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RAGATZ.

From Ragatz to the Via Mala.

BY MRS. LIZZIE P. LEWIS.

WE had taken a late train from Zurich, and therefore reached Ragatz after night-fall. The little town looked delightfully picturesque in the flood of moonlight which lay softly upon the dark lines of trees, the winding river and the ruins on the hill, gleaming gray on one side, but with a silvery radiance shining from their upper broken surface.

Before the dew was off the grass the following morning, we walked to Bad Pfäfers, passing through the old churchyard on our way, the chief ornament of which is a monu-

ment, erected by Maximilian II. of Bavaria, to the philosopher Schelling, who died at Ragatz in 1854.

The gorge through which the impetuous Tamina rushes, and from which the abundant hot springs rise, is one of the most remarkable sights in Switzerland. The path which conducts to the Bath-house consists of a wooden gallery, securely fastened against the solid rock. It is about six hundred feet long and from thirty to forty above the foaming waters, and passes between lofty, overhanging walls of black and dripping rock.

The Bath-house is a monastic-looking building, but is very snug and comfortable within, and is much frequented by invalids who require greater retirement than Ragatz can afford, for though the water at Ragatz possesses precisely the same medicinal virtues, being conducted from Pfäfers by conduits, yet the throng of visitors militates against the recovery of nervous invalids, there being an annual influx of 50,000 strangers into this village of 1,800 inhabitants. The Bath-house at Pfäfers was built in 1704, and being shut in between walls of rock six hundred feet high, it enjoys sunlight in midsummer only about five hours in the day. The temperature in the vaulted chamber, which contains the springs, was so high that we were unable to remain more than a few seconds, and we returned to the outer world of bright lights and gay sounds with joy.

After leaving the gorge we wandered slowly up the hill, alive with purple patches of wild thyme, golden rock roses, gay spires of snapdragon, trailing vetches and white glimmerings of tender Solomon's seals, to Freudenberg Castle, with its solemn magnificence of great, gray ruins, the sunlight lighting up the ivy on the walls and throwing black shadows under the arches of the crumbling windows, and then falling warm on the long grass and scarlet poppies, embroidering the lichen-tufted foundation stones.

That evening we drove to Coire or Chur, the capital of the Grisons, one of the oldest and quaintest towns in Switzerland. The entire Canton of the Grisons is remarkable for the variety of its scenery, climate, productions, and languages. The Canton consists of a net-

work of mountains, about one hundred and fifty valleys, and a large number of snow-clad peaks. Barren rocks are surrounded by luxuriant vegetation; wild deserts, where winter is king three-fourths of the year, lie adjacent to forests of chestnut trees, under skies as blue as those of Italy. Until 1268, the Grisons were subject to the Duke of Swabia, and at that time Romanch (a Latin patois) was the only dialect spoken. Now, however, German is in general use, and this language is so well and carefully taught in all schools, that the German spoken there is purer than in most of the German cantons.

Coire is situated on the banks of the Plessur, and is about a mile west of the Rhine. There are 7,500 inhabitants, of whom three-fourths are Protestant, although it is an episcopal residence, the seat of a theological seminary, and has one of the most venerable and interesting cathedrals in Switzerland, containing in its treasury many valuable documents and works of art. The bishop's palace is very ancient, and is within the walls of an



GORGE DE LA TAMINA.

old Roman tower, *Marsoel* (Murs in oculis). Another similar tower called *Spinael* (Spina in oculis), also of Roman origin, implies that the Rhetians (Rhetia Curia being the Roman name for Coire) were kept in subjection by the threats of their conquerors.

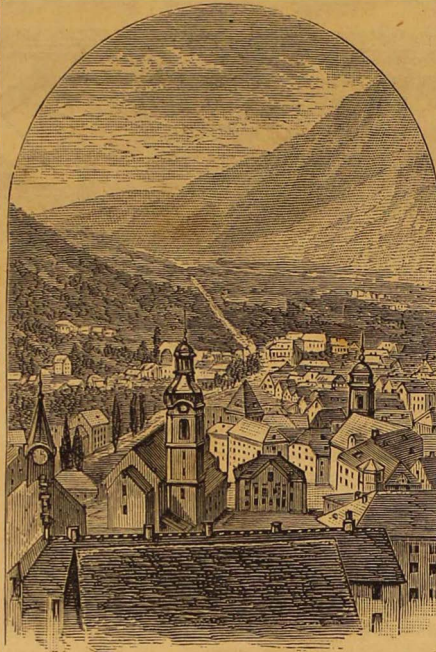
The people are honest and frank, gay and hospitable, and few more curious sights are to be seen than the peasants, in their picturesque costumes, gathered together on a market day, haggling and chaffering over the price of cheese and fruit, in their smiling, good-humored way.

But the most charming view of Coire was from the Rosenhugel, a half hour's walk up the Engadine Road. There, day after day, for months, we would go, and with books and work would sit on a green bank, under the shadow of an old walnut tree, whose sturdy limbs had weathered the storms of centuries, had, perhaps, even witnessed the erection of the old pointed tower, another relic of the invasion of Julius Cæsar and his legions, or seen the hordes of Goths sweep by on their homeward way, after their desolating visit to fair Italy.

Before our face rose naked and bleak the stern sides of the Calanda, patches of snow visible all summer long in its rifts and crevices; at the base of the mountain swept the Rhine in its eager course; hemming in the valley, at the right, was the Falknis, with its chain of rugged peaks, while forty miles distant, toward the left, the brilliant, snowy crest of the Tödi sparkled in the afternoon light. In the valley below nestled the curious old town, the Plessur darting its silvery course through the gardens and under the walls of the houses; the cathedral lifted its venerable spire aloft, pointing the way toward heaven, as it has done for a thousand years, and far, far above, on the steep mountain side, the white Chapel of St. Lucius peeped out from the clustering shrubs and trees, seemingly in-

accessible, save to the sure-footed chamois and the free winds of heaven.

In one of those stone houses hanging over the river, Angelica Kaufman first opened her eyes to the brightness of day, one hundred and thirty-seven years ago. Her mother was



COIRE.

a native of Coire, and her father, who was a very mediocre artist, was retouching pictures for the cathedral when the girl was born. She early displayed great talent for music as well as for painting, and it was not until she was past twenty that she decided to which art she would fully consecrate herself. In 1765 she made the acquaintance of the wife of the English Ambassador to Venice, whom she afterward accompanied to England. Many were the graceful and flattering attentions she received during her residence there, both from the royal family and from other artists; but she made a most unfortunate marriage, which seemed, for a time, to have blighted her life and checked her career.

However, after much ill usage from her husband, she obtained a divorce, and seven years after married a Venetian artist, Zucchi, her first husband having died in the mean time. She was a fine linguist as well as a musician of remarkable attainment, and a painter worthy of Sir Joshua Reynolds's admiration. She resided in Rome during the later years of her life, and gathered about her a splendid collection of art. This was destroyed by the French in one of their occupations of the city, and the choicest pieces were carried to Paris. It was a great grief to the woman-artist. Her husband, Zucchi, to whom she was fondly attached, died, her paintings were gone, and the shadows of death crept over her. She, too, died in 1807, and was buried in the church of St. Andrew della Frata in Rome.

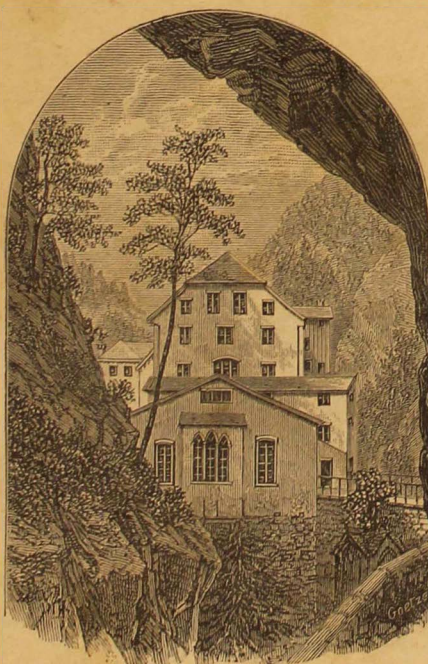
About three hours' drive from Coire, is the renowned Via Mala. The road which winds

through it, on its way toward Splügen Pass, has been cut into the face of the rock, scooped out bit by bit, and is level as a floor, and guarded by massive stone parapets. The mighty cliffs rise perpendicularly on either hand, 1,800 feet, and in places approach so closely that a boulder of no extraordinary dimensions may be seen resting in mid air, sustained from either side by the projecting rocks.

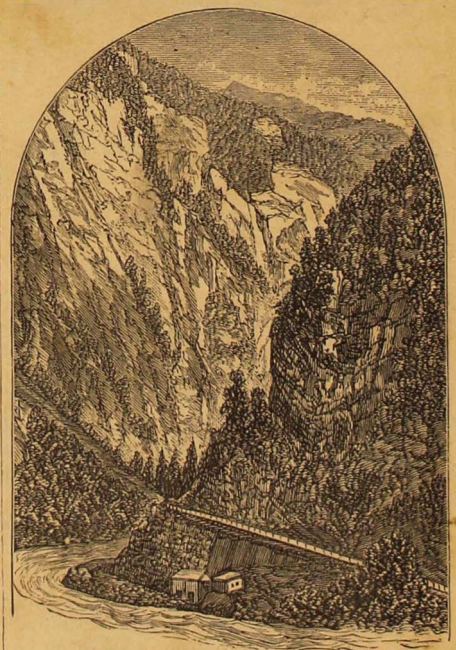
No sight in nature can be grander than that seen from the second bridge which spans the magnificent ravine, as we look north, the ruins of a Rhetian castle standing out clear and sharp against the blue sky, the Alpine trees springing, as it were, from the rocks themselves, and the resinous air toning down the wild scene as with an enchanter's wand. The view, as we approach from the north, is scarcely less lovely. The road which winds as if art had sought a favorable approach, the bridge, a fairy-like structure of a single arch, the peculiar softness of the light as the sun shoots the mighty chasm overhead, form a picture which holds one spell-bound.

The Via Mala has its legend, from whence arises its name. On a height, just at the entrance to the gorge, are the remains of an ancient castle, in which, centuries ago, lived a lovely maiden who loved an Italian from Como, and was loved by him in return. A cruel father frowned on the pair, but one day the maid was gone, and the count's retainers spoke of a stranger who had been granted hospitality the previous night.

Pursuit began over the almost impassable mountains. The lovers were rapidly gained upon, until, just as prospect of capture was at hand, a false step on the maiden's part, a desperate effort to save her on the part of the youth, hurled the two from one crag to another until they found eternal rest and quiet in the stream, which still gurgles and bubbles in the awful depths below.



BAINS DE PFEFFERS.



ENTRÉE DE LA VIA MALA.

Elizabeth.

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

CHAPTER XV.



WHEN Mrs. Woodville and her husband and two guests were seated at dinner that evening, the former announced, incidentally, that Miss Cuthbert had gone to spend the holidays with her relatives in the West, and the news was received with the utmost composure on the part of the assembled company. Mr. Woodville alone expressed the least regret.

"Indeed," he said, looking up with calm interest from the bird he was dissecting, "I am sorry we shall not have her with us, and am sure the children will miss her, as we all shall. Miss Cuthbert is a most admirable young person, I think, and a perfect lady. I am in hopes we shall keep her for the children until the girls are quite grown."

Miss Decourcy, who, upon Mrs. Woodville's announcement, had muttered a languid "How pleasant for her!" looked at Mr. Woodville with calm surprise, but made no further remark.

