderate. Here, these are Florentine mosaics, they are for Mrs. Crewe, and there is a wee note inside the case."

"They are very handsome. How enchanted she will be!"

"Now, I was so puzzled about the Admiral. I could not pass him over, though," and her eyes filled with tears. "He has never written—never answered my letter. Do you think I may venture to send him this for a paper-knife?" and she offered to Laura's inspection a mediæval dagger, with a most delicately and elaborately chiseled handle.

"I am sure he will be pleased," said Laura.

"Be sure you write and tell me how he takes it. Can you put these things in your pocket? If not—I have several photographs of different places for you—but they are very large; I am going to send them to-morrow by a commissionaire, and these can go too."

"Dear Winifrid, you seem to have thought of me continually."

"Ah, Laura! I wish I could get you out of my head," she returned, and then stood still and silent for an instant. Then resuming her seat by the fire, she continued: "I see you think I am scarcely prudent enough. Ah, Laura, you and I had not the faintest notion what the life of such people as I have met lately costs! Princess Moscyński, for instance; *she* is extravagant I grant. She perfectly frightened me when we first went to Paris. I wanted everything, you know, and Reginald begged her to assist me. She was very kind and pleasant I must say. She has exquisite taste; but as to caring what things cost! you might imagine silks and satins, and velvet and jewels grew on bushes, and could be had for the plucking, the way she chose and ordered. I was quite miserable at the idea of using such a quantity of Reggie's money; but he was pleased, and I gradually came to think the prices not so tremendous, though I did stand out about many things. As to my little presents, I would *not* let her interfere in spite of her superior taste. I wanted to get your *cadeaux* my own self, and did not even let her see it. That was my whim, you know. She is really a delightful person—so clever, quite a patriot and politician. I should like to hear what *you* would think of her; but I am so glad she has not come in yet."

"Is Madame Moscyński traveling with you?"

"Not exactly; she had to come to London on business, and we came so far together. She is in this hotel, but she goes to Lord Dereham's in a week or ten days, and I think will spend Christmas with us."

"It will be a little difficult for you at first—a great household like Pierslynn!"

"Reginald says I need not trouble myself about anything. The housekeeper and butler arrange all details; if I want any change, or anything new, I shall only have to say so."

There was a somewhat prolonged pause. Winifrid sat gazing into the fire, her hands clasped around one knee. While Laura could not resist the thought, "and all this might have been mine." It was not the luxurious surroundings, the costly beauty and refinement of Winnie's life that roused this ground-swell of, not envy, but saddened resignation, at the idea of the tender, considerate affection, of the boundless generosity, which is one of true love's characteristics. These are the jewels that form a woman's most precious possession. Yet, suppose she had not overheard that irrepressible burst of passion which changed the face of all creation to her, might not her sufferings have been infinitely greater as Reggie's wife than as his deserted *fiancée*?

While she reasoned thus with herself, the door opened quietly, and a lady entered with a smooth gliding step.

Winifrid started up, and exclaimed, "Ah! you are later than I expected. I was afraid I should not have an opportunity of introducing my cousin to you; Miss Piers, Madame La Princesse Moscynski."

Madame Moscynski made the faintest possible little courtsey, as she passed to a seat, smiling as she did so.

"I have heard much of Miss Piers," she said.

Laura looked at her with deep interest, interest that in some unaccountable way was almost painful.

The Princess was not so tall as either herself or Winnie, but had a stately carriage that conveyed the idea of height. She was covered completely by a circular cloak of sealskin with a deep border of darkest sable, but even this did not quite conceal the shape of her graceful shoulders. A cap of the same materials as her cloak surmounted a delicate face, fair indeed, but of a fairness that looked like the result of bleaching in hot rooms and midnight gatherings; her mouth, small, and very sweet when she smiled, was somewhat thin-lipped and closed firmly, and the eyes she raised as if it were an effort to Laura's were light blue, but darkened by lashes of a hue not often seen with a complexion like hers, and eyebrows also nearly black. Between her low, broad forehead and the edge of her cap a tangle of tiny pale gold curls peeped out, contrasting with the deep tawny, black brown fur, and from her ears hung large gypsy-like half-moons of garnet.

"Your room is warm, *Chérie*," she continued. "Indeed, there is no honest cold in England! To-day, there is a chill clinging damp that strikes to one's chest, and yet my cloak oppresses me;" she unhooked the massive silver aigrette which fastened it, as she spoke, and laid it on the sofa. Laura's artistic eye was charmed with her costume of brown velvet, draped and festooned with wonderful skill, and buttoned from throat to instep with heavy old-fashioned gold buttons.

"Yes! it seems wretchedly damp," returned Winifrid. "I could not bring myself to stir out."

Madame Moscynski made no reply, but, approaching the fire, took up a newspaper to screen her face, while she put one little foot, marvelously well shod, on the fender, and then, turning towards Laura, looked at her with a steady gaze of deliberate examination—a gaze which roused a sudden feeling of proud resentment in Laura's generally quiet spirit. Under its influence she returned Madame Moscynski's glance full and unflinchingly, till the fair Pole, from some occult influence, found it more agreeable to turn her eyes on Winifrid, who leant back in her chair, watching both with a half-amused smile.

"I hope I am all your fancy painted me, Miss Piers," said

Madame Moscynski, with an arch smile. "I see you like to observe closely."

"My fancy never depicted you in any way," returned Laura. "You have the advantage of making a perfectly fresh first impression."

"Ah! if an advantage, the impression must be good! *tant mieux*," rejoined Madame Moscynski, carelessly but not uncivilly. "And how is your cold, dear Mrs. Piers? I hope you are less *triste* than you were this morning;" so saying, she drew a chair to the fire and sat down, took off her gloves, and arranged her paper. "Have you had tea? No. It would do you good; let me ring for some. Mr. Piers left me at Howell and James's, and told me to tell you he would dine at the club, but Mrs. Piers, *La belle Mère* is coming to keep you company. I am unfortunately obliged to go to Lady Merton's to meet some compatriots who are passing through London whom I must not miss, or I would stay with you myself."

"Thank you very much," returned Winnie, whose color rose. "Of course I shall be very pleased to see my mother-in-law! Oh! Laura, I wish *you* could have stayed with me."

"But they expect me at home, you know I could not stay," said Laura, a little uneasily.

"And I only care for a *tête-à-tête* with you, three is a detestable number."

"I suppose you have had a long review of your mutual experiences since you parted," said Madame Moscynski, as if obliged to say something, while her eyes were occupied in scanning the columns of the paper she held.

"Is Topsy still alive and flourishing?" asked Winifrid, without heeding this remark.

"She is remarkably well," replied Laura; "and shows a greater preference for the Admiral than any one else, not even excepting Mrs. Crewe."

"That is ungrateful—Mrs. Crewe is so very fond of her;" an odd constraint seemed to have fallen on them since the entrance of Madame Moscynski, and made conversation nearly impossible; tea was hailed as a relief. Madame Moscynski had a small table brought to her side, her tea, with some thin brown bread and butter, placed thereon. She banished the milk-jug and demanded cream, all very gently and softly, but with an air of unhesitating command; she said little, however, until her second cup was steaming beside her, then she dismissed the waiter, and, after looking at the fire awhile, said in a low thoughtful tone, "You are an artist, Miss Piers! I should much like to see some of your work, for though I do little myself, I have seen much of art; I shall be in town for ten days, pray bring me some of your smaller sketches or designs, or, in short, anything portable, to look at!"

There was an implied superiority in this request, to which Laura was determined not to yield, and she was about to say her time was too much occupied, when Winifrid broke in laughing—with a little tinge of scorn in the laugh—"Charles V. picked up Titian's pencil. Why cannot Princess Moscynski visit the atelier of Laura Piers?"

"Certainly," said Madame Moscynski, quite unmoved. "I spoke without thought. May I come and see your work, Miss Piers?"

"If you think it worth the trouble. Thursdays and Tuesdays I am at home between twelve and one; it is early, but there is scarce any light later."

"Exactly," returned Madame Moscynski. "I shall have the pleasure of calling on you next week. I hope not to be detained longer than ten days in this dull town," smiling. "I love London at certain seasons; nowhere else has one so much liberty—but in December!"—a slight, expressive shrug of her shoulders completed the phrase.

Laura observed that when Mrs. Piers had with some sharpness uttered her last sentence, Madame Moscynski slowly

lifted her eyes with a look of sleepy surprise, and that they seemed darker than she at first thought them. A rather halting, desultory conversation ensued; something was said of music, and Winifrid remarked that Madame Moscynski's Polish melodies and ballads had been a new and delightful musical experience; a little talk of Italy, a wish expressed on Winnie's part that Laura would spend Christmas with them—a prompt excuse—and then Laura rose to take leave. "But how are you going back?" cried Winifrid. "It is a dark night, and you must not hunt about for a *fiacre* all alone! I will order one of the hotel carriages." She rang the bell as she spoke.

"Do not trouble about me," said Laura smiling. "I am not accustomed to be taken care of; it is quite unnecessary."

"It is amazing, the freedom permitted to young English women. I do not think it would answer in any other nation," observed Madame Moscynski.

"Then I am below or above the ordinary young lady of distinction, you know," returned Laura. "I dare not call myself an artist; I am a worker." While they spoke the waiter came and received Mrs. Piers's orders.

"You are a dear darling!" she exclaimed, a little irreverently. "Come into my room and put on your bonnet while they bring round the carriage."

Madame Moscynski made her *adieux* with smiling civility, and Laura followed her cousin.

"I can't say a word to you while she is there," said Winnie; rather petulantly. "What do you think of her? She is rather charming."

"Very. A remarkable woman. If I knew her I might like her very much. At present I scarcely can understand what impression she has made upon me."

"You were always a dear, cautious thing. I am very fond of the Princess myself; she has been so kind, and so useful, but I do not want her in the way when *you* are here. Laura, I am half afraid of my *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Piers to-day. But surely she will like me for Reggie's sake!"

"And your own, dear Winnie!"

"*Dieu sait!* Well, Laura, you *will* come and pay me a visit in my new home. Oh, I shall want you so much!"

"Yes, Winnie, I will," replied Laura, earnestly. "Some time when you are quiet and alone."

"The carriage waits," said Mademoiselle Rosalie, tapping at the door.

"I must let you go, then. Have you all your things quite safe? What message for Reggie? Oh! Your best regards! Ah! Laura, dear, your *love*, as in our old happy days! I know he thinks so much of you!"

"My warmest good wishes, at any rate. And now, good-night. God be with you, Winnie!"

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

THIS interview gave Laura abundant food for thought. Her first and clearest impression was that at any rate, amongst the ruin of her old life and later hopes, Winnie's true affection and entire sympathy remained unshaken.

That such steadfast feeling is rare between women, indeed between men or women, must be admitted. Certain qualities are essential to produce it; on one side at least there must exist what may be termed the judicial faculty, the power and inclination to judge events, apart from their bearing upon self; on the other, the generous imaginative warmth that glories in a friend's superiority, and can acknowledge it without a tinge of envy. It is curious that so little enthusiasm is ever stirred by descriptions of friendship, whereas this order of affection is the real salt of human life. In it there are no heart-burnings or jealousies, or darkening of the understanding by the fumes of passion, or the mists of despondency;

calm, clear, and harmonious, it strengthens, elevates, and satisfies. It gives cheerfulness and beauty to the most rugged and monotonous career; while the want of it is desolation. Rank, riches, power, distinction, all may be his who is yet poverty stricken if he can never command an hour of pure unrestrained commune with some true friend whose sympathy and comprehension is thorough and complete.

Of course, the coming and going of such a remarkable couple as Mr. and Mrs. Piers of Pierslynn was the source of much conjecture and animadversion to Mrs. Crewe. She thought it somewhat negligent of dear Winnie—she meant Mrs. Reginald Piers—not to make a longer stay in town, and call upon Admiral Desbarres. She said nothing of herself, though many might think she *too* deserved that attention. The gift sent her by Winnie did much to smooth matters. Exceedingly generous herself, Mrs. Crewe had a large appetite for presents, from a penny pincushion to a diamond pin—everything in the shape of an offering delighted her. It really seemed that the fact of being remembered and thought about was the secret of her satisfaction, for she did not disdain to accept with grace and dignity an ounce of "bull's eyes" from Collins, who occasionally ventured to add them to the morning's marketing, and pay for them with her mistress's money.

But the Admiral made scarce any sign. Laura was greatly distressed by his persistent silence on the subject of Winnie, and all that led up to her. It was the expression of displeasure and disappointment too deep for words. Laura had often tried to break through the barrier of reserve within which the Admiral entrenched himself, but of late had given up the attempt, and so things returned to their old routine as though no exciting glimpse of Winnie had been vouchsafed.

The promised visit of Madame Moscynski was the source of much troublesome anticipation to Mrs. Crewe. "Did she not fix a day? Well, then, what day did Laura *think* she would come? It would be nice to know, for really, in spite of all remonstrances, Collins never is fit to be seen before one o'clock; and I confess that for *your* and Winnie's sake I should like to have my lilac cap on, and my silk dress. A first impression is of great importance, and I should not like this French woman" (all foreigners were French to Mrs. Crewe) "to tell the county, when she goes down to Saltshire, that Mrs. Piers had lived with a dowdy."

A week and more, however, passed, and no Madame Moscynski made her appearance. "Is she really a princess, my dear?" Mrs. Crewe would ask, as serious doubts suggested themselves in consequence of the distinguished visitor's non-appearance.

"I am sure I do not know, Mrs. Crewe. Winnie always calls her the princess."

"Well, she ought to know," returned Mrs. Crewe with some awe. She was much too insular not to associate princes and princesses with royalty.

It so happened that "Madame la Princesse" either forgot or disregarded Laura's instructions respecting the hours at which she was at home, and early one afternoon, just after Laura had set out to her drawing class, a neat hired brougham stopped at 13 Leamington Road, to the dismay of Mrs. Crewe, who, secure in the conviction that the appointed hour was past, had gone up stairs, and absolutely taken off her cap, and was in the act of unfastening her famous silk dress. "Good gracious! it must be the Princess. And Laura out! I declare it is too bad. I wonder if she will come in."

The doubt was almost immediately solved.

A tap at the door, and enter Collins with a large card, on which Mrs. Crewe gazed with admiration.

It was surmounted by a queer-looking coronet, and bore the inscription, "Princess Moscynski,

"née Comtesse Rakoffski."

"The lady asked for Miss Piers, 'm, and then if she could see you."

For half a second Mrs. Crewe paused speechless with indignation. "Look there," she said at length, offering the card to her inspection. "If you can read, see the rank of the visitor whom you have admitted, without a cap!"

This rather enigmatical sentence seemed quite clear to Collins, who, perhaps enlightened by conscience, instantly clapped her hand to her head. "Law mum, I quite forgot! I'll go and put it on immediate."

"Too late, Collins!" exclaimed Mrs. Crewe, tragically, as she readjusted her own dress, and resumed her head gear.

"Where did you put her?"

"In the drawing-room, mum."

"I trust the fire is good?"

"Pretty fair, 'm."

"Then, Collins, get some tea ready, *at once*." Hastily adding her newly acquired brooch and earrings to her costume, Mrs. Crewe deluged her handkerchief with "eau de Cologne," and descended.

In that shrine of refined gentility, the drawing-room, Mrs. Crewe found a lady who was contemplating a photograph with fixed attention. It was a likeness of Reginald Piers.

A long black velvet jacket with a deep border of silver fox fur, a muff of the same, a toque of crimson plush adorned with an owl's head, a scarf of old Mechlin tied loosely round her throat, were items of a toilet which fascinated Mrs. Crewe at first sight, and kept her silent for an instant with sincere admiration. Moreover, she felt in some difficulty as to how she ought to address a princess; ought she to say "your highness" or "your serene highness," or "your grace?" She wished she had asked Laura about it.

Meantime Madame Moscynski turned at the sound of the opening door, and advanced a step towards it, her eyes fixed gravely on Mrs. Crewe. "I beg you will excuse me for troubling you," she said in a peculiarly clear, carefully modulated voice, and with a slight courteous inclination. "But, as I have been prevented from calling before, and am obliged to leave town sooner than I expected, I thought perhaps you would be so very good as to let me see some of Miss Piers' paintings, although she is not herself at home."

The extreme quiet of Madame Moscynski's manner completed the impression she had created. A tinge of that inscrutability which belongs to English high breeding, blended with something of Continental grace, and it was with a slight diminution of her usual self-possession that Mrs. Crewe replied, "Certainly, of course, I shall be most happy; only it is such a pity dear Laura is out, she will be so sorry. Will you not sit down—a—Madame——"

This title was a happy compromise, Mrs. Crewe thought. It was respectful enough for any rank. The Queen was addressed as Madame, and there was a foreign sound about it into the bargain.

"Thank you. I presume I speak to Mrs. Crewe?" Mrs. Crewe bowed. Madame Moscynski placed herself comfortably in an easy chair, and looked attentively at her companion.

"I shall be very glad to show you my young friend's work, but I must premise that a studio is not always a pattern of neatness, nor do I know where she keeps all her things. You will kindly excuse a little confusion."

"I am quite familiar with the aspect of studios: an orderly studio would be most inartistic."

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Crewe, blandly. "Well, then, would you like to come now?"

"If you please; every moment makes a difference in the light."

Mrs. Crewe accordingly led the way (with many apologies for the neighborhood of the kitchen) to the little breakfast room below, which at that season did not look its best.

Here, with much of eulogy on the genius, amiability, and general perfections of her dear young friend, Mrs. Crewe dragged out portfolios and displayed sketches, hunting eagerly for what she considered the best specimens of her young friend's work, and rarely finding them.

Madame Moscynski scarcely spoke, but examined the various pictures begun, finished, and in progress with much care, and as if she knew what she was about.

"Her sketches and unfinished things are the best, as is generally the case with beginners, who are seldom competent to develop their own ideas. If Miss Piers could study for a few years in Italy she might do well," she said, at last.

"She is not doing badly here," returned Mrs. Crewe, a little nettled by what she considered faint praise.

"Indeed? You mean from a business point of view? Do you think Miss Piers would accept a commission from me? I have a little *piéd à terre* in Paris where I try to collect a few pretty things, and I should like something from her pencil."

"I am sure she would be charmed," said Mrs. Crewe. "But I am afraid you find it cold here, the fireplace is so very small! Pray come back to the drawing-room, and allow me to offer you a cup of tea, though perhaps it is rather early."

"You are very good. I never refuse tea," returned the Princess, with a brief, sweet smile, and she followed Mrs. Crewe, who apologized for preceding her up the steep, dark stair to the drawing-room again.

"Would you take off your jacket?" asked the latter, beginning to feel quite herself again, and a good deal elated at having a princess to take a cup of tea with her.

Madame Moscynski declined, and Collins entering thereupon, duly rectified as to her cap and apron, with the best tray, teapot and cups, some minutes were occupied in pouring out the refreshing beverage.

"You do not make a long stay in town, then?" said Mrs. Crewe, elegantly.

"No. My uncle, who is a neighbor of Mr. and Mrs. Piers, writes that he is not well, and wants me to take care of him. I am half English, you know."

"So Miss Piers told me." A pause ensued.

"She is very interesting—your young friend, I mean," said Madame Moscynski, as if speaking out of her thoughts. "How much attached to her Mrs. Piers seems to be! Is she Mr. Piers' first cousin, or——"

"I do not exactly know," replied Mrs. Crewe, seeing that she waited for an answer. "Not *first* cousin, certainly. I do not think Laura has any near relations on her father's side. Winnie—Mrs. Piers, I mean—is her first cousin, but that is on the mother's side."

"They were all brought up together, were they not?" asked Madame Moscynski, languidly. "And thence originated Mr. Piers' romantic attachment to his wife. Quite a boy and girl love-story, is it not?"

"You are quite mistaken, dear Madame," said Mrs. Crewe, mysteriously. "The *acquaintance* might be old, but the love affair was very new."

"I suppose you are well informed," rejoined Madame Moscynski, doubtingly, as she stirred her tea. "But I remember when I met him last year at Dairysford there was a report that he was engaged to a cousin, or the companion of his boyhood, or some such historiette, and was to be married immediately. I was quite surprised to meet him on board Lord Dereham's yacht afterwards, and then he pretended he was disengaged, but it is always considered allowable '*de tirer le diable par la queue*' on such topics as these."

"Just so," said Mrs. Crewe, with an air of conviction, all the more profound for not knowing exactly the real import of the French phrase. "Well, there was a certain amount of truth in what he said. It was a curious affair altogether. Of course, I was naturally much consulted, and knew the

whole affair from beginning to end. Indeed, I have been greatly worried about it. He certainly was not engaged when he joined the yachting party."

"Indeed!" with an air of polite incredulity. "Of course it is not for me to contradict you." And she sipped her tea with provoking calmness, as if the topic was exhausted. "What good tea! and good tea is so rare in England."

"I am glad you like it; but I thought it was only in England you found good tea."

"You evidently never visited Russia," returned Madame Moscynski, with a gentle smile.

"I cannot say I have any great desire to do so. But I see, Madame Moscynski, you do not believe me about Reginald Piers. Ah! I could tell you a curious story, and a very sad one!"

"Pray do not distress yourself for me. I have seen a great deal of the world, and have often remarked how difficult it is to arrive at the truth, even when evidence appears most conclusive."

"But I can have no doubt about what I know from beginning to end," exclaimed Mrs. Crewe. "You have heard a jumble of true and false. But of one thing you may be quite sure, Reginald Piers never *was* engaged to his wife! He just proposed one week, and was married the next. I do not mean to say that there was not some sense in it, but still, it was rather hurried."

"Then Mr. Piers never seems to have been engaged at all," said Madame Moscynski, carelessly; "for, of course, Mrs. Piers must have been his love all the time."

"It is such a curious story, Madame, I really must tell it to you," cried Mrs. Crewe, tempted beyond endurance. "I am sure you are safe, and it will just show you how little even a nice pleasant, generous man like Mr. Piers is to be depended upon."

"I have occasionally kept a secret," said Madame Moscynski, with a slightly mocking smile.

"Well, then," began Mrs. Crewe, "what do you say to Reginald Piers being first engaged to his cousin Laura?" etc., etc. And a full and minute account was laid before Madame Moscynski, with many indignant comments, even Winifrid coming off but badly. Madame Moscynski listened in profound stillness, with half-closed eyes, and when the story was finished remarked that such instances of change and infidelity were by no means unusual, but that, owing to the peculiar social laws of England, there were worse and more scandalous instances there than in any other country.

"How may that be?" asked Mrs. Crewe, astonished and nettled.

"Because on the Continent we never permit a girl to be subjected to these whims and variations. The certainty of a home, and the position of a married woman, are secured for her by her friends. Her after sentimental sufferings or pleasures she is competent to manage, and responsible for, herself."

"But isn't that a dreadful state of things?" cried Mrs. Crewe. "How can anything prosper with such a system? Just look at our English homes."

"I would rather look at them than share them," said Madame Moscynski, rising. "I have to thank you very much for an interesting hour, and I am sorry to think that so excellent a young woman as Miss Piers appears to be has had such a severe trial. I must say that the continuance of her friendship with her rival, under such circumstances, is beyond my lower nature to comprehend."

"And very nearly beyond me, too," said Mrs. Crewe, warmly. "But, you see, she does not believe that either ever intended to wrong her. She thinks they were betrayed into their treachery before they knew what they were about."

The Princess smiled a peculiar, not very pleasant, smile.

"I suppose Miss Piers never had any money, nor any visible temptation to draw a man into an engagement?" she said, pausing before she took leave.

"Nothing—nothing whatever," returned Mrs. Crewe. "Of course, she is a most charming companion, and would have been a better wife for him than Winifrid, though she is not so pretty."

"Pretty? No, she is certainly not pretty. It is curious," murmured Madame Moscynski as if to herself. "I have intruded too long, I fear, upon you," she continued, "and must bid you—"

Before she could finish her sentence the door opened and the Admiral walked in, having evidently returned from one of his nearer excursions. He stopped an instant and bowed, with a look of inquiry at the stranger.

"Rear-Admiral Desbarres—the Princess Moscynski," said Mrs. Crewe, loftily, much uplifted in spirit at the idea of entertaining such distinguished guests. "You have no doubt heard Mrs. Reginald Piers speak of the Admiral," added Mrs. Crewe.

"Frequently," returned Madame Moscynski, making him a grand, courtly courtsey, as if acknowledging that she was in the presence of rank and distinction. "I am fortunate in this accidental meeting. My beautiful young friend, Mrs. Piers, will be charmed to hear of you."

"You are very good," said the Admiral, coldly.

"I regret having missed Miss Piers," resumed Madame Moscynski, blandly, "though I have had the pleasure of seeing her paintings. They are full of promise. A year or two in Italy would do her infinite service."

"She is not likely to go there," returned the Admiral. "It seems to be her lot to abide with me."

"A happy destiny, I am sure. Can I take any message to Mr. or Mrs. Piers? I shall see them probably the day after to-morrow."

"I thank you, I have none to send. I wrote to Mrs. Piers only a few days ago."

"Then I will wish you good-morning," said Madame Moscynski, with a soft smile and a telling upward glance. She was not very ready to go, however, and paused to make a civil speech to Mrs. Crewe. She stroked and admired Topsy, who came in with the Admiral, and rubbed herself against his legs. At length, after a few more words of caressing politeness to the well-bred old gentleman, she swept away, her rustling silk dress leaving a faint, delicious perfume behind.

"And this is one of Winnie's new friends?" said the Admiral, when he returned from escorting her to the door.

"A very charming, elegant woman, without any pride or affectation," said Mrs. Crewe, who was delighted with her visitor. "But do you know, my dear sir, she says that English tea is not drinkable in general! and was astonished to find mine so good. I thought tea, like everything else, was best in England."

"There are some exceptions," returned the Admiral; and added, after a pause, "I have some letters to write this afternoon, in which I should be glad of Laura's assistance. Will you ask her to come to me as soon as she is at liberty? Do you not think Laura looks ill and worn, Mrs. Crewe?"

"I think her looking decidedly better than she did a few months ago," said Mrs. Crewe, cheerfully. "I consider her a marvel, and she is succeeding wonderfully. The Princess asked me in confidence if I thought Laura would accept a little commission from her! No doubt she will write about it. The notice of such a woman will be a great help to our dear Laura, very great help."

"I wish she did not need it, or that her objects in life were somewhat different," remarked the Admiral, as he left the room.

On the whole, Laura was rather glad to have missed the charming princess. She was not disposed to take dislikes, but she had an old undefined impression that Madame Moszynski did not like her, that she had a kind of distrust and repulsion towards her. Why, Laura could not imagine, nor did it trouble her much. Her time was well occupied, and she had more frequent and very interesting letters from Winnie, whose descriptions of her new home were enthusiastic.

On this afternoon, as soon as she could disengage herself from Mrs. Crewe and her elaborate details of Madame Moszynski's visit, she went up to the Admiral's room, where he had already lit his lamp, and was writing laboriously, with letters and papers lying about.

"Ah! my dear Laura! are you not a little late?" he said.

"I think not, only night comes so soon!"

"Ay! the night," he returned, "when no man can work."

"I am at your service now," said Laura, sitting down beside him. The Admiral proceeded to explain that he was trying to make up his report of the month's district work which it was the custom of each member of the society to present to the committee. In this undertaking Laura was of immense assistance, and she was soon deep in the notes and memoranda kept by her guardian. After nearly an hour and a half of close application she had reduced the tangled matter to order, and received her guardian's brief but hearty "Thank you, dear Laura, you have done me great service," when, looking up, she observed a puzzled, distressed look on his handsome, kindly face.

"You are worried about something, dear guardian?"

He smiled. "I have a few moments' eclipse of faith," he returned. "I am, you know, sorely cramped in my power to help others, probably a just punishment for my own rashness and haste to be rich. At all events, I have little beyond the funds of the society to distribute, and am obliged to withhold help from a case which touches me greatly. A widow, with two little girls whom she struggles to support, has a very good chance of employment as a kind of out-door servant, but she has no clothes, and no means of getting an humble outfit, and she sees the food snatched from her own and her children's lips. Unfortunately she does not belong to our congregation, and my brother-workers say, not unreasonably, why should we take the children's meat and throw it to dogs? I should like to help her myself."

"What!" cried Laura, indignantly. "Is this poor woman not a Christian? Or, say she is not, is she not a human fellow-creature? I am sure *you* cannot think it right to act on so narrow a view?"

"I am loath to set my judgment against that of good and wise men who understand the organization of charity much better than I do."

"I should prefer *your* judgment," returned Laura. "But, dear Admiral, I have been growing rich lately. I received payment for the last quarter's lessons at the college to-day. Will you, dear, dear guardian, take some of it for that poor woman? I can well spare it, and it will give me so much pleasure to do some little good."

"My dear child, I fear it is not right to take your scanty earnings, even in the cause of Christian charity."

"But you must," cried Laura, her face lighting up with the new joy of helping another, and she ran away quickly to her own room; returning almost immediately with a few gold pieces and some bright shillings, she laid them beside the Admiral, tenderly kissing his hand as she did so, an unusual degree of demonstrativeness on her part, for the Admiral was a man so carefully self-controlled that his fondest friends were rarely tempted to caress him.

The Admiral looked at the money in silence for an instant, and then raising his full, soft eyes to his ward, he said: "It is borne in upon me, Laura, that I may take a portion of

this money. You give me sincere gratification. I have thought of warning you that it is not well to labor solely for the meat that perisheth. You should give more of your life to the service of God—to the work of Christ's Church."

"Whatever you wish, and whatever you say, dear Admiral Desbarres, is important to me. But in my necessary work am I not doing God's will? Must I not earn my own living? That is the thing given to me to do."

"True," replied the Admiral, gravely. "But beware of being too much absorbed in it, to the neglect of spiritual things."

Laura bent her head gently, but did not immediately reply.

"The delight in beautiful things, the extraordinary charm that art appears to exercise over many, yourself amongst the number, is too apt to make you forget the Giver," added the Admiral.

"Rather, do we not see the Giver in his gifts? Art seems a religion to me. Do you think the world would be better or worse without painting, or sculpture, or architecture, or music? Surely worse."

"And after they had sung an hymn, they went out unto the Mount of Olives," repeated the Admiral, softly. "Certainly music is heavenly, but the others I doubt. They are nowhere mentioned in holy writ. Ah! we have wandered far from the simple, holy example of our first brethren in Christ!"

"No doubt," returned Laura; and then, too faithful and honest to let a false impression rest upon her guardian's mind, she added: "Can you really believe that we ought to try and model our lives on the same lines as those of the Jewish fishermen, publicans, and workmen of nearly nineteen hundred years ago? It would be impossible, and most undesirable. Do you not think that Christ's doctrine was really the grain of mustard seed which can develop to any extent? the hidden leaven that may leaven all and every form of civilization?"

"There is some truth in this," returned the Admiral. "Nevertheless, we should not so fill our lives as to leave no room for thought of our own souls and their salvation."

"The work of life is the work of God, so far as I can understand," said Laura, modestly but firmly; "and our civilization, which softens our manners, making us more tender in our treatment of our fellows, less brutal in our sports, purer in life, more refined in taste, is a religion in itself."

"Yet is not this a dangerous principle?" returned the Admiral. "This working out of a mere human ideal?"

"I cannot tell," returned Laura; "but I dare not lead you to think that my belief is altogether yours, yet perhaps the difference is less real than it seems."

"Perhaps," said the Admiral. "You appear to have thought more on these subjects than I expected. 'Ay!' he continued to himself, "the book says *He* shall reign until all things be put under his feet; the last enemy that shall be subdued is death."

"This is my faith," resumed the Admiral, after a short but solemn pause. "This lapsed morsel of the universe will, through much suffering, be restored to the dominion of its rightful Lord, and the discordance of sin and rebellion be brought into harmony with the divine will. With sin will disappear disease and physical ill, and we shall be one with Christ in God. Meanwhile, it is the glorious work of those that believe to help the spread of the kingdom by fighting the good fight against misery and demoralization, ay! and to spend life and substance in the warfare. So may I struggle to the end—Amen!"

It was rarely the Admiral spoke so much of himself or his convictions.

Laura bowed her head with sincerest reverence, and, after a pause, the Admiral gently dismissed her.

(To be continued.)

"Asleep—Hush!"

(See Steel Engraving.)

THE original of our charming engraving, "Asleep—Hush!" is one of a collection owned by Mr. J. Knowles, of Manchester, England. The painter, Mr. J. H. S. Mann, has frequently employed his brush on domestic scenes, and among the most successful of these is the one we have the pleasure of laying before our readers. As a painter of incident Mr. Mann has few superiors, and his "Bosom Friends" and "Breakfast in Bed" have brought him unqualified commendation.

The painter, ever on the alert for subjects, would not be apt to overlook one so worthy of his art as Innocence asleep on the lap of maternal love. It is an everyday spectacle, but one that appeals to the strongest feelings of our nature, for is not "a mother," as Coleridge says, "the holiest thing alive?" Did not Raffaele find his highest inspiration in that mother and child before which visitors stand entranced in the Dresden Gallery? "What fitter throne," asks Mrs. Jameson, "for a divinity, than a woman's bosom full of innocence and love?" and what fitter resting-place may we ask for infant humanity than the faithful bosom of maternal love? "As the sunflower turns to the sun," so does the child naturally turn to its mother, its sun, full of beneficent light and kindly warmth. Who ever forgets a mother? God himself has decreed that her memory shall be imperishable, as a compensation for her love and her sacrifices. In life and in death it is the memory of the one who bent over us in infancy that rises before us, like a star, lovely, bright, imperishable. The mother, too, never forgets her child. The chain that binds them cannot be broken, even by death, desertion, or crime. The babe snatched from her arms and consigned to the grave, is fondly remembered forever. The fair girl who has passed from the old home to lend light to some other: the boy, grown to man's estate, who is fighting the battle of life in a distant land; and even the prodigal son, who has almost broken her heart, have all a place in the mother's faithful love and clinging memory.

No wonder, then, that the artist so frequently gives us just such a representation as our beautiful engraving, which seems to tell its own sweet story. The mother has sung her infant to sleep, and as she clasps it tenderly to her bosom, gazing down upon it with admiration and love, she hears an approaching footstep. Fearing that the babe's slumber may be disturbed, she raises her hand with a gesture that plainly says "Asleep—Hush!" It is a short story, and most graphically has the painter told it, in this simple, but noble composition, so full of naturalness and beauty. The disposition of the figures is remarkably effective, and the light, resting on the faces of mother and child, serves to more plainly reveal their exquisite purity and beauty. The artist has given us a poem on canvas, as beautiful as the word painting of Mrs. Welby:

"It lay upon its mother's breast, a thing  
Bright as the dewdrop when it first descends,  
Or as the plumage of an angel's wing  
Where every tint of rainbow beauty blends.

"My heart grew softer, as I gazed upon  
That youthful mother as she soothed to rest,  
With a low song, her loved and cherished one,  
The bud of promise on her gentle breast.

"For 'tis a sight that angel ones above  
May stoop to gaze on from their bowers of bliss,  
When Innocence upon the breast of love  
Is cradled in a sinful world like this."

The Improvised Closet.

(See Steel Engraving.)