Algernon alone said absolutely nothing, although if one had looked one might have seen a faint flush mount to his pale face. He was carefully and scrupulously dressed, a painstaking toilet being necessary to repair the ravages of that past sleepless night, and the subsequent experiences of his parting with Elizabeth, and the two hours spent alone in the deep woods that had followed that sad scene. But, it will be remembered, that a sudden attack of illness was supposed to have been the reason of his disappearance from the party the night before, and that was very willingly admitted to be the cause now of his unusual pallor. Another indication which he gave of physical illness was that he ate nothing—one after the other his plates were carried off with their contents untouched—and this Miss Decourcy remarked upon once, saying, what was true, that something serious must be the matter if he had lost his appetite, and on those premises giving prompt assurance that there was nothing serious the matter with herself. Perhaps Miss Decourcy was not averse to calling attention to Keeting's loss of appetite, and perhaps she construed it into a direct compliment to herself, and perhaps she was not averse further to showing that she herself was made of different stuff. So she ate a hearty dinner and dawdled over her dessert until Keeting could restrain his impatience no longer, and said in a low tone, as soon as he could catch her eye: "I want to speak to you."

And when, a few minutes later, Mrs. Woodville and Miss Decourcy rose, he got up too, and asked the latter to come with him to the library. Mrs. Woodville did not follow, but it was with a very anxious and frightened

look that she saw them go. She had been to her brother in his room before dinner, to tell him that Flora had no idea of anything that had happened, and to beg him never to tell her—but now that Miss Cuthbert was gone, to put her out of his mind, and follow out the very fortunate destiny that lay before him. But she had found Keeting obstinate and determined. He would go to Miss Decourcy, he said, and tell her that he loved another woman, and ask his promise back. So Mrs. Woodville had left him, to obey the summons to dinner, finding that it was too late to seek Flora and inform her of what was coming and advise her as to her course. However, she had great faith in that young lady's cool head and eminent self-possession, and, more than all, she counted on her love of power and influence to prevent any hasty action now. So Mrs. Woodville gave them a good half hour in which to give and receive explanations, and then she grew impatient. She wandered from the dining-room to the drawing-room, and thence to the little morning room that had seen Keeting's parting with Elizabeth so short a while before, and at last, her fears getting the better of her, she walked directly to the library, and entered boldly.

"Utterly preposterous!"

These were the first words that smote upon her ear, uttered in a high, hard, mocking tone, by Miss Decourcy's voice. She was sitting, as her fashion was, in a low, easy chair, but she had drawn herself upright, and was looking, with unusual animation and energy in her face, straight into the eyes of Algernon Keeting, who stood a little distance off, facing her.

"I am glad you see the matter in so sensible a light, Flora," Mrs. Woodville said. "You are perfectly right. The whole thing is absurd."

Algernon turned upon her quickly, with angry, indignant eyes.

"How can you, a wife and mother, dare to plant such thoughts in the breast of a young girl?" he asked, in a tone of keen reproach. "It has been a hard thing to do, but I have, as in honor bound, come to Flora and told her that although we have given and received each other's promises, I do not love her as the man who is to be her husband should, and that, further than this, I have, against my knowledge and will almost, in a way that I could not have prevented if I would, given this very love to some one else. Knowing as I have always known, and as I am more than ever convinced now, that Flora's love for me was just as small and insufficient as mine for her, I have asked my promise back, and she has refused! But she cannot mean it! It must be that she is angry and offended. Surely you do not mean to say you will not release me!"

"I mean to say," Miss Decourcy responded, icily, "what I have said before, that this whole thing is utterly absurd, and your supposition that I say it because I am angry and piqued is more than absurd—it is amusing. We both know very well that this marriage of ours has been none of our own planning, and yet no one can deny that it is an eminently suitable one. You are right in saying I have no high-flown feeling of devotion to you, but I

feel toward you in too friendly a way to allow you to throw your future prospects of high position and wealth and success and influence away from you in this reckless way, and the day will come when you will thank me. Mrs. Bell has, for some reason of her own, chosen me to be her nephew's wife and the co-inheritor of her fortune, and I see no reason why either of us should rebel against this plan. I, for my part, am well satisfied, as it secures to me the things I care for most; and the engagement shall not be broken by any act of mine. If you choose to break it you can do so; but Aunt Bell shall be told that the act was yours, not mine, and you shall bear the consequences. As for your professed infatuation for this little pale-faced governess of Eleanor's, that is simply silly. I can fancy you married to an insignificant, obscure country girl, and living in isolation and poverty, and supposing you would find happiness in such a life as that, after the world that has been open to you! It is an acute attack of spooneyism that will last you about three weeks, and at the end of that time you will come to me with a sneaking sense of humiliation, and thank me humbly for having saved you from yourself. I do not say that your ardent love will then revert to me, for I am quite content to do without it, and expect that sort of feeling of you quite as little as I desire it. Come, Eleanor, shall we go to the drawing-room and ring for coffee?"

And Miss Decourcy rose from her seat, and laid her hand on Mrs. Woodville's arm, and sailed grandly from the room.

Mrs. Woodville herself had said but little at this interview, being altogether satisfied with the turn affairs were taking, but her presence and encouraging looks had been a strong support to Miss Decourcy, who felt now much elated at her conduct, and glad that Mrs. Woodville had been present to see how ably she had carried the day and come off with her colors flying.

Left alone, Keeting remained some moments silent and thoughtful, with a look of wrathful indignation on his pale face, and then he threw himself into a chair before a small escritoire that stood near, and with a softening, eager expression of love in his eyes, began writing rapidly.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN Elizabeth took the train at Lennox, she found it already very full, and the footman who carried her shawl and bag walked all through the car without finding a seat. They went next into a coach of compartments, and tried to secure one of these, but finding that they too were all taken, she was about to return to the other train, when an old gentleman, with a kind face and very white hair, came forward from one of the compartments and offered her a seat there, saying he was occupying it alone, and was only going as far as New York. Elizabeth gladly accepted his offer, and taking her bag and shawl from the footman, she settled herself on the seat opposite the old gentleman, and in a few moments the train had moved off and she was leaving Lennox and Mr. Keeting every moment further behind her. Her mind

was full of busy thoughts, and she kept her gaze fixed steadily upon the passing landscape, until she was recalled by the voice of the old gentleman speaking to her :

"This is a picturesque road, is it not?" he said, in the gentle, kindly tone that no young voice can ever summon with such success and naturalness as an old one. "I presume you have been over it before?"

"Only once," Elizabeth replied, wishing that he would not speak to her, and yet unable to meet the kindness of his advances in any but a gentle way. "Only once, and that was late in the evening."

"Indeed! and it is growing dark too, now, and you will miss much that is interesting as we near New York. It will be night before we get there. Do you stop at New York?"

"No, I'm going to the West," said Elizabeth, responding with perfect frankness, her reluctance being completely overcome by the friendliness and simplicity of her companion's look and manner. They talked on quite pleasantly on indifferent topics, until the lamps were lit, and in their cosy compartment the old man got so communicative and friendly, that Elizabeth, in spite of her late trouble and her present anxiety and agitation, exerted herself to follow and respond. By-and-by, in the course of their talk, he turned to her and said :

"I think it is too warm in here. Would you like to have this window open a little, Miss —?"

He paused then, evidently having forgotten the fact that his companion's name was unknown to him. Elizabeth managed to smile, in spite of the weary pain at her heart, and prompted quickly :

"Cuthbert."

The partly-raised window dropped from the old man's hand, and he turned upon her a surprised and eager face.

"I beg your pardon," he said quickly, "but would you mind telling me if your father was a native of New York?"

Elizabeth was surprised at the question, but she could do nothing except answer in the affirmative.

"And what was his first name?" the old man said. "Was it Hamilton?"

Surprised and wondering, Elizabeth responded again that it was.

"And did he marry a Miss Carr, from the West somewhere?"

And when Elizabeth had bowed her head in astonished acknowledgment of the truth of his questions, he went on.

"And can it be possible that you are the little child that he took to Europe with him? Why, my dear, your father was my nephew; after the news of his death we wrote repeatedly to the different places where he had been, for information of you, but could gain none. We had come to the conclusion that the little girl who was known to have sailed for Europe with him must have died. Give me your hand, my dear; you must not feel that I'm a



THE DISCOVERY.

stranger to you. I am your uncle. Have you never heard your father speak of General Cuthbert?"

Already nervous and unstrung by the events through which she had been lately passing, Elizabeth grew white and agitated at this new and sudden revelation. It seemed to her that her life, which had hitherto been so simple and isolated, was become a strangely mixed and tangled thing. What would be the result of this discovery? Was it to prove a good or an evil thing for her? Overcome with weakness and agitation, she leaned back in her seat and closed her eyes, forgetting that she had not answered General Cuthbert's question, and that he was eagerly awaiting that answer.

"Poor Hamilton," said the old man, sadly, "perhaps he never cared to speak my name to his child. He was my favorite nephew in his youth, but he was wayward and willful and impatient of control, and he never forgot some warning words I said to him before I went to India. I was there for many, many years, my dear, and when I came home he had been married and was a widower, and all I could hear of him was that he had taken his little child and gone abroad. I wrote to him several times then, and although he did not answer them, he must have got some of my letters. Did he never speak to you of them?"

"No, he never did," said Elizabeth. "Papa was never apt to tell me about his letters, and I knew nothing of his relatives. I used to ask my mother about them, but she seemed to know but little."

"It was a shame to them all that it was so," the old man said with great warmth and indignation; "but, my dear, where have you been since your return? Whom have you lived with since your natural protectors did not come to your support?"

"I have lived with other cousins of mine," Elizabeth said. "Kind, friendly people, who are cousins of my dear mother's, and who have

been truly good and kind to me. Still they were not rich, and I was unwilling to be a burden to them, and having picked up a good knowledge of music and languages when abroad, I have been teaching in a family near Lennox."

The train, at this juncture, gradually slackened its pace, and then stood still, while the old man said with excited interest :

"My child, you must not pass us by to-night. Wherever you were going, you must stop and see your uncle and your cousins, and let us try, however late, to make up, in a measure, for our past neglect—or what looked like neglect. Where are you going?"

"Back to my cousin's," Elizabeth said, and then added, hastily, "You know these are the Christmas holidays."

"You must not go on. I will send them a telegram. My dear, you should have notified us sooner that you were in America. I have always had a lurking suspicion that you might be living still, and, great heavens, what a mere accident it was that I found you out!"

Elizabeth did not think it worth while to explain why it had been that she had held herself so entirely aloof from her father's relatives. It was plainly through no fault of this kind man's that she had been neglected and forgotten by them, and so, with only a little demurring—for she felt too weary and weak to resist, and she felt it such a relief to have some one to plan and manage for her—she let General Cuthbert go and stop her trunks, and lead her quietly from the cars at the New York station. There was no need to telegraph, as her cousins were not looking for her. She explained to the old man that she had decided very hastily to go to them, and had known how useless it would be to telegraph, for the station was some miles away, and a telegram would probably reach them only when her arrival should furnish the station-master with a means of sending the message out. So, feeling utterly bewildered and dazed, and too weary at heart to care really for anything that might happen to her, Elizabeth let her new found relation lead her from the train and establish her in a snug coupé that two obsequious servants had in waiting, and seated by his side she was driven rapidly through the brilliant city streets, and finally put down before a superb stone house in a splendid street, where, still half unconscious of what was happening, she was, after a short explanation from her uncle, soon received by loving friends, who spoke to her in gentle, sympathetic tones, and soothed and cared for her with a tenderness that was a new and strange experience to the poor young orphan's heart. She was dimly conscious of the fact that their tones were hushed to pitying softness, and that she was being put to bed and fed with warm stimulating food as if she had been ill, but she never stopped to question whether this was so or not, glad and grateful to have the need of questioning removed from her, and in a little while the tired

head was pillowed softly in a warm, dark, still, luxurious room, and Elizabeth, in utter weariness, was sleeping healthfully and well.