THE amusing scene depicted in the charming engraving, "The Improvised Closet," takes place in a lovely and secluded spot in the woods. An artist, attracted by the picturesque beauty of the scene, prepares to sketch it, and while thus engaged he makes the acquaintance of a pretty maiden, who has under her care a flock of goats, who pasture in the quiet place. The very spirit of love seems to dwell there, and the seclusion is favorable for love-making. There is a charm in the tranquil beauty that reigns around; in the music of the wind that tosses the leaves, and in the "waves of shadow" that pass over the green grass. The animals, too, do not trouble themselves about what is going on, but discreetly turn their backs on the couple. Suddenly an intruder appears upon the scene, a rustic acquaintance of the fair goatsherd, who in passing by with a load of hay, sees the artist's sketch, and dismounting, draws near to inspect it closer. The girl, who would not have it known that she is engaged in any other way than tending her goats and spinning, is alarmed at the possibility of a discovery. She has heard that gentlemen lovers, under certain circumstances, have sometimes been forced to the inglorious retreat of a closet, there to remain until all danger is passed. It conflicts with the romance of the situation somewhat, but "desperate circumstances require desperate remedies," and in haste she pushes the artist into the hollow of a tree and places herself in front of it as a screen. There, in this improvised closet, he remains until the danger is passed, when he emerges to laugh over the ludicrous adventure. Doubtless this wandering artist, in the course of his sketching tour, enacts many love scenes, then goes his way, and forgets "the girl he has left behind;" while she treasures up the meeting, as the one romance of her life, and remembrance often roves to the handsome young artist whose words of love fell so pleasantly on her ears.

The original of this beautiful engraving is by the French painter, E. Rudaux, and is a charming and sunny production. The landscape seems to be fairly inundated with light, which floats around like a sea of glory. The wind caresses the green leaves and gently sways the branches of the tall trees that stretch up majestically to the heavens. The beautiful effect of light and shade brings every object out in bold relief—the artist in the hollow of the tree; the fair girl, in her neat and becoming dress; the quiet goats, reposing on the grass; and the patient, meek-eyed oxen. The most perfect finish prevails in the picture, which is a marvel of beauty, not only in conception, but in execution and the harmonious blending of the colors.

An Adventure in Peru.

THE discovery of the new-world by Columbus incited others to turn their faces toward South America. Pinson, who was the companion of Columbus on his first voyage, set forth and discovered the mouth of the Amazon. Forty years later, Pizarro, Governor of Quito, took with him 340 Spaniards and 4,000 Indians to conquer the wild regions east of the Andes. For two years they fought their way over mountains and through dense forests, and, being reduced to starvation, ate their horses, dogs and even their saddles. When, after enduring untold hardships,

they returned to Quito naked and sick, it was found that every Indian had perished by the way, and of the 340 Spaniards 210 had died.

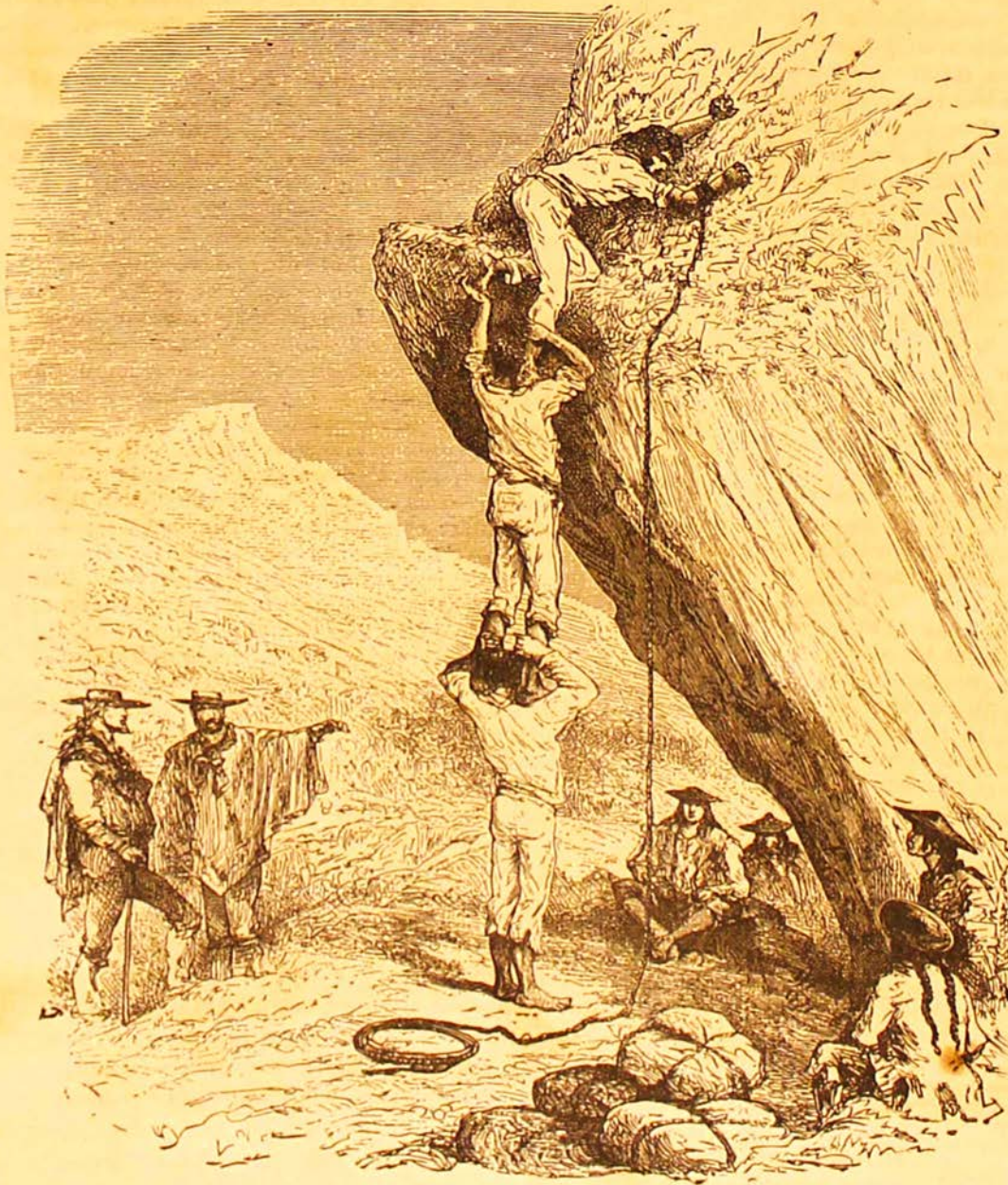
Ever since this disastrous undertaking in the sixteenth century venturesome spirits have been roving over the Andes. Some of these, like the French naturalist La Condamine, Humboldt, André, Darwin and others have undertaken this journey in the interest of science; some for the sake of adventure; and one, at least, a woman, for the sake of love. Being desirous of joining her husband, from whom she had been separated many years, Madame Godin, in company with her two brothers, her physician, three servants and several Indians, set out for Para, where her husband was awaiting her. The doctor and the Indians soon abandoned the travelers, leaving them to their fate. The unfortunate party were wrecked on a sand-bank, and the raft they next tried met with the same fate. They then undertook to proceed on foot through the dense and unknown forests, and in a short time all, save Madame Godin, had died from hunger and

fatigue. Literally in rags, weary and sick, she was thus found by some Indians, who conveyed her to Para. Her hair had become white during her terrible wanderings, and she looked like an old woman. The shock of the death of her brothers and servants, leaving her alone as it did in the solitary forests, unsettled her reason and she became hopelessly insane.

Our illustration gives a scene in the life of some German travelers who had gone to Peru in the interests of commerce. Accompanied by some Indians to carry their baggage, they explored the deep forests and lofty mountains, not forgetting the salt mountain described by Humboldt, which contains a bed of salt a quarter of a mile wide. Coming to a tall rock, they prepared to scale it by a novel method. They mounted on the shoulders of each other, the first one having a rope which he twisted around a piece of projecting rock, and by this the party swung themselves up. The summit having been reached, the unpleasant discovery was made that one of the Indians had let the rope fall, and it was lying three hundred

feet below the travelers. Without the rope it was impossible to descend, and the party had provisions for only two days. The prospect was very gloomy, for after careful examination the Indians declared there was no way of getting down, as to spring from such a height would be certain death. While the travelers discussed their sad fate, the Indians sat in stolid resignation to the death that loomed up before them. Night came darkly down, and the cold winds blew fiercely around them, and while some slept the others watched to see that they did not roll down the rocky steep. Chilled and unrefreshed, the sleepers awoke in the morning to see the fierce condors sweeping in majestic circles over their heads, as if preparing to make them their prey.

About noon the second day of their enforced stay on the rock, they accepted the suggestion of an Indian to tear their clothing to pieces and make a rope by which they could descend. It was not long before this was accomplished, one of the travelers holding the rope while the others descended. Alone on the rock was now this heroic man, and to rescue him the party put forth every effort. By standing on each others' shoulders, and with the aid of a rope, he was at length rescued, and by eleven o'clock that night the party reached the valley exhausted and hungry, not caring to go through again their uncomfortable experience, and feeling that it is possible to get up a little too high in the world sometimes.



AN ADVENTURE IN PERU.





HAPPY HOURS.

(SEE PAGE 786.)

## Happy Hours.

BY GIOVANNI COSTA.

**T**HIS is a picture that owes its existence to the rich imaginative powers of a young artist, inspired by reading some poetical theme, or by the idle reverie of a delightful hour, but painted in that thoroughly realistic manner which the canvas of the modern disciple of the palette displays. The design of the artist to portray the *dolce far niente* of the late afternoon could not be more strongly executed than in these two young girls' figures. A maiden and a young man would have given more action to the scene, but would have created an interest and an emotion in direct contradiction to the spirit of tranquility. Though love may inspire their voices and the melody of the instruments, yet is this love visible in all nature; it lightens the hour of rest, but does not disturb the leisure of either of the dreamers. Shut away from the noisy street by a wall over which vines and shrubbery project, the gentle children of the South have sought a cool retreat. The stony bank is certainly yet warm from the noon-day heat, but the soft twilight of approaching evening already comes over the garden with refreshing zephyrs. It is an evening to awaken poetry! With her dark head resting in her friend's lap, the young Italian girl begins to strike the tambourine; it is an old melody that she has known by heart a long time, and one that she can easily play in her negligent attitude. Her lips breathe the air of the song, her eyes speak the words to the music. The elder girl sits demurely beside her and accompanies her with the harmonica. She is more womanly, more mature and grave than the other. When she loves her heart will be strongly attached and have but one object, while the younger maiden, perhaps, will only take what pleasure life offers, as a happy hour, and may always be happy. The flourishing verdure forms an appropriate background for their figures, and the national costumes have their charm. The artist has succeeded in handling a strikingly romantic theme with grace and pleasing effect.

## Talks with Women.

BY JENNY JUNE.

### MONEY AS A SOURCE OF POWER.

**T**HE sources of power, of control over individuals and circumstances, are not many, but such as they are have heretofore been mainly held and wielded by men, and this fact represents the important difference in the conditions, the opportunities, and relations of men and women. But into these practical results it is not the present intention to inquire, but simply endeavor to find out whether the fact itself is true of the past only, or has a reason in the nature of things—in the laws which govern human life and action—and to what extent it is capable of modification. It was remarked in the first place that the sources of power are not many, and it will not be denied that money is one of them; but money of itself is capable of doing very little, and it requires brains, knowledge, experience, wisdom, trained taste, and industry to use it, or it becomes wasted power, and a more or less active source of mischief, rather than an instrumentality for good.

There are three great sources of power—Genius, Money, and acquired Knowledge. A fourth might be named as fully equal to the other three, but it really stands in the relation to them of the locomotive, which sets the whole train in motion: this is the Will. Genius consists in the possession of any faculty in so strong a degree as to compel its employment and cultivation, and force from the world at large the admission of superiority in the given direction. Mere faculty, without will or power to use or train it to useful end, is talent of a poor sort thrown away upon bad soil, and adding nothing to the general stock of goodness, strength, or beauty. It may be genius for writing books, or painting pictures, or cooking, or making money; whatever it is, if cultivated and put to practical use, it confers power upon its possessor, and, according to the quality and degree of the gift, and the assiduity with which it is exercised, makes of him a sort of sovereign in the realm which acknowledges his sway.

That women are not excluded from sovereignty of this description is evident from the fact that they hold equal places with men wherever their work entitles them to enter a competitive claim. George Eliot, Elizabeth Barrett Browning and others, in letters; Rosa Bonheur, Mrs. Butler, in painting, and a host upon the lecturer's platform and the musical and dramatic stage. All these exercise power and influence equal to that of any man in their different fields, and indeed it has become an axiom that genius knows no sex, that it belongs to humanity. But how is it in relation to money? Money has even a greater acknowledged power than genius, it can buy genius; in this country, above all others, it is called, and is almost, "almighty," for it owns, governs and controls all the sources, results and representatives of power—the press, the railroads, politics, individuals, and their work. That active financial schemes have heretofore been carried out mainly by men has not been considered surprising, because the normal condition of women, like that of the clergy, has been poverty and separation from the world. Women have only had what men have given them; they have borne and reared men—thankless work and unpaid—and it has left them paupers, without money, and without experience in getting it, so it quite naturally follows that as yet they have not cut any great figure, in fact, have hardly made an appearance in the field of finance.

But there is, at least, one respect in which this country treats its daughters as well as its sons—it gives them an equal share in family estates, it permits a woman to inherit property, if she does not acquire it, and in this way a very large number of women, in the aggregate, are to-day the holders and owners of a vast amount (also in the aggregate) of money and property. This money—these properties and the influence they represent—have usually come to them by bequest from male relatives. A few women within the past twenty-five years have worked up a competence perhaps from successful efforts in their own behalf, but these are not, as yet, numerous, nor are their fortunes large. Their fight has been usually against odds, and their work required to save or help others as well as themselves, and so their advance was necessarily slow. But the number of these independent money-makers and property owners is increasing; and their influence is perhaps out of proportion to the money values they represent, because they acquired it themselves, and with it the experience and sense of responsibility that comes from a hard tussle with the forces of existence, and which are more valuable than the money, in the formation and development of character. But it is not this class that constitute or in which is found the representative moneyed women of to-day. These have come into possession by bequest or inheritance, by being the only child of a

wealthy deceased father, or owning the property of a rich deceased husband.

This brings us to the question at issue—What do women do with money, and the power that this money represents, when it is put into their hands? The only way to obtain an answer—and this by no means a conclusive one, for women have not yet been long enough legally qualified to hold money in their own right, or sufficiently accustomed to its disbursement on a large scale, to have acquired the faculties necessary to financial supremacy—is to discover in what way they expend it, where it goes, and how far it has resulted in lifting them out of their condition of subjection into independence and influence. In a Western town, of perhaps fifteen thousand inhabitants, it was stated to me recently that two-thirds of the property was owned by women, that women paid the taxes, but as yet had no voice even in a school board; and that no effort had been made on their part to do more than get up church sociables, make donations to impecunious clergymen, set up brothers and brothers' children, and generally play the part of domestic tyrant or Lady Bountiful, according to temper and disposition.

In a larger city it was stated that an unprecedented number of marriages had taken place within a year, but that in nearly every instance a rich girl had married a poor man, often for the purpose, as it seemed, of securing an interested manager of her estate, for that was all the business the husband followed. It would be manifestly impossible to give instances of this kind; readers must recall the facts of their own experience and observation, and judge for themselves. The inference from those I have mentioned is this—that where money has been simply left or willed to women who have not the experience or knowledge necessary to its use, it generally gets back into the hands of men, who employ it exactly as if it were their own, and often have not the grace to acknowledge their indebtedness to the giver. Cases without number are within the knowledge of every experienced person in which the money held, owned or inherited by women has passed into the possession of men, the women not even having a voice in its distribution. A man not long since married a beautiful girl, whose fortune he supposed to be much larger than it really was. It sufficed, however, for their wants, and for the support of an indigent sister of the husband, who after his marriage never pretended to contribute a dollar to the family maintenance, but took a great deal of credit to himself for the "management" of the something less than a hundred thousand dollars which his wife had brought. The girl was devoted and conscientious, but he keeps her in the most abject slavery, and has succeeded in impressing her with an idea that he made a sacrifice in marrying her, that he is very good to take care of her and her money, and that the strictest economy is required on her part to enable him to make "ends meet." She never has the spending of five dollars of her own money, and a timid proposal on her part on one occasion—made with great reluctance, after long waiting, and because of desperate desire, that she should resume music lessons—an accomplishment in which she gave evidence of excelling—was received with such apparent astonishment, as an evidence of such deep female depravity and willingness to deprive male clubs and other expensive resorts of their brightest ornament, that she withdrew it with tears and apologies.

This may be an extreme case, but does not the fact remain that if men marry money, they usually take possession of what they bargained for, and with little chance for resistance on the part of the supposed bride; for the custom and habit of life, the law of dependence, the submission to authority under which the majority have always existed, cannot be abrogated or set aside in a moment, or by a single perfunctory act. What then is to be done? Or is it possible

to do anything? Is this subordination a fact which exists in the nature of things, one that must always exist in the relative positions of men and women, or a condition that has grown out of circumstances, and that a change in these circumstances may be expected to modify, if not radically alter and reconstruct?

This is a question that I, for one, am not prepared to answer; the data upon which judgment may be formed being, as before remarked, all too recent to base satisfactory conclusions upon. But we may profitably inquire what the results have been under circumstances where women have controlled money and remained single, or inherited from their husbands or male relatives business properties whose value depended upon the energy with which they were sustained. And here it may be remarked that the most important efforts that have been made by women, the best results that have been achieved (with few exceptions) have been by single women, or women who have been thrown on their own resources by loss of male support. The failure of women to realize anything beyond the facts of their social existence, or any duty beyond the giving away a part of their means, becomes increasingly prominent as we ascend in what is denominated the "social scale," and find the sum of resources increased in proportion. Rich women, in a small way, are usually great philanthropists as well as sustainers of churches. They give somewhat narrowly, or indiscriminately, but they give. They do not build railroads, or organize industries, or open up new avenues of employment, or take speculative risks. But they are religiously conscientious, and can be relied on to carry out the ideas bequeathed them with their money, even when judgment is opposed to them. This has been frequently demonstrated. A spirit of loyal devotion, tinged perhaps with a grain of superstition, lies at the root of the fixedness and determination with which a woman will set herself to carry out the wishes of a husband in his grave, which she would perhaps have opposed on principle had he been alive.

The rich women of the world are few in number, Lady Burdett Coutts, Mrs. A. T. Stewart, Miss Catharine Wolfe, Miss Harriett Lennox, Queen Victoria, and the Empress Eugenie being the most wealthy among those whose names are familiar. Of these Lady Burdett Coutts ranks first as a philanthropist, and possibly as a woman. To charitable works her whole life has been devoted, and it may be the thanklessness of her self-imposed task induced her to transfer herself and her fortune to the care of a faithful friend and gentleman, from whom she could receive the solace of companionship and sympathy in return for what she gave.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart has consecrated her life to the erection of an imposing monument to her husband, sadly representative of fossilized and worn-out ideas; and Miss Harriett Lennox is equally dedicated to the perfecting of the noble idea which her brother, Robert Lennox, embodied in his magnificent scheme of the "Lennox Library," and for which purpose indeed he made her the sole heir of his vast estate. Miss Catharine Wolfe is a woman of broad intelligence, who has done some real good with her money. She has established lodging-houses and coffee-houses, has been the promoter of many excellent forms of beneficence with which her name has not been publicly connected, and is besides a discriminating patron and lover of art. Of Queen Victoria much cannot be expected beyond the annual gifts and donations to the myriads of societies and institutions of which she is expected to be patroness, and which are supplemented by the attentions and presents demanded by an army of dependents and connections. Poor woman, rich as she is, she must have had enough to do to bring up her family and stand the pressure of her "United" Kingdom.

There are many more widows and single women of less note and less enormous wealth who might serve to swell the list of women philanthropists—of women who have endeavored to do what they conceived to be their highest duty by giving away what they could not or did not care to use. Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson is a well-known case in point. Her charities have covered almost all available ground, from the publication of works by impecunious writers to the purchase of a historical painting for our poverty-stricken national capitol. Mrs. Thompson divides up her income religiously, and gives away all that is not required by her own very simple style of living. She has floated business men who were unable to float themselves, and who sank out of sight as soon as her helping hand was withdrawn from them; she has kept newspapers alive in the same way, by supporting at once the editor, his assistants, and his journal. She founded the first sanitary tract organization, under the name of "Helpers," paying for the tracts, for their printing and distribution. She has sustained (for a time) churches, societies, and individuals; has founded reading-rooms in remote localities, where the community were more given to poker than polite literature; and finally she has announced to those who have made it public that of each and all her benefactions, there is not one whom she believed herself to have really benefited, or who would not have been better off without the feeling of dependence which her bounty engendered.

This is rather discouraging to women philanthropists, and ought to induce them to devote serious attention to some wiser disposal of their money. There are not many instances in this country of women who have been left in the possession of fortunes and magnificent business properties who have themselves become the active working head of such enterprises, but there are a few, and several of these are to be found in the journalistic profession, comparatively recent as is the acknowledged connection of women with the press. But in these cases it is interesting to note that the women proprietors had in every instance previously, at some time or other, been workers, and were not born to the purple—that is, even yet in the majority of cases, to uselessness.

I might cite innumerable instances of the power of women to make and save money under the hardest conditions, but this does not enter into the scope of this article. My object has been to find out what women usually do with money, with fortunes that come to them by inheritance, with money, in short, that they had no share in making; and, as far as it can be discovered, it seems to be given away, or finds its way back into the hands of men through the door matrimonial. I do not myself object to either of these methods of distribution; I only ask, Is it in the nature of things, or is it the result of circumstances? I incline to the latter belief myself, because there are business women and professional women nowadays, trained as men are trained by long practice and experience, who do not relinquish business because they have acquired enough, and more than enough, to live without, but who, like men, feel a pride in it, ride to it in a carriage, leave it to go to fashionable assemblies, and rejoice in it as one of the useful interests and activities of the world. The children of these women, the daughters as well as the sons, must look upon work as good for its own sake, and money as chiefly valuable for its power of developing and rewarding industry, not placing a premium upon idleness and thriftlessness. It is through the new generation of workers, therefore, the outgrowth of practical ideas and experience, that we may look for independent methods, and a truer conception of individual responsibility in the use of a powerful instrument for human good and human evil.

## A Trip to the West.

"Go West, young man," said Horace Greeley, and the bit of advice has passed into a proverb, because it contains that solid wisdom which is never laid out thin in superfluous words. Still, the use of going West depends very much upon the young man—success at the West needs just the same qualities that it does at the East—only they stand a better chance, because there is more room for expansion. Growth in New York city is as rapid as in any Western town, but it is the rich who profit by it. A hundred years ago it was the poor emigrant, and industrious mechanic; now these find work at the East, and better paid work than in the European cities; but they do not find the opportunities for becoming in their turn land-owners and capitalists that are found at the West, because land has acquired a fictitious value in the great centers of commerce, and only wealth, or enterprises that have grown to gigantic proportions can hold it, and pay the enormous drafts made upon it in the shape of taxes. The poor man therefore gets his percentage out of the rich man's money in the shape of (comparatively) clean, well-lighted streets, a certain degree of security, and free schools; but if he desires in his turn to become a capitalist—to grow up as the majority of rich men in America have done, out of poverty, and with the growth and development of the neighborhood in which they make their home—the shortest way to accomplish it is to "go West."

It was a lovely morning only a few weeks ago, when we started (two of us) on the "Limited Express" for Chicago, which we had once known very well, but had not seen for sixteen years. The "Limited Express" itself is an evidence of the progress of the age in all material things, for it furnishes the ideal of traveling convenience and luxury. Sixteen years before, we had visited Chicago as the guests of the Pullman Palace Car Company on the first through trip made by the "Silver Palace Cars." The sum of enjoyment in traveling seemed then to have been gained, in the ease and comfort of the beautiful cars and their belongings; but we had to spend two nights upon them, and eat our meals at way-side stations, and suffer much annoyance night and day, from the smoke and dust, which had not been entirely gotten rid of. But the Pullman palace cars have been brought up to high perfection since that time, and are now literally magnificent hotels upon wheels. The "Limited Express," which leaves New York every morning, is made up entirely of these cars, and the train runs upon the most perfectly built and equipped road in America—the Pennsylvania Central. It leaves at 9 A.M. one day, and arrives in Chicago at 10 A.M. the next day—26 hours. It runs with such smoothness that the ordinary occupations of eating, reading, writing, and sleeping are not in the least interfered with, and the table supplied by the "dining-car" connected with the train is one of the most perfect in the world—superior in its cuisine to that of many well-appointed hotels. The "library" is a sort of male boudoir, from which however women are not excluded. It is well stocked with excellent books, and furnished with the easiest of easy chairs, and the roomiest of soft, wide, springy sofas. Time, in fact, did not admit, during one short day, of exhausting the resources for enjoyment, and at the same time doing justice to the picturesque scenery along the route—the heights of Altoona, and the "Horse-Shoe" curve.

Chicago is a miracle. It has made giant strides since the devastating fires left it a wreck, only that it might develop a new and more vigorous life. It really seems as if a new race had sprung from the ashes of the old, clothed with an energy that is bound to execute whatever its will demands. Chicago is no longer the center of a number of small grain

tributaries—it is the great center of a vast number of smaller producing and manufacturing centers, each one of which has gained vastly in population and material prosperity since developing groups of manufacturing industries, which not only supply their own needs, but frequently gain for their neighborhood a reputation abroad. There was a time when a series of bad crops—and it is found that bad crops nearly always come in successive years—nearly impoverished whole towns and neighborhoods. This is the case no longer. Towns which formerly depended upon the grain crop and the sale of agricultural implements, now manufacture clothing, furniture, silver-ware, watches, woolen goods, and many other articles of use and comfort; and it is the West which has first realized the modern idea of an industrial city, in which all the appliances which art, science and skill can procure are gathered together, and pressed into the service of work and the workman.

This modern marvel is known as "Pullman," and it is only a half hour's ride on the Illinois Central from Chicago. It owes its inception to George M. Pullman, the inventor of the palace car, but the idea has been developed and taken shape under the auspices of the most skillful architect and sanitary engineer to be found, so that the only blunders made have been in not sufficiently reckoning upon the rapid growth and increase of population. The theory of the town is the concentration of large industries in Pullman as a manufacturing center; the building up of manufactories where modern science and appliance should rid them as far as possible of their dirt, hardships, and unsightliness, and the creation of homes and the resources of an agreeable social life in the immediate vicinity, which the workers would own and enjoy. A Quixotic scheme it was said at the start, but it has been realized. Pullman has now six great manufacturing industries: the Pullman car shops, the Allen paper car-wheel shops, the Union foundry, said to be the largest in the country, the Chicago Steel Forging Company's shops, the Spanish Curled Hair Mattress Company's works, and another whose name is forgotten. These have already brought a resident population of between four and five thousand, for whom between six and seven hundred houses have been erected, a fine arcade for shops and offices, an opera house which will seat twelve hundred, a church which is a model of architectural beauty, a market with hall above for concerts, shows, and the like, which will seat six hundred, and a charming hotel that already more than pays expenses. The depot is as quaint and pretty as can be, but threatens to be too small very soon for the needs of the town. All these buildings have been erected, and the whole town laid out, according to the truest principles of architectural harmony and proportion. So quickly does this strike even the uneducated eye, that what seemed a little gap in the landscape elicited the information that the spot had been reserved as the site for a school-house, just about to be erected. (It is only a little over one year, it must be remembered, since the first house was leased in Pullman—only two since the first stones were laid.)

The houses are mostly of red brick in Queen Anne style, and are solidly built, with every convenience, of brick, iron, stone, and hard wood, in a pretty and picturesque fashion, which varies with their size and pretensions. They contain from two or three rooms, to the average, which is six, and fine houses of twelve rooms each; one of which is occupied by the General Superintendent, who was for upward of twenty years Superintendent of Public Instruction in Chicago and Buffalo, and to whom all debatable questions are referred. The laying out of the grounds, which form streets, boulevards, and open spaces, has been executed with great care and taste. Grassy plots, trees, and flowers already flourish, and are a perpetual rest and refreshment

to the tired eyes. Already the educational influence is felt, for cleanliness is observed; and the love of neatness and order must be cultivated as conditions of their enjoyment. Good workmen usually sympathize with these efforts, but it has been a source of regret that some excellent mechanics have been obliged to relinquish the advantages of a home in Pullman, and near their work, because their wives were such incorrigible slatterns that they could not be made to obey the simplest rules of order, and would have destroyed the finest surroundings by their dirt and neglect.

The water-tower is a feature of the landscape. It is two hundred and ten feet to the top of the tower, and forty feet below the surface, which is formed of a solid blue clay, which dries easily, and is not porous. The sewage is pumped up, and sent three miles away to a farm owned by the Land Improvement Company, from which the ground upon which Pullman stands was purchased, and which it irrigates. This farm will in time supply Pullman with fruit, cream, milk, butter, and vegetables.

This town is interesting, because it marks the beginning of a new era, when industry will be separated from the dirt, the poverty, the crowding, the ignorance, which have been, or have been supposed to be, its usual concomitants. In reality, these are the evidence of idleness, not of industry; and it is necessary that the efforts of modern enterprise and human activity be seconded by workers themselves, else little can be accomplished.

One of our objective points at the West was the somewhat famous watering place known as Waukesha Springs. It is like Eastern watering places, in consisting of a village, or settlement, with one long street, and a population that live mainly on what they can make out of visitors during the summer. It has two springs, the first one of which, the Bethesda, is said to have been developed by a woman—a washer-woman—who made a fortune, and married her daughter to a foreign count. The Silurian is a later discovery, and is surrounded by a modest sort of Congress Park, as seen in Saratoga. The guests are more from the South and Southwest than the West, and the younger portion are not above playing "Blind Man's Buff" and "Ring around Rosy," or dancing the Virginia Reel in the evenings that are not set apart for "hops" or stated dances. There is a monster hotel, which is supplied with all the modern improvements, and keeps an excellent table; but apart from a pretty surrounding country, there are no resources; and the Westerners long for the sea, and make a rush for the ocean when they can spare a few weeks for change and recreation; rest they never take; it would be an absurdity applied to a Western man.

There is a town in Wisconsin, however, which seems to have escaped the fiery fate of so many Western towns, and grown up into a beauty which is unique in our days of turmoil and excitement. This is Madison, prettiest of all cities, East or West, for no other has natural advantages which have fortunately been so respected and heightened. Madison lies in the lap of four beautiful lakes, one of which, Lake Mendota, is nine miles long, and four and a half broad. Its streets radiate from its center, and run from lake to lake, and its University occupies high grounds, which form a magnificent park, with beautiful woods, meadows, and lovely lake views, and preserve it to the town. Its residents are naturally drawn from a cultivated class, including the President and Professors of the University, and their families; and gradually, by adoption or outgrowth, have come to number many of the most promising young writers and literary workers of the day. Few but have heard of Prof. R. B. Anderson, and his work in familiarizing this country with Northern mythology and literature; and it was a real pleasure to discover that Prof. Anderson is still a young

man, that he possesses a noble physique, that his social interests and sympathies keep him in rapport with all human activities, and that so far from his work being done, it may be said to have hardly yet begun.

His house is ideally charming, and in it, in addition to his "Berta-Katrina" and their lovely children, is found a valued colleague and old acquaintance of the readers of this magazine, "Auber Forestier," Miss A. A. Woodward, the well-known author and accomplished translator and assistant of Prof. Anderson in the preparation of the Musical Album of Norway and the translation of Bjornsen Bjornsteine's works, well called the Goethe of Norway. Auber Forestier is a Philadelphian, but has paid Madison the compliment of selecting it as her home; and already her influence is felt, and her leadership acknowledged in musical and literary circles, the excellent material for which she has focalized and strengthened.

The women of the West are a power everywhere, but might exercise their influence to much better purpose if they were more independent of the East, and were willing unitedly to work for the attainment of special objects. Many women are property holders; and in one town of fifteen thousand inhabitants they were said to pay two-thirds of the taxes, and to own two-thirds of the real estate.

This may have been exaggerated, but that much wealth is finding its way into their hands, by bequest or inheritance, is certain. What they do with this money, which is so strong an element of power, becomes an interesting question. The answer, so far, seems to be that they spend it in small charities, in founding scholarships for men, in supporting churches, or put it into the hands of men by marrying them.

Now, this may be all right, and just what they should do. But it does not strengthen their position as a sex. It does not enable them to make any advance, give them a voice in any measure, or control any movement. It is rather an anomaly that in this same town of Rockford, Illinois, which possesses so many women property holders, women are without a voice even upon its School Board. This is not as it should be, and women themselves should use a little of the energy they put into tea-drinkings and cake-making, into literary societies and church requirements, for larger uses, and make their influence felt in all disciplinary, reformatory, and educational directions in more ways than in raising money for men to use or get rid of.

Women's clubs are numerous, but they confine themselves chiefly to the discussion of literary topics; they have done, and are doing, an excellent work, however, in bringing women together, and uniting them. There has been an immense advance in the tone of elegance and refinement in Western cities during the past twenty years; hospitality is seen now at its best, for it combines the cordiality of the old with the resources and luxury of the new. In Chicago this is particularly noticeable, and the result is a charming society made up of more varied elements than can be found among the cliques of New York, and most delightful in its freedom from the airs and affectations which exclusion always engenders, even in the midst of true culture and much social excellence. Let the ladies who compose Western society take a step farther, dress independently, gain control of business interests, of newspapers, of the organs of public opinion, and employ them for the furtherance of the best human ends, and they might lead women all over the world, and men too, for that matter.

The one drawback to the West is its haste—haste to get rich, to do big things, to spread over territory, to accomplish, in short, the work of ages in a lifetime. Of course it cannot be done; at least, it cannot be done well. What

is needed is English thoroughness to supplement Western American go-ahead-iveness. Chicago possesses enormous territory; it can stretch itself in any direction; yet its approach is worse than that of a beleaguered city, so grid-ironed is it by surface and other roads, which are not only obstacles, but traps full of danger, and requiring eternal vigilance to prevent serious accidents. A system of viaduct roads, similar to those in use in London, is what is required, and must in time be constructed; but it should be begun at once, if Chicago would reach the full measure of the greatness which waits upon its wisdom, prudence, and foresight.

J. J.

## A Trial of Patience.

(See Oil Picture.)

**W**HEN the charming picture, "A Trial of Patience," the artist brings before us a young convalescent, whose patience is sadly tried by the long and weary hours of weakness which have followed her illness. All that love could do for her has been done. She has been brought into the garden to enjoy the cool air, the breath of the roses, and the tranquil charm of the scene. The flowers have been gathered for her; her beloved companions, the dog and the cat, the playful and loving friends of her well hours, bear her company; and an interesting book has been placed in her hands. Yet it is all weariness and vexation of spirit, for her feet long to bound over the pleasant grounds, and she thinks how much better it would be to chase the butterflies over the lawn, and to rove through the woods, gathering the wild flowers, than sitting here, waiting to get well.

We cannot blame her. Who has not had a similar experience? Who has not longed to throw off the weary weakness, and to bound again into the old glad strength, which makes living an actual pleasure? It was not being sick that weighed so heavily, but it was the getting well—the long, weary hours that seemed as if they would never end; the slow progress made toward complete and happy health; and the absolute inability to interest ourselves in our once loved occupations.

This petted child has every luxury that can tend to lighten her weary hours. Loving hands minister to her, as can be seen in her surroundings. The costly fur is spread on her chair to give it comfort, and rich velvet cushions are piled up around her. So grateful are loving hearts for her recovery, that there is not anything which money can buy that they would not gladly bestow upon her. She does not pine in the close, dark room of poverty, shut out from the sun and air. The blue skies are above her; the verdure is around; the soft wind sighs through the leaves; and the flowers waft her their charming perfume, while the birds carol their music over her head.

The artist has given us a cheerful and charming picture of convalescence. There is nothing to depress, not even the little invalid herself, whose languid attitude is not without its charm. A little more patient waiting, and she will bound again through the bright flowers of the garden, where she now sits a prisoner, but not a hopeless one, in her comfortable chair. The rich colors of the picture add greatly to its charms. The cool depths of verdure, the pink roses contrasting so beautifully, the gay Japanese parasol, the crimson cushions, and the blue of the child's dress are so many agreeable notes in this lovely harmony of color.

# The Legend of the Saracelli: or "Poor Sister."

FROM THE ITALIAN BY MRS. E. N. WILSON.

ONCE a brother said to his sisters twain,  
 "I care naught for earth, so Heaven I gain.  
 I will spend my days in a Friar's cell,  
 And, shunning temptation, be saved from Hell."  
 Said the elder sister, with falling tears,  
 "I'll lose in a convent my doubts and fears;  
 So peaceful and holy my life will be,  
 Blessed Mary to Heaven will welcome me."

Then, blushing and smiling, the younger said,  
 "Hugo and I are intending to wed;  
 Oh, love is so sweet, and the world so fair,  
 And Heaven is over us everywhere;  
 No nearer the Convent, or Friar's cell,  
 Than homes where the loved and loving dwell."

Intent on saving no soul but his own,  
 Brother Joseph went into his cell alone:  
 Never monk so holy was known before  
 Save in ancient annals of priestly lore—  
 But oh, do you think he never missed  
 The lips of the woman he might have kissed?  
 Or ever the heart of his manhood yearned  
 For the dear home joys, his saint-ship spurned!  
 Or stirred the sluggish blood in his veins,  
 At thoughts of the world, its pleasures and pains?  
 Ah who can say? It was long ago,  
 But brother Joseph was mortal, we know.  
 At last, worn out with fasting and prayer,  
 His body was found on the altar stair;  
 And, having no sins to be forgiven,  
 His soul went straight to the gates of Heaven.

Then "Blessed" St. Peter was seen to look,  
 With a puzzled expression, in his book.  
 "What to do," said he, "I can hardly tell;  
 You're not wicked enough to send to hell."  
 But here's naught to your credit, I plainly see,  
 However, come in, you can sit with me."  
 So the whilom saint, abashed and amazed,  
 From a seat in the gateway on Heaven gazed.

The elder sister, in a convent old,  
 Over and over her rosary told,  
 But her heart throbbed ever with fierce unrest,  
 As oft, with her face to the lattice prest,  
 She heard, far down in the busy street,  
 The voices of children, clear and sweet.  
 And crossing herself, to break the spell,  
 She hurried back to her lonely cell,  
 Striving, with penance and prayers, to kill  
 The woman that lingered within her still.

When she was dead, and lay in her shroud,  
 The convent bells tolled long and loud.  
 Masses were chanted, the requiem sung,  
 And over her coffin the censer swung,

While Lady Abbes, and nuns agreed  
 Her rank as a saint must be high indeed.  
 The other sister, a faithful wife,  
 To husband and children gave her life;  
 Her home was lonely; but love was there,  
 To lighten the burdens she had to bear;  
 Sometimes the cupboard was empty of food,  
 And hunger, the wolf, in the doorway stood;  
 But the mother before the children kept,  
 Waking and toiling while others slept.  
 Scant time had she for her soul to pray,  
 And, when on her pillow she dying lay,  
 "Oh, blessed mother," was all she said,  
 "Watch over the children, when I am dead."

Meanwhile, sister Josepha's soul  
 Had joyfully reached its final goal,  
 And was safe inside of the pearly gate—  
 But, alas! just there she was asked to wait,  
 By good St. Peter, who softly said,  
 As he placed a crown on her drooping head,  
 And a harp in her hand, "Please join the song  
 The angels are singing that pass along"  
 In grand procession. "There surely must be  
 A wonderful saint coming now," said he,  
 "For the blessed mother herself is there,  
 A crown in her hand, such as great saints wear."

Then sister Josepha, with wonder great,  
 Saw her own poor sister enter the gate,  
 With faltering steps, and downcast brow,  
 And all the angels were silent now.  
 As Mary, *the mother*, with tender grace,  
 Stepped forward, and, kissing the pale meek face,  
 Placed the jeweled crown on the modest head,  
 And "welcome, thrice welcome, my daughter" she said.  
 "Blessed are they who temptation endure,  
 And, loving the world, keep their own hearts pure.  
 Who, living not for themselves alone,  
 Bear others' burdens as well as their own."  
 Then the harps and voices caught up the strain,  
 And Heaven re-echoed the sweet refrain,  
 As the long procession moved grandly on,  
 Through the golden streets, to the great white throne.  
 But near to the gate Josepha sat down.  
 And tearfully gazed on her plain gold crown.  
 "I turned from the world," she mournfully cried.  
 "For love of the world, Mary's dear son died."  
 Brother Joseph leaned from his niche in the wall,  
 Saying "Our poor sister was wisest of all.  
 For it seems while praying, and keeping from sin,  
 Admittance to Heaven, will certainly win.  
 Yet the dear Christ, and his blessed mother  
 Love best the souls that love one another."  
 And the sister and brother, at Heaven's gate,  
 Still ponder the lesson they learned so late.

## The Plantin Museum at Antwerp.

ONE of the most interesting places to visit in Antwerp is the Plantin Museum—interesting not only for the paintings it contains, but as being the house where the great printer Plantin carried on his labors, and whose presses, books, type, and foundry can still be seen there.

The building is a suppressed convent of Recollets, and was purchased by Plantin in 1579, and remained in his family for three hundred years, when it was bought by the city of Antwerp for one million five hundred thousand francs, and a museum was opened there.

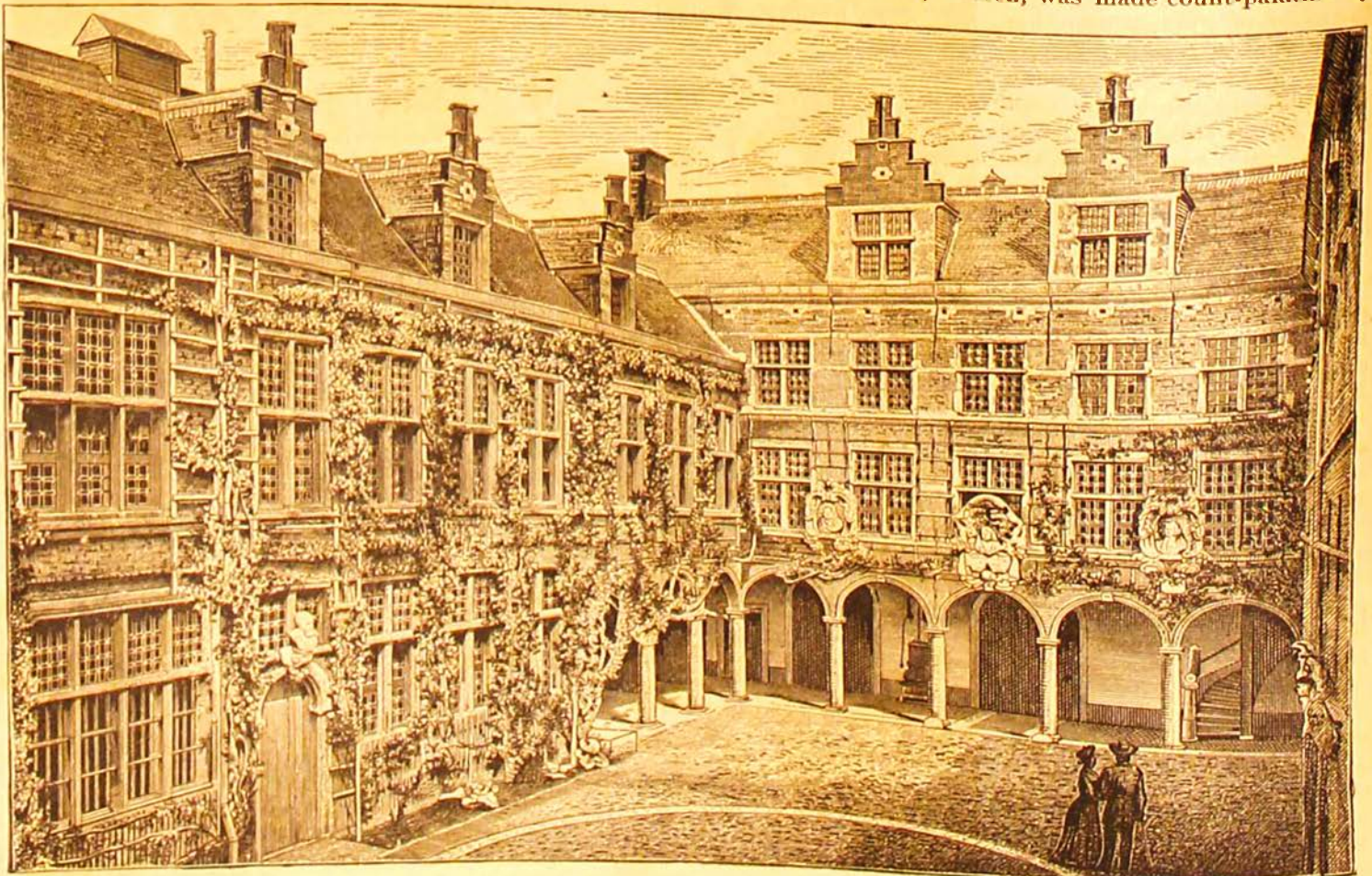
Christopher Plantin was born near Tours, in 1514. His parents were in humble life, and he was indebted for his early education to an ecclesiastic who permitted him to share the instructions he gave his nephews. A small sum of money falling into his possession, he went to Paris to continue his studies, and when his money was exhausted, he placed himself with a printer in Caen, at which place he married Jeanne Rivière.

He next went to Antwerp, where he made his home, and where he founded his great printing house. At first, he established himself as a bookbinder and manufacturer of cases, and in a short time acquired a reputation for the superiority of his work. An accident caused him to relinquish this business, and to return to printing. In carrying to a nobleman a casket he had made to hold a jewel which was to be presented to Philip II of Spain, he was set upon by some men, who mistook him for another person, and injured him so severely that he had to relinquish his trade. In 1555, he began the printing business, and soon became the equal of the best printers in Paris and elsewhere.



CHRISTOPHER PLANTIN.

Those were the days when printing was really an art and excited much enthusiasm. Printers were the recipients of honors, and some of them received the title of "Master of Printing," and one, Jensen, was made count-palatine by



QUADRANGLE OF THE PLANTIN MUSEUM.



Sixtus IV. To be a proof-reader was considered very honorable, and the most learned men only undertook to be correctors of the press. Printers generally attached to their publications, in connection with their own name, those of their proof-readers. Among the correctors of Plantin's press was the eminent Cornelius Killian. Plantin himself was not only a learned man, but he could set type, work the press, and read proof, a most desirable but rare combination of accomplishments in a publisher. In 1572 he completed the publication of the Polyglot Bible, and Philip II granted him the title of Architypographer of the King, and the privilege of supplying the liturgical books throughout the countries belonging to Spain, besides the right of control of his colleagues. The mark used by Plantin on his publications, and also on the front of his house, was a golden compass.

The family of Christopher Plantin consisted of five daughters and a son, who died young. One of his sons-in-law, Francis Raphelengien, became the head of a printing office established by Plantin in Leyde, and was subsequently made a professor in the university. Another son-in-law, Jean Moretus, traveled in the interest of the business and administered the money affairs; while a third directed a printing office, established in Paris by Plantin, but which did not succeed.

Christopher Plantin died in July, 1589, and Jean Moretus, his son-in-law, became the head of the celebrated Plantin printing house. He died in 1610, and left it to his sons, Jean and Balthazar, on the condition that the survivor was to be sole proprietor, and he was to bequeath the establishment to the most clever of his children, or, if he had no child worthy of it, the most clever member of his family was to heir the printing house.

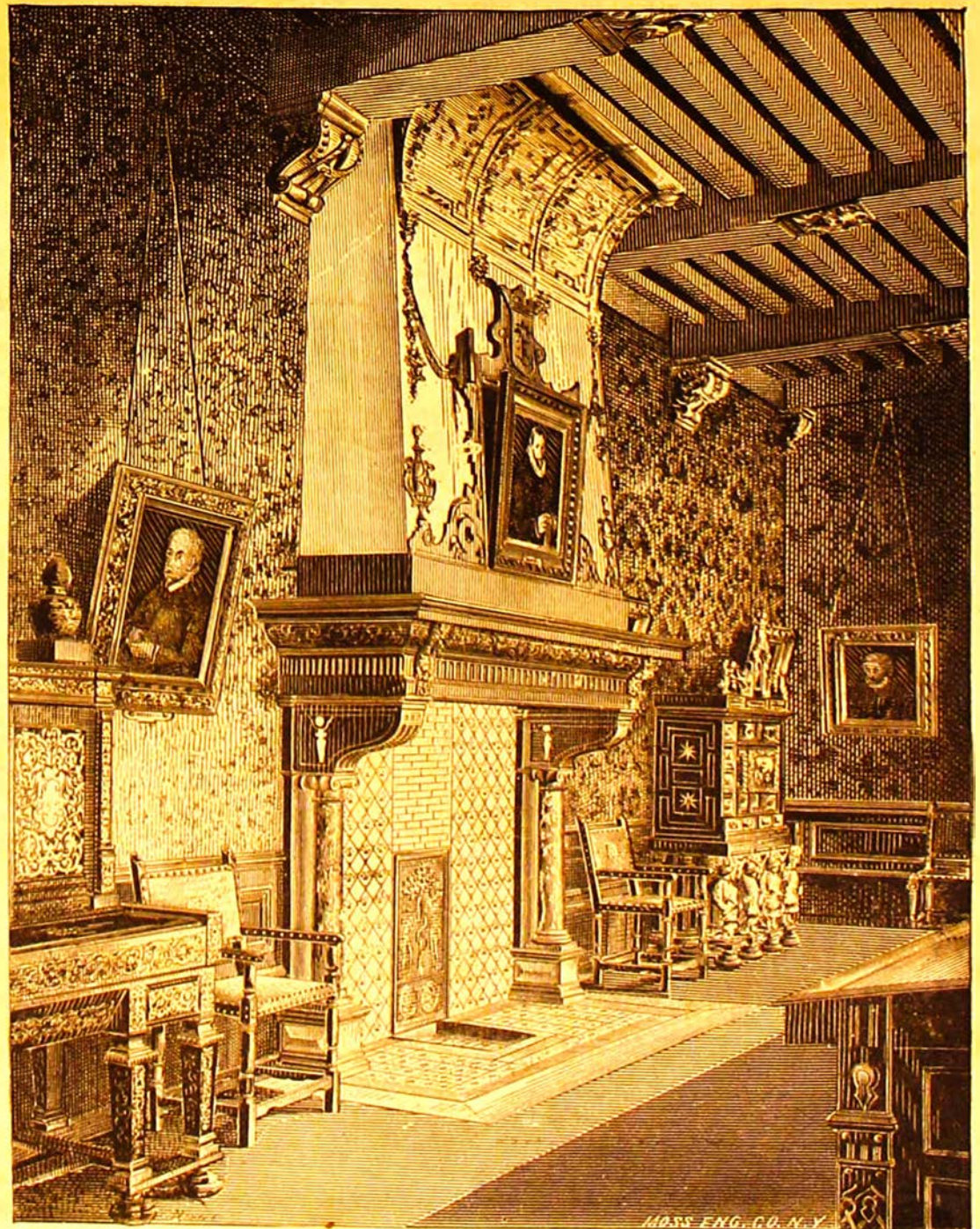
Thus it was that this celebrated establishment was handed down from generation to generation, one member after another of the Moretus family possessing it. They became very rich, and in the fourth generation (a Balthazar, the third of the name, being head of the family) were made noble. They now confined their business to supplying the countries under Spanish rule with liturgical books, but in 1800, the King of Spain prohibited the introduction of foreign books into his dominions.

In July, 1800, the printing office stopped, but various efforts were made to again revive the business. In 1865, it having fallen into the hands of Edouard Moretus, the printing presses were again put in operation, and thus continued, until 1867,

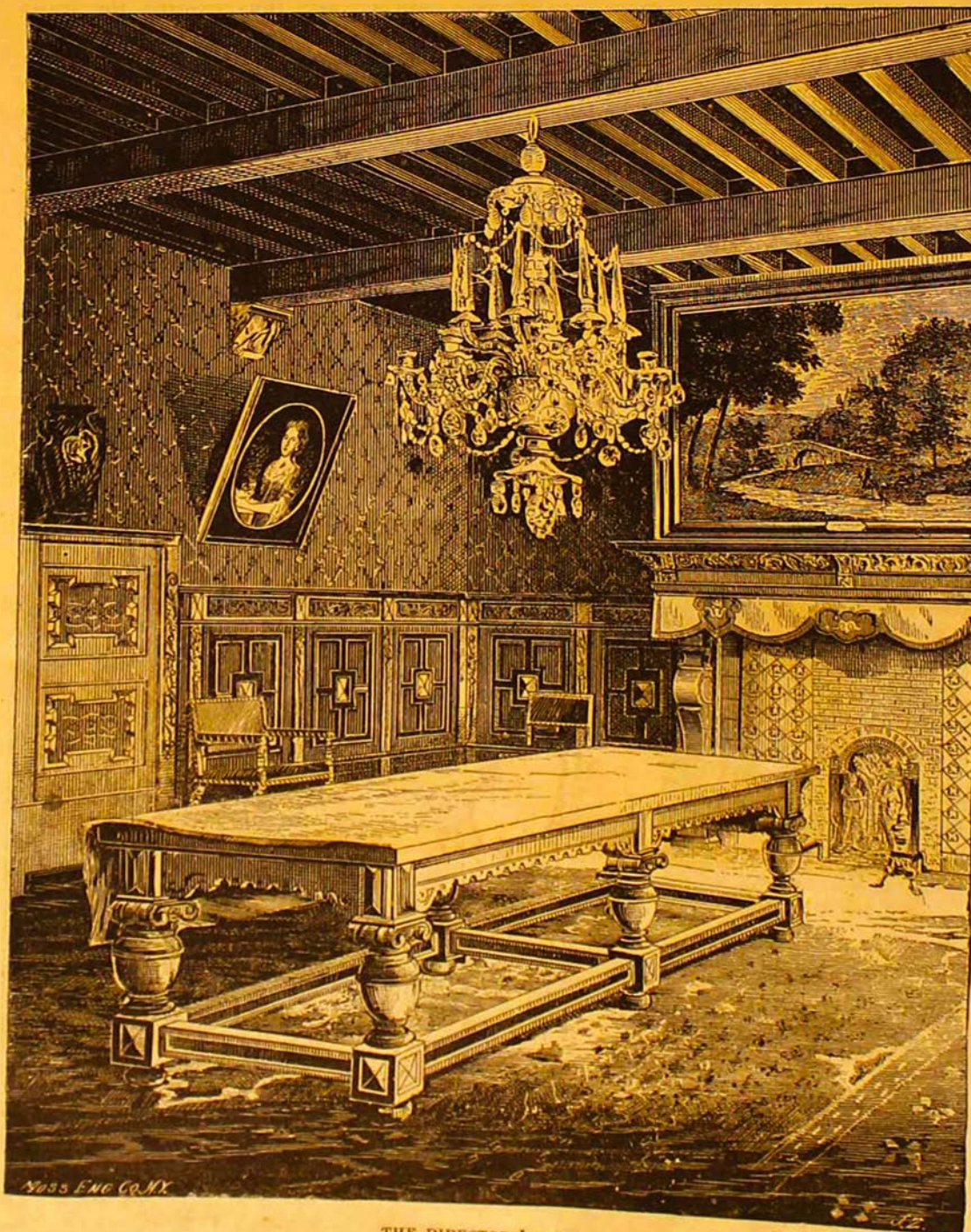
when they stopped forever; and thus expired the great Plantin printing house.

In 1875 Edouard Moretus entered into negotiations with Mr. Leopold de Wael, burgomaster of Antwerp, for the sale of the buildings and all they contained. The purchase was completed in 1876, and the municipality immediately ordered arrangements to be made by which the buildings should be opened to the public. This was accomplished in 1877, the same year in which the third century of the birth of Rubens was celebrated in Antwerp with much solemnity.

The Plantin Museum, or, as it is called, the "Musée Plantin," contains many objects of interest. Among these may be mentioned the gilt leather chair of Rubens, under a glass case; a magnificent Polyglot Bible, of 1572, printed by permission of Philip II, and some Syriac and Samaritan types. The end of a gallery is occupied by a picture by Quellyn, upon canvas forty feet broad and sixty or seventy feet high. The leather on the walls, which is figured in gilt and colors, was found under seven coverings of wall paper. Some of



THE PORTRAIT ROOM, PLANTIN MUSEUM.



THE DIRECTORS' ROOM.

the paintings are very fine, such painters as Vandyck, Cornelius de Vos, Titian, Teniers, Fra Angelico, John Van Eyck and Rubens being represented. The principal works of Rubens exhibited here are a Pietà (dead body of Christ), the Saviour on the Cross—a wonderful effort of genius—and the Adoration of the Magi, a magnificent composition. A fine picture is the Death of Rubens, by Van Bree, and another good painting is the Siege of Antwerp, by Bruckeleer.

Our illustrations will convey some idea of this wonderful museum, the only one of its kind in the world. They are from photographs, taken expressly for Demorest's Monthly Magazine, and cannot fail to prove of great interest to our readers. To those interested in the honorable and wonderful art of printing, they will prove especially interesting, as showing how noble and lasting is the reputation that a man may acquire in this profession, which scatters the mists of ignorance, and informs, elevates, and refines the human mind.

Illustration I. is the likeness of Christopher Plantin, the founder of the great printing establishment. He stands

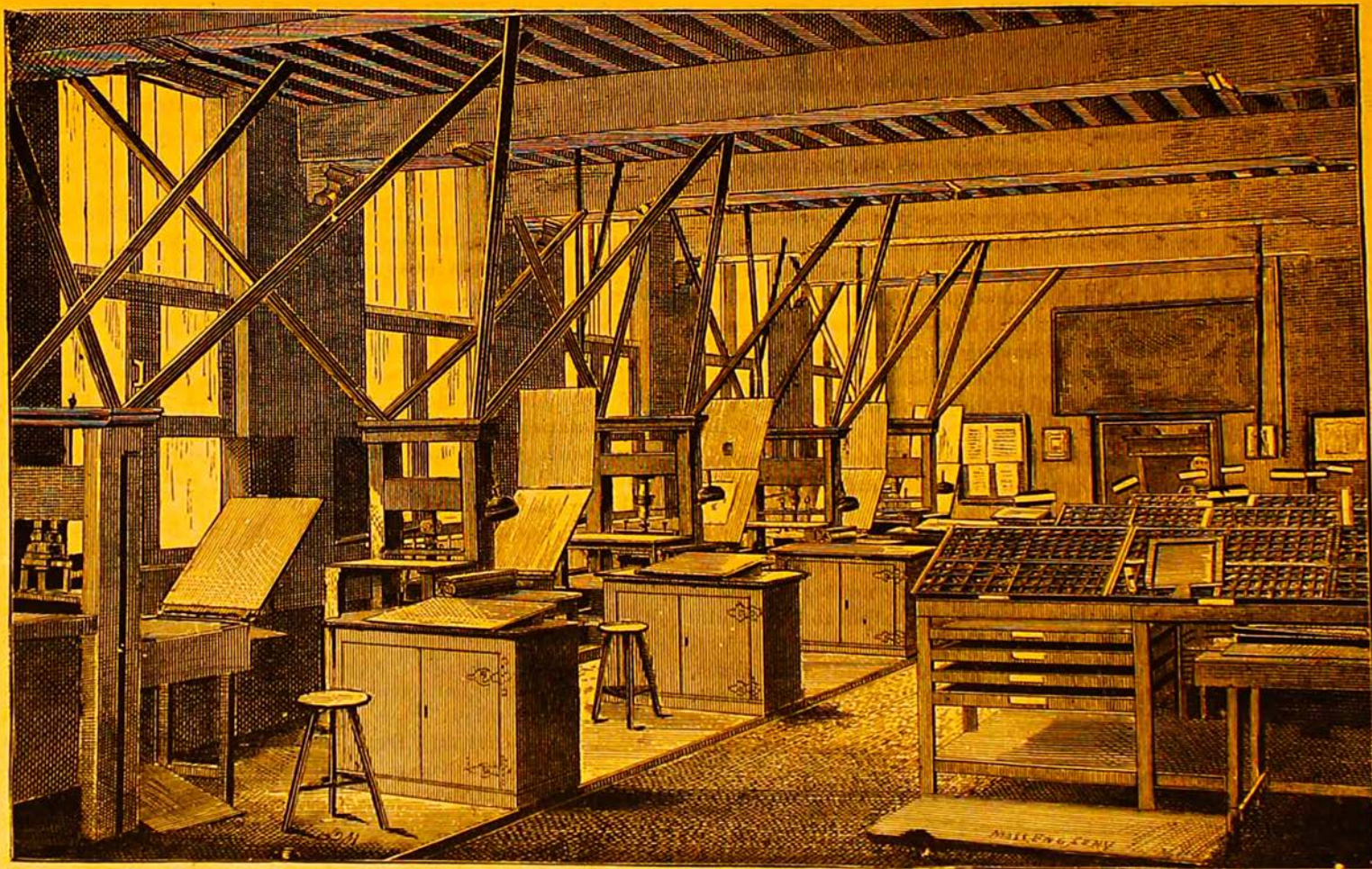
Napoleon's test of a good business man—a long nose.

Illustration II. is the interior yard of the building. At the end a view is obtained of the front of the printing office; on the left are the drawing rooms, portrait and other rooms; on the right side is the study room of Justus Lipsius, the business room, and that of the correctors. The busts are those of Plantin, Lipsius, and the Moretus. The luxuriant grape-vine that trails over the wall is three centuries old.

Illustration III. shows a part of the room known as the "Portrait Room." It contains several family portraits, and those of Arias Nontanus, Justus Lipsius, Abraham Ortelius, the celebrated geographer, by Rubens, and two of Plantin himself; the one over the mantelpiece by J. Pourbus, the elder, and another painted by Rubens for his intimate friend, Balthazar Moretus. Here also are many engravings, the work of Rubens and the engraver Quellyn, and devices, illustrations, and frontispieces by the former, all of which are in glass cases. On the sides of the chimney are two buffets of the seventeenth century, one of which is of violet and black ebony, adorned with tortoise-shell, and twenty-four pictures painted on white marble, by Jordaens. The buffet is supported by the figures of negroes in gilded draperies, and on the top are five small figures. The other buffet is of violet ebony, inlaid with white niello metal. A silver clock stands on this, which was presented to the brothers Moretus by the Archduke Albert and Isabella, on the occasion of a visit to the Plantin establishment. Some years ago the Director of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, in Antwerp, Mr. Nicaise de Keyser, painted a very fine picture representing the first visit of these Netherland princes, in 1599, to the Plantin establishment. This picture was painted for Mr. Walter Gurnee, of New York. This room is hung with green damask, the windows having colored panes, on which is inscribed the date of the birth and death of some of the members of the family.

Illustration IV. shows the room of the directors. The walls are covered with golden leather and family portraits. A handsome crystal chandelier hangs from the ceiling, and over the chimney is a landscape painting.

Illustration V. is the printing office, where are seen on a platform two presses, which were Plantin's own, five others being in the room. Plantin at one period employed as many as twenty-two printing presses, which was enormous; the largest printing house in France, that of Robert Etienne, never had more than four. Plantin commenced his business with seven. This room is the most ancient in the house.



THE PRINTING OFFICE OF THE PLANTIN MUSEUM.

One room is known as Justus Lipsius' room. This celebrated professor was a friend of Plantin, and often resorted to the printing house to pursue his studies. It is commonly supposed that he was a corrector of the press, but this is a mistake. One hundred and twenty-nine letters written by him to Plantin in French, Flemish and Latin are here preserved. The walls of the room are hung with Cordovan leather, covered with golden figures. Above the mantelpiece is a map of Rome, and over the door is a portrait of Lipsius at thirty-eight, which represents him in a black gown and white collar, holding a book in one hand, while the other rests on the head of a small dog.

The house abounds in many other objects of interest. There are two library rooms connecting with each other, which contain fifteen thousand volumes, bound in leather or vellum. The foundry, too, can be seen, with its bellows, lamps, ovens, crucibles, and files. The proof-readers' room, with its desks and benches, is an interesting place, especially when we remember what uncommon care was given to this branch of the business.

The success of this printing house was something wonderful, and printers and publishers of the present can look back over the centuries and take a lesson from the renowned Christopher Plantin. He only employed persons of ability and learning. His proof-readers were scholars, and it is said that he used to expose his proof before the door of his house and offer a reward for all mistakes detected—a proceeding which, if emulated by some modern publishers, would result in a heavy loss. He also assisted needy students by paying them for their services, thus benefiting them and securing their intelligent labors for his house. By this wise course in employing only skilled workmen he built up the far-famed reputation of his printing house, which is now one of the curiosities of Antwerp, and well worth a visit.

### His Gift.

GIVE her, I pray, all good; bid all the buds of pleasure  
grow

To perfect flowers of happiness where'er her feet may go:  
Bid Truth's bright shield and Love's strong arm  
Protect her from all earthly harm.

Lest there should be some other thing, better than all the  
rest,

That I have failed to ask, I said, Give Thou the very best  
Of every gift; what *Thou* dost deem  
Better than aught I hope or dream.

She lies before me still and pale; the roses that I prayed  
Might bloom along her path of life are on her bosom laid:  
Crowned with a strange rapt calm, she lies  
Like one made dumb by sweet surprise.

"Better than I can ask or dream," this was my prayer;  
and now

That she is lying still and pale, with God's peace on her  
brow,


I wonder, sobbing, sore dismayed,

If this be that for which I prayed!

CARLOTTA PERRY.

## Titles, Addresses, and Cards.

BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

T was quite a trial to me not to be present at your church sociable," I say, bidding the girls good morning. "But do tell me all about it. Did you really have courage to abolish the succession of supper tables and wait upon the company *a la* reception?"

"Yes, we followed the programme you suggested, little tables to put around in the parlor, and all."

"And when the door was opened into the dining-room," says Miss Nolan, "the table looked perfectly lovely. We all went around in the afternoon and helped to arrange it, and I, for one, felt rather proud of having had a hand in it."

"But how did people like the innovation?"

"Everybody likes it, now that they have had time to think it over," says Miss Bently.

"Then they did not like it at first?" I say. "I suppose the old folks among the guests found it hard to give up a time-honored custom."

"It wasn't the old folks at all," says Miss Grant; "dear old Aunt Hitty, the most ancient inhabitant of the town, skipped around the room telling everybody not to go back to the old way of shutting up a tableful of people to feed while the rest of the folks were famishing."

"It was fun to see Aunt Hitty and Grandfather Betts, paired off at a little table in the corner, out of the draft. They had a regular flirtation. Grandpa insisted on taking her cup into the other room to be filled with tea for the third time, and piled up her plate with everything he could lay his hands on."

"Who were the grumblers, then?"

"There wasn't any actual grumbling, but some people who never by any accident have the gatherings at their houses, pretended to be displeased because any change had been indulged in without taking a vote of the members."

"But it is all right now," says Miss Mosely. "At the last sewing society—that always meets in the Sunday-school room, you know—the matter came up and was discussed quite thoroughly. Mrs. Platt, the minister's wife, is first directress, and she put it to vote whether we should proceed in the old way, or have supper in reception style, as you call it."

"So you really voted on it. Well, what was the result?"

"Nearly a unanimous vote for the new way," breaks in Miss Nolan, "and I think it is awfully jolly; it will make the stiff old sociables seem quite partified."

"I want to ask a question," says Miss Maltby, "which has no earthly relation to the subject we are talking about; but I am afraid I shall forget what I want to say, if I don't say it now."

"Say it by all means; there is no time like the present."

"I want to know," pursues the young lady, "how I ought to direct a letter to a minister. It won't do to say J. Smith, Esq., even if that was his name, which it isn't, and plain Mr. Smith doesn't seem to convey proper respect for his calling."

"I never wrote a letter to a minister in my life," says Miss Nolan, thoughtfully.

"Neither did I," says Miss Maltby, blushing brightly, "but I have one to answer now, and I should like to have it right."

"Give the clergyman his title," I say, not appearing to notice some significant looks between Miss Nolan and Miss Bently, "The Rev. J. Smith. It would be very bad taste to omit it, even if you were on the most intimate terms with your correspondent."

"By the by, how would you address a minister's wife?" asks Miss Mosely. "I have just been made Secretary of the Missionary Society, and I suppose that sooner or later I

shall have to write to some of the ladies who have gone with their husbands to enlighten the nations who sit in darkness. Must I say Rev. Mrs. or Mrs. Rev.?"

"It is not common in this enlightened land to confer the husband's title upon his wife, but if your letters are going to a foreign country, perhaps it would be more secure to write, Mrs. Smith, care of the Rev. J. Smith."

"I notice you say *the* Rev."

"Yes, the definite article is considered imperative by people who are particular about polite usages."

"If you address a letter to a physician should you say, Dr.?" asks a young lady.

"Of course, you can do so if you please, but it is far more elegant to write M. D. after the name."

"Titles trouble me," says Miss Bently. "We have majors and colonels who never went to war, and judges who are only notaries, and doctors who simply make corn salve or some such thing, and professors who make complexion washes or hair dyes. Now is it necessary to address all such folks by their titles?"

"No; I do not think people should ever be addressed by empty titles; it is an injustice to those who have honestly earned them. Foreigners laugh at the indiscriminate use made of titles in America. A doctor of medicine should invariably be addressed by his title in connection with his name. The same rule applies to a doctor of divinity. A governor, or other civil officer, should be given his rank while he is in office."

"It is an easy step from the outside to the inside of a letter," says Miss Nolan, "and I should like to know how to address a gentleman with whom I have only a slight acquaintance. I can't say 'My dear Jack Spratt,' because he would think I was getting very familiar, and I don't like to say anything that sounds stiff, and I cannot ask mamma, because she would be frightened to death at the idea of my writing to a gentleman, and insist upon seeing the letter."

"You really ought not to write a letter your mother would not approve of."

"Oh, dear me! have I made you think I was going to do something improper?" says Miss Nolan, hastily. "I haven't a word to say that the whole world may not see, but it makes me awfully uncomfortable to have any one read my letters over, and perhaps criticise them."