Elizabeth's illness and weakness were only temporary things, and though the deep sorrow at her heart kept her grave and preoccupied, there was a wonderful amount of help and comfort in the kindness and tenderness that she met with in General Cuthbert's house. He was himself a widower, and his splendid establishment was presided over by his daughter, Mrs. Sheldon, who was such a cheery, bright, affectionate little woman, that Elizabeth's heart went out to her at once, no less than to the kind old man, whose impulsive goodness had been the means of bringing her to this strange and unexpected resting place. It had been a painful and unpleasant thing to her to think of going to the country where her acquaintance with Mr. Keeting had begun, and on leaving Mrs. Woodville's house she would have gladly turned her steps toward some place that had not such associations, but there was nowhere else for her to go, and hard as it would be, she determined that she must go once more to the old neighborhood whose every field and woodland path had sweet associations with the very being whom she felt it was her duty now to forget in the light of a lover. So, to find herself among strange people in a strange place, was an agreeable and healthy thing for her, and every day that passed she thought with gratefulness of the accident that had thrown her in General Cuthbert's way and revealed to him her identity. Nothing could have been more kind and cordial than the reception that her new friends gave her. It was plain that they were endeavoring by every possible means to make her forget what looked like their long neglect. She was such a slender, beautiful, aristocratic, fair young woman, that her cousin was involuntarily attracted to her from the first, and a nearer acquaintance with the sweetness of her disposition and gentleness of her manners soon won little Mrs. Sheldon's heart completely. Mr. Sheldon, who was a very good-looking, youngish man, was as considerate of her, and as cordial as possible, and their little children soon got to care for Elizabeth too, and, by some tacit understanding which they seemed to arrive at, gave her the name of "cousin Bessie." This touched her almost more than anything, for heretofore no one had ever cared to abridge her name, and she had been formal *Elizabeth* to every one. She could remember a hundred tender names by which her dear mother had called her, but since her death no one had cared for her enough to apply to her loving diminutives. To this rule there was one exception in Mr. Keeting, but to him also she had been Elizabeth, because he loved the simple old-fashioned name for the mere sake of its being hers. Seeing their exceeding kindness and sympathy and good-feeling, Elizabeth naturally wondered why it was that her mother never had any intercourse with the relatives of her husband, and this Mrs. Sheldon, in the most delicate and considerate words explained to her. Elizabeth's grandfather, it seemed, had been an implacable and obdurate man, and

had never forgiven his only son for the failure he had made in the matrimonial line. Soon after Elizabeth's birth, this old man had died, his son, of course, inheriting his father's property—which was nothing very considerable—and it had been with the remnant of this that he had gone to seek his fortune in Europe. Her father's only sister being also dead, that branch of the family was extinct except for herself. Mrs. Sheldon assured Elizabeth that she had herself always had the kindest feelings toward the wife of her cousin, whom she knew to be a lovely and accomplished woman, but she explained to Elizabeth that her father had never quite forgiven General Cuthbert for assuming some authority over him, and venturing to reprimand him for some of his college freaks (Elizabeth felt keenly conscious as to the probable nature of these, though her cousin was too kind to go into painful details), and had never encouraged any intercourse between his wife and his uncle's family, and in this way they had drifted apart. But it had always been a great source of regret to her father, and now that it was all explained and understood they would drop the subject, Mrs. Sheldon said, and for the future try to make amends by friendship and affection that should be all the stronger for these reasons.

It was a great thing for Elizabeth that this new interest should have arisen exactly at this point of her existence, but earnest and appealing as its claims were upon her, it was yet utterly powerless to banish from her mind the thoughts that had of late held undivided sway there. It was in vain that she sought for diversion and forgetfulness in going with Mrs. Sheldon to assist at her extensive shopping expeditions, for sometimes in the very heat of the interest which her cousin showed in the selection of the different articles which she purchased, her appeals to her young cousin would be met with such a start of surprise and remembrance that it would be plainly seen that her thoughts had been far away. And again, when Elizabeth would be seated by the side of her uncle or cousin, driving through the crowded park in the very midst of the throngs of gayly-dressed people and handsome equipages, there would come to her face that far-away, dreamy, wistful look again, and her companion would see, with concerned anxiety, that her mind had again strayed off to other scenes. But bitterer still were the silent moments spent in sleepless remembrance and sorrowful desire that came to Elizabeth in the stillness of her luxurious chamber. The vision of one beloved and loving face would rise before her eyes, so full of reproach and sadness, that the next moment she was ready to condemn and blame herself for ever dreaming that that face could be forgotten or that presence put out of her life. A few days after her arrival at General Cuthbert's, Elizabeth had written to the Carrs to acquaint them of her whereabouts, saying only that an accident had revealed her uncle to her and not explaining that she was at the time on her way to them, having left the Woodville's. A fond hope, that she tried in vain to subdue, made her write her present address very plainly at the head of her letter,

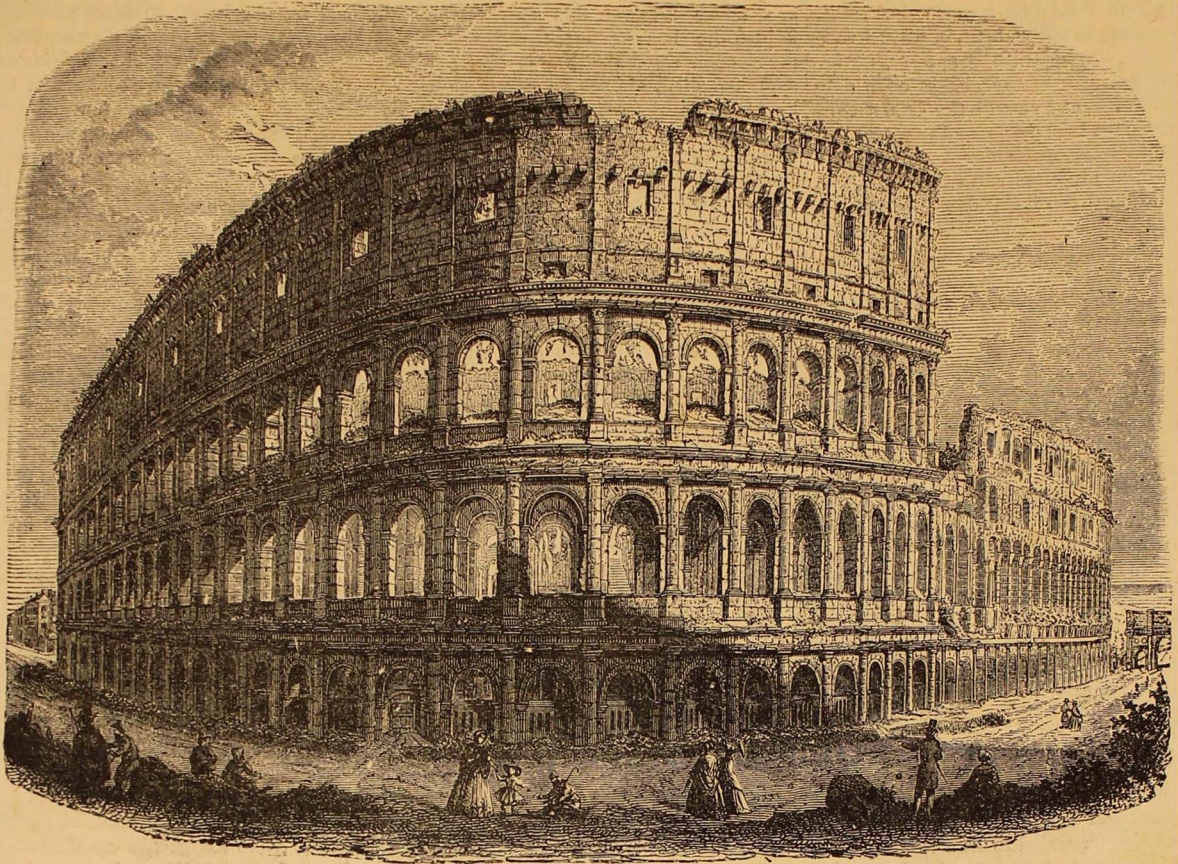
and say she hoped to hear from them very soon. It was not probable, she told herself, that Mr. Keeting would write—indeed everything pointed to the likelihood of the fulfillment of her prediction that Miss Decourcy would treat the fact of Keeting's engagement to herself as an absurdity, and refuse to make that the occasion of the rupture of her own; and yet, day after day, Elizabeth waited for the mail, hoping against hope. At length a letter did arrive, and with what eager, trembling hands, she tore it open! It was from Mrs. Carr, as she saw from the envelope, but there might be an enclosure! Removing the envelope, she slipped the contents out, and as she did so, a loud cry of disappointment broke from her. It was only a letter from Mrs. Carr, and nothing more! Poor Elizabeth, her heart sank so low and her interest died out so utterly that it was a long time before she found spirit to peruse its contents. And when she did, what a trivial record it was! Tommy had cut his foot with the hatchet, the mother wrote, and Sarah was head of her class at school, and Mr. Carr had made the best crop of wheat in the neighborhood, etc., etc., etc., through a tedious category that Mrs. Carr spun out most lengthily, and yet quite forgot to mention the minor fact that a day or two before Elizabeth's letter had come, there had been one received for her, with an illegible post-mark, which Mrs. Carr had at once forwarded to Lennox, supposing his cousin, of course, to be still with the Woodvilles. If Elizabeth had only known of this, that knowledge would have sufficed her, without the necessity of following the letter up and tracing it back to Lennox again, where it fell into the hands of Mrs. Woodville, who, observing that it had been returned from Miss Cuthbert's address with her cousins, concluded that there was no use in sending it back again, and therefore committed it, for safe keeping, to her own locked desk, until such time as Miss Cuthbert should return or be heard from.

Sometimes the thought of Mr. Keeting was so mighty and powerful with Elizabeth, and she found it so impossible to resist it, that she was almost tempted to go with her secret to her sympathetic cousin, Mrs. Sheldon, who, as she had discovered, knew the Woodvilles, and also knew and visited occasionally the Keetings, who lived in New York. One day, after a long period of doubt and hesitation, Elizabeth mentioned her lover's name to Mrs. Sheldon.

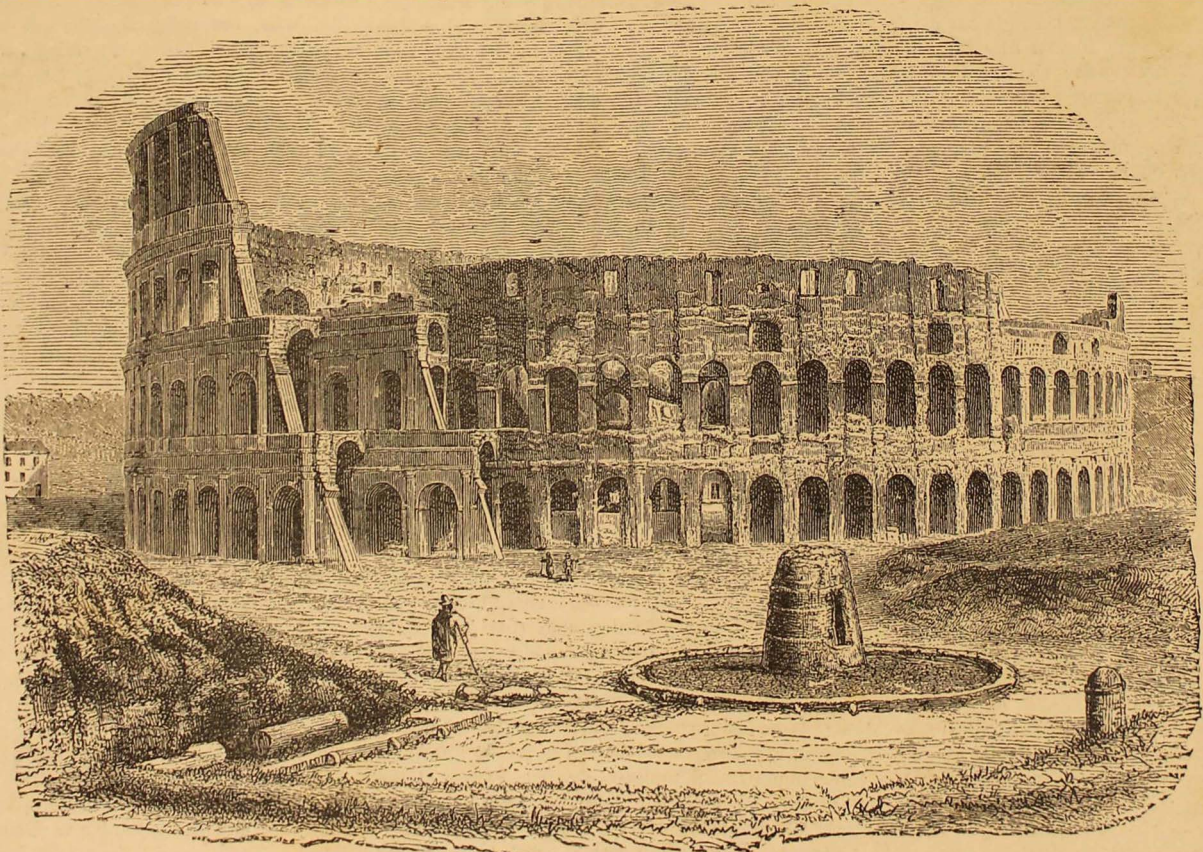
"O yes, Algernon Keeting—I used to know him very well," she said indifferently; "you know he is engaged to Flora Decourcy. By-the-way when does the wedding come off? Probably before Lent, I think some one said."