"You would get over that," I assure you, "if you would write more letters. But what about this one which puzzles you. It is not from a regular correspondent?"

"Oh, no; I should know better what to say if it were. Mr. Spratt, of course that isn't really the name, took a fan I broke all to pieces, and had it mended in New York. It was a pretty fan, and one I think a great deal of. He has sent it to me by express, in perfect order, with a nice little note apologizing for the delay. Now shouldn't I answer the note?"

"Certainly you should; such courteous attention deserves prompt acknowledgment. But there need be no difficulty in beginning your letter. I do not think 'My dear Mr. Spratt' would seem too familiar, as the 'my dear' is understood to be simply a conventional form. If you were addressing a gentleman who was an entire stranger, or who was much your superior in years, or in station, you would be particular to say, 'Mr. So-and-so; my dear sir,' or if you were writing to a person upon business, that form of address would be the only one proper to use."

"I have lived to be twenty years old," says Miss Mosely, "without ever having any visiting cards, but I am going to get a plate now and have some engraved. How would you advise me to have them done?"

"Simply with your name," I say, "unless you choose to have your residence put in small letters in one corner."

"But would you have Miss on them?"

"By all means. You don't want all the people who may handle your card calling you by your christian name."

"But won't it seem affected for me to call myself miss?"

"Not in the least; custom sanctions the practice of printing the ordinary title upon a card, and it looks wrong when it is omitted."

"I suppose the cards ought to be perfectly plain?"

"By all means; anything else is extremely out of taste; beveled edges, fancy tints and devices, or any decorations are to be utterly condemned. The card should be of medium size and best quality, with the name finely engraved in script."

"I should like to understand the etiquette of cards," says Miss Nolan; "I mean more particularly the significance of turned-down corners."

"It is not a very useful knowledge," I say, "for fashion is constantly making changes in the custom, so that the sign which conveys an idea to-day, may be quite meaningless to-morrow. Besides, people are so apt to differ in their views of what certain indications point to, that it is not a reliable way of expressing one's meaning. You may, for instance, leave a card upon a friend with the lower right hand corner turned over, expecting her to understand that it was an adieu, or parting call, but she may fail to grasp your meaning, and it would be more certainly intelligible if you were to pencil P. P. C., *pour prendre congé*, on your card, or if you prefer the English statement of a fact, write T. T. L."

"What does that stand for?"

"The same thing, to take leave," I answer. "Then, if you turn down the whole right hand end of your card, supposing that your friend will understand that it was left in person, you may find later that it was believed to be an indication that the visit was intended to include other members of the household. So you see till the rules which govern such matters are more arbitrary, there must be misapprehension."

"I have seen the upper left hand corner turned down on a card," says Miss Bently, "but I have no idea what it indicated."

"That is supposed to express a visit of congratulation," I say, "and the lower left hand corner shows that condolence is offered on the part of the caller."

"It must be very assuaging to a mourner's grief, to receive a card neatly turned down on a particular corner," remarks Miss Maltby.

"Eminently so," I say, "but a person in affliction might after all prefer the card to the person it represented."

"Isn't it still fashionable to put R. S. V. P. on cards of invitation?" asks a young lady.

"*Repondez s'il vous plait*, yes, it is still done to some extent, but not so generally as it was once, as it is thought to be an implication that the recipients are unacquainted with social etiquette, or they would need no reminding that it is incumbent upon them to accept or decline all invitations. At receptions the failure to reply does not make so much difference, but for dinners or lunches the omission is often the source of great perplexity and annoyance to the hostess, as a certain number of seats are to be filled, and if those of the invited who cannot come are prompt, as they should be, with their regrets, there may be an opportunity to summon other guests."

"You were speaking of the turned-down end of a card being taken by some people as an indication that the call was made upon more than one person," says Miss Mosely, "but isn't it more elegant to leave a card for each person?"

"Yes, that is the usual plan in town, but here where there much less formality, I should think the card with the

turned-over end would do as well unless one was calling upon strangers visiting in the place. If your friend has guests stopping with her, and wishes you to call upon them, you must, of course, leave a separate card for each of her visitors, beside the one you leave for herself."

## What She Wore when She was Married.

BY MARY ABBOTT RAND.

**T**HE little village of Wondereyes was greatly exercised about the doings of Squire Wood. There was a houseful of motherless daughters there, and one of them—Miss Gertie—was about to be married.

Squire Wood, whose business had led him to Brazil for a year, left a comfortable purse, and wished his daughters to have everything desirable; but it is not to be supposed that they had their own way.

No, indeed; for they were quite under the control of their aunt, Mrs. Fitz, who lived in another part of the town, but whose widow's veil daily cast its shadow over the young people. Helen and Ruth and pretty Pearl and little Rob were manageable, but our impulsive Gertrude gave her aunt no little trouble, and it was a positive relief to that good woman's mind when her niece became engaged to Mr. Thomas West, a young leather merchant and a man of much dignity and decision of character.

It was a great relief to Miss Gertie's mind also, this being engaged. She found herself suddenly a person of some importance, and was allowed to do very much as she pleased.

As the time of her marriage drew near, however, she found that to keep peace in the household she must defer to her aunt's wishes and submit to a fashionable wedding. Gertie grew thin and nervous. Tom's calls were anything but satisfactory to him, being constantly interrupted by demands from the dressmaker or Aunt Fitz, who was deeply concerned in every matter connected with the approaching ceremony.

The chief point of dissension was the guests. Mrs. Fitz insisted that while there must be a crowd invited to the reception, it would never do to ask certain of Mr. West's circle—good enough people in their way, but quite too far below the Wood grade to be invited in company with them.

Of course, this protest was not spoken of to Mr. West, but Gertrude knew it and was perplexed between the wish to please her aunt and her sisters, and her desire to have everything pleasant for "dear Tom."

One rainy evening, about three weeks before the wedding-day, the young man called and found matters waxing more and more exciting. Ruth and Pearl were arrayed in their pretty bridesmaids' dresses "to see how it would seem;" while the worried little bride-to-be, with a pencil and paper, was writing, under her aunt's dictation, the names of the persons to be invited.

"Getting out the warrants?" said Mr. West pleasantly, as he stepped cautiously over and among the wedding finery. Gertie glanced up at him, and though it was a hasty glance, Tom could see the tears that were trembling in her lovely brown eyes.

"Excuse me for a short time," he said, putting on his hat. "I've an errand down town should be attended to right away. See you later."

Half an hour brought him back rather unusually elated over something.

"Gertrude looks tired, Aunt Fitz," he said, critically observing the girlish figure bending over her list of names.

"I know it," said Mrs. Fitz sharply. "And she worries needlessly. If she would just give up everything to me, she would spare herself so much. On such an occasion, the only way is to do the correct and proper thing; and then, if people are offended, they must be offended."

"Certainly, certainly," assented Tom, with the air of a man who is in the mood to assent to anything. "And, if that is so, Gertie, supposing I take you out for a little walk. Fresh air will lighten your perplexities."

"Fresh air!" repeated Mrs. Fitz, in astonishment. "Fresh water, I should say. Why, it's pouring in torrents. You can't be in earnest, Mr. West?"

"Never was more so," said the young man, with a decision that quite silenced Mrs. Fitz.

"You have rubber boots and water-proof cloak, Gertie?" he inquired. Gertie was equipped in them speedily. "I must say I am astonished!" was the only remark Mrs. Fitz had time to offer before the young couple were out in the storm.

"There! isn't it a relief to get out of all that tribulation?" inquired Mr. Tom.

"Yes, indeed," said the young girl earnestly; "I wish we need not have the 'dear five hundred' friends and all this parade. If there could be such a thing as a quiet marriage, we could have a reception later in our own home, and ask anybody we pleased."

"Gertrude," said the young man, so seriously that she was startled at his manner, "I am going to take you at your word. I have just obtained our marriage license and bespoken the services of good Parson Carter. See! Mrs. Carter has lighted candles in her little parlor for 'us four, no more.' Say 'yes,' dear."

Gertie's heart stood still for a moment. Then the very audacity of Tom's proposal pleased her fancy. He gave her no time to hesitate, but pretending now to be concerned about the increasing storm, hurried her out of it into the refuge of the parsonage, where the solemn words were spoken that made the scene sacred and impressive, though only one witness was there.

Coming out into the rain again, Mrs. Gertrude found a carriage at the door. "I would like to drive right to the station," said her husband, "and spare you the trial of a good-by to those at home, but it would not be right to run away as if we had done a dishonorable deed. I'm not ashamed of my wife or our marriage. And then, you will want some baggage, I suppose. Good little Pearl knows about this, and has packed one trunk for you, like the thoughtful bridesmaid that she is."

Pearl had indeed been busy, not only in packing the simplest part of her sister's wardrobe, but far more difficult was the task to tell the family of the surprising news that Gertie was to be married, and would return to bid them all good-by in half an hour.

The little bride was not equal to the storm of tears and reproaches; and while Mr. West wisely busied himself in seeing that the baggage was properly strapped, she could not restrain a real girlish cry, which somewhat appeased her aunt and sisters, while the servants stared at this most unexpected end to the great wedding.

Little Pearl was an angel of consolation to all parties, but once in the carriage with her devoted husband, Gertrude's troubles disappeared, and she was her bright, happy self again.

The reception some weeks later was a success, though Aunt Fitz was too much offended to be present.

Helen, Ruth and Pearl in due time had each a fashionable wedding; but it was a lasting disgrace, in Aunt Fitz's opinion, that "Gertrude was married in rubber boots."

## . How to Treat Our Doors.

BY JANET E. KUNTZ-RIES.



DOORS and doorways in modern houses call for a good deal of consideration. Increasing love of artistic decoration has awakened a dislike to all blank, flat surfaces with rigid and formal lines.

It often seems as if the great aim of the architect were to multiply doors indefinitely, and it is no uncommon thing to find a room with three or even four entrances, where one, or at most two, would be amply sufficient. We are all very much at the mercy of our neighbors, and in nothing more so than in the matter of houses, and house arrangements.

A fashion springs up, and is followed line by line, without much regard to suitability or comfort. If high stoop houses are the correct thing, no builder will hazard his reputation or his pocket by departing from the prescribed pattern, and even in the country, where one would think individual scope had full play, it is just the same.

Excepting at fashionable watering places, where variety is the aim, and every householder wishes to be original, we find the stereotyped copy of some accepted style or form.

Whatever the form selected may be, it is sufficiently monotonous before we have seen the end of it. And the tenant of artistic taste who takes possession of a country or town house will find much to consider before it is converted into an ideal residence.

Doors present many difficulties in their treatment, and there is a growing tendency in large cities to get rid of them altogether, whenever it is possible, and to substitute in their stead portieres or hangings.

Where this cannot be done a great deal is still possible in the decorative treatment of the door itself. Etching, painting in oils or in water colors, gilding, and stenciling have all been resorted to, not to mention the introduction of mirrors instead of panels: that, however, excepting in rare cases, is a mistake bordering upon vulgarity.

The door is not intended to give back a reflection of the interior, however charming the interior may be, and only the handsomest rooms can afford such a departure from the laws of suitability. The main point in the consideration of the decoration of the door should be its harmonious relation to the rest of the apartment. Many things must be considered. The coloring of the walls, and of the floor, the decoration of the ceiling, the plan, shape, and color of the furniture; and, as is invariable in all decorative matters, we find ourselves face to face with the fact, that a handsome thing is no longer handsome when it is unsuitable or inharmonious. The gay colors and ambitious designs which are adapted for large halls are wholly out of place in a moderately sized room, and in all the suggestions which we offer for the treatment of doors, it must be clearly understood that they will be found satisfactory only where everything else is in harmony with them.

To insure at least a certain amount of this necessary ingredient, a preference should always be given to neutral colors. Whether the decoration decided upon be the painting, the stenciling, or the substitution or addition of draperies, it is wise to have everything marked in tone, or glowing in color. If the door is not an absolute necessity, we should say remove it and substitute hangings; if it is impossible to follow this course, then either convert it into a thing of beauty or hide it with a well devised curtain.

Materials of all sorts are used for this purpose. In summer, nothing is prettier or more suitable than Madras muslin, or the striped materials in imitation of Indian fabrics, which are sufficiently inexpensive, and which are specially effective if hung in such a way that the stripes run the width and not

the length of the doorway. For bedrooms, and in country houses, chintz (old fashioned as many consider it) is invaluable, for many reasons far preferable to cretonne; first in that the glazed surface allows of it being readily shaken free from dust, and secondly because it can be lined with such pleasant shades of cambric muslin, while cretonne, if lined at all, demands heavier material.

With all due deference to the rule of fashion, it is sometimes desirable to follow individual taste, and in so doing we should select bright patterns and gay tints for bedroom door hangings, rather than larger and handsomer designs. There is a very inexpensive material known as cheese cloth, costing about eight cents a yard, of which most tasty bedroom hangings can be made in substitution, for instance, for the door which divides the washing accommodation from the room itself. In this position the door can readily be dispensed with, and drapery substituted in its place. Cheese cloth, if selected for the purpose, affords scope for any amount of decoration. Stars can be worked upon it in light blue silk, or in any color that suits the style of the room; crescents worked in gold have a pretty effect, or it may be simply bordered with a conventional design in crewels. A very pretty pattern for a curtain of this kind is that of the stork, or any of the quaint Greenaway figures look well. It is in fact, a very easy matter to treat the inner doors of a bedroom, for the furniture of the window and of the bed itself offers suggestions, and all are readily brought into harmony, while painted panels are scarcely in place there, unless in houses where everything gives way to decorative effect, and the expenditure of money is no particular object.

The doors of reception and living rooms call for different treatment, and the first thing to be considered is whether they are necessary or not. Dividing doors between sitting rooms can often be well dispensed with; portieres, gracefully draped, or a simple curtain marking the division, replace them. Such portieres should never be long or very full, and it is a mistake to overlap them with lambrequins or valances. The truly artistic way is to depend them from a pole furnished with rings, and have them just of the necessary length to touch the floor. They should never be upon it to any extent. Such hangings are readily drawn aside, and are never cumbersome or unwieldy. Heavy fringes and thick cords are no longer in fashion. We are beginning to realize that true art and simplicity are intimately allied, and that a portiere is, after all, only as substitute and not a piece of furniture. It ought never to be so elaborate or so voluminous that it cannot readily be removed, shaken free from dust, and brushed.

In very handsome houses heavy tapestried hangings may be permissible, although something of glow is always associated with them; but in the ordinary dwelling, the main object should be to attain a cheerful result, and heavy draperies often have an opposite effect. It is a question whether, after all, the interior is the better for the very heavy handsome hangings which are at the command of wealth, and whether better results are not obtained with the expenditure of less money and more time.

The most fashionable hangings are still made in panels; and the idea is so far a good one, that broken lines take from the formality that the use of very heavy material engenders; and the admixture of plush, satin, and silk permits considerable variety in design. Shorter purses, however, find many substitutes for these materials, which answer their end perhaps better, upon the whole. For example, monie cloth, fashion drapery, workhouse sheeting, felt, serge, and a material known as "demin," which is procurable in dull blues and reds, are all very serviceable.

An attempt has been made to revive the old-fashioned wall hangings, and to drape an entire room, doorways, windows,

and mantel, in the same material, with borderings of different colors. But the result, where we have seen it, has been too monotonous to be pleasing, and unless carried out in absolute harmony, it is uncongenial and irritating. Then, too, this system of decoration interferes seriously with the ordinary ornamentation of the room; pictures, brackets, nicknacks, find no place at all, and the introduction of a lambrequin over the door and windows gives a heaviness to the general effect which does not commend itself to us.

In some rooms the fashion of hanging rugs or shawls from the upper frame of the doorway is effective, but the better way is to hang them by means of rings seen at short intervals upon a brass or wooden pole. We have seen the Kake-monos, as the long Japanese paintings are called, used very satisfactorily, but on the whole they look less well than painted panels. It would be easier to make suggestions for these if we were not so entirely at the mercy of the house decorator, and if the taste for revival had not resulted in many absurdities. One cannot tell what color may be inflicted in any individual case, in that chosen for the door or the panel. Many modern houses have darkly grained and varnished doors, others light, a white wood for the door itself, and deep tones for the panels. Black, deep brown, invisible blue, a dark green, are all used, and, of course, present more difficulties for further decoration than the light or natural color, or even the plain unvarnished white. There is, however, one mode of overcoming the difficulties presented by the use of heavy tones in the door paneling, and that is, by means of stenciling. Gilding thus applied is very effective. The preparation of a stencil pattern is a very easy matter; it is only necessary to outline a design on cardboard, cutting out the portions which are to be reproduced. Then the stencil pattern is held in position, or fixed with sharp pointed tacks, and a brush dipped in liquid gilt is rapidly passed over it. Such designs can be carried out in various ways, to suit individual taste.

Painting in oils is a favorite method of panel decoration in modern homes. Artists of distinction are often engaged for such work, but the amateur may also accomplish great things, bearing in mind one great point, that the tones in such a painting should be neutral, and in every case the coloring of the background of the panel should be lighter than the prevailing tint of the framework.

Of course much of the effect will depend upon the quality of the wood, which should be old and well seasoned, and if of the natural color, it is always an advantage. For painting a design in oils red, sable brushes are needed of coarse and fine quality, and oil color in tubes. For the backgrounds, softly toned blues, grays or greens are best. Sometimes water color decoration is preferred, in which case the design should first be outlined in pencil. The surface of the wood must be thoroughly cleaned, and the colors mixed with Chinese white, which renders them opaque. It is always well to paint in the darker shades first, and from them to work up to the higher lights. A fine luster can be given to the panel by applying a washing of patent white glaze to the entire surface, and repeating the operation again as soon as the first coating is dry, afterward washing the whole over with white spirit varnish. Such polished panels, with a simple design, as, for example, of drooping hops, or a vine branch, or fern leaves gracefully disposed, will be found very satisfactory for any room.

Although we have expressed an opinion rather unfavorable to the introduction of mirrored panels, we are reminded of instances where the effect is graceful enough. For example, we know of one room where a corner door that faces the entrance, has mirrors substituted for the two upper panels, and which, forming their high portion, reflect the entire room, giving the idea of a much larger apartment than it

really is. In such a case, the mirror plays a pleasant role, and is not objectionable.

Doors in nurseries or playrooms can be made very attractive for children by the introduction of colored pictures to cover the panels. By a little ingenuity they can be so fastened in and fitted, that by introducing a gilded beading round them, they look like framed pictures, and not only delight the little ones, but are really handsome and effective.

### Home Art and Home Comfort.

**T**HE four designs given in this number may be embroidered in stem stitch according to the directions given for doilies in the September number. Two shades of gray-blue silk will be simple and good coloring for these designs. If a larger variety of color is wished, each of the designs must be done in the natural colors of the

plant. In the buttercup design, No. 1, the petals of the flowers should be in yellow, the flower centers green, the stamens deeper yellow, the leaves olive and blue — olive greens. The flowers of the clover design, No. 2, in pale green yellows and yellow pinks, with stitches of dark green for the calyx of the flowers, where they join the stem stalk. The leaves in various shades of greens, using gray greens and blue olives.

The smaller leaves need the lighter shades of color, and the center oval in the leaf needs the gray green. The modica fern, No. 3, may be embroidered in greens, the scales on the leaf stems in pale yellow browns. The petals of the flowers of the blue-eyed grass should be in blue, the centers yellow, the hair-like flower stems red brown, the seed pods green, the grass-like leaves and stalks a blue olive green. The horse-tail sprays in soft yellow greens. When flowers are embroidered in solid stem stitch, with natural coloring, a much smaller design is sufficient.

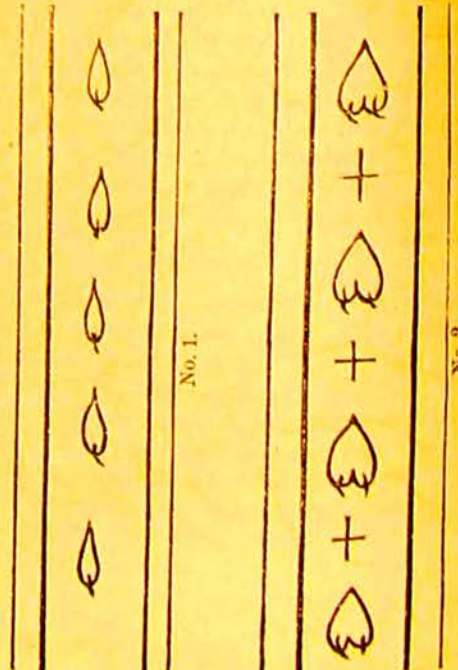
For example, two border lines in two shades of red-brown silk, in stem stitch, can be embroidered, forming a small square or circle in the center of the doily, then the two clover flowers and three smaller clover leaves (No. 2), embroidered



1—BUTTERCUP.



2—WHITE CLOVER.



No. 1.

No. 2.





solid in silks, falling across the border lines, would be sufficient. The whole design would be too heavy if embroidered solid. In the outline embroidery it will be convenient to use the button-hole or daisy stitch in the clover flowers, and also for a large part of the fern leaves, in place of the more laborious stem stitch.

This stitch is also very useful for borders, as it is effective and rapid. No. 1 is the simple button-hole loop. No. 2 has the form of a heart-shaped petal of a flower, and is a double

loop stitch for each petal. No. 3 is the loop used as a clover-leaf border. No. 4 is the loop again on a stem-stitch curve. HETTA L. H. WARD.

NO. 3—MODICA FERN.



NO. 4.—BLUE-EYED GRASS AND HORSE-TAIL.

### Lead Me.

BY ROSE GERANIUM.

MY days go briefly past,  
In silence, one by one ;  
What shadows have they cast  
Beneath the sun ?

Have pilgrims found them sweet,  
By lengthened ways,  
And, resting weary feet,  
Thanked God with praise ?

Upon these hours of mine  
Hang great demands :  
What task of faith divine  
Hath crossed my hands ?

Have they drawn folds of calm  
Some heart around,  
Or touched with pity's balm  
A rugged wound ?

I am thine own, O God,  
To serve each day ;  
Wherein thyself hath trod—  
Point out the way !

## Reminiscence.

## "THE CAPTAIN."

ONE morning, twenty-four years ago, on the next thirty-first day of October, three little children were standing on the sidewalk under a big China tree in Columbus, Ga. Beautiful Columbus! Built upon a high bank of the smiling Chattahoochee, perfectly level, her broad streets glistening white with river sand and shells; shady sidewalks and lovely flower-yards, ever fragrant with the sweetest flowers, and green with Magnolias and Sweet Olives; the home of wealth, luxury, and, alas, the wickedness of Babylon!

These little children were disputing. A carriage had just rolled past in which sat a lady, whom Beth, who was five years old, wished to follow. This lady the children knew by sight as the one who wrote "Linda; or, the Belle Creole," a story over which all three cried every night in their little trundle-bed, while Ary, the yellow nurse, told it with original variations and additions of her own.

"The captain," who was six and a half, and therefore very wise, strenuously objected.

"You children go back in the yard," said he. "You're nothing but girls, no how. I am goin' to the river to see the steamboat. I got no time to fool followin' wimen an' girls—"

"If you go to the river," said Beth, "I will, too."

"Me too," said Annie (four-year-old), "an' I spec we all 'll fall in an' get dwounded, an' fishes will swallow us down their throats."

"Go in the yard," said the "captain," with emphasis.

"I won't!" said Beth.

"Me neiver!" said Annie.

"Well, come along then," said the captain, much exasperated.

During this conversation the morning sun had crept behind a leaden cloud, but these little people did not care for that. They were running away, in fact, since their careful mamma and grandmother never allowed them to leave the yard without their nurse.

They trudged on as fast as their fat little legs could carry them; momentarily expecting to hear the shrill voice of their nurse calling them back. But Ary was busy that morning; the gentle little mother was sick, and the careful grandmother in close attendance upon her, so "the chillun," as Ary called them, were forgotten.

Arriving at the river bank, at a spot where the shore was a high grass-covered bluff, they sat down in a row and threw pebbles into the water, while they talked of a great event which had happened a few days before, viz.: Somebody had brought Cousin Tarquina, who boarded with them, the funniest little scrap of a boy in the world. The "chillun" were quite envious; besides, they resented having to keep still in the house because Cousin Tarquina was sick. Beth wanted to nurse him, but she was not allowed to move if he was laid on her lap; while Annie had been in disgrace ever since she was caught carrying him head down, to the bath-tub.

"I can't see," said Beth, "why we can't have a baby of our own."

"Me neiver," said Annie.

"Well, I tell you, *now*," said the captain, standing on his head in the soft grass, "I don't want no more *girl*-babies. If ma would buy a boy, I wouldn't care; but they shan't bring any more good-for-nothin' girls to *my* house."

"Like to know how you'd help yourself," said Beth.

"Me neiver," said Annie.

"Just you fetch a-nuther girl-baby to our house, and you'll see," said the captain.

Beth was on the point of giving a sharp reply, when a curl of blue smoke, far down the river, caught her eye.

"Here she comes," she cried with wild enthusiasm, waving her bonnet to the boat puffing and steaming up the river.

"Humph!" said the captain, no less excited, but trying to appear superior, "'tis nothin' but the 'ole Southerner!' she don't carry nothin' but coal."

"Listen to what she says," cried Beth, not heeding the slur.

"We've got her! we've got her! That means she is bringing the baby."

"Taint no 'her' if she has got one," said the captain, emphatically.

"De Lor help my soul! Ef hyonder ain't dem good-for-nothin' harum-scarum chillun right on the river bank! Come way fum dar dis minit, 'fore yore grandma skin you 'live!"

Ary's shrill voice made the little truants jump, and stopped the dispute immediately, while from sheer force of habit they ran to her as fast as they could go.

"You chilluns gwine to be the def o' me," said she, while she brushed the dirt off the little girls' dresses, and buttoned the captain's waist, which his recent somersaults had disordered. "I've a great mind not to tell you what's done happened, sence you been gone, 'cause you're so bad."

"Oh do please tell us," cried the delinquents with one voice.

"We won't never run away no more if you will tell us."

"Yes you will, too! you'll run away the fus' chance you git," said Ary.

"No we won't. We jes' 'clare we won't!" chimed the children.

"Well. Somebody's dun come to our house."

"Oh, I am so glad! who is it?" cried Beth, jumping up and down before Ary's feet, and stumbling over Annie in her delight.

"Now jes' look at you, Beth, jes' runnin' over this chile. Come yere, honey," taking Annie up in her arms, "Nobody'll keer nothin' fur *you*, now, but Ary."

"What's the use o' so much fuss?" said the captain. "Tell us who's come."

"Taint yer uncle Reuben ner yer Ant Fannie," said Ary, teasingly.

"I know," said Beth, setting out steadily for home. "It's THE BABY. Come on. I'm goin' home."

"Is it a baby, Ary?" said the captain.

"Yes," said Ary.

"Is it our baby?"

"Yes," said Ary.

"Is it a boy?"

"I'm a not a-goin to tell," said Ary. "I would a-told, but you had ter go run away."

"Don't care if you don't," said the captain. "I'm goin' home too, an' I'll find out when I get there."

\* \* \* \* \*

Sure enough! They had a baby! But all were dissatisfied. The captain was disgusted because it was a girl; Beth, because it was too large and heavy for her to hold; Annie, because it took her place in mamma's bosom.

But Annie's troubles were soon soothed by bread and jam, a bath, clean clothes, and Ary's song, "Less roll down to Jordan," while she rocked the little girl to dream-land on the wide back gallery.

Beth went into the kitchen, to beg little pieces of dough to bake on top of the stove.

The captain sat on the back steps, looking moodily out at the rain, which was now pouring in torrents, while the tree-tops awayed almost to the ground in the fierce storm.

"Taint no use to try," soliloquized the "captain." "We can't never have no boys. Here's three girls to be always a followin' me everywhere I want to go. No brother for me to play with. I won't stay here to this house no longer. Nothin' but women-folks and babies. I'm going down to the shop and see what the men's doin'." The captain kept this resolution to himself. Slipping an umbrella off the stand in the hall, it was but the work of a minute to get out of the front door and on the street, unseen by any of the family.

Down the street, tugging and struggling with his umbrella, in the wind and rain, the little man pushed steadily onward. Soon he had reached the river bank in front of the great shop, built on the shoals in the river, and connected with the shore by a long uncovered bridge. The river had risen, and was within a few inches of the bridge-beams. But it was a powerful structure; the river had never risen above it, so the men worked on without thought of danger; sawing, planing, mortising, painting, carving, and making all manner of beautiful chairs and articles of household convenience. The captain's father sat in his office, too

busy writing to heed the storm; thinking occasionally that he would go home presently, for his "Mary" was not quite well when he left that morning, and she was afraid of storms. If he thought of his little truants, it was to be glad the wise grandmother was there, to keep them in out of the rain.

The "captain" was trying to close his umbrella before crossing the bridge, but a sudden gust of wind relieved him of that necessity.

"Well, let the ole thing go," said he, as it sailed down the river; "taint no use auyhow," starting across the bridge in a run.

At this moment he heard a loud shout behind him. Stopping to see what it was, he beheld Sam, Ary's brother, the picture of the wildest fear, rushing towards him like a madman, shouting something that was heard above the whir of the machinery, striking terror to every heart. In less time than has been consumed in writing the last sentence, Sam had reached the boy, and both were precipitated with a fearful crash, into the workshop. "THE FLUMES IS BUSTED!"

"THE FLUMES IS BUSTED!" shouted Sam in a frenzy, holding the captain upside down and struggling to rise.

There was no need to ask an explanation. The warning had come too late. The crash which accompanied their forcible entrance into the shop, was the bridge breaking loose from its fastening, and now twenty feet of boiling, seething water was raging between the shop door and the end of the bridge still hanging for a few minutes to the shore.

The cotton flumes had burst! They were, with the cotton factories, just above the "Varieties," as the shop was called. The immense timber, borne upon the immeasurable volume of water thus set free, were rushing with irresistible force upon the building in which the "captain," his father, and over one hundred men were gathered, panic-stricken, expecting every moment that the straining, creaking timbers of the building must give way, and all be engulfed in a common death; for who could live in such a watery chaos, or hope to escape from the raging caldron by which they were surrounded? Men who had never before known fear sank in agony upon their knees and prayed.

Thousands had gathered in that brief half hour upon the bank, vainly striving to help the men in the shop. The bridge was entirely gone. Immense beams of oak, ponderous timbers, borne upon the resistless current, rushed past like straws upon a brooklet, over miniature falls, or struck with stunning force upon the walls of the doomed building. The water was already in the first story, and rapidly rising. Mayor Morton sat upon his horse on the bank, in the blinding rain, hatless and coatless, suggesting, through the hoarse throat of a speaking-trumpet, various ineffectual modes of egress. At this moment Capt. Brooks, a retired sea-captain, arrived. By his directions a line was thrown by the "captain's" father from the platform in front of a third-story window to the shore. A stout rope, drawn back and secured—one end in the shop, the other on the shore; a frail cotton basket, the only thing available, fastened so as to slide back and forth on the rope; two other lines attached to the basket, one held by the "captain's" father in the shop, to hold

the basket with its living freight steady in its fearful descent from the third story almost to the water, the other to haul it up to the opposite bank from that fearful depth; for the main line could not be drawn so taut that the weight of the basket and its contents would not cause it to sag. When the men saw a way provided for escape, the wild confusion and eagerness to be the first to leave the scene of danger transcends description. Shouts of remonstrance, and women's screams from the shore, urging their loved ones to come first, added to the tumult.

At this moment the captain's father addressed the men, urging them to use their better judgment, calling a few by name to help him restore order; he pledged his honor to be the last man to leave the shop if they would yield to his guidance, asking them as a favor to let him send his boy out first. Thus appealed to, the men yielded. The "captain," who had scarcely recovered the faculty of speech, so great was his amazement at these extraordinary scenes, mixed with indignation because Sam would not let him loose, now thought it time to explain his presence at this untimely hour.

"I wouldn't 'a' come," said he to his father, from Sam's arms, "but they've gone and got another girl at our house and I——"

"Never mind that," said his father. "Come to me. I am going to put you in this basket. If you fall out you will be drowned. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, sir," said the captain.

"Shall I tie you in?" said his father.

"No, sir; I ain't no baby," was the Captain's indignant response. "I can hold on."

"My boy! If you do not hold on you will never see your mother again. I cannot save you if you fall into that water."

"I won't fall," said the captain, with determination.

"I will trust you," said the father, the perspiration standing in great beads upon his pale forehead; mentally adding, "I am trusting God's providence."

"When you get over, go straight home. Tell your mother this: 'Pa says he is safe. That there are men in the shop. He can't get home till all are out; not to be anxious, but to

pray for all in the shop; can you say that?'"

"Of course I can," said the Captain.

"Now go. May God keep you!" said the father, as he placed the little boy, almost a baby, in the basket.

During this brief conversation every other voice had been silent; no sound but the angry roar of the river, the crashing timbers, and the raging winds. But when the excited populace saw the boy placed in the basket, they cried with one mighty, overpowering voice, "Tie him!"

The father shook his head; with lips compressed and steady hand he started his child upon the awful descent; down, almost straight down, with dizzy speed the basket slid. Dipping to the water, stout arms began to pull it up the ascent to the shore; it slipped, then stopped. "The captain" took off his little cap and tucked it under him, and with childish glee tossed the water from his hair, and shouted to his father. Every heart stood still as the basket, swaying, slipping, now moving upward, then hanging, climbed the rope. Some twenty feet from the bank it stopped and would not move! A knot in the rope! Wild



EVERY HEART STOOD STILL.

confusion—in the midst of which the child stands up in the basket and tries to lift it and himself over the knot.

"Sit down," came in thunder tones from shore and shop. A moment more, when a fireman, with a long hook reached out, grappled the basket, lifts it over, draws it to the shore, and the boy is safe! Oh, what a shout rent the air! What ejaculations of thankfulness from hearts who did not even know his name. "The little hero!" "Bless his brave heart!" "A second Moses!" were some of the wild cries. But "the captain" was disgusted. He wanted to obey orders. He did not want to be kissed and cried over and carried on people's shoulders.

"Make 'em let me alone," he said to the Mayor. "I got to go home and tell ma not to be uneasy."

"I will carry you," said the Mayor, taking him in his arms upon the horse, and forgetful for the moment of everything but the boy, he soon set him down in his father's yard; then, fearful of meeting the anxious ladies, he hurried back to the scene of disaster. He found the men coming over rapidly and with comparative safety. In less than two hours all were over except "the captain's" father, Sam, and Mr. Kelley, who boarded with "the captain's" father. These three brave men were each striving to be the last.

"Noe, sah!" said Sam, "'taint fur a nigger like me to leave his marster in sech a place. Right here does I stay twell I sees you safe on dat groun' over yander."

Mr. Kelley remonstrated, but all remonstrations were cut short by the foundation, on one side, giving way. The house toppled over, and escape by the basket was impossible. "The captain's" father was not strong, and could not swim. Sam was struck off from the window ledge, where he was striving to construct a raft, and borne down the river by the current. Mr. Kelley and "the captain's" father were soon compelled to get upon the roof, and as the water rose and the house settled down, were soon afloat in the raging flood. Clinging to the timbers they swept on, miles down the river, the crowd following and boats putting out constantly, only to put back again in dismay, the floating trees and timbers rendering it impossible to reach the men. That night, about midnight, a steam-boat coming up the river picked them up exhausted, bruised, and chilled, but otherwise unhurt. The wild shouts which greeted their safe return reached the waiting ears in "the captain's" home.

"I wonder—oh, I wonder if he will ever come!" moaned the anxious wife, for the hundredth time since she had heard of the disaster. "I cannot feel that he is safe. O God, keep him 'neath the shadow of thy wing."


"The captain" got home and delivered his message *verbatim*. Then he refused to answer any questions.

Though "a hero," etc., he cried for jam; and fought the cat. All the time a vague fear of something dreadful happening to his father sat like an incubus upon his little heart. Too young to realize the danger, he knew there *was* danger; he would not tell his fears because he had promised his father to say nothing. He would not go to bed, though, but when he sprang into his father's arms, with screams of joy, when that father arrived, wet, cold, and weary, fresh from the jaws of danger, all understood and wondered at the boy's unheard-of firmness in so strictly obeying his father's command.

They named the unwelcome girl-baby Kelley; which ever afterwards redeemed her character in "the captain's" eyes; for her having a boy's name was the next thing to being a boy. She was always his favorite sister.

This story is for Kelley's baby-boy when he gets to be a big boy.

## How we Did It.

 SUPPOSE you have heard of dear, eccentric Mrs. B\*\*\*\*; poor old soul, she has left us her cottage and some 'tumble-down' furniture, and we are here on an inspection tour. The cottage inside is irredeemably ugly. Do come up and tell us what to do with it to make it habitable for the summer."

Thus ran a paragraph in one of my morning letters. I determined to go; the expression "irredeemably ugly" fascinated me.

And truly it was ugly! Some of the walls coated with lime, and broken; some with staring yellow and red paper; the woodwork and ceilings a raw white; and the carpets, where there were any, were great sprawling patterns of scrolls, birds, and roses. But in compensation there was a lovely garden full of old-fashioned bushes, roses, snowballs, fire bushes, and lilacs; and riotous honeysuckles and trumpet creepers running over roof and porch. In June, here, at least, was sure to be a small paradise!

"You are aware of the length of our purse, Frank; is there any hope?" inquired Kate with touching meekness.

"Do encourage us, tell us something!" exclaimed Janet impatiently, as I stood silently "taking in the situation."

"I see it all in my 'mind's eye!' It will be—charming!" added I, after an aggravating pause.

"What is it? Can we do it ourselves?" exclaimed Kate brightening.

"Certainly—with my advice," answered I with assumed importance; "but you must promise to rely implicitly on my judgment—and obey orders strictly!"

"Of course we shall!" chimed in both girls with enthusiasm.

"Well, then, we three will do it, with Ned's help. Now, let us see what we have to work with, beginning with the sitting-room; it's a bright, nice, sunny location, girls! To commence with:

*Item.*—One broad old-fashioned settee in tolerably good order. Four rush-bottomed chairs, rather the worse for wear. Two rattan rockers, good shapes, different sizes; pretty fair; can be improved.

One lot of packing-boxes.

One pine table, good, stout, straight, plain, unvarnished legs and top.

One lounge, nothing but the frame available.

"Now for the room itself. Four bare walls, broken in places; whitewashed ceilings. Three windows, two low ones facing the west, and one three-sided bay-window with southern exposure; good, smooth floor, and woodwork throughout room dingy white."

"That's a promising inventory truly!" said Kate ruefully.

"Hush, did not I say it should all be charming? I tell you I see it as plainly as Michael Angelo or somebody or other saw the angel in the block of marble, you know."

"I am glad you do," murmured Janet, but half convinced.

"Upon my word you are wonderful," said Kate admiringly, and with full faith in ultimate results.

The next day Kate and I went to town shopping, leaving practical Janet to superintend Violet, the village house-worker, with her daughter Dinah and her boy Tom; the trio, it was hoped, would scrape walls and clean up generally preparatory to my work of restoration and decorating. The results of our tour arrived on the next afternoon, and Janet stood by in puzzled wonder as the packages were undone, and cans of paint, brushes, rolls of paper, bundles of dry goods, and a number of small odds and ends were disclosed to view.

I proposed a scheme of color for the sitting-room; it was accepted. We would tint the ceiling a soft cream color, using gilder's whiting, a touch of yellow ochre, and smooth, thin flour paste as a vehicle—an old-fashioned recipe, but not to be despised. We would color the woodwork in Indian red, and stain the floor in a deeper shade of same color, paper the walls in two shades of soft grayish fawn color or drab. Kate and I had selected the loveliest paper with this ground and a conventional floral design powdered over it in

a little deeper shade. As a first step we mended the walls with putty and plaster of Paris—the ceiling had been well brushed and scraped previously—and prepared our cream-color tinting to be ready for use in the morning.

The next day, Cousin Ned, our "right-hand man," having arrived, behold us ready for work in dust caps, calico dresses and aprons, and gloves! Our paste, I forgot to mention, for papering the wall, had also been made the day before, so it should go on the wall and paper *cold*. It was composed of smooth rye flour, a little glue, and a lump of alum. We were so anxious to work we could hardly wait for Ned to color the ceiling. I kept my forces busy, however. Kate and Janet measured and cut the wall paper in proper lengths, while I opened the paint can and laid out the brushes and sash tools. When we had finished papering, Kate and Janet looked a little discouraged and very tired.

"Don't worry about those wrinkles," said I, "for when the paper dries they'll disappear."

The girls brightened visibly at this, and declared themselves ready and eager for more work, so I set Janet to painting the surbase and doors, and Kate at the window casings, while I plied the sash tool on the more slender woodwork of the sashes. We "worked like beavers," as Kate declared, and before evening Cousin Ned was staining the floor by rubbing in the color with a woolen cloth, and then rubbing with a clean one until color stopped coming off. The result was charming, and both girls were in raptures, practical Janet even being won over to full belief in my theories.

"Girls," said I next morning, "our operations to-day will include that kitchen dresser. I declare it is quite Eastlakey in its solidity and clear cut outlines; and think how useful those drawers will be for sewing materials and the shelves for books."

"Frank, you're just wonderful," cried Kate delightedly.

"Fall to, then, girls, and let us lay out our work; here comes Cousin Ned. Well, sir, you are to do the sandpapering, here is your supply, coarse and fine, and emery paper for finishing. You are to rub down this dresser, that table, these chairs, the lounge and settee. Then add a trifle of black paint to this Indian red, and when all your surfaces are satin smooth rub it in for a stain, just as you did the floor, and then rub again with clean cloths—here they are—until you get up a good 'dull polish.'"

"I'll pity your arms; they'll ache when you have done all that rubbing, Ned!" cried Kate.

"They're at your service, ladies," replied Ned gallantly.

It took several days to accomplish, but when Kate and I with delicate brushes had laid on lines and tiny fret-work borders in gold on each piece, giving special care to the dresser, there stood as pretty a sitting-room set as one could desire.

All the rest of that week our needles flew and the machine buzzed like mad, and we made pillow and cushion covers, curtains and valances, and what not.

For a week after we rested, applying our time to pretty drawn-work, fringe making, etc. The etceteras proved important; among them were a pretty painted border for the wall paper, and a square rug, "a la Indien," for the middle of the floor. Old Mrs. B\*\*\*\* was fond of sewing carpet balls and having breadths of carpet woven, and these she stuffed away in her store-room, where we discovered enough for half the house. Four of the best breadths we sewed together, then cut two strips lengthwise, raveled the cut edges, and sewed all around for border.

We had "Eastlake on Household Taste," so when we came to upholstering we copied the "ancient sofa at Knole" as near as we could with our decorative settee; we had beautiful gilt-head and figured nails and valances, etc. Then we put up the curtains on pretty stained rods with lance-head

finials carved by Ned and gilded by Kate. After that the books were brought out and placed on the open book shelves, formerly the dresser shelves. Then came the pictures, four water-color sketches with broad white margins and plain oak frames; these we hung each from two gilt-head nails driven directly under the wall paper border of light dull blue. Then our six wood-cuts, choice if inexpensive, and framed in black with a trifle of incised ornament in silver, we hung on the opposite wall; water-colors and engravings, you know, should not be hung together. Over the book-case Kate disposed a group of brilliantly colored silver and gilt Japanese fans for a "bit of color," she said, and another over the doorway. Then a pretty wall-pocket between the two west windows; this was composed of two spread out Japanese fans, one in vermilion the other dark blue, and both showing dots and splashes of silver and gilt. Then I insisted on putting in my touch of color, a scrap basket made of an inverted Japanese umbrella, with cord and tassels hanging from each rib point, and hung from center of ceiling in bay window space.

"Frank," said Janet at the end of the month, the morrow would usher in June with the roses, "let me read you an inventory of our sitting-room properties *now* :

*Item.*—One redwood and gold couch upholstered in écru linen, with square pillow cushion, decorated with Turkey-red borders, drawn-work and fringe.

One redwood and gold settee; long seat and back cushions, two square pillows, and valances for back rail and bottom; decorations figured gilt-head nails and drawn-work.

Four ebony and gold chairs with rush seats in dull yellow. Open book-case in redwood lighted by gold; drawers with gilt handles; shelves ornamented in gold; fret-work borders.

One square table in redwood and gold, and cover of deep red Java canvas with open work and fringe.

Three window seats, with cushions and fringed valances in old-gold damask linen.

*Item.*—Two black cane rockers gilt, and decorated with interlacings and bows of old-gold satin.

*Item.*—Two chimney shelves in oiled pine, and chimney valance in striped linen, gray with red figure in stripes.

*Item.*—Artistic oblong carpet rug with border, rag-carpet, but very handsome.

*Item.*—Curtains for three windows in creamy lace-like Congress cloth with cream lace edgings, hung on vermilion lacquered rods with gilt finials."

"Well," said Kate, with a sigh of deep content, "what wonders a little money will accomplish!"

"With thought and ingenuity!" added Janet, the converted.

"And bargains in remnants," said I, "to cap the climax."

## Woman's Work and Woman's Wages.

**W**OMAN'S work and woman's wages is a subject which furnishes food for much thought and discussion at the present day. But we doubt whether it is often viewed from a more pessimistic standpoint, or treated in a more unfair manner than by Charles W. Elliott in the August number of the *North American Review*.

Mr. Elliott begins with lamenting that the invention of labor-saving machinery has taken from woman her "great occupations of spinning, weaving, and making clothes for

men" as well as for herself. There remains only, he says, the universal demand for cooked food, which women still largely supply. But even this he concedes to be in danger, and he finds it surprising "that most women look upon this destruction of those woman's occupations with complacency, and consider that having nothing to do must be a blessing!" It would be just as true to say that men look with complacency upon machinery which saves them from agricultural labor, and that, therefore, they must be of opinion that idleness is delightful! Our author assumes that household duties, including the office of maternity and the rearing of children, are the sole ones for which women are fit, and tries to support his theory with figures, which are more than suspicious, as the *New York Times* asserts in quoting from his article. Now, if he had taken the trouble to study the women about him, instead of relying on barren statistics, he would have found that his theory is entirely incorrect. Doubtless the Almighty, had he chosen, could have made women all alike. He could have made them, each and all, machines fitted for domestic labor, and nothing else. But who that knows anything of women, anything of girls, will dare to assert that this is the case? They differ one from the other in their tastes and talents, just as men do—and one sees these differing tendencies in little girls, as in little boys, from their tenderest years. One child shows a strong taste for art, another for reading. I know a little girl who at six or seven years of age had such an irresistible desire to paint, that she made herself a set of brushes out of chicken feathers. In the old days of the patriarch Abraham—so much lamented for women by Mr. Elliott—this child could have had no hope of cultivating the talent born with her. She would have been obliged, from the necessities of the case, to spin, weave, and sew. But now the loom relieves her from these treadmill occupations, and she may freely cultivate the gift God gave her. To the casual observer this would appear to be a gain, but our author says it is not. He belongs to a singular class of people, who would like to have civilization for one sex only—the nineteenth century for men, the thirteenth for women. Though he would rejoice to see all women perform the tasks which machinery has mercifully lifted from their shoulders—though he would like to have them busied as were the women of Abraham—we shrewdly guess that he would little care to pursue the avocation of Abraham and Abraham's contemporaries himself. He would find the occupation of caring for flocks and herds, or tilling the ground, little to his taste, if he resembles most men of the day. It is not women alone who dislike manual labor—men, too, avoid it whenever they can. They constantly busy their brains to invent new hands for their great servant, steam; they save themselves, and women, too, all the work they can, and wherever they can avoid physical labor and do brain labor instead, they always choose the latter. Why else is it that our young men leave the occupation of farming, and crowd to the cities whenever they can do so? How any man believing in an overruling Providence, seeing that woman has many and different talents, and that advancing civilization has taken away from her the necessity of performing monotonous and tedious tasks, thereby giving her a chance to do better work, can yet say, "Dear me, this is all wrong!" passes our comprehension. Heaven forbid that I should be understood to say that women should not be domestic, or that they should not perform all necessary household duties. But to say that all women's duties begin and end at home, would be just like saying that charity begins and ends at home. If one did not know that nothing could lie like figures, I should certainly be startled by Mr. Elliott's statistics in regard to the relative remuneration received by men and women for work. The most startling instance he quotes is that of the public works in Russia, where man is rated as

worth FIVE TIMES AS MUCH as woman! And this is accompanied with the statement, apparently made in earnest, "that there is and can be no systematic rating down of woman's work." Of course not—none of us ever heard of women being paid less for the same work than men, or knew women who were so paid! Our author clearly needs some lessons in the elements of political economy, or else his article is an elaborate practical joke. It is news to us, too, that working-women are coming from China, and yet we so understand Mr. Elliott. His two principal arguments against women earning their own living are: first, that they take away just so much from the wages of men, which would seem to be rather a selfish argument, though he supports it under the specious claim that men are thereby prevented from marrying, and giving women homes of their own. Certainly we agree with him that this is the happiest destiny for most women; but to quote Captain Bunsby, "the merit of this here observation lies in the application of it," and we think it would be pretty difficult to apply it practically. There is, and probably there always will be, a number of women who remain single—some from choice, some from necessity. To invite a woman to remain idle in order to give men more work, so that sooner or later some man may condescend to marry her, if she has not first starved to death, would appear to be rather a cool proposition. The number of women in a thickly populated country, almost or quite always exceeds the number of men, while, in new countries, the men are in excess. Probably Mr. Elliott would give them no choice in the matter, but carry them off, like the Sabines, to be married—will they, nill they. Women are unreasonable enough to have some inclination in the matter, and, unless they can find a man for whom they have affection and esteem, many of them prefer single life and earning their own living, rather than being mated like cattle. I respectfully submit that they have a right to such a choice. That there is any very large number of women who remain single, except from necessity, I doubt. I don't believe women prefer to work in mills, rather than preside over their own homes and families; a few may, but not any considerable number.

His second argument is that women have not the strength to earn their living. When he discusses the work that women do, his pessimistic tendencies perhaps reach their highest or lowest point. It seems women really have not the strength to do anything—type-setting, telegraphy, counting of money, counting of the rattan strands at Wakefield, sewing-machine work, all are hopelessly injurious! And yet it is rather curious to remember that "woman's great occupation of spinning," so lamentably taken away from her, calls into play the same muscles as working on the sewing machine! Brain-work our author handles rather more gingerly, although he informs us that women who attempt to follow the higher studies injure themselves in very many instances. Now the truth is that by overwork and want of care of themselves, women, and men too, injure their health in any and every sphere, at home and abroad. I have known a good many women who had troubles incident to their sex, and I must say that in most of those cases it was brought on by domestic work, entirely within woman's sphere, or by too much social dissipation, or last, not least, as the result of bringing children into the world. I do not remember but one woman whose health was injured by over-study, and that was not at a college but at a public school! Would any sane person use it as an argument against marriage that so many women lose their health, and quite a number die, from bringing children into this world? Certainly not. Children are the crown and glory of true womanhood, and mothers feel this to an extent that men do not appreciate. "Mary laid all these sayings up in her heart." Sensible people do

not condemn marriage on account of the ill-health which child-bearing so often brings to women. They say, on the contrary, let us by perfecting science, medicine, hygiene, diminish these cases of illness as far as may be, and one would say the same in regard to the injury caused to some women by various professions and trades. The question is not, are some people made ill by earning their living, but is there more ill-health among women who earn their own living than among women who stay at home? That is the fair way in which to look at the subject.

In regard to the higher education of women, it seems to me that there is one point which Mr. Elliott, and people who look at matters as he does, do not take into consideration. And that is, it is not so much the higher or lower education of women that breaks them down, as the way in which that education is acquired. To over-stimulate the mental activity of boys and girls is certainly bad—to hurry them, to urge them on by prizes, or by perpetually exciting an ambition to excel, this is the hurtful thing, and this occurs but too often, or did a few years since, in our public schools. We have all heard of children who have worked themselves to death to win a diploma or a medal, but wise people do not therefore say a common school education is too great a tax on a girl's brain, when she is not unduly stimulated and excited to over-haste. The argument that men can think more in a given time than women, because they have bigger brains and lungs, which Mr. Elliott quotes from a certain Miss Hardaker, is delightfully materialistic, and shows a most stolid contempt for facts. Every one knows that whatever her defects may be, a woman's thought is swift. Besides, to carry this argument to its logical conclusion, Byron must have been a man of small and slow thought, for his head was so small that his helmet cannot be worn by most women.


It is the most extraordinary assumption that all work save domestic labor is man's work, and yet how often do people argue from this absurd premise: "She cannot be a man, and she cannot do the man's work." Quite agreed, but who shall determine what is man's and what is woman's work?

Surely women should have a voice as to what they can or cannot do, and the number of women whom we have all seen quietly and successfully earning their living, respected by others and respecting themselves, form a strong argument for woman's right to support herself by whatever labor she feels competent to perform: an argument which is too strong to be shaken by Mr. Elliott's singular figures and bitter denunciations against women who try to take away men's wages. Poor men! who think they have the right of every human being to make their own way in the world in the way that seems to them best, but refuse this right to woman, who is thus reduced in the scale of creation lower than any other creature: the only adult being whom God has put into the world without giving it power to "fend for itself."

FLORENCE M. HALL.

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## Salem Witchcraft.

T is long ago since the so-called witches held sway in Salem. Long ago since two bad little girls started a movement which caused the death of many innocent people. It is a curious history, worth repeating, and worth remembering as an instance of the lengths to which credulity can lead us.

In 1691 two girls—Elizabeth Parris, aged nine years, daughter of a clergyman, and Abigail Williams, his niece,

aged eleven—pretended to go into convulsions, and played many absurd antics, and made ridiculous speeches. A physician being summoned to the young damsels he felt himself called upon to give a reason for their strange conduct, and suggested that they might be bewitched. It would have been more to the purpose if he had suggested that they should be switched—a proceeding that would have most effectually exorcised all the demons that tormented them. When the girls heard that they were bewitched, they resolved to keep up the distinction they had gained, and began to hunt up people on whom they could affix the stigma of witchcraft.

A poor Indian woman was their first victim. She was thrown into prison, and then sold for her fees. Sarah Good, a feeble-minded woman, was the next accused. She was arrested and thrown into prison with her child of four years.

By degrees the plot inaugurated by these girls spread, and many declared themselves bewitched. Arrest followed arrest, and none felt safe from the charge of witchcraft. Goodwife Cory and Goodwife Nurse, two respectable members of the church, were accused and tried. The latter, seeing that there was but little hope for her, exclaimed, "I have nobody to look to but God. O Lord, help me!" Both of these unfortunate women were hung. Accusations now fell fast and thick, and did not end until nineteen innocent men and women had been hung on the gallows.

Mrs. Cary, of Charlestown, was accused and examined. She was compelled to stand for hours with her arms stretched out until she nearly fainted. Two young girls were her accusers. She was committed to prison, and irons weighing eight pounds were put on her limbs, throwing her into convulsions. With the aid of her husband she fortunately escaped from prison, and made her way to New York.

John Proctor, a respectable farmer, and his wife were arrested and thrown into prison, and the former was eventually hung. The sheriff seized all his possessions, leaving nothing for the support of the children. His young son, William, refusing to say that he was a witch, was tied neck and heels till the blood gushed out of his nose.

Giles Cory, whose wife was hung, was pressed to death—an unusual punishment, and a most painful one. He refused to plead in his own defense, knowing that there was no chance of his escape, as the way in which the trials were conducted was only a mockery of justice.

Mr. Burroughs, a clergyman, so moved the people to sympathy on the scaffold, that he drew tears from the eyes of his hearers. Seeing this, Cotton Mather addressed the crowd in a violent manner, telling them that the devil was often transformed into an angel of light. The execution then proceeded, and the unfortunate man was hung and then dragged to a pit and thrown in.

The accusations brought against these unfortunate people were of the most absurd nature. They were accused of pinching, biting, and otherwise maltreating people whom they had never touched. They were said to call into being horrid specters, and a black man who would torment them in various ways. In those mad times there was nothing too absurd to say, nor too absurd to be believed. Many confessed themselves witches believing that this would save them; the fifty who thus confessed were not executed.

At length, after many lives had been sacrificed and great suffering caused to several hundred persons, the madness died out. The validity of the accusations were now questioned, and persons who made them stood in danger of being arrested themselves. Thus the movement inaugurated by these two wicked children came to an end; but it will always be remembered as one of the most remarkable delusions that ever took possession of a people.

# CURRENT TOPICS.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS ON EVENTS OF THE DAY.

### INTERESTING SUBJECTS AND NOTABLE THINGS WHICH HAVE OCCURRED DURING THE PAST MONTH. — CONTEMPORANEOUS HISTORY FROM A FAMILIAR POINT OF VIEW.

#### The March of Armies.

The Egyptian episode may prove the spark which is to set all Europe in flames. Russia, Germany, France, Austria, and Italy are so many armed camps ready for a conflict, which, when it begins, will grow into the greatest war this world has ever seen. Twelve millions of armed men are ready for the battle-field, equipped with the most destructive engines of war known to the military annals of the race. The rifle and rifled cannon can hit any mark within the range of human vision, and so death-dealing are all modern missiles of war that armies must keep out of sight of each other—while the sword and the bayonet hereafter will be utterly useless. The smooth-bore musket of former wars admitted of the charge in column, as its range was not over two hundred yards, and then it was loaded at the muzzle; but the modern *arms de précision*, now in universal use, will kill at a thousand yards, and can be fired with marvelous rapidity owing to the fact of their being charged with shot at the breech. Everything points to a war—the bloodiest and most eventful known to history.

#### Why Arabi Bey?

If ever a people were justified in resisting oppression, it was the people of Egypt. There are only 5,000,000 of them, and they were taxed \$50,000,000 per annum, that is, ten dollars a head, which is ten times the tax levied upon the Hindoos, and was a grievous burden to the native fellahs. The debt saddled upon them was about six hundred million dollars, and the British and French bondholders were put in control of the country, so that the interest upon this vast sum could be collected. Once in power, the bondholders, like the carpet-baggers South, plundered the country. Europeans were put into all the offices at extravagant salaries, foreigners were exempt from taxation, and no satrap or pasha equaled the villainous exactions of the Jew bankers, who devoured Egypt like a swarm of locusts. Hence the outbreak led by Arabi Pasha.

#### England's Little Game.

Egypt is the key to India. Any great power which holds the land of the Nile menaces England's grasp on Hindoostan. Hence the alacrity of the British in trying to get possession of the line of the Suez Canal. But France objects, as she desires to be supreme in North Africa, while Russia is angry as she has her eye on all the approaches to India, while Germany does not want either France or Russia to be aggrandized. Hence the selfish interests which influence the action of the several nations.

#### The Future of Italy.

So far England has profited by the opening of the Suez Canal; indeed, over three-fourths of the tonnage which passes through it carries the flag of Great Britain; but the time cannot be distant when Italy will again control the commerce of the East as she did in the Middle Ages. The opening of the Mount Cenis and St. Gothard tunnels through the Alps permits rapid railway communication between Italy and the rest of Europe. Hereafter the ships which pass through the Suez Canal will find it profitable to land their cargoes at Brindisi or some other port in the peninsula for distribution throughout the continent of Europe. England in time will lose her monopoly of the Eastern traffic, and Italy will take her place. Indeed, that country is rapidly increasing in material prosperity, and is destined to reproduce the splendor of the Middle Ages, when Venice, Genoa, and Florence controlled the lucrative traffic between the Orient and the Occident.

#### The Nation and Congress.

Many recent occurrences show the necessity for a reform in our method of electing representatives. Gambetta, in France, wished to have the deputies chosen from the several departments on a general ticket, so as to get rid of the petty local influences which controlled the actions and votes of the members of the *corps législatif*. He found it impossible to carry on the government with deputies chosen by small constituencies. So with our Congress: Senators represent States, and Representatives the districts; but the nation is without representation;

hence huge jobs like the Pension bill. The country at large cannot get at log-rolling Congressmen, for the locality benefited stands by them. If one-third of the House were elected on a general ticket, the best men in the nation would always be in public life, and the republic at large would be the first consideration, not the locality. We would then have a navy, defenses for our harbors, and in time the flag of the United States would once more float on every sea.

#### The Great African Explorer.

Henry M. Stanley, who performed the great feat of crossing the African continent, is now engaged in endeavoring to civilize that benighted quarter of the globe. He is establishing a line of stations from the embouchure of the Congo River, in Africa, and carrying them as far forward as his resources will permit. He has completed the four stations of Vivi, Isangila, Manyenga, and Stanley Pool, the first-named being below and the last above the rapids. It is now three years since Mr. Stanley began work in the Congo country, and he has yet had no disputes nor the least disagreement with the natives. He makes his way only by persuasion and friendly personal influence. The stations mentioned are the beginnings of towns, which will be African, not British. These have already their dwellings, gardens, and flags. Each is under a white governor, with three white assistants, but the rest of the population consists of Zanzibar negroes. Through his efforts the interior of the dark continent will be brought into communication with the rest of the world. There are millions of miles of fertile land in Africa unutilized by the barbarous tribes who claim to own them. Steam and modern enterprise will soon make available all the waste places of the earth.

#### Preventing Consumption.

It is now an established fact that consumption is propagated by a parasitic microscopical worm, which lays its eggs on the walls of the lungs. These in time are hatched, and more eggs are laid until the lung is destroyed. Physicians now hope that they may in time be able to disinfect the lungs of human beings so as to kill this *bacillus*, as the germs are called. Myriads of people now die yearly of a disease which in a few generations may be unknown.

#### Why Not?

Some of the newspapers of the day are asking why there are so many untrained workmen? It seems that in busy times employers find great difficulty in securing skilled mechanics. Tens of thousands want work, but they have no training. Why should not the State teach boys and girls some useful calling? Knowing how to read and write will not enable young persons to earn their bread, and it is very desirable that our whole population should be trained to some useful industry. We would have fewer criminals and paupers if every young man and woman had at their command a trade or money-making calling. Our destiny should be no ignorant or idle laborer.

#### Romances of the Past.

Prof. Maspero, the savant in charge of the Egyptian antiquities, on behalf of the French government, has recently translated thirteen tales from ancient papyri, which dates back nearly five thousand years. They will soon be retranslated into English, and will excite much curiosity, for every intelligent person will be interested in knowing what kind of stories were in favor with this very primitive people. From what the French papers say, adventures rather than loves was the theme of these ancient romances. The most important of the stories is from an original papyrus dating from the XIIth Dynasty, and is a tale of shipwreck told by a sea-captain, who, as the only survivor, is cast upon an island abounding in delicious fruits, and inhabited by seventy-five amiable and intelligent serpents. The head of this interesting family treats his guest with distinguished hospitality, and converses with him in a beautiful manner. "Amouli-Amouaa" is the name signed at the end of the papyrus, and before Abraham journeyed into Egypt. It is truly wonderful how the past has been exhumed from the pyramids of Egypt. We now know the manners and religion, as well as the social customs of that interesting people.

#### About Small Farms.

Small farms are, it seems, increasing in Florida; at least the governor of that State says so in a recent message. But this, unfortunately, is not the general tendency. The invention of agricultural machinery has made it profitable to farm in a wholesale way; indeed in some parts of the country the small farmer cannot compete with the great landholder, who has plenty of money to buy costly reapers, mowers, and the like. The latter can sell as well as buy to more advantage. Indeed the tendency of the age is to do things in a large way. Near cities the raisers of market truck, fruit, and the like can do very well with a few acres, but in the West and South the growers of grain and cotton find it more economical to cultivate the ground in a large way.

#### What to Do with Them.

The good people who have had the care of the Russian Jews in New York have had a hard time with them. The latter have not been habituated to hard work, and as a class are unspeakably filthy. In Russia they were peddlers and small traders, and were



under the ban of the law and public opinion. They were degraded by the force of circumstances. The feeling in this country is that they are a very undesirable class of emigrants. People who work are welcomed. The New York society having these foreign Jews in charge are trying to get them to work upon farms. They have formed a colony of them at a place called Cotopaxi, in Colorado. Each family has been given a farm of 160 acres, and some stock and utensils, to commence work; but there is scarcely a doubt that in a few years the Jews will sell their farms and commence trading for a living. Originally the Jews were an agricultural people, but since the Babylonish captivity the race have shown a real aversion to any hard work, especially labor on the farm. Their case is like that of the Irish. The latter race are peasants in their own country, but in the United States they prefer city life. It is the Germans who take kindly to work in the open fields.

#### National Extravagance.

The newspapers are deploring the extravagance of Congress, and remedies are being suggested to make our representatives more careful in appropriations they vote yearly. But it will all be in vain; the country is rich, trade is good, and Congressmen but represent the average American who spends his money prodigally when he makes it easily. Our crops this year are immense, business is flourishing, and while this state of affairs exists the Senate and House will spend money lavishly; the day of reckoning will not come until a financial panic is due, when the party in power will be turned out and a new set of books opened. It is, however, a monstrous pity that the money now spent upon fraudulent persons and the lobby is not used to promote great necessary national works. We want a navy and coast defenses; indeed, two hundred millions could be very profitably spent in developing our resources. We ought to have a national telegraph system, the Mississippi should be leveed and its waters connected with the lakes, our great rivers and harbors should be improved, but it is monstrous to spend money in internal and unnavigable streams.

#### American Tourists.

The people of Europe wonder at the swarms of Americans who can find the money and leisure to "do" the Continent. It is now a common custom to travel in large companies of from ten to one hundred. One of these parties lately extorted expressions of wonder from the polite city of Vienna. It consisted of seventy-five women and one man, a combination which to the *Neue Freie Presse* appeared startling. "The Americans find it 'practical,'" remarks that excellent journal, "to travel in companies, inasmuch as they accomplish a given tour much more cheaply in that way; but it is indeed thoroughly American for so many women to undertake such a journey under the protection of one man." But the journal did not see the point. May not the one man have been under the protection of the seventy-five women? Still, going in a crowd is not desirable. A great part of the value of foreign travel is in getting away from the surroundings of one's home. It would be better to consort with foreigners when abroad; we have enough Americans here at home to live with yearly; the number of those who go abroad increases, and it is a good thing, and no one can travel in a foreign country without being improved.

#### More about Small Farms.

According to the census there were 4,008,907 farms in the United States in 1880. No doubt this number has increased perhaps 200,000 since then, as emigration has been large and there has been a fever for "going West;" but the fact to be especially noted is, that only 139,241 were farms of less than ten acres. It was supposed that the number of market garden farms was much larger. Farmers' clubs and farmers' journals have been scolding agriculturists for not working small farms, but people generally know their own interests best. Land is constantly growing in value in this country, and at the end of a long life the farmer with the most land is the best off. He may have made no more than a bare living with his broad acres; but the land, which, when he bought was worth only five dollars an acre, has a market value of from fifty to one hundred dollars an acre. Then again, while land is cheap it does not pay to spend money in costly manures or to farm high; it is more profitable to buy virgin land and exhaust it by repeated cropping. Yet over and over again the critics of the farmers tell them that they ought to neglect wheat and corn and grow cucumbers and berries on ten-acre lots; but the actual experience of the farmer is that it is the large farm which pays best in the long run. When land gets very dear, then will come the time to employ costly manures and labor in the cultivation of the soil.

#### Dangerous.

At Old Orchard Beach, a favorite summer resort on the coast of Maine, a convention was held of religious people at which there were some rather strange doings. A physician, who was also an ardent Christian expressed his belief that the sick could be made whole by prayer. The idea was promptly acted upon, and many hundreds of sick and ailing people were collected to be prayed over that they might be made well. There were great crowds in attendance, and no little excitement was manifested. Very

many of the invalids really thought their condition was improved after the ceremonies were over. There has been much discussion about this matter in the journals of the day, and judicious people in and out of the churches question the wisdom of the principal actors in this movement. In all ages religious zealots have invoked supernatural aid in curing the sick; but the experience of mankind is that diet, medicine, and right living are more efficacious than pilgrimages.

#### The Palmers.

During August last the Palmer family had a reunion at Stoughton. The first of the family came here in 1621, from Nottinghamshire, England, and the descendants are very numerous. These family reunions should be encouraged. At this gathering there was an exhibition of articles of family, historic, and scientific interest, and works of art, mechanism, etc., illustrative of the talents of Palmer descendants. The great-grandmother's wedding gown and high-heeled shoes; the grand-aunt's mourning-piece, wrought on silk; second cousin Sarah's embroidered bib, or lace tucker; the silver caudle cup of Madame Betty; Lady Anne's brocade stomacher; Captain George's tankard; Walter Palmer's chair; Thomas Minor's famous diary; old coats-of-arms, china, bric-a-brac; in brief, every hoarded trifle which helped to illustrate the fashion and handicraft of a bygone time were shown. One of the committee had a framed embroidery of flowers, the work of an ancestress, who, to express her fancy thus, was compelled to spin and dye her threads of wool and to design her own patterns.

#### Why the Archimandrite Died.

Mgr. Makarios, the Archimandrite or head of the Church in Russia, died lately under very mysterious circumstances. Some time since, it seems, he wrote a letter to the Czar urging him to appear more often in public and to put more confidence in his subjects. The emperor replied that this was strange advice to give, for were he to appear frequently in public he would certainly be assassinated. Shortly after Ignatieff left office quite a number of arrests were made, and among them was a woman in whose possession was found a golden comb and a set of jewelry given to Mgr. Makarios by Alexander. The woman confessed that she got the jewels from the prelate. This seemed to connect the head of the Russian National Church with the Nihilists. The Czar wrote to the prelate, and next morning the latter was found dead in his bed. Whether it was a suicide or not will never be known. His case was like that of the famous Russian general, Skobelev, whose death was equally mysterious.

#### Earl Spencer's Specter.

The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Earl Spencer, leads a life akin to that of the Czar of Russia. All visitors to the viceregal lodge are watched closely from the moment they enter the Phoenix Park gates until they arrive at the lodge door. Mounted policemen patrol the avenues and roads of the park, detectives lurk in the bushes, and soldiers guard the approaches. When he drives to the castle in Dublin, Lord Spencer is not even allowed to go by the same road two days following. As a consequence, the Earl is low-spirited, and he realizes the terror in which these rulers live who are an object of hatred to their subjects. After all there is some compensation in an unostentatious life.