And then something in one of the children's remarks caught the ear of the fond little mother, and after stopping to caress and hide the darling, the thread of the conversation was broken and never resumed. Poor Elizabeth! If this was all the news she was to hear of Mr. Keeting, she had better give up trying, and so her sorrow was shut up in her own bosom, where it grew and gathered new strength daily, and seemed to the poor girl a thing each day grown harder to bear and to control.

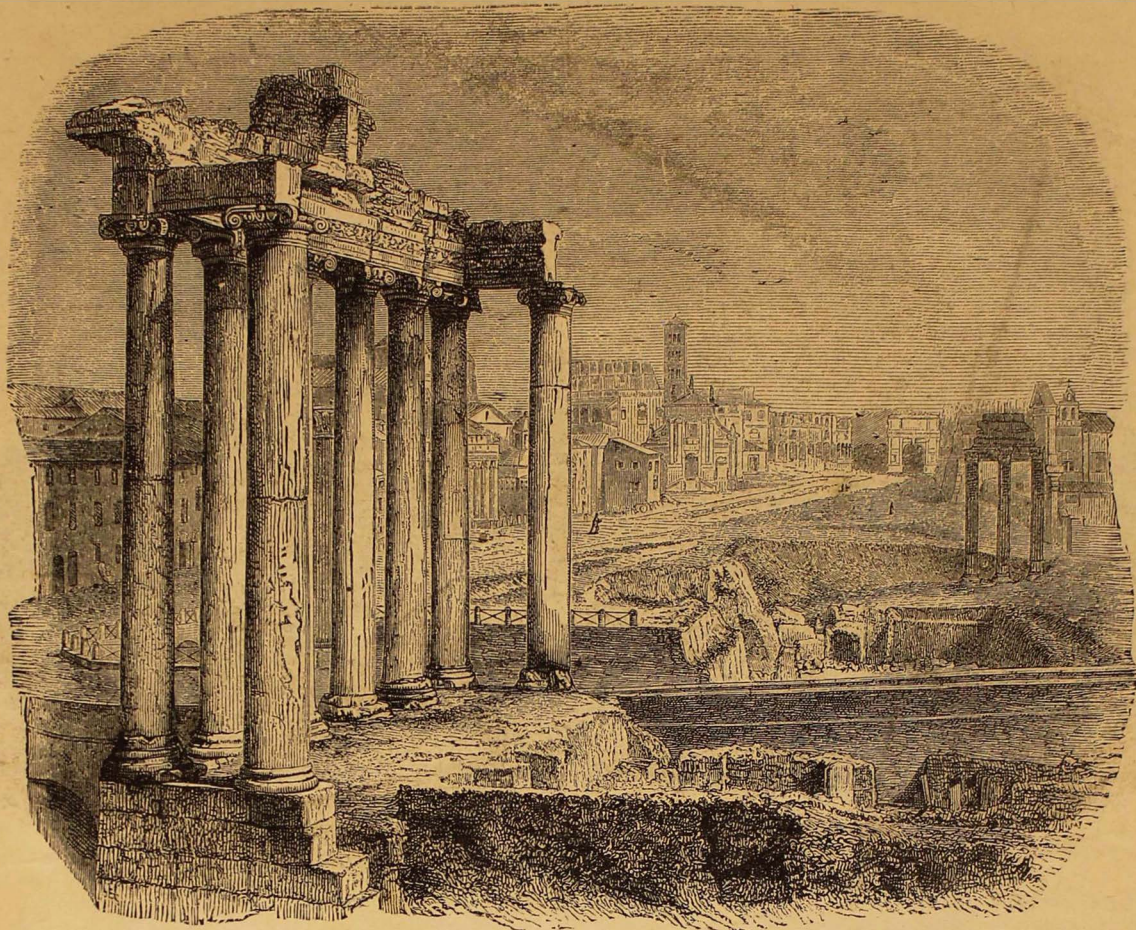
(Concluded in our next.)



THE COLOSSEUM,



THE COLOSSEUM, SOUTH VIEW.



THE FORUM.

Some Favorite Haunts in Rome.



AS a continuation of our series of interesting scenes abroad, we give, in the present number, photographic views of several of the most interesting haunts and scenes in modern and ancient Rome.

The Colosseum is a circular structure of enormous size, begun by the Emperor Vespasian, who restored to the Roman people the lands Nero took from them, and laid the foundation of this wonderful superstructure on the site of Nero's "*Domus Aurea*," or Golden House. It was finished by Titus, the son of Vespasian, and dedicated in A. D. 80, with a series of gladiatorial shows and exhibitions of unprecedented splendor. On this occasion hundreds of gladiators, and several thousand wild beasts were killed in the frightful conquests of the arena. It was first called "The Flavian Amphitheatre," and several hundred years afterward re-named the Colosseum, on account of its enormous size. The greatest diameter of the building is 620 feet—the lesser diameter 513½ feet. Beyond the exterior face of the wall the columns project one foot ten inches. It is considered very remarkable that the seats for spectators only extended as high as the third story; and it has been always a question as to what use the two

upper stories, erected at such vast expense, could have been put.

The architecture of the Colosseum shows three different and distinct orders: the first, Doric, the second, Ionic, and the third and fourth, Corinthian. Its use was for games, gladiatorial contests, which formed the chief amusement of the people, and sacrifices to offended deities. It stands near the center of the ancient city, a few hundred yards southeast of the Forum, and a still shorter distance south-west from the Baths of Titus. It is a wonderful ruin, and still exists in a remarkable state of preservation.

The Forum was an open place in ancient Roman cities, used for the administration of justice, or the sale of goods, and for the transaction of all kinds of public business.

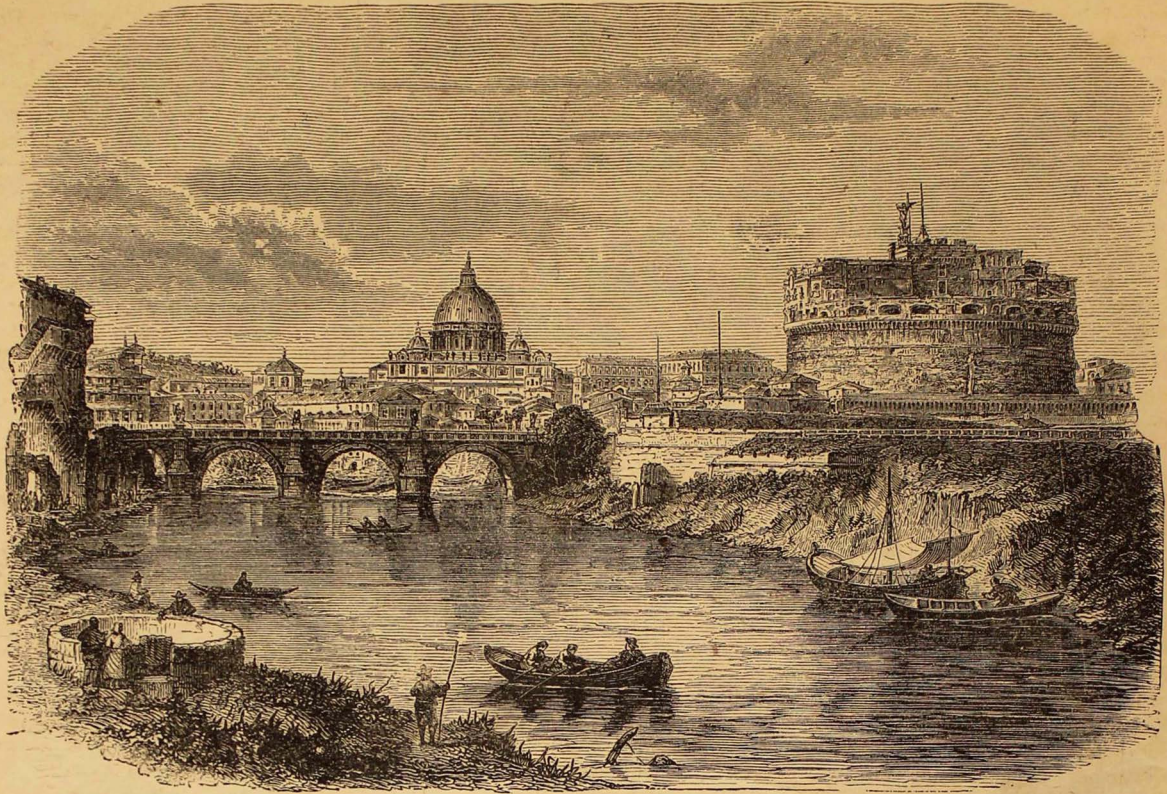
The Romans had two kinds of *fora*; the *Civilia*, sometimes called *Judicialia*, in which popular assemblies and courts of justice were held; and the *Venalia*, which were used for exclusively mercantile purposes. The City of Rome contained nineteen of both kinds, but the *Forum Romanum*, which is known by the general name of Forum, was the most important. It occupied a hollow space between the Capitoline and Palatine hills, extending from the Arch of Septimus Severus to the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina. Around its four sides stood temples, basilicas, triumphal arches, and other public edifices, while within it were the *rostra*, or platforms, from which

orators and politicians addressed public assemblies, gathered from any exciting cause. It is now known in Rome as the *Campo Vaccino*, from having been used for several centuries as a cattle market, and preserves no trace of its ancient splendor beyond a few scattered columns.