#### Men's Attire.

Mr. J. A. Gotch, a noted London architect, has just issued a paper on "Art in Costume," in which he criticises male attire. The chimney-pot hat he declares positively ugly, the evening dress, including the swallow-tail coat, is, to say the least, inartistic; the trousers keep the ankles dirty and wear out at the knees. The shirt is particularly objected to; it is worn only for the collar, cuffs, and front, and Mr. Gotch recommends in its place a seaman's jersey, with collar above the coat and the cuffs below the sleeves. Another abomination is the artificial neck-tie. A proper covering for the throat should be tied with a knot. In hunting, cricketing, boating, bicycling, and footballing men naturally wear dresses which are at once convenient and picturesque. Of course, the above is only a portion of the indictment against men's clothes, but there can be scarcely a doubt that in a few years a reform will be effected, and the ladies will not have a monopoly of artistic personal adornment. In past ages men used colors and drapery quite as much as the other sex. Who knows but perhaps the male of the *genus homo* may again blossom out into brave and royal raiment.

#### A Prudent Rascal.

The death of George F. Doughty revealed the fact that as secretary of the Cincinnati, New Orleans, and Texas Pacific railroad he had over-issued stock to the amount of over \$400,000, and appropriated the proceeds to his own use. But unlike other scoundrels he had invested the money prudently. He lived an apparently honest, economical life, not wasting any of his ill-gotten gains in riotous living. Had his life been spared even for fifty years, his speculations would never have been discovered, and he would have been regarded as a model citizen. So careful was he, and so strictly judicious, that all the embezzled funds, except

about \$5,000, will be recovered, the necessary collateral being already in his administrator's hands. The swindle was accomplished, as all great swindles are, by the simplest possible means. Doughty issued stock of the company whenever he saw fit, the whole machinery of the issue being in his hands. When the present "boom" in business is over, it will be found that many Doughtys have been at work in the various corporations. The lavish issue of securities of late years has led to a carelessness in business matters which will result disastrously to investors.

#### In Solid Gold.

William H. Vanderbilt's wealth, measured in solid gold, would, it is said, weigh ninety-three tons. His income, according to the same estimate, is two dollars per second, or \$80,400 per day. Jay Gould's wealth must be quite as much, and there are, perhaps, fifty persons in the country whose possessions would amount to \$10,000,000 each. In France there is a great deal of wealth, but it is better distributed than in the United States; for, outside of the Rothschild family, there are no such fortunes in France as in this country. Our forefathers thought they had provided against large accumulations when they decreed that landed property should be divided equally between the children of the original owners; but the vast increase of personal property through the operations of modern commerce, has concentrated capital in very few hands. This will be a cause of trouble some time, as our population grows larger, and jealousy is created on account of the disproportion between the poverty of the many and the vast fortunes of the few. The only way to prevent a collision is for the rich to recognize the fact that they must make a good use of their wealth, regarding it as a trust for the benefit of their fellow-men.

#### Crossing the Atlantic.

The *Great Western* was the first of the regular steamers to cross the Atlantic. She sailed from Bristol on April 23d, 1838, and reached New York in sixteen days and one hour. She was a wooden paddle-wheel steamer of twelve hundred tons burden. During the present year, the *City of Rome* has been put on the same route and made the voyage in less than seven days, but she weighs eight thousand four hundred tons. What a difference in size and speed these figures indicate? No doubt the time is coming when passengers will feel aggrieved if they are detained longer than a week on the voyage between the old world and the new.

#### The Concord School.

The wits are poking their fun at the philosophers who meet every summer at Concord, N. H. They say that Plato sought for the wisdom of the world in the East. Afterward it dwelt at Athens and gave an atmosphere to the Academy. Then it found a home with Thomas Aquinas. Later still it gained a resting-place with Kant at Königsberg. Then it had a home with Hegel. Now it has crossed the Atlantic, and Plato's Academy is set up in Concord, Massachusetts. The doctrine of hereditary descent has been fully examined, and there is no doubt of the legitimacy of this succession. But, after all, these annual gatherings serve a good purpose; the themes discussed are of the highest, and those who attend the discourses or read the reports cannot fail but be educated to a nobler life and higher ideals than those afforded by our work-a-day world. The only just criticism directed against these philosophers is that they are too metaphysical and do not pay enough attention to modern science. It is not possible nor is it desirable to reproduce ancient Athens in modern New England.

#### The New Light Among the Redskins.

We can imagine how astonished our forefathers would have been at the electric light. It would have been regarded as sorcery in the ancient world, and as diabolical origin in the middle ages. It is no wonder, therefore, that the savages on the plains were bewildered when it was first shown to them. Mr. H. E. Thompson, electrician, of St. Paul, has just returned from the Missouri, where he went to mount an electric light on the *Rosebud* of the Coulson line of Missouri and Yellowstone steamers, tells some interesting stories of the effect of the white man's electric light medicine business on the noble red man at Fort Berthold. Upon arriving at the post, a large assortment of redskins, their sisters, their cousins, and their aunts were assembled on the shore in line shape. While contemplating the new-fangled light, which seemed to eclipse the full-orbed moon, Mr. Thompson turned the light full upon the gaping crowd with a weird and picturesque effect. The astonished aborigines were paralyzed for a moment and then they set up a dismal chant, lay down and rolled over and pawed up the sage bush, and made the ambient air tremble with their antics and articulations. They were finally assured that the big medicine of the white man was harmless, and then they assumed an attitude of quiescent bewilderment. They congregated upon the shore and gazed on the illuminated surroundings with mingled emotions of awe and admiration, expressing their feelings in deep guttural accents. At a wood-yard up

the river the light was turned in full force upon the pile, and the dusky owner sought a hiding-place, from which he could not be induced to emerge. The machine mounted on the *Rosebud* was of 6000-candle power, and it is no wonder the superstitious natives were stricken with terror.

#### Improving Gas.

It is remarkable how little the owners of gas stocks are afraid of the electric light. There seems to be no fear but that gas will always be in demand. What is still more remarkable is the improvements that are constantly being made in gas making. Mr. J. Lewis, of London, has introduced a new system of gas-lighting which is full of promise. The old gas-burner is done away with altogether. In place of it there is a thimble of platinum wire placed over the supply pipe, and through this cap of platinum a mixture of compressed air and ordinary gas is made to pass. When the gases are ignited the wire becomes incandescent, and a bright, soft, steady light is given forth. No flame is seen above the wire, and there appears to be a total consumption of the gas. The lighting power of the system is said to be 5 1-4-candle power per cubic foot of gas consumed.

#### Jewish Marriages.

Formerly, marriages between Jews and Gentiles were rare, but there are signs that this exclusiveness is giving way. The modern Jew is becoming liberalized, and may soon intermarry with the Gentile. The great Rothschild family has allied itself with many noble houses in England and France. In the last accounts from Europe, the betrothal is announced of Mlle. Bertha von Rothschild, youngest daughter of Baron Meyer Charles von Rothschild, and Prince Alexander von Wagram, son of the Duke Napoleon von Wagram, Prince of Neufchatel, and the Countess Zenaida von Claru, niece of King Bernadotte. The prospective bridegroom is a brother-in-law of Prince Joachim Murat. The conversion of the bride to the Christian religion will occur immediately before the wedding. It was persecution which made the Jews a peculiar people. Great wealth is now theirs, and they may merge their identity with the rest of the population of this country and Europe.

#### A Blind Man Who Sees.

The case of Prof. Fawcett, who is a member of the British Cabinet, has often excited the wonder of those who think vision is indispensable to the transaction of the work of life. He writes books, makes speeches, and is one of the most efficient heads the post office of Great Britain ever had. Now comes to the front another remarkable blind man, M. J. Plateau, of the Royal Academy of Belgium, who for the last forty years has been so totally blind that he may direct his face to the sun without being sensible of the least objective clearness. His researches into the phenomena of light have excited the admiration of his fellow-scientists; his experiments, for example, on the wonderful colors of soap-bubbles are exquisitely beautiful. M. Plateau has just published a little paper on the sensations which he experiences in his eyes, which is not only interesting but calculated to be of practical value. The results of his researches are too elaborate to be given here, but are the wonder of scientists whose sight is unimpaired.

#### Business Opening Abroad.

Our Consuls abroad are giving useful hints to the business men of this country in showing them how they may extend the market for their goods. Our sewing-machines, carriages, and agricultural implements are in demand everywhere. American matches are also popular, and canned fruits; our meats and vegetables cannot be surpassed. Unfortunately, our present tariff enacted during the rebellion is a clog upon our foreign commerce, and then we have no ships. The tariff commission now sitting will doubtless make a report suggesting such reforms as will open the ports of the world to the ingenious and enterprising American manufacturers.

#### The Fresh Air Fund.

The hot weather in all our large, over-crowded cities is very severe on adults, but it is death to children, especially if they live in tenement houses. The mortality of infant life in large towns is at once the shame and despair of modern civilized communities. To mitigate the horrors of the summer season, the *Tribune* of New York has for several years been instrumental in raising a fund to send the poor children of the city to the country during the heated term. This good work was commenced in 1877, and has continued down to this time, and literally tens of thousands of children have been benefited by the "Fresh Air Fund." Country people in all directions co-operate heartily, and the result is the saving of many lives, the avoidance of much sickness, and often the improvement of the children morally and every other way. The little *gamins* get a taste for rural pleasures, and they often make the country their permanent home. All honor to Whitelaw Reid and other co-operating newspaper proprietors who have been prominent in this good work.

### Religion in the Woods.

The famous literary and religious camp-meeting at Chautauqua, New York, was as prosperous this year as formerly. There was a very large attendance, and fully 1,500 persons were graduated after several years' course of study in history and science. This center represents an immense number of students all over the country who pursue their studies during the year and attend the meetings at Chautauqua in summer. This is a voluntary religious and literary movement of a very curious character, and is doing a world of good.

### A Murderous Toy.

The small boy craves amusements, and likes above all things to make a noise. His latest caprice is a toy pistol which seems harmless enough to look at, but which has caused a great deal of suffering in the hands of unskillful lads. It has killed and maimed so many people that the various municipalities have passed ordinances forbidding their sale. It seems that some of these pistols are marvels of cheapness and fine work, for they can be sold at a profit for a dollar, whereas a few years since they would have cost five dollars each to make. The trade in these better ones represents hundreds of thousands yearly, but the *fiat* has gone forth that the murderous toy pistol must be suppressed.

### How to Use Wealth.

Andrew Carnegie, of Pittsburgh, is one of the few rich men who know how to make a good use of their money. He made his great fortune in the iron and steel business of this country, but being a Scotchman he has distinguished himself by his generosity to the people of the old royal burgh of Dunfermline, where he was born. He built last year public baths and endowed a free library for the workingmen, and his name comes forward again just now in connection with a work of great historical and artistic interest, the erection of a tomb to Robert Bruce, the hero of Bannockburn, and the greatest of the kings of Scotland. Bruce's famous ancestress, Queen Margaret, built Dunfermline Abbey, and it was Bruce's dying wish that his body should be buried there. Thirty years ago or more a portion of the abbey was restored, and the remains of Bruce, whose grave was unmarked and forgotten, were found, more than five hundred years after their interment, in a remarkable state of preservation. The neighboring Edinburgh antiquarians have been for years projecting a tomb which shall be worthy of the Scottish hero, but the frugal Scotchmen found that money came too slowly to render the project a success. Mr. Carnegie has just offered to duplicate all the subscriptions which may be secured, and a magnificent tomb with a recumbent statue of Robert Bruce will soon be erected in the historical abbey.

### About Dying.

When one is still young and in health it is natural that death should be an object of fear, but it is not true that those who are very sick fear the grave. Dr. Griswold, an eminent physician, who has seen many deathbeds, declares that the dying do not fear death, but rather desire it. To pass away when the time comes is in the order of nature, and we all submit to the inevitable without a murmur. Nor is it true that death is attended with any superstitious terrors, for, strangely enough, all physicians agree that the dying think of the past, not of the future. Death itself is not painful; there is no pang or mental agony except in case of wounds or premature death. There is often terrible suffering from disease, but death is always a relief. It is idle as well as wicked to make death seem horrible or painful. Indeed, to myriads of human beings it is looked upon as a deliverer from pain and care. In one of the most popular religions of the east—Buddhism—Nirvana, or annihilation, takes the place of the heaven of the Christian belief.

### The Camp-Meeting.

The old-time camp-meeting is no more. So much has been shown by the experience of the past ten years. They were very earnest gatherings in the olden time. The devil was wrestled with and souls saved from perdition; at least good Christians thought so. As the *Methodist* says: "The camp-meeting of fifty years ago no longer exists, and that which we now have, while it bears the name and the traditions of its ancestor, has really developed into quite another thing. Our new-fashioned gatherings in the groves or by the seaside—for rest and recreation—possibly in part for gossip and display, with a very mild infusion of religion—or else for the promotion of some specialty—must not be looked to as to any considerable extent among the evangelistic agencies through which souls are to be saved. As an inexpensive device for summer outdoor holidays, with the accompaniment of religious restraints to guard against dangerous excesses, and of religious exercises for agreeable and not altogether unprofitable pastimes, these gatherings may have their use." Then it is also a fact that a land speculation is often at the bottom of these summer religious resorts. Still they do good and should be encouraged, even if they are not what they were.

### About Waltzing.

Some time since Mrs. General Sherman wrote a book about dancing in which she took strong ground on waltzing as being positively immoral. She said she would never allow a daughter of hers to be embraced in public in the way permitted by the customs of the day. Now comes to the front a Philadelphia dancing master who announces that he will no longer teach the fashionable waltzes to young people. He is endeavoring to reintroduce dances like the old minuets and quadrilles. Undoubtedly the modern fashionable waltz does permit a closeness of embrace which is startling to one's notions of propriety; but then custom and convention goes for a great deal in this world. In the East, it is immodest for a woman to go into the streets unveiled or to allow her face to be seen by a man not a member of her family. Queen Victoria will not allow any lady to be presented personally to her unless in a dress cut very low in the neck, and yet the British Queen is very strict in her notions of propriety. There is one real objection to modern dancing; the middle-aged and elderly cannot participate in it. None but the very young can stand the violent exertions of the redowas, polkas and galops of the ball-rooms of the period. To be really innocent and harmless, amusements should be suitable for all ages, and be participated in by the fathers and mothers as well as by the sons and daughters.

### The Denver Exposition.

The great extent of our grain, grazing, and cotton fields so affects the imagination of the ordinary American that he does not realize how immense an area our mineral belts cover. England produces more iron than we do, and her coal beds are more available; but our gold, silver, and copper mines cannot be equaled anywhere. Indeed, we produce more of those superior metals than all the rest of the world put together. The Denver Exposition was intended to attract the attention of this and other countries to the vast possibilities of the United States in the way of bullion production. The extension of our railway system has brought the mining regions into close relations with the money centers, and the consequence will be an immense development of mining industry within the next ten years. Those who visited Denver in August were astonished at the busy activity of that place, and the wonderful possibilities of the mineral region which has given it such rapid growth. It is situated on the western edge of a vast plain within a few miles of the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains. In these gold and silver abound. The exposition building was a very beautiful structure, and was constructed in less than three months. Not far from Denver are several very curious and picturesque places, of which the famous Garden of the Gods is the best known. The cañons near Colorado Springs are worth going a thousand miles to see. What a magnificent country is ours. It is not only the largest and most prosperous of any on earth, but take it all together it is the most beautiful. There is no scenery anywhere that we cannot duplicate. The American can find in his own country the skies of Italy, the tonic air of Norway, the lovely cultivated fields of England and France, the steppes of Russia, and the mountains of Switzerland. Before going abroad all Americans should see what they have got at home.

### Politics.

The elections this fall will be very mixed. The trouble with the two old parties is that neither of them have any definite programme—they have no platforms that amount to anything. In such a state of affairs the party in power is apt to retain it, provided the times remain good. Bad crops and financial troubles always lead to political discontent. But then this year there are several new issues outside the party lines which are perplexing the politician. In Ohio and Indiana as well as in other parts of the West, the temperance question has assumed great importance, and one party or other will suffer because of it at the polls. Then the anti-Monopolist movement will distract in a measure the old organizations, but it will require hard times to bring that issue to the foreground. Then there are people who think the tariff ought to be modified, and they will make themselves felt in the canvass. "Anti Bossism" is a cry in other States which may have its effect, but after all wise party management requires good leaders or bosses. It is far better to have the chief of a great party known, than for the machinery to be controlled by secret irresponsible wire-pullers. The problem is to get good bosses. This fall it does not much matter how the elections go so far as the prosperity of the country is concerned. What we need and must get sometime is a reform in the civil service, so that good officials will be retained no matter how the canvas results. One of the serious perils of the country is the terrible scramble for office every four years; it may lead to bloodshed as it repeatedly has to fraud. One thing can be safely predicted, the party which will finally succeed in this country is the one which believes the time has come when the government must be a positive force for the benefit of the community. In all modern nations, the central power is increasing in authority, and if it is not used for the benefit of the many it will be for the aggrandizement of the few.

## What Women are Doing.

Five women are nominated for County Superintendents of schools in Illinois.

Some aristocratic ladies have planned an exhibition of fans in Paris for the winter.

The University of Mississippi has opened all its departments to the admission of women.

Mrs. Briggs, ["Oliva,"] has been elected president of the Woman's Press Association of Washington, D. C.

Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson has been at Baden Baden, completing a new novel.

Miss Alice E. Freeman, a graduate of Syracuse University, has been elected president of Wellesley College.

Miss Blanche Howard is at Stuttgart endeavoring to break in a new horse.

Miss Lucretia Noble, the author of "The Reverend Idol," lives in Wilbraham, Mass., where her father, a retired clergyman, settled in order to educate his four children at the academy.

Miss Elizabeth Philp is one of the most popular of English song writers.

The Slade Fine Arts Scholarship, worth two hundred and fifty dollars per annum for three years, is awarded to Sarah C. Harrison, of London, Eng.

The "Woman's Congress" for this year will hold its sessions at Portland, Me.

Mme. Clemence Boyer has given a lecture on the Theory of Cohesion at a series of free lectures at the Trocadero, Paris.

Mrs. William E. Dodge has given \$1,200 to found a woman's scholarship in the Grinnel (Iowa) college for both sexes.

Two "Gifted" American Artists are reported by the London papers to be the Misses Huntingdon, whose singing and playing are a feature of most of the fashionable concerts and gatherings.

The Recent Article in "Quiz" on Turkish embroidery which attracted so much attention, was written by Lady Dufferin. The example of the ladies of the English royal family is contagious.

Mrs. Judge Sherwood is the editor of the Sunday Journal of Toledo, of which her husband is proprietor and business manager.

Miss Clara Barton is perfecting the organization of the "Red Cross Association," which has lately received the sanction and adhesion of the United States.

The Woman's Fortnightly Club of Chicago have two courses of subjects for study and discussion—one "Continuous" the other "Miscellaneous" for each season. The first for 1882-83, consists of the following subjects:

The Revival of Learning: Petrarch and Boccaccio. Chaucer, his Works and his Times. Republic of Venice. Romancers and Chroniclers. The Exterior and Interior Appearance of Books. Military-Religious Orders. The Court of the Medici: Savonarola. Joan of Arc, and other Women of the Period.

The Miscellaneous course comprises the following:—The Sun-God or Fire Worship. Thomas Carlyle. An Afternoon with Dickens. Researches of Darwin. Art in Chicago, Illustrated. Literature for Children. Women of the Modern Stage. American Humorists.

Twenty additional women have been appointed telegraphists at the Paris Bureau Central, and a similar number at Toulouse.

The Connecticut State law has just been amended by the House of Representatives so that women as well as men may vote on the election of trustees of Methodist churches.

Maria Mitchell, who was the first American woman to receive the degree of Ph. D. from an American college, has been given the degree of LL. D. by a Western college.

Mrs. Alexander, the author of the "Admiral's Ward," is one of the few English novelists whose works are translated and reproduced in France.

Mme. Judith Gautier has published a volume of new stories under the title of "Isoline." This lady's talent is, perhaps, the most personal and thoroughly literary of all the female French writers of the time, now that George Sand and Daniel Stern are gone; not excepting Mme. Juliette Lambert, whose conversational and editorial powers are superior to her manner of handling fiction.

Miss Frances Power Cobbe some time since presented to Girton College, the leading college for women in England, all the mathematical books used by Mary Somerville.

The Professorship of literature at the Superior Municipal school for young girls, Rue de Jouy, Paris, has been confided to Mme. Euphemie Garcia, author of *La Femme de lettres pauvre au XIXe siecle*, and many other works.

Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes, President of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the M. E. Church, presided at meetings held at Chautauqua, July 28th, in the interest of that Association.

The Misses Littell, who carry on the *Living Age* left them by their father, are highly intellectual women, whose critical acumen is evidenced by the value of the selections which make up the magazine.

The Vice-Chancellor's Certificate of the University of Cambridge has just been gained by five lady students in the Crystal Palace School of Art, Science and Literature, viz., Miss Edith Banbury, Mrs. Alice Howse, Miss M. A. Lyle, Miss Alice Lisle Manley, and Miss Mary Sheffield.

A Collection of Roumanian fairy tales under the title "*Povesial Pelesulni*" (Tales of Pelesh) has just been published in Bucharest. The author is "Carmen Sylva," otherwise Queen Elizabeth of Roumania.

The South Dublin Union has emphatically declared its approval of women as guardians of the poor, and has petitioned Parliament in favor of the removal of the restriction which at present prevents women, duly qualified as ratepayers, from being elected in Ireland.

Mrs. Mary Rose Banks, whose book on plantation life in the South was brought out recently by a Boston firm, lives at "Banks-ton Farm," near Griffin, Ga. She is described as "a little lady, with dark-brown hair, brown eyes, and mouth and nose that indicate strength and character."

Mme. Estelle Guilhou, land-owner at Samadet Landes, has, after numerous experiments in planting vines, rendered important services to viticulture. The jury of rewards in the district of Dax has awarded her a silver medal for her services.

Miss Agnes Harris, of St. Clair County, Mo., for two years teacher of music in the Fayetteville College, carried off the first prize at the commencement exercises of the Cincinnati College of Music last week.

The prize of 1,000 francs offered by M. Isaac Pereira, a French banker, for an essay upon the extinction of pauperism, has been won by a woman. A year was given for studying the subject, and among the competitors were Germans, Italians, English and French. Madame Cassimir Ladreyet is a Frenchwoman, who had been for some time resident in Boston.

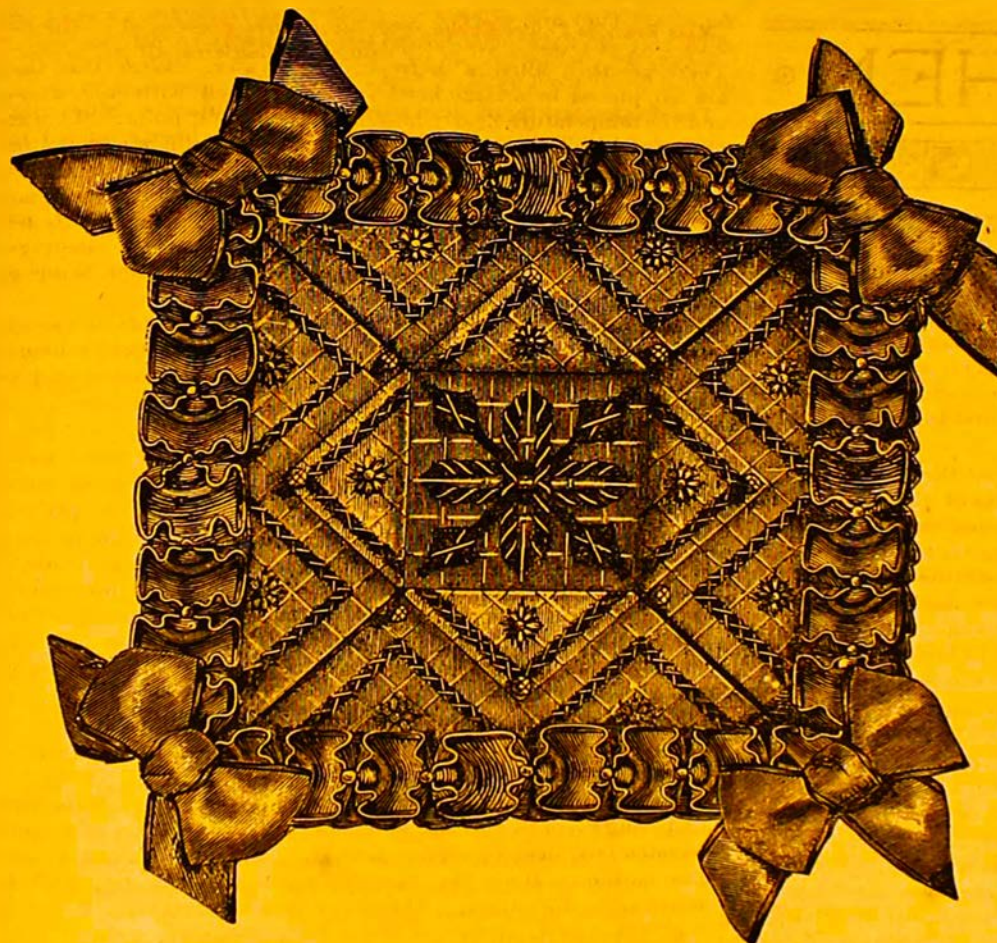
Lady Rose Weigall, of Southwood House, Margate, had a building erected in her grounds, and fitted with beds, etc., for the accommodation of boys whom she invited from different industrial schools to afford them a holiday at the seaside. Sixty at a time, from the London Industrial Schools, were accommodated for a fortnight.

The Invasion of Oxford by the ladies is advancing apace. Somerville Hall has been enlarged, and will receive next term twelve new students. Oxford follows the lead of Cambridge, and it is announced that in future the final class-list of the lady students will be published in due form in the University Gazette.

A Young Finnish lady, Miss Irene Aström, passed the examination for a candidate of philosophy at the University of Helsingfor, on May 24th, with great honors. The young lady was subsequently, through a deputation of ladies, presented with a gold watch and chain at a festive meeting given in her honor at the Æsthetic Club, Hesperia.

The revival of Turkish embroidery owes its initiation and success to Mrs. Arthur Hanson, who started it to help destitute women in Constantinople. Many support whole families by it, though it is paid for, of course, at a very low rate.

The "Village Homes," at Addlestone, Surrey, for the rescue of little girls, owes its existence to the Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, who is the principal supporter of a charity which has snatched many poor little waifs from the border-land of vice.



Sofa Cushion.

**T**HE ground-work of the cushion is pale blue satin, and is quilted in squares with silk the same color. Crimson ribbon velvet is appliquéd in large vandykes, and these are sewn down with herring-bone stitches in gold silk. The stars in the center of each vandyke are also put on with gold silk. The middle of the cushion is ornamented with an appliquéd of crimson velvet worked over with gold silk. The plaiting round the edge is crimson satin, the box-plaits are caught together with tiny silk balls. The four corners are finished with large satin bows.

Chair Backs.

**V**ERY effective and quickly made ones can be arranged, with flowers of cretonne cut out and appliquéd with silk on to a colored satin sheeting. Sunflowers of cretonne on old gold, deep red on brown sheeting are very pretty; also large roses and leaves. Another way is to cut out large lilies or other flowers in white, gray or pale-colored cloth, serge or velvet, and appliquéd them on to red satin with gold colored knitting silk. In fact there is no end to the designs. Turkey twill bordered with lace, also Turkey embroidery on muslin with a border of red plush. All of these can be made as chair covers or simply arranged as tidies.

Drawing-Room Curtains.

**H**EAVY curtains are used very much now. A pretty design is of crimson satin sheeting with gold-colored satin sheeting borders embroidered, or Canton flannel with shades of contrasting color. Plain velvet always has a good effect, but of course is costly, for if not of good quality the dust clings to them and they soon look shabby. It would

be best to have the mantle board and curtains of the same material as the window. Lace curtains, looped back with very broad bands embroidered in colors, are often substituted now for summer.

Mantel Lambrequin.

**M**ANTEL lambrequins are now used in almost every house, and are certainly a great addition to a room. A strip of felt three inches wide, on the edge of which sew a strip of cretonne, in neutral tints, and embroider parts of the pattern over with flosses of bright colors. On the edge of this, add a worsted fringe. Another design is made of velvet. A strip fifteen inches wide, and pigeon's wings mounted on, arranged as a border or placed with the point of the wings down. Still another is to crochet some pretty lace patterns, using number twenty Macramédé lace cord and a very large hook. When finished, stretch it on the floor and pin it down, wrong side up, and press it with a hot iron. Shall give a pattern shortly, and the quantities of material for it.



Sitting-Room Table.

A SMALL table with ebony legs, and polished top. Over the top is a spread, or scarf made of felt, across the ends are colored velvets and braids laid in points and straight bands. To brighten the whole, feather and cat-stitch the braids and velvet with different-colored flosses. Finish the ends with deep antique lace, and work some of the heavy spots in the lace with the floss, and on each point hang different-colored tassels.



## Canning and Preserving Late Fruits and Vegetables.

**New Method of Preserving.**—Beat well together equal quantities of honey and spring water; pour it into an earthen jar; into this put freshly-gathered plums, or peaches, and cover close. This is said to keep them as fresh the year round as if just gathered from the tree. When any of the first is taken out, wash it, and it is fit for immediate use.

**Green Corn.**—When the corn is a little past the tenderest roasting-ear state, pull it; take off one thickness of the husk, tie the rest of the husk down at the silk end in a close and tight manner. Place them in a clean cask or barrel, compactly together, and put on a brine to cover the same of about two-thirds the strength of meat pickle. When ready to use in winter, soak in cold water over night, and if this does not appear sufficient, change the water and freshen still more. This is said to be excellent, and to very much resemble the fresh article from the stalk.

**Ripe Tomatoes.**—Tomatoes may be kept almost any length of time and come out as fresh as when first picked by preserving in pure vinegar diluted with water—one gill of vinegar and two of water. Pick when ripe, but not very soft; leave the stems on, but do not break the skin. Put into wood or stone, and put the liquid on them cold. After you get through putting them in, place something on them to keep them under the liquid, and take out as you may wish to use them. Can use them as you would tomatoes fresh from the vine. This will not fail if your vinegar is pure and diluted according to directions. It is highly probable that cucumbers might be preserved in the same way—selecting those of medium size, and leaving on the stems.

**A New Way to Dry Peaches.**—Never peel peaches to dry. Let them be mellow enough to be in good eating condition, put them in boiling water for a moment or two, and the skins will come off like a charm. Let them be in the water long enough, but no longer. The gain is at least six-fold—saving of time in removing the skin, saving of the peach, the best part at that, and takes less time to dry the peaches, as a whole bushel may be scalded in a boiler at once, and the water turned off. Dry as rapidly as possible in a cool oven if you have not an evaporator.

**To Dry Sweet Apples.**—Bake as for the table, then dry in a brick oven. They may be soaked, heated, water dried away, and restored very nearly to the condition of a fresh baked apple. Stewed in more syrup, they make a much richer sauce than the common dried apples.

**To Dry Sweet Corn.**—Pick early in the morning; throw in boiling water—having first removed the husks and silk—let it remain five minutes, then shave and scrape from the cob, and spread on boards in the hot sun, and cover with glazed sashes slightly raised—the hot-bed sash, if you have one. When perfectly dry, scald in a moderate oven with paper over it, or in jars set in boiling water, to make sure that no worms will trouble it. Put into perfectly tight paper bags, tie up closely, and put in a dry place. When wanted for use, look over but do not wash, put on the stove with four or five times its bulk of water, and let it soak three or four hours, boiling slowly fifteen or twenty minutes at the best.

**To Can Green Corn.**—To every six quarts of corn take one ounce of tartaric acid dissolved in boiling water. Cut the corn from the cob and put in sufficient water to cook. When the corn is cooking, put in the acid water and seal in air-tight cans. When you wish to use it, pour off the water from it, put it in fresh water and a small quantity of soda, let it stand for twenty minutes to a half-hour before cooking. When nearly cooked, season as you would corn fresh from the garden.

**Texan Method of Preparing Green Grapes.**—The grapes must not be too old; the best time is just before the seed begins to

harden. They are, after being picked and freed from stems, put into bottles (wide neck bottles) so as nearly to fill the latter. These are then filled with fresh clean water. After this they are all placed in a large kettle, partially filled with cold water, and the temperature nearly raised to the boiling point. As soon as sufficiently heated, they are taken off; enough water poured out of each bottle to allow a well-fitting cork to be pressed in tightly. Then make air tight with sealing-wax or common beeswax. As the bottles cool down a partial vacuum is left in the neck of each. Grapes thus preserved have kept for years in Texas, where canned fruit almost invariably spoils during the hot summer.

They can at any time be opened and prepared like fresh grapes, and no difference will be found in the taste. It is better to use the water also in which they are kept, as it contains a large percentage of tartaric acid, which gives them the pleasant sour taste.

**Canning Grapes.**—Concords are best for this purpose. Cook the pulps thoroughly, strain in colander or sieve to remove seeds, then boil the pulp and skins together one-half to three-quarters of an hour, not less; adding sugar to taste. Use ordinary stone jars, filling full; smear the top of the jar with hot wax made of equal parts of rosin and tallow, then stretch over the top new cotton sheeting, tying around the jar about an inch or two from the top with a cord wound around several times, then cover the cloth on top with a layer of melted wax, and set in a cool place; will keep until the next summer.

For grape jelly, the grapes should not be quite ripe.

**How to Preserve Grapes.**—It is said grapes may be kept fresh for months prepared as follows:—

Take good bunches, free from decayed or imperfect berries, and hang them by threads to sticks, across the edge of a clean wooden box, deep enough to hold the bunches without touching the bottom. Hang the bunches close together, but without touching each other. Then take fine poplar, oak, birch, or maple sawdust, clean and free from moisture, but not over dried, and pour it into the boxes, working it with a small rod among the bunches until they are completely enveloped.

When the box is filled, seal the ends of all the exposed main stalks with a drop of rosin or sealing-wax. Cover the box first with a sheet of newspaper, and then with the cover, and store in a cool dry cellar.

**Tomatoes for Winter Use.**—Scald and remove the skin, and boil them down so that one bushel of tomatoes will be contained in a one gallon jug. Stir gently while boiling, and when nearly boiled down enough add one tablespoonful of salt. Heat the jug to a boiling temperature and put in the tomatoes until it is full; then cork tightly, and tie a piece of cloth nicely over the top of the jug and completely cover the top of the jug with wax. These tomatoes, when wanted for use, must be much diluted with water, one teacupful making a meal for a good-sized family.

**Fried Canned Tomatoes.**—Procure fine ripe, smooth specimens; cut in two; put into the frying-pan very sweet lard, and when very hot drop in the tomatoes skin side down; when nearly done pack in cans, add a little hot water to the juice in the pan, fill the can as full as possible with it, and seal hermetically. If there is the least air-hole, nothing spoils more quickly. When wanted for use, pour off the water and grease, lay on a plate, season, and cook until brown in a small quantity of melted butter. Add cream for gravy. By this method they can be had all winter, and are just as good as when fresh.

**Canned Plums.**—Select perfect fruit, and to every pound of plums allow half the quantity of sugar, if they are very ripe or light colored; moisten the sugar with water, and put in a preserving-kettle over the fire, removing the scum as it rises, and when boiling add the fruit, setting on the back of the stove, where the plums will get heated through and the juice begin to run before boiling. As soon as they boil up once, take from the stove and bottle immediately, keeping as whole as possible.

**Apples Kept in Winter.**—Several statements have been published of the entire success which has attended the keeping of winter apples under water. The experiment is worth repeating, observing the precaution of keeping the temperature nearly down to the freezing-point. The advantages of this practice are, first, the exclusion of air currents; and secondly, a temperature

not liable to fluctuations, or which cannot quickly change. So long as the water can be kept quite cold the fruit will be likely to remain sound; if too warm the skin will swell and crack by an over-absorption of moisture. Grapes have been successfully kept in the same way, the water remaining near freezing. A damp cellar, for the fruit on shelves, is better than one so dry as to cause shriveling, provided it is cold. If warm, decay would be likely to commence soon.

**Drying Eggs for Winter Use.**—The eggs are beaten to uniform consistency and spread out in thin cakes on butter-plates. This dries them into a thin paste, which is to be packed in close cans, and sealed. When required for use, the paste can be dissolved in water, and beaten to a foam like fresh eggs. It is said eggs can be preserved for years this way and retain their flavor.

**An Excellent Way of Preserving Eggs for Winter Use.**—Take new-laid eggs in July or August, rub them well with lard, and pack them in a large jar—thick end downwards, fill up the jar with sweet dry bran, cover with bladders, and keep in a dry cool place.

They can be used for every purpose except for the breakfast table.

**To Keep Fresh Fish.**—Clean them and remove the gills, insert pieces of charcoal in their mouths and bellies; if they are to be conveyed any distance, wrap each fish up separately in a linen cloth, and place them in a box, with cabbage leaves above and below.

**Syrup of Coffee.**—Take one-fourth pound of the best ground coffee; put into a saucepan, containing three pints of water, and boil it down to one pint. Cool the liquor, put into another saucepan, well cleaned, and boil again. As it boils add enough white sugar to make it the consistency of syrup. Take it from the fire, and when cold bottle and seal. When you wish to use, put two teaspoonfuls into an ordinary coffee-pot, and fill with boiling water, and add milk, if you like. This is of great convenience to those who, in traveling or making long journeys, wish for a good cup of coffee.

We quote the following for those who have a mind to try it:

**How Fruit and Vegetables may be imported Fresh from a Great Distance.**—It is stated that if fruit and delicate vegetables are covered with burned bran, they can be imported from a great distance quite fresh. The burned bran is charcoal, and absorbs the moisture accumulating about fruit, keeping it dry, under which conditions it will keep fresh for months. All kinds of grapes, apricots and cherries and vegetables have been preserved, and retain their original flavor.

"The same can be done with any kind of fruit and vegetables with a skin not too porous.

"Peaches are difficult to handle, but can be kept by this process about six weeks."

**Potato Salad.**—Take from six to eight medium-sized boiled potatoes, very carefully cooked, let them get cold, then slice them thin; two silver skin onions minced very fine, so as to get the flavor and not detect the onions in pieces; mix the latter with the parsley and the potatoes; season with salt and cayenne pepper. Take one-third of a teaspoonful of dry mustard; moisten it with a teaspoonful of hot water; put the yolks of two eggs in the same dish, beat together with an egg-beater until well mixed, then drop in your salad oil, beating it all the time until it thickens like a custard, then add one and a half tablespoonfuls of vinegar, put it over your potatoes, and mix all together. You can garnish the dish with salad leaves or celery tops; it makes a very pretty dish for the table.

#### HOW TO MAKE A RECIPE, AND HOW TO TAKE A RECIPE.

WHEN we taste some peculiarly palatable dish, is not our first impulse to ask, our heart beating high with hope of future dainties, for the recipe? The answer, of course, is always, "Certainly; you shall have it with pleasure." Alas, for the vanity of human expectations! In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, either we don't get our guide to epicurean bliss at all, or else we get it so worded that we don't have it with pleasure. For it is not so easy to give a recipe as it looks—hence, no doubt, the reason that people so often fail to give one when asked for. None of us expect to swim from simply reading

directions in a book, and yet how often do we undertake to make some difficult dish from a few written words!

We have sometimes thought it would be an excellent plan if writers upon cookery were to put each recipe in two forms, headed respectively: "For the wise" and "For the ignorant." It is hard for the wise woman to toil through minute, and to her unnecessary directions, while the proverbial "verbum sapienti"—a word for the wise—does not at all satisfy the unskilled. We will confess at once, lest we should be accused of pride, that we belong to the unskilled, or very slightly skilled part of the community, our small stock of culinary knowledge having been slowly and painfully acquired. Hence we speak on the subject with feeling.

And yet, let us frankly confess it, some of our most ludicrous mistakes were such as neither Soyer nor Blot could have saved us from—on paper. Did we not once prepare, with great pains a pan of gingerbread, which emerged from the oven in a state of most suspicious flatness? And when it was cut, of what a peculiar consistency it was! A sort of a cross between india-rubber and lead, utterly uneatable, of course. Our hungry guests—who had dropped in to play chess and chat in neighborly fashion—pretended they couldn't possibly eat anything, as there was nothing fit for them to eat, and went home ginger-breadless and sad. Bruce and his spider has always been our motto, so, nothing daunted, we proceeded on the following Saturday to try it again. We had just reached the point of pouring in the ginger, the very can was poised in mid-air, when, oh horror! our arm was seized from behind! No, it wasn't a tramp; it was only our little Irish cook. "Mrs. —," she exclaimed, half laughing, half crying, "what are you doing? Why, that's the mustard, mum!" The mystery of the rubber gingerbread was solved. We had used what we supposed to be ginger—it was of a fine yellow color, just the shade of the gingerbread we had eaten in girlhood's days, and the result the reader already knows. Of course we shall never hear the last of that gingerbread; we couldn't reasonably expect to.

But to return to our subject. It seems to us that to write a good recipe, a person should give, as exactly as possible, all the weights and measures of the different ingredients, and also, where he or she can, the time which the cooking will generally take. To be a little more definite: do not leave more than you can avoid to the judgment or imagination of your reader, for it may be that she won't be possessed of either quality. It is hardly necessary to begin, like the famous recipe for cooking fish, "first catch your fish." Brevity is the soul of wit, but a soul must have a body in this world, and to say, "eggs, sugar to taste, flour to thickness of buckwheat batter, milk—stir, fry," is calculated to considerably befog the neophyte. On the other hand, rules that are over-minute are quite as confusing. We have ourselves written to friends such elaborate directions of how to catch the train, how to know the right cars, and how to reach our modest summer abode, that despair settled on their souls, and they cried: "We don't understand; it is hopeless." Why would it not be a good plan to have graded cook-books, as they have graded primers and arithmetic books? No. 1, cook-book for beginners—for the absolutely asinine, who don't know *mustard* from *ginger*; No. 2, for those who can take a thing off the fire when it begins to burn; No. 3, for the plain cook; No. 4, for the highfalutin, or learned cook, etc.

Then as to taking a recipe; some of us can't take one any better than some people can take a joke. Charles Sumner, among other great men, was totally unable, with all his brilliancy, to see the fun of a joke. A story is told of him, that he was once present at a party, at which were also certain other celebrities. The occasion was very dull at first, but through the exertions of the notable guests, it became animated and agreeable. A young lady present thereupon said to Mr. Sumner: "I do so love to see lions break the ice;" to which he gravely responded: "Miss —, lions never *do* break the ice, because they live in hot countries, where there *isn't* any ice!" In order to use a recipe properly, we must use our own brains a little, and not simply carry out directions with Chinese-like fidelity. Some persons make a serious mistake in this way, or even worse, they will carry out literally a physician's orders, without troubling themselves to reflect on the meaning of what has been told them, and they fulfill the letter of the law, sometimes in direct opposition to the spirit of it.



# DIAMONDS OF THOUGHT

**Happiness** is like an echo : it answers to your call, but does not come. **Patience** is not passive ; on the contrary, it is active, it is concentrated strength.

Is the calm you have gained a proof of acquired force or of growing weakness ?

Do not feel proud at having supported your misfortune. How could you not have supported it ?

There is but one happiness—duty. There is but one consolation—work. There is but one enjoyment—the beautiful.—*Carmen Sylvia.*

When you are looking at a picture, you give it the advantage of a good light. Be as courteous to your fellow-creatures as you are to a picture.

**Character** is not something solid and unalterable. It is something living and changing, and may become diseased as our bodies become.

Have the courage to give occasionally that which you can ill afford to spare. Giving what you do not want or value neither brings nor deserves thanks in return.

Nothing so increases one's reverence for others as a great sorrow to one's self. It teaches one the depths of human nature.

To live wholly for pleasure is wasteful dissipation, and must at last end in satiety and disgust. To know only hard work and no recreation is to make life monotonous and burdensome.

It is the great art and philosophy of life to make the best of the present, whether it be good or bad—to bear the one with resignation and patience, and to enjoy the other with thankfulness and moderation.

It is not an easy or instinctive thing to put thoughts or feelings into such words as shall serve to reproduce them in the mind of another ; to do so with even tolerable success demands patient attention, care, and effort.

**Courage.**—In the average man courage attends good health. Irregular habits, excessive eating and drinking, insufficient sleep, a badly-ventilated dwelling-place, will take the "edge" off of most men, and make them entirely willing to join the army of followers rather than try to be leaders.

If you want to "heap coals of fire" on the inner heart of one who is in a tearing passion, and is expressing it in words, just simply say nothing—do nothing ; only look at him in silence, and it will shame him, for he has a consciousness of the fact that every one who has heard him despises him.

**Judicious Help.**—It is much easier to bestow money out of a well filled purse than to take pains to discover the real needs of mind or character, and minister to them by wise methods and in a delicate manner. It is much easier to supply the wants of a child than to teach him how to supply them for himself, and far easier to give him the results of our own labor than to train him in those habits of industry and perseverance which will enable him to reap the harvest of his own well taxed energies. Yet the one is a positive injury, the other an actual good, the one cuts at the root of all human progress and happiness, the other cherishes and nourishes it.

**The Science of Life**—The science of life consists in knowing how to take care of your health, how to make use of people, how to make the most of yourself, and how to push your way in the world. Those are the things which everybody ought to know and which very few people do know. How never to get sick, how to develop your health and strength to the utmost, how to make every man you meet your friend—all these and many other things are to be included in the science of living, and the pity is that we appreciate it at its true value only when the bloom of life is gone.



# SPICE BOX

What kind of a field is older than you are ? One that is pasturage.

**Lord Erskine** once declared at a large party that "a wife was a tin canister tied to one's tail ; upon which Sheridan, who was present when the remark was made, presented to Lady Erskine the following lines :

"Lord Erskine, at women presuming to rail,  
Calls a wife a tin canister tied to one's tail ;  
And fair Lady Anne, while the subject he carries on,  
Seems hurt at his lordship's degrading comparison.  
But wherefore degrading ? Considered aright,  
A canister's polished and useful and bright ;  
And should dirt its original purity hide,  
That's the fault of the puppy to whom it is tied."

**The Professional Patriot :**

My country, 'tis from thee  
I long to get a fee,  
Of that I sing.  
Place me were Congress meets,  
Where I can find the sweets,  
Or in some ring.

—*Cambridge Tribune.*

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree ?" We don't know who should, but we know that the undertaker is generally called in.

An old Scotch lady, who has no relish for church music, was expressing her dislike for singing of anthems in her church one day, when a neighbor said : "Why, this is a very old anthem. David sang that anthem to Saul." To this the old lady replied : "Weel, weel, I noo for the first time understan' why Saul threw his javelin at David, when he sang for him."

**Conversation** on a sea-side hotel verandah between a young man and an elderly guest : Young man—"I must have seen you somewhere, sir." Elderly gent—"Very likely ; I am a pawnbroker."



THE DEPARTURE OF SUMMER.





### Review of Fashions.

**R**EACTION has set in against the "Combination" styles which have held their place so long; and it must be said, have developed and exercised wonderful ingenuity. Doubtless one element, and a very strong one, of their popularity, was their convenience and economy. One costume, with a good foundation, would be capable of several different variations, and of being made over in half a dozen different forms. This looked like thrift, notwithstanding that the addition of new material, and the making-over process must cost nearly as much as a plain dress, not to speak of the risk of a finally satisfactory result. However, to some persons the fashionable possibility of putting two old dresses together, and getting one new one, or of utilizing fragmentary pieces, has been very desirable; and it is to be hoped that as complete dresses are now coming to the front, they have used up their old stock, and will be willing to accept the new order without serious trouble.

The necessity for going back to first principles exists in the nature of things. Nothing that exists can eternally keep up at high pressure, or in a certain line without being switched off; and fashion has been going at tremendous speed within the past five years. It has exhausted all ordinary resources, and some extraordinary. It has searched all the ports in every land under the sun, and even the Isles of the Sea, for novel ideas. But it has been restricted in a certain way, and by a certain direct and exceedingly powerful influence, and this is the one it is supposed to ignore, because it comes from modern practical ideas. This influence constantly menaces any effort to restore the gigantic follies which have appeared in the past; it says to every attempt—thus far shalt thou go, or thus far shalt thou come, and no farther; and it often succeeds in killing absurdity in the bud, before it has blossomed out into the glaring height of its deformity.

Besides, though it is hard to make some people understand it, dress for women, even among the highest classes, has become of necessity, a much more practical, and business-like matter than formerly. Women are no longer excluded from affairs; on the contrary, rich or poor, high or low, from an empress down, there is a vast amount of real work for every woman to attend to, and her dress must have some reference to it. The Princess of Wales attends a public meeting in a hall on the fifth floor, is obliged to leave before it is over and get down by the elevator, and rush off home to

dress for a dinner party. Her first dress must be short, and not easily spoiled; and similar necessities confront her, as well as other ladies, every day of her life. Crowns, coronets, diadems, and all other insignia of rank are kept for rare state occasions, and royalty and nobility in Europe, and the moneyed aristocracy of our own country, wear heather mixtures; dark blue flannel; felt hats; and "dress up" in the princess, and softness of silk, velvet, and lace; but with no special mark or badge of distinction to differentiate one class from another.

Under these circumstances, it is manifestly impossible for the hoops, and the farthingales, the monstrous head-dresses, which were built up into towers, and fashions of that ilk, to again obtain a vogue. Against exaggerated height or breadth, another reason exists, and that is the equalization of rights in space. No one can claim more than his or her share of the sidewalk, or the public vehicle; and the few who are able to exempt themselves from the common lot, cannot, nor do they feel inclined to, support exclusive fashions, and then make themselves targets, while shutting themselves out from the possibility of association with their fellows. The tendencies of the age are all towards equal rights in whatever is common to all; and the prince must submit to this law as well as the peasant. This at once imposes a restriction upon dress; it must not be an obstruction, and an obstacle to others, any more than to the individual wearer. This not only prevents the introduction of many whims and caprices, but it stimulates invention and skill in useful and universal directions; and strengthens the hands of those who are doing their utmost to promote the growth of sensible and progressive ideas in dress as in other directions.

The era of self-colors, and single fabrics, will be by no means confined to plain materials, and fabrics, embroideries, and brocades will be as much in vogue as ever; but they will divide the honors with the robed dresses, which are simply borderings upon plain materials. Moires, too, will retain their vogue, and be very fashionable for dinner dresses, which are to be not short, but demi-trained.

A great many ladies have their "best" dress made now with an adjustable train, so that it can be worn long or short; and a very handsome example will be found on our Bulletin, given with the Autumn Portfolio, which may be arranged at home by an expert seamstress. Shades range from very light for evening wear, to very dark for day wear. Wine-color, garnet, myrtle green, terra-cotta red, French plum, olive, pale

salmon, and shrimp pink, cream, and écou, are the favorite tints. Turkish embroidery is beginning to be much used for ornamentation upon dresses as well as house draperies, and may be employed to produce very rich effects, because the gold in it does not tarnish. The embroidery is usually executed in strips, which have been employed for chair scarfs, stand covers, and the like, and are becoming more used, as they are more known. Curtains are also wrought, and very beautiful handkerchiefs which are utilized as pictures, but the special use to which the lovely flowered strips have been put by some elegant women during the past season, a use to which many more will be put, is to form a straight double apron for the front of an artistic dress. One of these strips formed in reality a Turkish towel, or cover of exceeding fineness. It was embroidered across each end in solid gold leaves seven inches in depth; the two with the fringed ends forming a beautiful and uncommon tablier for a rich gown of amber (Chinese) crape, which was otherwise untrimmed, but with which was worn a collar, and large cuffs of fine lace, embroidered with gold thread. Beading will be less fashionable this winter than last, and steel has been given up entirely; a good thing, as it is too cold for a northern winter, and too heavy for summer. Embroidery, however, is so much in the ascendant that the fine modern iridescent beads, or whatever else can be made to produce pretty effects, will be retained and pressed into the service when needed.

### Illustrated Designs for the Month.

**T**HE new styles for the present season show a decided advance in practical directions. The exterior garment shows greater length, is modeled closely to the form, but without any of the fussiness and unnatural attempts at outline which made the tie-back so objectionable. The "Clermont" is an excellent example of one of the best designs for Fall costumes. It consists of a gored walking skirt, trimmed with a kilt-plaited flounce, and a long redingote, open part of the way upon the back and entirely down the front, the fastening of buttons only reaching just below the waist. The trimming may be plush or velvet, ribbed, embossed or plain, and simply borders the open sides and forms a collar, terminating in graduated bands upon the waist. A sash of wide moiré ribbon, held by an ornamental buckle, surmounts the opening at the back, and a cluster of loops, half the width, may be held by another buckle at the termination of the fastening in front. The design is adapted to silk and velvet, as well as the handsome woolen materials, which are so universally employed for Fall wear. Of course, less expensive trimming may be used. The clusters of Hercules braid in narrow or differing widths, would look well upon cloth. Or the entire suit may be made up in cloth, velvet, or velveteen, with only facings, and no trimming but handsome ribbon bows.

A very suitable walking skirt for cloth will be found in the "Magda," a design composed of a long, slashed overskirt, showing a deep, box-plaited flounce which may be mounted upon a lining. The front and sides of the drapery are trimmed with graduated rows of military braid. The apron is draped in loose folds, and the back lifted irregularly in a series of slight and easily arranged loopings fastened underneath.

The "military" jacket adapts itself exceedingly well to this skirt, but it may be supplemented by a plainer and shorter coat basque, and the jacket used to complete the suit for street wear. All the fashionable woolen materials may be used for this design, excepting plaids and wide stripes.

The best for the purpose are the heather mixtures, the chevots, all wool suitings, the finished ladies' cloth, the tricots, and other goods of that class. The jacket is one of the best designs of the season for an independent out-door garment, and, of course, may be made in heavier cloths without reference to any special costume. Or it would look well if used as a basque to complete a costume.

The polonaise has been quite restored to favor and is undoubtedly one of the most useful of overdresses. The "Moretta" is a very pretty and graceful design for a young lady, or may be usefully employed for an afternoon house dress. It forms a basque at the back, to which is added a drapery consisting of wide bows with ends. The apron of the Princess front is draped up at the sides under the bows, the wide ends forming the back of the overskirt. This arrangement admits of a good deal of variation in the use of material and trimming. The sash may be composed of the material of the polonaise, or it may be of silk, satin, or moiré, or very wide ribbon. Supposing the material to be fawn-colored camel's-hair, or dove-colored cashmere; the sash may be of the same shade, or it may be garnet, or crimson, or terra-cotta red, or violet, and thus give a new tone and brighter character to the toilet. This style is a very useful one for wear over silk skirts, or a skirt of plain velvet or velveteen. The collar repeating the fabric employed for the under part of the dress.

The "Corisande" basque, while not a novelty, illustrates the latest ideas, and is, besides, very becoming to rather tall, slender figures, who lack hip development. Forms of this description, are, usually, also improved by fullness about the neck, and this is supplied by the shirred collar which differs from the Mother Hubbard, in being gathered to the top of its trimming. The basque is coat-shaped at the back, with plaitings which furnish the necessary fullness; and the shirred puffing, which accentuates the point, and is carried to the side seams at the back, is entirely destitute of the exaggeration, which so often makes this hip puffing absurd and irrational.

The "Belvidera" is a quite new and very stylish wrap, which may be made in heavy silk, Sicilienne, Satin de Lyons, or handsome camel's-hair. Its outlines are perfectly simple, and it depends for its distinction entirely on the perfection of its cut and the appropriateness of its materials. It does not require masses of lace or passementerie, but only the combination of two good fabrics and handsome ribbon for loops and bows. Moiré is the most suitable material for the trimming, as it is just now the most fashionable for wraps of medium weight. But it may be trimmed in plush and cut somewhat longer, if it is desirable to utilize it for a winter cloak as well as an Autumn wrap.

Young ladies who are about forming cooking classes, have been especially provided with a lovely apron in the "Janina." It is, in fact, almost too pretty for this purpose, and may be made in finer and more delicate materials than would be suitable for working in the kitchen. In silk or muslin with lace finish, it is really a pretty overdress, and in alpaca a most useful school apron. But even cooking possesses a new attraction when the accessories are dainty and becoming. So we advise that the "Janina" be utilized in braided linen or blue and white striped seersucker, with ruffle of Madeira embroidery and band buttoned at the back if the bows seem unnecessary to good bread-making.

A NEW BRACELET has made its appearance which clasps the arm without hinge or fastening.

THE AMOUNT of jewelry worn is reduced to its minimum. It is no longer good style to wear conspicuous gold ornaments, especially on the street.



FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

No. 1.—Bonnet of garnet French felt, of a very becoming shape, the brim faced with velvet of the same color, the back turned up and faced to match, and the outside trimmed with *rouleaux* of velvet, a full cluster of garnet tips, and a long plume of the same color crossing the front of the crown. Strings of Ottoman ribbon, matching the hat in color.

No. 2.—Bonnet of seal brown *futre velours*, or velvet felt, the broad brim edged with a band of seal fur, and faced with brown velvet. The outside is trimmed with long loops of brown velvet and a large bird of brown pheasant's feathers

with a bright parrot's head. Wide strings of brown ribbon, half of the width *Ottoman velours*, and the other half velvet.

No. 3.—*Capote* of myrtle green velvet, the front trimmed with rows of black Spanish lace having the pattern run in gold thread. A cluster of green tips is placed at the left side, and the right is ornamented with a bunch of gold-colored chrysanthemums having brown centers, and a bow of wide ribbon, one-third of the width green Ottoman ribbon, the opposite edge for the same width of plain satin, and the

center satin brocade with yellow chrysanthemums. The strings are made of the same ribbon.

No. 4.—An English turban of brown English straw, trimmed with brown velvet and a golden pheasant plume.

No. 5.—A close *capote* made of black velvet, trimmed with a profusion of short ostrich tips, and a cluster of bright yellow roses. The front is finished with a *bandeau* of jet, and the strings are of satin-faced, black velvet ribbon.



Belydera Visite.

LADY'S MEDIUM SIZE.

**T**HIS stylish wrap for *demi-saison* or winter wear—a pattern for which will be found in this magazine—is cut with loose fronts in *sacque* shape, the back fitted with a curved seam down the middle, and Mandarin sleeves inserted in raglan style extending to the neck. A deep collar of contrasting material with bands on the sleeves and down the front to match ornament the *visite*. This design is appropriate for all qualities for cloth, and any of the materials usually selected for *demi-saison* wear; and is most effective trimmed with a contrasting material, as illustrated.

Half of the pattern is given, consisting of four pieces—front, back, sleeve, or shoulder piece, and collar.

Join the parts according to the notches. The small gores in the upper parts of the sleeves are to be basted and fitted to the figure before they are cut off. The front edge of the sleeve is to be joined in a seam with the front only as far down as the upper notch, and below this it is to be joined to the under side of the sleeve as indicated by the notches. The under part of the sleeve is to be sewed in the armhole, according to the notches. The collar is to be sewed to the neck according to the notches, and rolled over, but not pressed flat.

Cut the fronts lengthwise of the goods on their front edges; the back pieces with the grain of the goods in a line with the waist line, and the sleeves lengthwise on their back edge. Cut the collar either bias or lengthwise in the middle of the back.

This size will require four yards and a quarter of goods twenty-four inches wide, or two yards and one-eighth of forty-eight inches wide. Two yards of contrasting material twenty-four inches wide will be sufficient to trim as illustrated. The pattern is furnished in a larger size. Price, twenty-five cents.

## Novelties in Rich Fabrics.

**S**OME very beautiful novelties have been brought out this season in French fabrics, which deserve more than a mere mention as they mark the advance in luxury and wealth of design as applied to dress. To make up into whole dresses they would be too costly even for the wealthy, who will rarely in this country, pay the prices that are paid for fine stuffs abroad. Nor are the patterns in which they are worn suited to every part of a dress; on the contrary, they must be seen in their entirety to appreciate their beauty; they are, therefore, used for the plain fronts, for the plaited, or Watteau train, or for a strip across the front in the same way that the Turkish embroidery is used.

The ground-work of these designs has a twill, and is very soft, thick and rich; genuine satin surah, or Rhadames. Upon this, feathers and flowers in satin broché are apparently thrown, with a splendor of color and shading that cannot be put into words. Forms are traced with the utmost fidelity, but colors are fancifully chosen to produce effects without reference to the absolute copying of nature; and such colors all the shades of pale yellow, and amber upon cream, and ivory with darker leaves, and large satiny roses, flushed with red shading off into softest pink. The designing and weaving fabrics of this kind is the work of artists, and they must be made up by artists also; the ordinary dressmaker would shrink appalled before the necessity for putting her scissors into stuffs which seem better fitted for framing and hanging as pictures, than making up for wear. The broché velvets do not show the varied effects so much as what can be done with shade and light. The raised figures are usually in darker shades of the ground color, which is not velvet, but satin surah, or at least a fine twilled satiny surface which has the same effect; part of the design, the leaves for example, and part of the flowers, will seem to be in shadow, while the light will apparently strike through another part with charming effect.

These figured styles are used in conjunction with plain velvet for the entire front of a dress skirt, and are sometimes accompanied by a bordering for the sleeves, and bodice; but these are only in the secondary styles; the richest fabrics are used in the smallest quantities, and the bodice requires nothing but the lace with which it is trimmed, or the large collar, and cuffs of fine rare lace, with which it is worn.

The most expensive novelty for suits and day costumes, consists of an application of bronze leather to fine cloth for decorative purposes. It is applied in robe designs, and also for the fronts of skirts, with outlines beautifully executed in silk and small gold beads. The effect is very novel and striking. The color of the leather always matches as nearly as leather can, the cloth to which it is applied; but the surface gloss makes the suit very showy, even though the color itself be sober. The cost of these suits is very high; not less than a hundred to a hundred and twenty-five dollars unmade; but they are of the finest materials, and the ornamentation is executed in the best manner.

Somewhat less expensive are the applications, after the same general designs, of plush, and velvet; but though effective they are not so novel, and are used upon less fine and elegant materials than leather.

The broché effects are the novelty in self-colors upon cloth, and all woolen fabrics, such as armures, tricots, Janus cord, and the like; and they are used in the same way to form the entire fronts of short costumes, the skirt being untrimmed, and the jacket and drapery, including the side paniers of the plain self-colored fabrics.



**Moretta Polonaise.**—Extremely simple and serviceable as a practical design for ordinary use, this polonaise is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, a deep dart taken out under each arm, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. A large bow supplies the place of drapery at the back, and a deep collar and *revers* and cuffs of contrasting material finish the model. This design is suitable for any class of dress goods, and may be simply or elaborately trimmed, as desired, according to taste and the material selected. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.



**Corisande Basque.**—This novel and elegant basque is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The front is cut quite short and slopes to a point, a shirred ruffle of the material being added to the lower edge, while the back is in coat style, forming a postilion laid in plaits on the under side. The demi-long sleeves are finished with pointed cuffs, and a shirred collar completes the design. Any quality of dress goods, excepting the heaviest, may be made up after this model, which may be trimmed with lace, as illustrated, or not, according to the taste and material selected. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.

## Velvets and Velveteen.

HERE are no changes in fashion that can displace velvet as a popular fabric, or render it less than desirable for many purposes for which no other can be offered as an efficient substitute. Its elegance and becomingness must always be its passports to the favor of the best class of women; its price alone, and its liability to "rub up" and become defaced having been the only drawbacks to the favor of a larger clientele. The objection of cost has become still more serious since the rapid movements in the world of style and design; the incessant demand for novelty, renders length of time in active service very problematical with those who can afford to adopt such changes as may please their taste, and these constitute almost the only class that can become the purchasers of "Lyons" or silk velvets. It is fifteen or twenty years since the idea first occurred to English manufacturers to experiment with the old-fashioned fustian, and endeavor to produce a fabric from cotton of such softness, fineness, and depth of texture, as should enable it to bear comparison with silk velvet at an eighth of the cost. The German "silk-faced" velvets were the kinds used, as they are largely still, for trimming and common millinery purposes, but their thin surfaces were ill adapted to such wear, as is often demanded from velvet, when it is used for jackets, suits, cloaks, and costumes for boys, so it really seemed that a cheaper, yet durable, and handsome fabric of this description would find a ready market.

The prejudice to be overcome was that of "cotton" velvet; but this was gradually surmounted by the unexpected and marvelous success in producing a really rich-looking fabric. Of course, the earlier productions bear no comparison with the later ones; but even these demonstrated the fact that a velveteen could be made capable of competing with fine velvet, and superior to the cheap grades in appearance and wear, at one-fourth the cost. This established the success and permanent character of velveteens, and they have now taken the place almost entirely of velvet for a majority of its purposes in England and Germany, and, though not used so largely in France, it is because French ladies have used fine wools and silk almost to the exclusion of velvet, not needing it for warmth, and not liking the cost. The demand has been such as to stimulate every effort to perfect manufacture, and this has now reached a standard which may be estimated by the beauty of the recent developments in foulard cambrics and sateens.

The newest triumph in velveteen has been achieved by the "Arcadia," a Manchester production of exceeding fineness, depth, and richness of texture. It appears in all the rare shades—dark wine, ruby, myrtle green, and the new electric blue. Its pile is soft, close, and even, and experts fail to detect the difference between it and real velvet when it is made up. For jackets and fur-trimmed suits, for children's handsome costumes and ladies' dinner dresses, this latest production of the English looms will be in great demand—particularly as the price is not higher than that of the ordinary article.

## The Waist-Coat

is revived in a contrasting color to the jacket-bodice; pale yellow with brown, or plum; crimson with faldre, or dark green; garnet with gray; terra cotta red with old blue; and the like. Embroidered waist-coats are also seen, and some in self-colors, but of a different or richer fabric than that of the costume; moire, or satin, with wool, and also with velvet.



ACTUAL SIZES.

GENTLEMEN'S FOBS AND SEALS, AND LADIES' NECKLACES AND PENDANTS.

No. 1.—This represents the buckle and seal belonging to a gentleman's fob of black watered ribbon with satin back, the same as is illustrated on No. 4. The buckle is of "rolled" gold, handsomely chased on the upper part, and the lower bar is of polished gold. The seal suspended from the buckle is also of "rolled" gold, chased to match, and set with a moss-agate on one side and an onyx stone on the other in a square medallion swinging on a pivot. The ribbon is eight inches long when doubled, and an inch and a quarter wide, and has a swivel at the upper end the same as on No. 4. The fob and buckle are sold separately from the seal, al-

though illustrated together as they are usually worn. Price of fob, with buckle and swivel, \$3.00 ; price of seal, \$2.50.

No. 2.—Buckle and seal belonging to a gentleman's fob of black watered ribbon with a satin back, the same as is illustrated on No. 4. The buckle is square and of highly polished "rolled" gold. The seal is a square swinging medallion of "rolled" gold, chased and engraved and finished alike on both sides, except that on one side is set an oval flat stone of red onyx and a similar black onyx on the other side. The seal opens like a locket, and has at the bottom places for two pictures. The ribbon measures eight inches

in length, when doubled, and is an inch and a quarter wide, and has a swivel on top as on No. 4. The fob and buckle are sold separately from the seal for \$2.75. The seal for \$3.00, either chased, as illustrated, or plain to match the buckle.

No. 3.—Lady's square locket of "rolled" gold. This is a beautifully ornate design, enriched with delicate filigree work on the outer surface. A raised oval rim of highly polished gold surmounts a central ornament of filigree, raised in the form of a coronet, surmounting an upright bar of highly polished gold, set with three real pearls and supported by filigree scrolls on either side. The locket opens at the side with places for two pictures. All the polished gold that is seen is solid. Price, \$5.00.

No. 4.—Gentleman's fob of black watered silk ribbon with satin back. The buckle is oval, of richly chased "rolled" gold, and the seal, which is chased and designed to match the buckle, is also of "rolled" gold, a medallion swinging on a pivot and finished alike on both sides, except that one side is set with a garnet and the other with an amethyst. The ribbon is eight inches long when doubled, and an inch and a quarter wide, the illustration only showing a portion of it; and it is finished at the top with a swivel for the watch. The locket or seal and fob are illustrated as they are intended to be worn, together, but they are sold separately. Price of fob, with buckle and swivel, \$2.50. Price of seal, \$3.00.

No. 5.—A beautiful oval locket of "rolled" gold, with satin finished back, and V-shaped raised ornaments of highly polished gold and light filigree scrolls on the outer surface. In the center is set a pure white stone, in diamond setting, of highly polished gold. The stone is set high with patent foil back which gives it the brilliancy and beauty of a genuine diamond. The locket opens at the side with places for two pictures. All the polished gold that is seen on the surface is solid. Price, \$4.75.

No. 6.—This handsome locket, suitable for a gentleman's watch-chain, is of "rolled" gold, set with a moss-agate and blood-stone in either side of the engraved oval medallion swinging from an arch of polished gold. The locket opens at the top with places for two pictures. Price, \$3.50.

No. 7.—This beautiful ornament of "rolled" gold, set with Byzantine mosaic, can be worn either as a locket, necklace pendant, or pin, as it has a pin at the back and also a loop on a reversible hinge at the top, which folds back out of sight when not in use to support the locket from the neck-chain. The mosaic is set in a square medallion of highly polished gold, and the rest of the design is finished in Roman gold with filigree work and raised ornaments of polished gold, which is solid wherever it appears on the surface. There is a place at the back for a picture. Price, \$5.50.

No. 8.—Braided gold wire necklace of "rolled" gold. The neck-chain is composed of triple wires, braided in flat strands of three, and finished at each end with an ornament of polished and engraved gold supporting a pendant of ornate design in polished gold and filigree, with a single pearl set in the center of the upper part, and a cameo head set in a swinging medallion pendant from the upper part. The bar has a pin at the back, and may be detached from the necklace and worn as a brooch. The chain measures sixteen inches and a half. Price, \$6.25. A necklace in the same style, with a braided pendant chain similar to that on No. 9 instead of the ornament, can be furnished for \$5.75.

No. 9.—This handsome necklace of "rolled" gold is composed of alternating links in flat circles, and ornate bars of highly polished gold, with engraved surfaces. The neck-chain measures just eighteen inches, and the pendant chain one inch. Price, \$5.50.