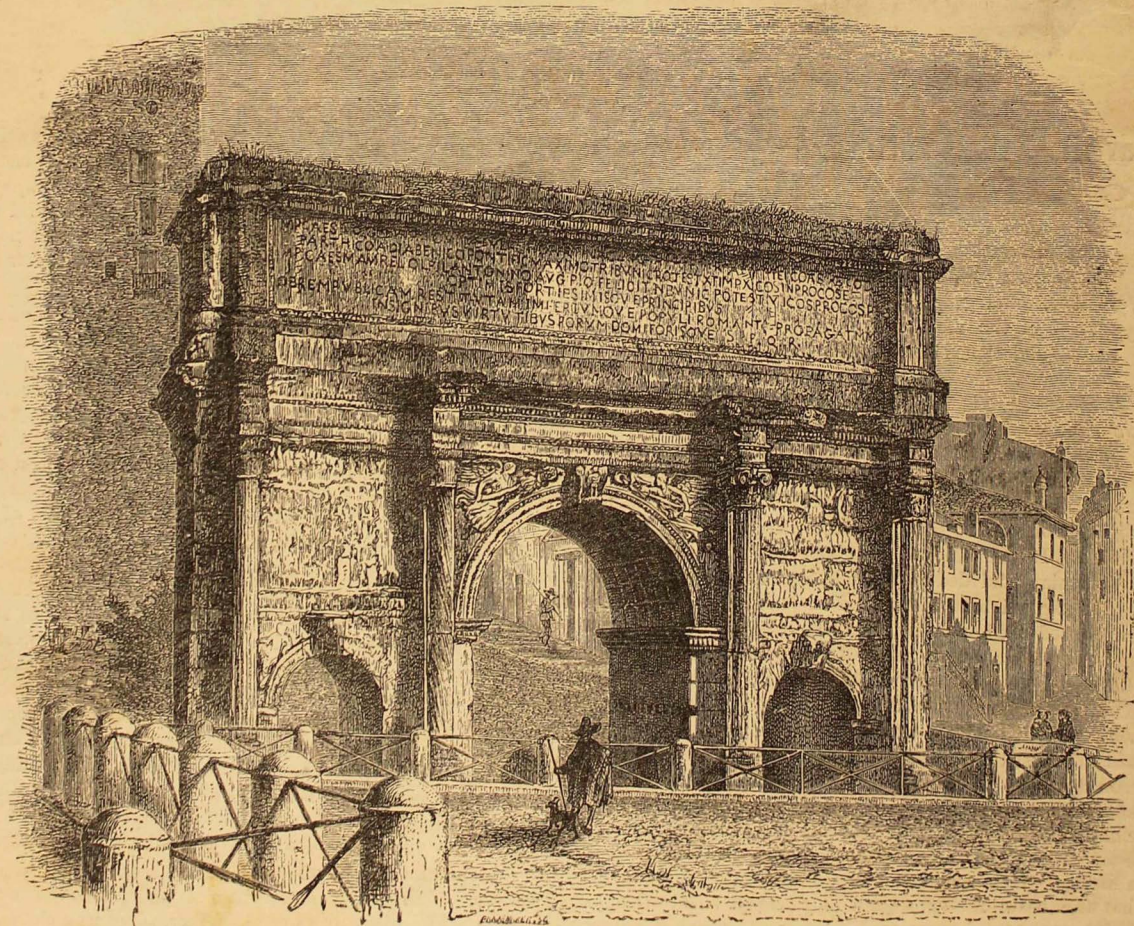
The fragments of a temple in the foreground are asserted by some archæologists to be the remains of the Temple of Fortune, but others, among whom is the celebrated Bunsen, declare it to have been the Temple of Vespasian.

The Arch of Septimus Severus was erected in 205, by the order of the Roman senate, to commemorate the victories of Severus, whose reign began in 193. It is built of Pentelic marble, and has three archways, each decorated with fluted Corinthian columns. It is enriched with sculptured ornaments, and is one of the finest of the Arches for which Rome is celebrated, and which were thrown across the principal streets to commemorate those important and victorious events which made Rome the mistress of the world. The Arch of Titus, for example, built on the *Via Sacra*, was to celebrate the capture of Jerusalem, and was composed of the same kind of marble as this one of Septimus Severus, which is at the entrance of *Via Sacra* into the Forum.

The picture of modern Rome from the left bank of the Tiber, gives us a charming view of the river at the point where it is crossed by



MODERN ROME FROM THE LEFT BANK OF THE TIBER.



ARCH OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS,

the Bridge of St. Angelo, which was built by Hadrian, 130 A.D. It was constructed to connect the Gardens of Domitia, which were a favorite resort of the emperor, and the Mausoleum, now the castle of St. Angelo. This magnificent monument forms one of the richest and most famous discoveries of modern Rome. The edifice with the dome, in the distance, and a little to the left, will be recognized at once as St. Peter's, and the clustered halls of the Vatican occupy the middle distance beyond and between St. Peter's and the Castle of St. Angelo. The castle is now used as a State prison, and communicates with the palace of the Vatican by a long covered gallery.

The Vatican is an immense edifice, retained as a residence for the Pope, and unrivaled for interior state and splendor. It is especially rich in rare tapestry, copied from the cartoons of Raphael, and ancient literature in the form of manuscripts. It is also rich in frescoes by the greatest artists, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and their pupils.

St. Peter's Church fronts on a very large, oval area or space, surrounded by a grand colonnade. In the center of this space is an Egyptian obelisk, about eighty feet in height.

Rome has sprung into new life and activity since the sovereignty of the Pope was abolished in 1870, and the city declared the capital of the kingdom of Italy, the seat of the new government, and the place for the royal residence. Many English and Americans live constantly in Rome, and its antiquity dates back more than two thousand years; its eternal memories, its never-ending discoveries, its wealth of opportunity for archaeological study, and its fame as the center and seat of ancient art and learning, make it the source and subject of always new and always absorbing research. The mixture of the old and the quaint with the modern and the new, has a fascination of its own, but gradually the special Roman characteristics are dying out of the modern life, at least, to that part of it to which foreigners have access, unless they have by long residence become identified with the interests, the work, and the ways of the people.

From Kent to Devon.

OR, SUMMER RAMBLES ON THE ENGLISH COAST.

BY H. F. REDFERN.

CHAPTER III.

BRIGHTON has been, not inaptly, called the metropolis of the south coast, or London-by-the-sea. Of all the summer resorts bordering on the English Channel it is the most noted, and this for a variety of reasons. It was first brought into notice by George IV., when Prince of Wales; and its prosperity has steadily increased since the erection of the magnificent Pavilion by him.

The early history of Brighton is somewhat obscure; it is believed to have been a Roman station or encampment in the time of Julius Cæsar, when it bore the name of Brichtelm, derived from the son of Cissa, the first king of Sussex. Later it was known as Brighthelmstone, which last has become modernized into Brighton. The place is certainly of great antiquity, for in the church of St. Peter is a baptismal font which, it is claimed, was brought from Normandy at the time of the Conquest.

The present town consists of Brighton proper and the suburb of Kempton, which together extend for three miles along the shore. On all sides, except that of the sea, the town is shut in by the South Downs, so that to get to the "back country" one has to climb some very steep hills, which might bear any name but that of straight. The east and west ends of the town are built on the declivities of the cliffs, and the center forms a valley or depression, in which is situated the Pavilion, St. Peter's church, and a magnificent plaza, or square, called the Steyne.

Even during the reign of George II., Brighton was but a fishing village, which industry is still in a flourishing condition—a fleet of upwards of 300 fishing boats supplying the London market, besides furnishing sufficient for home consumption, which, in the season—and the Brighton season is nearly all the year round—is of no small account.

Some of the greatest of modern feats of engineering have been accomplished at Brighton. Perhaps the most remarkable is the Marine Parade. This is a sea-wall running along the entire water-front of the town, a distance of three miles, at a uniform height of sixty feet above tide-water. The "Parade" thus formed is, perhaps, the most beautiful promenade in Europe, flanked on the one hand by the gardens and magnificent residences of the English aristocracy, and on the other by the ever-changing sea and sky. On a fine afternoon the whole three miles of road presents a moving panorama of matchless brilliancy. Here may be seen men and women who are famous in art, literature, the drama, and not a few of the nobility and gentry. Indeed, seeing that Brighton is but an hour's ride from London, many spend all their leisure hours here—make it their home in fact. The result is a social atmosphere as brilliant as that of the metropolis, and far more enjoyable, because there is here less restraint.

Another work of great interest is the Suspension Chain Pier. This is a structure of surpassingly beautiful lightness and grace, running into the sea for over one thousand feet, and forming another fine promenade. The prospect from the seaward end, looking shoreward, when the whole of the town can be seen at a glance, must be seen to be appreciated; and on a moonlight night, the sea being dotted with numberless pleasure-boats, and not a few larger craft, simply beggars description. It has been jestingly said that match-making mammas, with a large stock of daughters undisposed of, invariably succeed in disposing of their wares at Brighton: and that the Chain Pier and the moonlight are great aids to that end.

Brighton is built in the most substantial manner: its streets, squares, and crescents would do credit to the architecture of the metropolis, and its public buildings are on a corresponding scale. Among the latter may be mentioned as worthy of note, the town-hall, ball-room, theater, county offices, and many churches, chief among which is the church of St. Peter, whose painted windows are alone worth a journey to see. Not the least of the many advantages of Brighton as a place of residence, are the unequaled educational establishments. In its vicinity are over one hundred and fifty schools and academies, many of which have been endowed by the state or private individuals. Foremost among these last is Brighton College, opened in 1849, for the education of the sons of noblemen.

Many of the principal edifices surround the Steyne, a noble open space, formerly used for reviews, etc., and here also is a statue of King George IV.

The reputation of the "Pavilion" is world-wide. It was built by George IV. when Prince of Wales, and was hardly what might be called finished during his life, for almost to the hour of his death he lavished immense sums upon its decoration.

It is built in an oriental style of magnificence, and is really a sumptuous palace. Here the monarch spent much of his time surrounded by his boon companions, and an account of the revels held within its walls would fill a goodly volume.

From Brighton to Portsmouth is but an easy journey.

Perhaps Captain Marryatt has done more than any other writer to make this town famous. Hardly one of his tales but contains some reference to this place. Indeed, it could hardly be otherwise, considering that it is the rendezvous for the channel fleet, and the greatest naval emporium of England, and probably of the world. Its history is certainly a naval and military one. At first glance, the visitor is impressed by the idea of strength in the place; nor is this idea unwarranted by the facts. Its massive forts, batteries and ramparts combine to make it in reality the most perfect fortress in Great Britain.

The first mention of Portsmouth is found in the *Domesday Book*, under the date of 501. During the reign of Alfred, a fleet fitted out here defeated an invading expedition of the Danes, and another fleet was prepared to intercept the Norman invasion. Henry III. assembled an army here for the invasion of France, and in 1372 the French made a counter attempt, which, though ultimately beaten off, succeeded in burning a part of the town. Out of this disaster grew the necessity of fortifying the place, and the works commenced by Edward IV. have been continued and improved upon in successive reigns till they have become all but impregnable.

The town proper is surrounded by ramparts, faced with masonry, and planted with elms, and is entered by four gateways. The modern portion is extremely well built, but there is an old quarter called the Point, which is a most unsavory neighborhood, although in it a large part of the commerce of the place is carried on.

East of the town is the suburb of Southsea, itself a noted watering place, which however derives its importance from the larger town. Here is Southsea Castle, a massive fortress, said to be erected on the site of an old Roman camp. However this may be, certain it is that in digging the foundations for an addition to the castle, a number of pieces of pottery and Roman tile were unearthed. A little farther east is Fort Cumberland, opposite to which is Monckton Fort. These two, with one or two smaller batteries, effectually protect the approach to the harbor. This harbor is deserving of notice;—an entrance only some 200 yards wide gives access to a spacious sheet of water about four miles long, by six broad,—about as large as the upper bay in New York harbor. Here the entire British navy may ride in safety.

In Portsea Barracks is shown a chamber called the Frenchman's cell. During the war with France at the close of the last century, a French frigate was captured and towed into Portsmouth. On board was a young Frenchman named Lieutenant Gantier. His capture was deemed a very important one, as he had, some few months previously, penetrated in disguise inside the lines at Portsmouth, and made himself pretty familiar with the defenses of the place, and he made no scruple of carrying the information thus gained to his own government. The penalty, if caught, was death. During the action he was severely wounded, and fever setting in, it was thought more than likely he would cheat his captors after all. One stormy night the commandant of the barracks was roused by a timid knock at his door. On answering the summons he was confronted by the figure of a veiled lady, who, if appearances went for anything, he surmised to be both young and handsome.