No. 10.—A quaint and pretty necklace of "rolled" gold

beads strung on a flexible gold chain. The beads are oval in shape, with a tiny round bead alternating with each large one. The neck-chain measures eighteen inches, and the pendant chain one inch and a half. The necklace may be had with the beads either of polished or Roman gold. Price, \$5.00.

No. 11.—Very delicate in design, this pretty necklace of "rolled" gold is composed of a finely wrought flexible chain in Roman gold, finished at each end with a polished gold ball, from which is suspended an ornamental bar of satin-finished gold, upon the surface of which are set flat ornaments of highly polished gold. The neck-chain measures eighteen inches, exclusive of the bar, from which is suspended a patent ring to hold the locket or ornament, if one is worn. Price, \$3.00.

All of these goods are of the best quality of material and workmanship, and many of the designs are fac-similes of those made in solid gold.



**Janina Apron.**—Suitable for the most dressy purposes for which a fancy apron is required, this pretty model is box-plaited its entire length in front, the bib and apron being all in one piece, and shirred on the hips. A shirred pocket ornaments the right side, and the apron is trimmed all around with gathered ruffles of lace. Any of the goods usually selected for this purpose, such as linen, nainsook, striped or cross-barred muslin, and prints are suitable; and for very dressy use, Swiss muslin or Surah silk. It is most appropriately trimmed as illustrated with ruffles, either of lace, embroidery, or of the material. Pattern a medium size for ladies. Price, twenty-five cents each.

### Buttons for Suits and Jackets.

ARTISTIC and costly buttons are a great feature of walking-dresses and jackets, and, as they can be transferred from one dress to another, they are really not extravagant purchases in the end. Tortoise-shell buttons, with crests or monograms in gold, enameled buttons in Mauresque or Florentine styles, are effective and look well on bottle-green, Havana, or prune-colored dresses. Wooden and horn buttons are also worn, and small round French gold buttons—"grelots"—with rough surfaces, are plentifully used on bodices, cuffs, and pockets.



## STREET COSTUMES FOR AUTUMN.

FIG. 1.—Costume made of "midshipman" blue serge, a very dark shade, trimmed with rows of narrow silk braid. The designs used are the "Military" jacket and the "Magda" walking skirt, the same idea being carried out in the trimming of both. The jacket is tight-fitting, with the skirt cut off on the front and sides, a style which is so becoming to many figures. The drapery on the skirt is long, and very gracefully looped in the back. The costume is completed by tan-colored "Mousquetaire" gloves, and an English walking hat of dark blue English straw, trimmed with dark

blue velvet, a long plume of the same color, and gilt ornaments. Linen collar, and *jabot* of Oriental lace. Price of jacket pattern, twenty-five cents each size. Skirt pattern, thirty cents.

FIG. 2.—The "Annabel" costume made up for a miss of ten years. This is arranged with a coat something in the style of a redingote, and a kilt-plaited skirt. The skirt is made of plaid woolen goods in which very subdued shades of dark red, blue and green are combined. The coat is of rifle green Amazone cloth, the vest, *revers*, collar, cuffs and pock-



ets of velvet of the same color, and the sash of surah silk to match. The hat is of dark green felt, trimmed with feathers and *rouleaux* of surah to match. The costume pattern is in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 3.—This costume—the “Clermont”—illustrates one of the styles of the popular redingote. It is made of *chaudron*, or copper-colored, coarsely twilled woolen goods, the skirt edged with a kilt-plaited flounce, and the redingote trimmed back and front with broad *revers* of *pomponette* plush, matching in color, those at the back surmounted by a large sash-bow of surah of the same color, fringed at the ends and confined by a copper buckle. The redingote is tight-fitting, the skirt portion falling open in the middle of the front and back, and the front *revers* are combined to form a sailor collar at the back. A mull tie, embroidered at the ends, is worn around the throat, and the costume is completed by a hat of French felt of the same color as the dress, trimmed with velvet and plumes to match. Pattern of costume, thirty cents each size.

### The Coming Winter Cloak.

THE cloak has been growing more and more gorgeous for several seasons past, and the coming winter promises to cap the climax of its splendor. As yet the experiments in the way of color have been confined to cashmere patterns, in which colors are so blended as to give the effect of neutrality, and the handsome linings of crimson or old-gold plush which have given superb effects to an exterior surface of black embossed velvet or brocade, enriched with embroidery. This winter, however, we are to see magnificent crimson and terra-cotta red velvets and plushes used for the outside, the lining being of quilted satin, ermine, or chinchilla. Rich satin brocades will be used with linings of plush, and trimming consisting of embroidery and jetted *passementerie*. The shape is long and a combination of the close-fitting *sacque* and *dolman*, the sleeves being arranged to admit of a dressy sleeve beneath. Most of the cloaks are open in front so that the trimmed front of the dress can be seen, and many of them form a sort of coat or *pardessus*, cut away from the front but long and open at the back, so as to show both the back and front of the dress.

A great deal of braiding and embroidery are used upon the cloaks of the season, especially the cloth cloaks, coats, and jackets. The long coat is also very popular, which nearly covers the dress, is made in light cloth, and only faced with silk or satin, and finished with buttons.

A GREAT MANY FALL COSTUMES are made of twilled cashmere, or camel's-hair in self-colors, with trimming of *moire antique*, or watered silk in same shade, used as vest, and bands across the front, or as collar, and draped sash, with kilted skirt; the dark straw hats match the color, as does also the trimming of watered ribbon and velvet, but the birds or feathers are often varied in color.



BELVIDERA VISITE.

THIS graceful garment for *demi-saison* is made of black camel's-hair cashmere and trimmed with broad *revers* and collar of black *moire antique*. The model has loose sack fronts, the back pieces are narrow, and the sleeves are inserted in raglan style—extending to the neck. The design is made up stylishly in dark terra cotta red twilled wool goods, trimmed with silk of the same color, in the lighter qualities and colors in cloth, in cheviot, and in the richer goods that are chosen for dressy wraps. The pattern for a medium size is given with this number. The pattern is published in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.

SUNDOWN CLOTH is a fall specialty for redingotes and jackets.

THE LATEST CAPRICE in the way of a lace pin, or brooch, forms also a bouquet fastener.

SHIRRING both in single rows of gathers and clusters of corded shirrings is still extremely popular.

## Street Suits.

HERE is a great deal of novelty as well as variety in the street suits of the present season. Handsome dark carmelite wools are embroidered upon the flounces, bodices, and paniers with silk of the same color in the same way that the pongees and the nun's veilings were ornamented last summer. Ordinary cashmeres and camels' hair cloths are enriched in the same way, and the grades reach a very fine quality. But there are extra fine cashmeres which are more artistically embellished with designs which are a blending of applique work and silk and gold embroidery, the long, slender appliques resembling reeds and aquatic plants filled in with coral and other sea treasures.

These are made up with plain skirts or flounced hip paniers and basques. The back of the short skirt may be box-plaited, or gathered, or draped.

Soutache embroidery is revived, but is almost exclusively executed in narrow, heavy, flat braids the shade of the material. These braids are put on partly flat, partly in a raised (knife edge) pattern which assists the design, and renders it much more effective. A complete beige colored suit, handsomely soutached, with beige hat and feathers, is very distinguished; in fact, a complete suit of this description in any fine dark color can hardly fail to be handsome.

A stylish combination for the season consists of a short skirt in dark Scotch plaid, the front plain and bias, the back draped in double irregular puffs lengthwise. With this skirt a soutached jacket is worn of plain wool, the embroidery executed in military braid, and as a border in an arabesque or serpentine pattern full of twists and convolutions. Most of the designs are draped away, or cut away from the front which is the groundwork of the embroidered and braided decoration, but an exterior jacket must close, or be supplemented by a vest. All the skirts of walking dresses are cut short, and dinner dresses often show but very moderate demi-trains.

The redingote suits made in cloth show a variety of designs. The cloth redingote in brown, myrtle green, and dark wine color is a new and very popular fall garment which is braided, ornamented with applique designs, and also with bands of plush. The skirt to this coat may or may not match it in color, but if in color and material it should also correspond in style of decoration, as, for example, if the redingote is embroidered with soutache or with arabesques in applique, the front breadth of the skirt should be decorated in a similar manner. A braided redingote of light brown or darker cloth may be worn over a silk surah, or other skirt of the same shade or over black with perfect propriety.



CLERMONT COSTUME.

**Magda Walking Skirt.**—Uniquely simple in design, this stylish model, is composed of a short gored skirt trimmed with wide box-plaitings, over which is a long overskirt forming a draped apron, slashed up to make three plain panels, and an irregularly arranged back drapery. This design is especially adapted to cloth and woolen fabrics, and is also suitable for many classes of dress goods. It may be trimmed, as illustrated, with rows of military braid, or in any other style to correspond with the material selected. This combines nicely with the "Military" jacket, and is so shown on Fig. 1 of the full-page engraving. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

**Clermont Costume.**—Composed simply of a short, gored

walking skirt trimmed with a side-plaiting, and a long, tight-fitting redingote, with the usual number of darts in front, a deep dart taken out under each arm, extensions on the front pieces forming side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The back pieces are cut quite short, and a large bow conceals the place where the extensions on the front pieces are lapped over them. The redingote is ornamented with a sailor collar, continuing down the front in a wide band of contrasting material. Any class of dress goods may be made up after this design, which is very effective trimmed with a contrasting material, as illustrated. The back view is shown on Fig. 3 of the full-page engraving. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

## Autumn Materials.

It seems as if no improvement were possible in the dark, soft woolen materials which present themselves with the approach of cooler weather, and the turning of the green leaves to russet tints. Nor indeed can change be desirable in anything that so perfectly adapts itself to its functions as the all-wool fabrics of late years. Nor do they lack variety—within their limits this may well be called infinite, for they represent every shade of dark and light "cloth" color and combination of color, and every degree of weight from gossamer to horse-blanket. Then the amount of color in a material which seems upon the surface to be neutral, that is destitute of positive or preponderating color, is wonderful, and can only be discovered upon the closest examination of the interwoven threads.

However, this season the very much mixed cloths and other stuffs have retired into the background. Even the checks and plaids have subsided for once, and plain, uncompromising solids, in very dark tones but lovely textures, and the standard cloths, such as cheviot, homespun, and the heather mixture, have come again to the front. The finish of the goods is still soft, and the texture well adapted to the kilting and slight drapery favored in the making up of useful costumes. As for colors, the effort to displace black has produced the finest and most beautiful shades of dark green, wine, plum, garnet, brown, mouse, and fawn that can be conceived, and they have fashionably taken precedence of black for some time past. But the fact remains that of the majority of women, four out of five keep black for service, and are therefore seen in it more than in any other. It is useful, it is unobtrusive, it "goes with everything;" these are the arguments, for intelligent women even when they are not fashionable, or what is called "dressy," but have so much natural good taste they do not like to wear at the same time one garment of one color and another of another, and feel if they have a colored costume for the street that the bonnet must bear some relation to it, even if it does not match precisely. These are the obstacles with many ladies to colors for every-day, and especially street wear, and they are emphasized by combination in color or size in pattern.

Such an objection is met this season by the very dark tone of the all-wool suitings, which looks black in shadow, and the popularity of the stylish black hat or bonnet, which adapts itself to all the dark cloth tints, as well as many light ones, particularly the grays and ecru. Nor is it necessary to mount the suit or jacket with black to produce a correspondence between one and the other. A gray or ecru cloth suit is never seen to better advantage than when worn with black gloves and an all-black hat or bonnet—suit and head-gear both being well chosen, for, of course, if they are not, they will not look well together or separate.

American camels'-hair has held its own for many years in comparison with all but the very finest grades of foreign goods, and is not only a sufficiently handsome material for any purpose, but very reasonable in prices. With a width of forty-six inches and a twilled surface which increases its chances for wear and durability, it must be considered exceedingly moderate at seventy-five cents and one dollar per yard—twenty-five cents less than last year. The all-wool tricots, formerly called vigognes, are also reduced in price, partly because the market is perhaps over-stocked, partly because the new blendings of silk with wool and gold threads will leave the "all-wool" in the background, with those who prefer showy fabrics, or are caught—and who is not?—by what is striking and effective in the new fancy fabrics.

We have spoken of the silk and wool and intersected fabrics in an earlier issue. The difficulty about them is that

unless expensive they must be thin, or mere glitter which has no value and soon disappears, leaving shabbiness behind. It is always better for those who *must* spend prudently to buy genuine materials rather than showy stuffs which are costly or worthless, and soon go out of fashion, to be succeeded by something equally "taking" and temporary.



**Military Jacket.**—This stylish and practical model is adapted equally well to form part of a street costume, or to be used as an independent garment. It is a tight-fitting jacket, with a single dart in each side in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The back pieces extend the entire length of the garment, but the rest of the jacket is cut quite short, a separate basque skirt being added to give the required length. Side pockets, coat sleeves, and a round collar complete the design, which is suitable for any class of dress goods, especially woolens, and may be trimmed, as illustrated, with closely set rows of military braid, or in any other appropriate style, or made up plainly. The jacket is shown on Fig. 1 of the full-page engraving in combination with the "Magda" walking skirt. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.



**Gypsie Blouse.**—This simple little model is suitable to be worn either as a dress or outer garment, and is appropriately worn both by little girls and boys. It is cut with sacque fronts, and a full back gathered in to a square yoke and shirred at the waist line. This design may be made in any of the goods employed for children's dresses or wraps, and may be trimmed as illustrated with bands of braid and buttons, or in any other style to suit the taste and material selected. Patterns in sizes for from four to eight years. Price, twenty cents each.

## Autumn Colors.

**T**HE colors most in demand for street wear are dark shades of Bordeaux, red, myrtle green, brown, and cadet blue. The brown is a softer shade than the seal, and the blue is more on the gray, and lighter than the "navy" shades. The wine shades are dark, and with more of the blue of the plum than the red of the grape in them, and the myrtle is so dark that in shadow it looks black. Yellow is very fashionable, it enters much into ornamentation and accessories, but is not used for street costumes excepting as an element in decorative material. It is better used to form a sort of atmosphere, impart a glow to dull objects, and bring out other colors than in masses by itself. For the wine shades and dull terra-cotta shades of red there is a great demand, and these are used for entire costumes, with or without the relief of black or blue, in the shape of hat or pardessus. Very effective costumes consist of dark skirts braided with black—black pardessus cut away from the front, and dark red hat with red and black feathers. Other costumes are all dark red, with all black hats and long black gloves.

Evening colors are hardly as yet determined, but the preponderance of white will be less marked than it has been of late years; and there will be a revival of the fashions of thirty years ago in black and white, and in high colors, such as ruby and yellow, lowered in tone by black or white lace. The flowered brocades for evening wear will raise the standard of color, and make absolute neutrality seem flat and insipid. There are very rich all black toilettes, however, in preparation, which will be masses of fine jet and embroidery, and prove more distinguished in their splendid gravity than any amount of color.

### Children's Street Costumes.

**FIG. 1.**—Costume of strawberry red, "speckled" cloth, for a miss of twelve years. This material is covered with fine white specks which produce a mottled effect, and is very popular. The suit is composed of the "Cicely" polonaise, and a skirt run in fine perpendicular tucks which furnish the fullness for the bottom in lieu of a plaited flounce. The skirt can be made over a gored lining, and the outside material need only extend a little higher than the side loopings in the polonaise. The polonaise describes a deep point in front, and is closed all the way down. Hat of English straw matching the dress in color, trimmed with a large bow of satin-faced velvet ribbon of the same shade, and a plume to



CHILDRENS' STREET COSTUMES.

match. The polonaise pattern is in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

**FIG. 2.**—The "Osmond" suit, made of black velveteen, for a boy of four years. This comprises a kilt skirt, a jacket and vest, the latter garment finished with fine silk galloon.

A "Tam O'Shanter" cap made of velveteen and finished with a black ribbon bow; deep linen collar, with wine-colored silk tie, and wine-colored ribbed stockings, with high black shoes, complete the costume. Pattern of suit in sizes for four and six years. Price, twenty-five cents each. Cap pattern in sizes for from four to eight years. Price, ten cents each.

**FIG. 3.**—This costume for early autumn is composed of the "Eileen" coat, made of twilled cloth of light quality in fine blue and white checks, and a dress of very dark terra cotta red flannel. The coat is a sacque shape, with plaits in the back surmounted by a bow of wide blue ribbon, and the cape is plaited in the back and shirred at the neck in front. It is simple, and decidedly stylish. Hat of dark red felt, the brim faced with velvet to match, and the outside trimmed with red velvet and ostrich tips of the same color. The coat pattern is in sizes for from six to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Children's Autumn Fashions.

**F**ASHIONS for children were never more simple ; never more quaint ; never more practical, and never more picturesque in their effect, than they are at the present time. While less conventional than formerly, they are better adapted to their bodily requirements ; and the circumstances of their lives, and limitations, are not at all inconsistent, with the adoption of some historically old and always effective ideas.

There is a marked difference between the dress of children in the different countries in Europe. In England there is an exaggeration of æstheticism ; in Germany they still reproduce the most common-place dress of the adults ; while in France they are made graceful and dainty as fairies, while the materials of which their clothing is composed, are inexpensive, and at the same time durable.

In this country we take ideas from all these sources. In the dress of American children will be found touches of English æstheticism, of French taste, and German solidity, with an admixture of thoroughly sound, and practical ideas, which, perhaps, belong especially to this period of national development.

Our illustrations for the present month, will be found most useful and suggestive for ladies who are struggling with the semi-annual difficulties in making up, and making over, for a family.

The "Cicely Polonaise" is for plain wool, untrimmed, except by its stitching, and the three rows of small buttons down the front.

The "Annabel Costume," forms a complete suit ; coat, vest, and kilted skirt ; and is effectively made up, as illustrated, in a combination of Scotch plaid, with heather mixture, or cheviot vest and facings of velveteen. The vest may be simulated, but the costume will be found warmer, and more convenient for winter wear, if a lining waist is attached to the skirt, and the vest trimmed upon that, or fastened over it. The coat simply forms a basque at the back, with short, single lappels, which may be made double, if preferred, and the ribbon bow omitted.

The "Eileen Coat" is a very useful yet stylish little design, so simple and practical in its form as to make an excellent cloak for school wear, yet pretty enough for any purpose for which a cloak is needed. It would make up well in plain or checked flannel, or the lighter kinds of cloth lined with flannel, and gains a great deal of distinction from the kiltings in the back, which add nothing of consequence to the cost. The gathers begin back of the shoulder, and are only just enough to shape the cape nicely over the arms. The single row of buttons for fastening, three rows of stitching, a sash bow, and a ribbon to tie at the throat, completes it.

The "Gipsie Blouse" is adapted for both house and street wear. It may be made in cloth, flannel, cheviot, in lighter woolen, or in cotton materials. It may be used as an apron, as a coat, as a dress, or a wrapper. Although so simple, it has a finished appearance which adapts it to many purposes, and with a cape attached, it would make a sufficiently warm cloak for the coldest weather.

The "Osmond Suit" is specially recommended to mothers who do not wish to put their sons into pants at an early age. The boyishness of the vest and jacket differentiates it entirely from the frock, or girl's dress ; while the kilted skirt may be replaced by short trousers, if these are considered desirable, before the coat and vest are worn out, or out-grown.

The "Tam O'Shanter Cap" gives the form of the fashionable cap for boys. It is easily made by any person who can use a needle, from pieces of cloth or velvet, by following the directions that accompany the pattern.

Hosiery for children is in fine dark shades, and self-colors. Garnets and wine colors preponderate, but brown, navy blue, and even black are employed.

Knitted underwear, woven in one piece, and forming, therefore, complete undersuits, is by far the best for both boys and girls, as it equalizes warmth, and saves the trouble resulting from the drawing up and formation of folds, as well as an undue thickness of under covering upon any part of the body.



Gypsie Blouse.

A CUNNING little dress for small children, the front loose and in sacque shape, and the back gathered to a deep yoke and shirred at the waist line. The one illustrated is made of violet cashmere trimmed with Irish point embroidery ; but for a dress for everyday wear the design makes up handsomely in any soft woolen goods trimmed with rows of braid, or *soutache* braid applied in

a simple pattern. The pattern of the blouse is in sizes for from four to eight years of age. Price, twenty cents each.



**Eileen Coat.**—A stylish coat for children's outdoor wear. It is a loose sacque shape with coat sleeves, over which is a shoulder cape, shirred around the front and sides of the neck and plaited in the back. The back of the coat is cut with extensions which are laid in plaits, surmounted by a bow, giving a dressy effect to the garment. Large pockets, cuffs, and a turn-down collar complete the design, which is suitable for almost any class of goods usually employed for children's outer wraps. The back view is illustrated on the cut of "Children's Street Costumes." Patterns in sizes for from six to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



**Annabel Costume.**—Well adapted for street wear without the addition of a jacket or other wrap; this stylish little costume consists of a kilt-plaited skirt, and a long, tight-fitting redingote with vest front, a deep dart in each side in the place usually occupied by the side seam, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. A large bow is set on the back of the skirt just under the square tabs of the back of the redingote, which is cut quite short in the back, while the side forms are quite long and ornamented with *revers*. The turn-down collar, cuffs, pockets, *revers*, and vest of contrasting material give a very dressy effect to the coat; and the skirt made of plaid goods, in corresponding colors, completes the originality of the costume. Any class of dress goods may be made up after this design, which is especially adapted to a combination of materials as illustrated, but is equally stylish made entirely of the same goods. The back view is illustrated on the plate of "Children's Street Costumes." Patterns in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



**Cicely Polonaise.**—Practical, and at the same time very graceful and stylish, this polonaise is tight-fitting, with a single dart in the usual place in front, a deep dart taken out under each arm, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The polonaise is draped high at the sides, and fullness is imparted to the skirt portion by extensions on the side forms and back pieces, laid in plaits on the under side. A deep collar and pointed cuffs ornament the waist, and the polonaise is completed with

rows of stitching on the edges, which is all the trimming required for cloth or similar goods. Any class of dress goods is suitable for this design, and it may be trimmed simply or elaborately, according to taste and the material selected. Patterns in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



**Osmond Suit.**—For small boys in kilts, this little suit is one of the most practical, and at the same time stylish, that could be desired. It consists of a half-fitting jacket with loose vest-front, and a kilt-plaited skirt mounted upon a half-fitting underwaist. A round, deep collar, and pointed cuffs and pockets complete the design, which is suitable for any of the goods usually selected for small boys' dresses. It requires no trimming except bindings of silk braid, or rows of machine stitching near the edges, as illustrated. This costume is shown on the plate of "Children's Street Costumes," completed by the "Tam O'Shanter" cap. Patterns of the costume in sizes for four and six years. Price, twenty-five cents.



**"Tam O'Shanter" Cap.**—This stylish model for a boy's cap can be suitably made up in cloth of any kind, flannel, or similar goods, and finished with a *pompon* and ribbons, as illustrated. It should be lined either with silk, farmers' satin, or silesia, with an interlining of wiggan and a wash-band of leather. Patterns in sizes for from four to eight years. Price, ten cents each.

### Under-Wear.

**T**HIS is one of the most important divisions of the dress question for the winter season. It is so essential to health and comfort that it deserves to be treated with consideration such as it rarely receives. A very large number of women, and especially of young girls, seem to think they have done all that is necessary in securing a dress that will cover up other deficiencies. But this is a fatal mistake so far as health is concerned. The body needs a covering that will at least equalize its action, and prevent sudden dampness, chills, and changes from striking in and arresting the working of its machinery. Men recognized this necessity and demanded a sufficient provision for it long ago. Their strong robust limbs were encased in warm woolen shirts and drawers many years before such garments were made for women. The latter had substitutes in home-made garments of cotton and flannel and Canton flannel, but they were often clumsy, and of material ill adapted to the purpose; often, too, they were and are, even now, among comparatively well-to-do people, worn long after they have

ceased to be adequate for warmth or protection; the reason being simply that their importance is not sufficiently considered, and the unseen in the way of clothing is that which it is considered easiest to sacrifice. Of course these facts do not touch a small minority to whom money is no object, who wear under-garments of spun silk or silk crape in winter, and would consider the softest wool as too harsh to touch the skin. The majority of women are not of this order. They find a certain amount of difficulty in making their resources cover their requirements, and being obliged to sacrifice something, make it that which they consider of least importance. An experience of the modern, warm, soft, well-made, whole-woven under-garments will, however, prove a revelation of comfort in our cold climate, and, in the lighter makes, not unwelcome even in the Southern sections. The separate vest and drawers have to a certain extent given place to the combination, or union of both in one, which not only saves the unequal thickness over part of the body, but preserves its proportions and renders it possible to fit a dress or jacket with much greater accuracy.

These, in good qualities, are rather expensive to begin with, but they last a long time, and are very satisfactory in wear and finish, particularly if they are properly relieved, and thinner ones, or vests alone, supplied for the warm weather. Cheap, light mixtures are hardly worth buying at all, as they are good neither for warmth nor wear.

A great improvement has taken place in the shape since they were first introduced, and a constant advance is being made in the methods of manufacture, so that we may expect wool in time to rival silk in beauty as it is superior to it in healthful influence. There is nothing more vitalizing than the warmth of natural wool next the skin; and the first department of the wardrobe to be looked out for in the autumn should be woven woolen under-wear for every member of the family and, secondarily, warm hosiery.

### Our Purchasing Bureau.

**I**N reply to an inquiry, and for the information of numerous subscribers, we repeat that our Purchasing Bureau Department is under direct personal supervision, and a part of our New York establishment. It has been in existence upward of twenty years, has unlimited facilities in the purchase of all sorts of goods, and orders are most carefully, conscientiously, and intelligently carried out by a superintendent of great experience and a real genius for "taking trouble" to please. It cannot be expected that a "bureau" of this kind can be maintained merely to hunt up unprofitable bargains which catch the eye through flaming advertisements which misrepresent the facts. A "bargain" is something which somebody wants to get rid of, and the price, if "reduced" at all, is lowered because it is no longer salable at its original figure. Such things are usually unsatisfactory, and furnish no basis for real transactions; for purchases made in New York for remote localities would lose all their value in losing quality, freshness, and novelty.

We have pleasure in calling attention to the following:

PORT LUDLOW.

MADAME: The things I ordered through your Purchasing Bureau arrived to-day, and I am perfectly well pleased with every article. Allow me to affirm that any one can safely rely on the good taste and judgment of that department. With many thanks, I remain,

Respectfully yours,  
Mrs. D. P.

## Our "Portfolio of Fashions" for the Autumn and Winter of 1882-3.

OUR "Portfolio of Fashions" is now ready, and we call the attention of ladies to this most useful publication. Embracing, as it does, highly finished and correct illustrations of all the newest and most popular styles, together with clear descriptions of the same in English and French, it affords unusual facilities not only for the selection of a garment, but for the making up of the same. Every detail is given with accuracy, including the number of yards required for the garment and trimming.

The present issue of the "Portfolio" contains an unusually large number of beautiful and stylish illustrations, representing street and indoor dresses, wraps, underclothing, articles of gentlemen's wear, and all that goes to make up the wardrobe of children of every age.

The immense sale of this publication is ample proof of its utility and popularity. No safer or more satisfactory guide in the selection of a suitable style can be found, and the low price of fifteen cents places it within the reach of all. Address, MME. DEMOREST, 17 E. 14th Street, New York, or any of the agencies.



### Mme. Demorest's Reliable Patterns.

#### DIRECTIONS FOR TAKING MEASURES AND FOR CUTTING.

**T**HE directions for measuring for MME. DEMOREST'S RELIABLE PATTERNS should be very carefully observed.

For all fitted garments for ladies—polonaises, basques, jackets, etc.—the BUST MEASURE only is required. This measure should be taken moderately tight, around the figure, under the arms, and over the fullest part of the bust.

According to the system by which all these patterns are cut, the usual sizes for ladies fitted patterns are 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches in bust measure. Any larger size is exceptional, and a smaller size would be considered only suitable for a very, very small lady, or a miss.

For misses' and children's fitted patterns, take the BUST MEASURE the same as for ladies; and for boys' patterns, take the BREADTH MEASURE moderately tight, around the figure, under the arms.

When ordering children's patterns, the AGE, also, is necessary. Our long experience has taught us what bust or breast measure—taken according to our system—will be in proportion for a child of an average size for a given age. Children of the same age frequently differ greatly in size, and this should be taken into consideration when selecting a

pattern. On the envelopes, both the age and the bust or breast measure are given.

For both ladies' and children's patterns, take the measure in the same manner for tight-fitting, half-loose, and perfectly loose garments, and be governed by the exact measure taken, as the proper allowance is made in the patterns for the difference in the closeness of the fit.

For a skirt, either for a lady or child, the front length only is required. If for a lady, the style of the skirt—whether walking, demi-train, or train—regulates the proper length for the back. On the envelopes for skirts the front and back lengths are both given.

In cutting, ALLOW THE SEAMS ON ALL PATTERNS, excepting skirts; on these the seams are so small that they are hardly worth considering.

For fitted garments—basques, waists, polonaises, etc.—crease or mark the goods at the edges of the pattern, as a guide to sew by. One inch will be sufficient to allow for the shoulder seams; from an inch and a quarter to an inch and a half under the arms will always be sufficient to admit of "letting out," if desired; for side-form and armhole seams allow from one-quarter to three-eighths of an inch; if there is a seam down the middle of the back, allow the same for it as for the side-form seams.

Allow hems one inch and a half wide, and a lap of a quarter of an inch on the fronts. To do this, first turn down your hems, and then lay the front edge of pattern one-quarter of an inch from the folded edge of the goods.

The advantages of having a pattern cut without any allowance for seams or hems on it are readily apparent, and thoroughly appreciated by all practical persons.

As the exact outline of the pattern can be continuously traced or creased on the material as a guide to sew by, the shape is more certain to be correct, and the fit more perfect.

It is also especially advantageous where there is a scant quantity of goods, as greater discretion can be used in the cutting, it being often possible to face the hems, and also to allow narrower seams than usual where there is not likely to be much strain, particularly in a half-fitting garment, or when trimming is to be sewed over the seam. By laying all the pieces of the pattern on the goods at the same time, calculations of this kind can be easily and correctly made, which would be almost impossible if the seams, especially if they are ample ones, are cut on the pattern.

Some materials require much wider seams than others on account of their tendency to fray—such as light qualities of woolens, silk, and brocade. The manner of closing the seams also makes a difference in the quantity necessary to allow for them. If French seams are used, as most frequently in making up grenadines, muslins, and most washable fabrics, very little allowance is necessary in comparison to what is required for the ordinary open seams.

In fact, it is not possible to obtain a pattern with the seams allowed on that will meet every emergency as regards the width necessary for the seams, hence the superiority and popularity of this system of patterns cut without any allowance being made on them for either seams or hems.

MME. DEMOREST'S RELIABLE PATTERNS are put up in envelopes having on the face a large illustration of the enclosed pattern and the quantity of material and trimming required to make it; and on the back a description of the pattern, and full and explicit directions for putting it together, and how to cut the material.

In Mme. Demorest's "What to Wear," published October 1st, the article entitled "How to use Reliable Patterns" contains many valuable suggestions regarding the cutting and making up of materials.



"Mrs. G. S."—The Woman's Congress meets at Portland, Me., on the 11th, 12th, and 13th of October.

"BETSY B."—A combination of plain wool, with dark check or plaid, is very fashionable in the early fall costumes.

"MARY ANN."—Shades of myrtle green and brown are much worn, but wine-color and old-gold are still the predominant colors in all mixed goods.

"AUGUSTA L."—The large all black hats, faced with velvet and trimmed with ostrich feathers, are considered suitable for all kinds of dresses.

"Mrs. N."—Feathers as a trimming for hats are a rage which seems to increase with every successive season. Colors and forms are not now confined to nature, but heads are stuck on bodies formed from several different kinds of feathers, and a name given to the bird, which is accepted as genuine by the majority of purchasers.

"L. M. K."—Our Purchasing Bureau, or any reputable dry-goods house, will send you samples of true "Nonpareil" velveteen, which is stamped with the name upon every second yard.

"T. M."—You must send a stamp for a sample of any goods you wish to order. Nonpareil velveteen varies from 75 cts. to \$2.00 per yard.

"M. E. T."—You had better make as an overdress, a panier basque of black cashmere, to wear with your silk skirt, and trim with a stitched fold of the silk, and a collarette brought down to a point in front, of the silk also. You can take the silk for this purpose from your present basque and sleeves.

"AFFLICTED SUBSCRIBER."—Any remedy you should try would probably be worse than the disease. Can you not arrange your hair in waves to conceal the defect?

"NUISANCE."—The "Rodolpha" is an excellent design for black silk or a combination of black silk with satin, or satin with damasce. Trim with handsome beaded passementerie. For your cloth dress use the Clermont costume, and trim with plush, striped, figured, or plain. Your basket-cloth would look well made up after the "Florantho" design and trimmed with velvet. The skirt might also be of velvet if you prefer it, or have not enough of the cloth. These designs would suit your size.

"M. P."—Your little boy of two years is too old for the Angora hood. He is old enough to wear a small "Tam O'Shanter" (round, with tuft on top), of velvet, in a dark shade that will match his suits, or in a wine-colored red, with stockings to match, if he wears cream, or gray, or fawn, or even dark-blue. If you do not like the Tam O'Shanter, select a boy's cap, not a hood.

"Miss H. S."—Tiffany & Co's, Union square, is an excellent house for the disposal of any really rare and valuable gems.

"Mrs. M. A. S."—Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass., publish the books you mention. Write to Tilton & Co., Boston, Mass., for text-books on all the decorative arts, painting, needlework, drawing, etc. They are fifty cents each, usually supplied in sets. We have a valuable department in "Home Art and Home Comfort," by a Kensington school graduate and teacher, Miss H. L. Ward.

"Mrs. A. D."—An excellent receipt for Picallill will be found in the Magazine for September, 1881, in reply to N. R. S.

"C. H."—The "Odette" costume is still fashionably worn and very pretty. 9 W. 14th street.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—The costume on Fig. 1, page 458, May No., would cost, made to order, cap, and belt included, forty-five dollars.

"BELLE PETITE."—Take out the padded lining, fit it over to your figure, add to the length, if it is short, by a band upon which you can mount a double row of Spanish lace or fringe, headed with a passementerie. Take off the fur collar and put a thick lace ruche around the neck, and extend a jabot down the front.

"H. H."—We will forward a letter to Miss H. L. Ward, if you send it. We never give the full name, only the initials. We do not now remember in regard to your previous letter, but feel certain there is no cause for anxiety.

"ART AMATEUR."—Do you mean the Madonna of Holbein, known as the "Meyer Madonna," or the Madonna of the Burgomaster, Mayer of Basel? The proofs of this are rare, and much controversy has been called forth by the two infants as to which is the Jesus, the one in the arms of the Madonna, or the one standing on the richly carpeted floor of the burgomaster's house. The group consists of the burgomaster, who is kneeling, and his family, including his two wives, one dead, the other living. It was common in those days for rich patrons of art and devotees of the church to have the Virgin Mother and our Saviour painted as the center, and in the act of blessing or performing some act of gracious kindness for a family group.