She inquired in half French, half English, "if she could speak with Monsieur le Commandant?"

Col. Barker signified that he was the person she wanted, and begged her to enter and be seated. Looking timidly around, she complied, and raising her veil, disclosed a face of surpassing loveliness.

"Oh, monsieur," she exclaimed, "mon pauvre Hector—my poor Hector—you will let me see him!"

Conjecturing at once that she referred to Lieutenant Gantier, Col. Barker could not help saying under his breath, "Lucky dog," and then, thinking of his condition, "what a fool to get himself in such a mess!" Then he replied to her appeal by saying that it was impossible to grant her request; the prisoner was in solitary confinement.

"Oh, monsieur," she supplicated, "you will not refuse—you cannot;" here she paused, and then resumed, blushes covering her face. "I am his betrothed, monsieur, and I have traveled all the way from Paris to see him. Oh, mon pauvre Hector!"

Here was a pretty case, thought sturdy Colonel Barker; what should he do? Her beauty and devotion could not fail to move him, and he determined to take the responsibility of granting the lady's request, the more readily as he believed that the lieutenant would not live many days.

Motioning her to follow him, he led the way to the cell in which, on a straw pallet, the young man was tossing in the delirium of fever. The girl threw herself on her knees at his side, and pressed her hands on his burning forehead. The effect was magical—the restless head became still, and the wild eyes took a more rational expression. A few words addressed to her lover in French seemed to almost restore his scattered senses.

"It is I, mon ami, calm yourself; it is I, Hortense!"

An hour later, when the doctor made his rounds, the wounded man was sleeping soundly, and Hortense was still by his bedside.

Her beauty and winning ways completely conquered the stern old colonel, and she was allowed to remain, and nurse her betrothed to convalescence. Meantime, peace was proclaimed, and Lieutenant Gantier and Hortense Lamonte were married by the chaplain of the French frigate in which the Lieutenant had been captured, and the story runs that Colonel Barker gave the bride away.

Opposite Portsea Island, on which Portsmouth is built, and separated from it by an arm of the sea called the Solent, is the Isle of Wight, the garden of England, which will form the subject of the next article.

Talk With Girls.

WOMEN IN LITERATURE.

BY JENNIE JUNE.



FEW weeks ago an article appeared in the columns of a newspaper, which was amusing from its absurdity, and saddening from its ignorance, because, in the latter respect, it was not at all singular, but so much like vast quantities of the stuff that gets into print, that one could hope nothing from any catastrophe that might happen to this one writer; his place being so ready to be filled by scores of others. The sins in this particular case consisted of the blunder of confounding the most ordinary work of the newspaper writer and correspondent with literature proper, and secondly, of arguing that, because the work of women writers on the daily press runs largely to dress, and fashions, and gossip, that the influence of women in literature has been, is, and will be, of a lowering character.

"What is literature then?" asks some young girl who has been fondly cherishing the hope of literary pre-eminence because she has written something from Boston, or New York, that was actually printed in her local paper.

Literature is, strictly, the thought of a people expressed in written words. There are different kinds of literature, but each one is the sense of something; it is the digested thought upon that particular theme or subject

which finally ripens and finds expression. There are various degrees of mechanical excellence behind this thought which give dignity, grace, and more or less of charm and completeness to the work, but this mechanism is not the soul of literature, or even its body, it is simply a knowledge of technique, which has some value, but must not be mistaken for the thing itself.

The true literature, that is the thought of any subject in which we are interested, is to the mind what certain kinds of food are to the body, but you would not think of calling the maid or the man-servant who gathers up the *débris*, and serves it up in a *réchauffé*, a discoverer or producer of foods; he or she may be good in their way, and respected for doing their work in a cleanly, healthful, agreeable manner, but they do not lay claim to originality, or to any faculty but that of a very ordinary kind. There are hundreds of this class in literature and journalism—industrious collectors of ideas, scraps of information, facts, items, incidents, which are gathered as one may see old men and women gathering scraps from ash-barrels; a cinder here, a rag there, a crust somewhere else—but each one having a specific money value in their eyes, though to one not in the business, the mass of refuse would seem to be utterly worthless. Nor is that avocation altogether mean or unworthy which rescues from what has been cast aside as rubbish something that can be turned to varied and profitable account, but it is not a service that entitles those performing it to a place among the great lights of the world—on the contrary, modesty best becomes them, not arrogance, for they live in a reflected light, and, like ghouls and cannibals, upon the flesh and blood of other men and women.

It has become the fashion of late years to call that literature which deals with literary work and workers, to the exclusion of that which much more truly represents it, because everything that has a vital human interest is entitled to its literature, and there is no reason at all why literature should be supposed to deal only or mainly with the imagination.

This theory of literature, however, crowds us with crude thinking and crude writing, in regard to a vast number of authors and their works, of which the readers are quite as competent to form an opinion as the writers; but these self-constituted oracles do not think so, and they keep on writing and criticising until their piled-up weakness buries out of sight the original strength.

It is much easier to express opinions in regard to work that has been done than to do the work itself. It is safer to talk about those who are dead than those who are alive, either in the way of praise or blame, so that literary gleaners and scavengers always select the worthies of a past century, rather than those of the present; and what an eternal warming over it is of cold Lamb, of poor Robert Burns, of Landor, of Southey, of Shelley, of Byron, and the rest of them.

Tennyson will get it by and by, and our own Longfellow, Bryant, and many more. One would think it would add another pang to death to think of the repeated and minute

dissection and overhauling which character, qualifications, mental structure, and motive must undergo when they are no longer here to explain or modify opinion. Doubtless the test of their work is in the fact that it lives and exerts an influence upon the minds of succeeding generations, but it is the work that lives, not the ephemeral and frequently impertinent, because ignorant, opinions put in print in regard to it.

A powerful English writer has said in a recent article, "Who now reads the whole of the ancient writers, to the study of whose works Milton devoted five years of his life before he commenced writing *Paradise Lost*? Who systematically reads the great writers, be they ancient or modern, whom the consent of ages has marked out as classics: typical, immortal, peculiar teachers of our race? Alas! the *Paradise Lost* is lost again to us beneath an inundation of graceful verse and well-turned phrases, sugary stanzas of lady-like prettiness, and ceaseless explanations in more or less readable prose of what John Milton meant, and what he did not mean, of what he saw, and what he did not see, why Adam and Satan were like that, and were not like the other. We read a whole library about *Paradise Lost*, but the *Paradise Lost* itself we do not read; we bury it, and pile up this mass of rubbish above it." Again he says, "For once that we take down our Milton, and read a book of that 'voice' whose 'sound is like the sea,' we take up fifty times a magazine with something about Milton, or Milton's grandmother, or a book stuffed with curious facts about his house, and furniture, and personal appearance, and ailments of his first wife." Gossip is as despicable in books as out of them—more so, for in this form it obtains a certain dignity, a *raison d'être* for admitting the necessity for its existence as an element of our modern society.

The faculty for talking about genius is not genius itself; it does not even argue thorough understanding or appreciation of genius. Everybody talks, and people must talk about something. What it is they talk about depends upon their habits of thought, their surroundings, the kind of persons among whom they have lived, their environment, in short, from their birth, and somewhat also upon the lives and habits of their ancestors; for though we are projected upon the present, we are made up largely of the past.

It will be seen, therefore, that when a necessity arises to earn a livelihood, or a desire for some occupation, or an ambition for distinction seizes the mind, how natural and easy it is for a ready talker or writer to imagine they have something to say that all the world ought to know—or, at least, something that some one may be induced to pay for. The number of books does not prove the greatness of either sex in literature. The question is: who are the masters?—who have written the books which sound the highest and lowest depths in the human heart, in human life, and, greater still, who have marshaled all intellectual forces, and swept the diapason of the universe? Are they not Shakespeare, Milton, and Scott? Had the works of these three authors been written by women, and not another

book, a woman's claim to the highest place in literature would have been unanswerable.

Still, since there has been any literature, women have been in it more or less; and, if they have not done the greatest work, they have done excellent secondary work. It is, I think, at least doubtful if women are capable of the concentration of power in one direction which is occasionally summed up in one man. They are naturally more quick, more versatile, more *sided*, than men—their lives are more spent in detail, they are more conscientious in the performance of small duties, and they cannot so easily separate themselves from social and other obligations as men.

It is of no use to say that women would be equally capable of great work if they were not bound by these minor claims. The simple fact is, that no woman has yet done for the world in the field of letters what some men have done:—Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, Goethe, and others—Moliere and Beethoven, for example. Still it is true that this fact is not decisive: for the field of operations for women has been so restricted that a broad, accumulative experience was not possible. I mean that which comes from the ages, through the garnered thoughts and activities of men who have struck every note, and been able to estimate the present and judge of the future through the past which they have studied, and with the conditions and work of which they have made themselves acquainted.

The experiences through which women are now passing, the character which can only be acquired through individual struggle and effort, is doing much to broaden and deepen the sources of their achievements. Heretofore the work of women has been personal and social, necessarily confined to the things with which they were acquainted, and at most, and best, a sum of heart histories, of individual yearnings and neighborhood statement, or analysis. The two greatest representatives we have had in the field of pure literature in the English tongue, are Mrs. Lewes (George Eliot), and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Why they are great it is not our present business to discover, but I have written thus far to very little purpose, if even the very young reader has not discovered that to touch the field of pure art in literature, not to speak of highest art, the author must get out of himself, or herself, and into the "open." He must be in sympathy with all natural and intellectual forces, and able to sound the gamut of human, as well as individual feeling and experience. The overflow of trashy books and worthless periodical literature, so called, is evidence of increased activity, but not of greater power. It is dissipating, rather than enlarging and strengthening. It stands in the way of the real study of good books, and is as intellectually demoralizing as reckless indulgence of the appetites is debasing to the body. The severity which denied the girl all access to books in the past has reacted, and the rebound is almost as fatal to their strong and symmetrical development as the denial. The ignorance which formerly considered reading a waste of time, now believes all time well spent that is expended upon printed words.

But the human brain is limited in its powers, like the human stomach, and reading, like eating, is only of real use to us so far as it supplies nutritive elements for the mind to work upon and assimilate. A certain amount of good reading is almost infinitely better than unlimited skimming through superficial rubbish which enervates the mental faculties, vitiates the taste, and frequently lowers the moral tone.

One of the great uses of our "higher" education for women will be to reduce the number of women aspirants for literary honors, and the certainty of better work for those who remain; for the rest, we must look to the next hundred years to tell the story of women in literature.

The Ancient Language of Finland.

BY K. M. H.



UNTIL the close of the last century, all that was known of the ancient tongue of Finland was that the common people spoke an incomprehensible jargon, into which Bibles, hymn-books, and catechisms had to be translated for their comprehension.

The language of the Finns proper, those who have given their name to the country they inhabit, indicates an early knowledge on their part of agriculture and the various forms of handicrafts; but all words in the language which point to a more advanced stage of civilization can be traced to a Swedish origin, and consequently must have been introduced after the conquest of Finland by Sweden, or after the latter part of the twelfth century.

From Sweden, Finland received her schools and other educational institutions, as well as her government, and became externally a Swedish province. But in a land so extensive and thinly populated, it was not possible that the Swedish language and civilization should penetrate all localities so as to supersede the ancient tongue and the entirely distinct nationality of the people.

These were not destroyed, but they came to be represented by the rustic people of the interior, who in their isolation from the influences of the progressive civilization of successive ages, have kept alive their ancient language, and in great measure all things belonging to their ancient nationality, its modes of thought, its customs and manners, its traditions and superstitions, and its popular poetry, the songs of their Kuna singers.

Thus did Finland become as it were the abode of a two-fold nationality. The one clinging to the memories of the past and stagnating in its forms; the other acquiring new life by contact with modern European civilization and literary culture, though retaining much of its original character. This class

adopted the Swedish language as the organ of its mental life; and the Finnish tongue remained but as a monument of the past, the spoken idiom of the rural population.

Toward the close of the last century, however, the attention of some Finnish men of learning began to be attracted toward the popular tongue as the deposit of certain treasures of ancient poetry, kept alive on the lips of the people by oral tradition. But after the publication of contributions to Finnish mythology, in 1782, by Lennquist, and Genander, 1789, and a collection of Kunas by the celebrated Porthan of Abo, 1804, all efforts to make known these treasures to the civilized world were for a time abandoned.

Subsequent to 1809, however, when Finland came under the dominion of Russia, a new literary and scientific life was awakened. This was aroused by the great change in the political and governmental state of the country, which produced an extraordinary interest in everything connected with the ancient history of the nation. The forced cession of the province to Russia, broke all the bonds which were established between it and Sweden, and at the same time a reunion was effected between those parts of the country which had been separated from it at different times by Russian conquest.

The feelings of the educated classes, while they were flattered by the increased importance which their country thus obtained, were deeply wounded by their separation from Sweden, their superinduced nationality, whose civilization had become so dear to them.

Now they strove to find in the primitive source of the national consciousness an incitement to national progress; and thus arose an enthusiasm which gradually struck deep roots in the hearts of the younger generations.

So far from being displeased at this awakened enthusiasm for the original Finnish nationality, Russia did much to encourage and promote the feeling. She allowed the Finnish people a certain degree of self-government. She promoted the culture of the ancient tongue, which was introduced into the public schools as a medium of instruction. Literary associations were formed to collect and throw light upon matters connected with the primitive tongue, traditions, and poetry of the people, and much of the best talent of the country was exerted in this direction.

As one of the fruits of these endeavors, we have the Kalevala, a collection of thirty-two songs, forming part of a mythic *epos*. These songs were collected by Drs. Topelius and Lönnrot, after earnest investigations in localities never before visited for such purposes, being a few parishes in the government of Archangel, beyond the limits of Finland, where the people seemed to have undergone no change since the earliest times, and, therefore, had preserved their popular poetry. The songs, in their original tongue, were published in Helsingfors, in 1835. An excellent Swedish translation of the Kalevala, by M. A. Castren, which appeared in 1841, was called forth by a prize offered by the Literary Association of Helsingfors, and attracted the attention of other European nations to the popular poetry

of Finland. In 1852, a German translation, by Anton Schlieffner, was also published in Helsingfors.

As regards the character of the Kalevala, it is entirely mythic, possessing not a particle of the historical coloring or the heroic spirit which we find in the Lay of the Niebelungen. Witchcraft and sorcery play a large part, and the expression of the belief of the Finnish race in beings endowed with supernatural gifts and unlimited powers of metamorphosis is very prominent.

In many of the lyrical poems of the Finns the same characteristics prevail, though by no means in all. But these poems usually breathe the spirit of deep but gentle melancholy, of sorrow, unsatisfied longing, a feeling of solitude, and of mental sufferings of various kinds.

A native author, referring to one of the Kunas, in which a young maiden says that she has a "girdle of bad days and a web of sorrow," says of these lyrics that the whole collection of them might be termed a web of sorrow, for if the warp is ever of a brighter hue, the web is spun of sorrow.

The popular poetry of the North is often marked by this tone of sadness. The ballads of Sweden and Norway are full of it, but in their case it is the substance of the poem that is tragical, while in the Finnish lyrics the sadness comes from the heart of the poet.

In the Danish and Swedish ballads, the events, the representation of character, the action of the will in the outward world, play the principal part. The Finnish lyrics give expression to the inward life of man. They are the productions of a gentle people, with no historical splendor in which to glory, living in a country which though rich in natural advantages, is barren, solitary, thinly peopled. They are, however, superior to the Scandinavian ballads in variety and diversity. Dr. Lönnrot devoted himself still further to the culture of the ancient language by the publication of a number of treatises, in which, to the great satisfaction of the people of Finland, he laid the foundation of a written Finnish tongue, earnestly endeavoring to purify it from Swedish forms and intermixtures which abound in the Bible Finnish, the only form which till then had been used in writing, but which was neither grammatically nor lexically correct.

He also undertook, at the expense of the Literary Association of Helsingfors, a course of travels, of which he published several important works—Kantelas, harp songs from Kantela, the stringed instrument of the country, comprising 652 ancient Kunas, a volume of 7,000 Finnish proverbs, and a collection of Finnish riddles.

The Finnish language has been declared by a great Danish linguist to be the most original, the most flexible, regular, and musical of all existing languages, and no one who is interested in the development of races can fail to rejoice in the fact that this people of Finland, possessing such a tongue, and yet from the circumstance of their political relations with other countries, having had so little opportunities of showing its capacities, are now gaining for their native language and its literature the recognition and respect of the educated, both at home and abroad.

The Pink Boat.

BY HELEN WOODBURY.

"I pray you hear my song of a boat,
For it is but short:
My boat, you shall find none fairer afloat,
In river or port."



It was a waif, this strongly-built, pretty, pink boat. It had not even a name whereby one might guess at its history. Had it been lost by some passing vessel? Had some luckless one started across the lake in the darkness, lost reckoning, and been wrecked on a jagged rock? No one knew. It could not speak for itself and tell the tale, however tragical or sorrowful it might be. There was a mystery overshadowing its stout ribs, its bow, and painted sides.

Walter, going down on the beach in the early morning, had been surprised at the spectacle of a fair boat, without oarsman or guide, gayly riding the sunlit waters. As he looked it was lifted by a bold wave and laid at his feet. It was evident that this nameless boat had come ashore here for the especial benefit of us who were a trifle suspicious of the top-heavy sail boats and frail-looking row boats. This looked so strong, so reliable! Its broad seats seemed inviting one to enter, saying,—"Trust me, I am safe."

Even Mrs. Wood had faith in this stranger craft; and several days were spent in pure enjoyment, rowing about, or idly floating with the tide; watching the spars of a vessel appear on the far-off horizon, and slowly grow into a full-rigged schooner. Often a steamer puffed past, a long trail of smoke in its wake; its decks thronged with happy faced people, who had left their toil and trials behind in the dusty city, and were out for a gala-day; and to whom, after the heat of the crowded streets, the fresh breeze, the clear, blue sky, and the dancing, sparkling waves were a new revelation of beauty.

Sometimes a snowy-winged Canadian yacht flitted into view, passed in the distance, and disappeared where the sky met and lost itself in the emerald waves, its passage as swift and noiseless as the flight of the gulls overhead.

Floating thus, one might almost fancy, high upon some bold-faced bluff, incense arising among the pinnacles of the Temple of the Fire Worshipers, and feel the air fanned by the wing of the mystical albatross. Or drifting dreamily past the green shores, not be at all startled at coming upon the happy Lotus Land, and seeing the fair lotus fruits growing within reach.

Thus drifting, near shore, watching for the ferns growing in profusion in the little hollows between the bluffs, we came, alas! to grief.

In our eagerness to catch sight of the ferns we came too near the line of sinister rocks, whose points almost reach the surface. Suddenly, to our horror, there was a rasping, scraping noise, as part of the boat's length passed over one of these sharp points. We

looked at each other blankly, and Grace rowed with long, hard pulls. It was useless. The stern, wherein sat Mrs. Wood, the weighty one of our party, was fast on the rock, and we were slowly swinging round, as on a pivot.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Wood, "We have struck a rock; the boat is injured; we shall be swamped; we shall be drowned!" And a look of hopeless resignation came over her face at the fate in store for us; and as she gazed down into the clear water, in her mind's eye she already saw herself "food for fishes."

"Oh no!" said brave little Lizzie, we shall manage somehow, don't be frightened."

Another interval of vigorous rowing with the same result; and we looked wistfully over the water for a glimpse of Jack and his blue boat. One hour before we had left the pier with him in tow, but his gymnastic performances, standing on his head, or hanging his whole body overboard, had made us a little nervous, and as he had only laughed at our expostulations, Mrs. Wood had let go of the rope, and left him to go ashore as best he might with only a paddle.

Nowhere was there to be seen a glimpse of either the blue sailor jacket or boat. As far as we could see there was nothing but a sail slowly disappearing, and a gull lazily flying in the sunshine.

We turned our eyes upward toward the distant cottages on the bluffs, and wished ourselves safe within a hammock. No one saw us; and we remembered that the "Lords of Creation" were all in the city, and the boys gone on an exploring expedition in search of ferns and grasses.

Then each, mentally, measured the distance between ourselves and the white sand,— "So near and yet so far!" It was too far; the water too deep to be sure of one's reaching terra firma.

To be sure it was not such a bad thing, on a perfect day, to sit there watching cloud and water, sail and shore. The position was ludicrous, when one looked at the funny side,— four of us, rather pale through the tan, sitting there with folded hands, the boat turning slowly round and round. Unlike the wise men of Gotham, the "bowl was stronger," so the "tale will be longer."

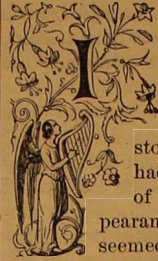
We hardly cared that any one should see us.

At last Grace, growing desperate, made an effort to get one oar under the boat and against the side of the rock, though expecting each moment to hear it snap in two. Luckily both oar and boat were stout, and with a push in which was concentrated all her strength she shoved the boat off the point. But the danger was not over. There seemed to be rocks on every side, and it took several minutes of dexterous turnings and twistings to get out into safe water.

We were rowed swiftly to shore, and clambered upon the pier, a little shaky about the knees, but disposed to laugh at our pitiable plight of ten minutes before, and mutually agreeing that we were not frightened in the least, oh no!

The Rose and the Butterfly.

BY MRS. C. S. NOURSE.



IN the rear of a row of handsome houses, which fronted upon one of the quietest streets of the great city, stood a small tenement, which had long withstood the storms of northern winter, and the appearance of the rough walls, which seemed to have been built of bricks taken from some burned building, was as unin-



tempting as it well could be, at the best of times; but upon the day of which I write, when the sky was leaden gray, and the rain falling in torrents, it was even more dismal than usual. Two small square windows looked out upon the blank wall of a large house opposite; but just at the end of the narrow alley appeared a light wire lattice-work, covered with the trailing branches of a tall, monthly rose, and through the narrow opening beyond, before the great wall shut out all else, one could get a glimpse from the window of the open sky and the little oasis of green which marked the yard of the great house.

At the window, wrapped closely in a faded shawl, sat a young girl. She was very pale, and it was easy to see by the weary look upon the lovely face, that she was extremely ill; but there was an expression of sweet patience about the gentle mouth, that gave it subtle

charm, which wins the heart in a moment. The small room was poorly furnished, but neat and clean; and the little window, where the invalid's chair was placed shone as brightly as that of any drawing-room. It had become the only pleasure of her suffering life to be lifted from her couch, and seated where she could catch a glimpse of the sky. To-day, she sat sadly gazing at the falling rain, absorbed in thought. She looked up as the door opened, and an elderly woman entered. A look of pitying tenderness came into her face as she looked at the girl, and passing her arm caressingly about her, smoothed her soft brown hair which hung in rich masses about her shoulders.

"Mother, I do so want to see a rose once more; they are all in bloom now in our old garden; but oh I cannot see them. I wish I could have one in my hand once more. I would love to be in the old garden, and look up and see all the sky."

"You are tired now, darling," the mother said, as she saw the tears standing in the lifted eyes. "You must lie down. There will be sunshine to-morrow, and you will see the sky you love so much."

The morning came, after the storm, clear and cool, and beautiful. The sunshine fell in golden shower over the broad streets, and glittered and danced upon the distant river; and even into the narrow alley, there fell a shaft of golden light like a ladder from heaven; and there upon one of the long sprays of the rose tree, which the fresh breeze had borne just in front of the little window, bloomed a fair white rose.

"Oh, mother," exclaimed the girl, softly, when by tender hands she had been placed in her accustomed seat, "did God hear? See, he has sent me a rose." As she spoke a beautiful butterfly flew swiftly by from the little garden, and alighted upon the flower. The sight seemed to thrill the heart of the child, for she looked up into her mother's face and whispered, "See; you know what you told me about the resurrection, that I should find my wings, like the butterfly, and go up, up, up, to the sky, and leave all the darkness behind. Mother, dear mother, you will not grieve—you will come!"

The butterfly rose gently into the clear sunshine, and flew swiftly away. The maiden's head drooped upon the mother's breast, and she saw all the sky.

When the fair form was laid to rest upon its lowly couch, a pure white rose rested upon the gentle heart that had believed God sent it, but the soul had risen into the upper air; it had found its wings more beautiful than those of the butterfly; a sweetness and glory surpassing that of the rose, and the mother believed it and was comforted.

A Two-Part Song.

BY F. M. W.

"Oh wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea;
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee,"



SANG a fresh, clear voice, and Dr. Maynard, laying down the book which he had only been making a pretense of reading, leaned back in his easy-chair, closed his eyes, and abandoned himself to the delight of listening. Under any circumstances, he would have enjoyed the sweet tones, but on that day, above all others, he was devoutly thankful for anything that would distract his thoughts from himself, for he was in that most trying of all conditions to a man, the state of convalescence. He had only just fairly entered upon his professional duties, but he had seen a great deal of sickness in the various hospitals in which he had studied, and he had always wondered why people made so great a commotion when they were sick, considering that those who bore pain patiently and philosophically were only performing their bounden duty; but now, alas, he had seen his citadel crumble beneath him, and all his pride of health vanish at one fell swoop, and he had found that to be patient in sickness required more long-suffering than a man generally possesses. For the first time in his life he had been dangerously ill, and with that feeling common to all mankind, he thought that he could not have been sick at a more inconvenient time, but he did not stop to consider what period he would have chosen to entertain that dread guest, pneumonia.

He had been in New York a month, and during that time had worked so assiduously that his senior partner, Dr. Whitney, had cautioned him against recklessly throwing away his health, but he had laughed at the advice, for he had never thought of the possibility of sickness attacking him. Had he not been in hospitals where he was brought in contact with every kind of contagion? He did not take into consideration that his will power was sufficient to ward off an ordinary attack of sickness, and indeed, up to that point where the will is of avail, he had been safe; but there had come a day when even that was obliged to succumb, and during the time when he had lain hovering between life and death, for once it had been obliged to lie dormant, but now it was beginning to assert itself again. On that morning, he had had a discussion, amounting almost to a quarrel, with his partner, because the latter resolutely refused to allow him to go out, insisting that a March day, with the wind blowing as it only can blow in that inclement month, and the mercury down to zero, was not a favorable time for an invalid to venture out, and Dr. Maynard had at last been obliged to yield, for he felt that he could not afford to risk a relapse, and he had, moreover, an uneasy consciousness that if he had been more amenable to advice he might have been spared all his sufferings, for he knew that he had ex-

posed himself in an entirely unnecessary manner. The discussion however, had made him tired and cross at the beginning of the day, so that it had seemed to him the most tedious of his convalescence; but they were all sufficiently tiresome with nothing to break their monotony but the other physician's visit, for Dr. Maynard had been too much occupied since his arrival to have time to look up his friends, and, indeed, he was not sure whether there were any who would remember him, for he had been abroad five years, a space of time long enough to have completely filled up the place he had once occupied. All the morning he had been wishing that some one would come in to see him, and each time that a servant had knocked, he had looked toward the door, half expecting to see some friendly face, but none had appeared, and the weary hours had dragged their leaden length along until now it was five o'clock, and already beginning to grow a little less bright as the sunlight, that had been shining in the room in cold fitful gleams all day, was gradually obscured by heavy clouds; but the prospect, of the long, dull evening by himself was rather more formidable than the recollection of the day, for he was tired of reading, and he had thought and thought until his brain was weary; if his thoughts had been pleasant, they might have refreshed him, but unhappily they were of a somber hue, for life had just begun to assume a hard phase for him, and he was not yet accustomed to the change that the last six months had wrought in his fortune, which had heretofore been amply sufficient for him, but which during that time he had seen dissolve like the baseless fabric of a vision. Happily, notwithstanding his wealth, he had never been afraid of hard work; so, although through no fault of his, he was left dependent upon his own exertions, he knew that they were no poor dependence, and his years of study were at once of use to him, for Dr. Whitney, an old family friend, offered to take him into partnership; and so he had come back to America, and really begun life. A hard beginning it seemed to him that day, and he was just wondering if any one was ever quite as friendless as he, when those sweet notes floated down to him. The singer was evidently determined to give the song such a practicing as Mendelssohn demands, and went over the lines, singing them again and again, but Dr. Maynard enjoyed it, and was heartily sorry when the voice was silent.

"I wonder who she is," he thought, and as he leaned forward to stir the fire, and the coal blazed up, he suddenly became aware that the room was not as gloomy as it had seemed an hour ago, in the fast-gathering twilight; it really looked quite cheerful, lighted by the fire; and he lay back against his chair with a more contented feeling than he had known for many a day. He had fancied that he never could feel at home in a boarding-house, but he was tired of hotel life and the location was desirable, so he had engaged the rooms and moved into them just before he was taken sick. He had heard that the other inmates of the house were pleasant people, but he had scarcely met any of them, for he had been so irregular at his meals that the dining-room

had usually been deserted before he reached it, but to-night he had a great desire to see some one, and the idea suddenly occurred to him that he would go in to dinner.

"I wonder if it would be imprudent," he thought, and then he opened his door and stepped into the hall, but that seemed as warm as his own room. "I do not believe it would be a risk, and I do not much care, I am so tired of staying here alone," and the longer he thought about it the more attractive it seemed, until finally, when the bell rang, he entered the room and took his seat by Mrs. Long, the lady of the house. She said a few words expressive of her pleasure at seeing him again, and then introduced him to those who were sitting near him, with whom he exchanged brief remarks, but soon relapsed into silence, for he was a quiet man, and scarcely yet felt able to make an effort to converse with utter strangers. He enjoyed listening to them, however, for it was pleasant to hear the news of the outside world, from which he felt that he had been so long secluded, and he was altogether in a happy frame of mind when the flow of talk was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of two ladies, who came in and took the vacant seats next to him. Before Mrs. Long could say a word, the one nearest him turned with a gracious smile, and said:

"I am sure this must be Dr. Maynard, about whom we have felt so much anxiety. Allow me to introduce myself, Mrs. Lane, and my cousin, Miss Arnold. We are very glad to see you among us again."

Dr. Maynard bowed; indeed that was the only thing he had an opportunity of doing, for the lady's volubility was great, and, without pausing a moment, she made a remark to her opposite neighbor, and then, except an occasional reply from one of the others, she entirely monopolized the conversation during the rest of the dinner. Dr. Maynard was at first amused, then somewhat annoyed, but he was obliged to acknowledge that she talked remarkably well, and the others were evidently too well accustomed to her flow of language to be surprised thereby. Miss Arnold said never a word, which was not surprising, considering she had not the least opportunity of doing so; and it was not until he rose from the table that he even saw her, for Mrs. Lane had seemed entirely to hide her when they came into the room, and yet she did not look like a person whom it would be easy to conceal, for she was fully as tall as her cousin, and conveyed the impression of being taller by her extremely straight and dignified bearing. In appearance they were a perfect contrast to each other. Mrs. Lane was fair, with a profusion of light curls, pale blue eyes, and a most vivacious manner; while Miss Arnold was a brunette, and, in contrast with her cousin's animation, looked as if she might have sat as a model for the Sphinx; but, for all that, she had an interesting face, and as she glanced up so that Dr. Maynard caught a glimpse of her brown eyes, he was not sure that he did not think her the handsomest of the two, and after he had reached his room he found himself speculating on their appearance, and wondering which was the musical one, for he remembered then that he had been

told that Mrs. Lane occupied the rooms directly over his.

After that evening, however, he had not much leisure for idle speculations of any kind, for his recovery was rapid, and he was soon able to resume his usual duties, so that for a fortnight he did not even see the ladies; but at the expiration of that time he found under his door one evening a card, with these words written on it:

"Mrs. Lane will be happy to see Dr. Maynard this evening at eight o'clock."

He had no special engagement, and although he had planned to improve the rare chance of a leisure hour in study, he suddenly gave up that idea, and was soon in Mrs. Lane's parlor. The room was well filled with people, all of whom were strangers to him, but his hostess took care that they should not long remain so, and very soon he was in close conversation with a scientific man whom he had long wanted to meet, and so engrossed did they become that he had quite forgotten his surroundings until he was recalled by the sound of some one singing, and recognized the voice as the same he had heard before. She was singing now a little love song, and the words seemed to float out on the air without any effort on the part of the singer, filling the room with delicious melody. At its conclusion, he became aware that Mrs. Lane was standing by him, smiling at his evident enjoyment.

"Has not my cousin a most lovely voice?" she said. I knew you were fond of music, so I felt sure you would enjoy hearing her."

"I had the pleasure of listening to her once before, though I did not know then whether it was yourself or Miss Arnold."

"Oh, it is always Lettice who sings. I have no voice at all, as she will tell you," she added, turning to Miss Arnold, who just then joined them.

"What am I to tell Dr. Maynard?" she asked, as she greeted him, and as she spoke her face lighted up so pleasantly that he at once decided that she was much handsomer than her cousin, although, judged strictly, Mrs. Lane's features answered to many more of the laws of beauty; but there was a cold look in her blue eyes, and her smile was so stereotyped that it was a relief to look at Miss Arnold, whose expression was constantly changing.

"My cousin does herself injustice," she said, warmly, as Mrs. Lane turned to speak to some one else. "She has a sweet voice, though it is not strong, for of course she does not practice as I am obliged to do."

"You must devote a great deal of time to it."

"Why should I not?" she said, simply, "it is my life."

"I can imagine no happier one."

"I am very happy generally, but sometimes I am utterly discouraged, and think I never can make anything of my voice, and I might as well give up the attempt."

He looked at her in astonishment, but she had spoken in such a way that he knew she had no thought of evoking a compliment from him, and before he could reply she went on:

"I know it is wrong, but I see so much that I ought to do, and am able to do so little."

"I suppose we never, any of us, attain our ideals," he said.

"No, but I am determined not to lower mine, and then—perhaps some day I shall accomplish something."

If I may be allowed to judge, I should think you had already accomplished a good deal."

"Not nearly as much as I hoped in the beginning, for music is my profession, and I give up my whole time to it."

Here the conversation was interrupted by Mrs. Lane's coming and carrying her cousin to the piano; but this time she did not sing alone, and although the song was, "Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast," Dr. Maynard did not enjoy it, for he suddenly conceived a violent dislike for the gentleman singing with her, and stood and glowered at him until they had finished, although even then he did not have any opportunity for further conversation with her, for one after another engaged her attention, until he finally had to leave with only a brief good-night.

It was wonderful after that to see how well Dr. Maynard contrived to arrange his professional visits so that he might always be in the dining-room promptly, and his exertions ought to have been rewarded with success, but he seldom had the good fortune to meet Miss Arnold, and when they were at the table together, Mrs. Lane usually was present also, and managed to monopolize the conversation. One day, however, patience had its sure reward, for coming in late to lunch, he found Miss Arnold the sole occupant of the dining-room.

He entered with alacrity, and as he took his seat by her, said:

"I am very glad that I have not to take a solitary lunch to-day."

"So am I," she said frankly. "That is usually my lot."

"Are you always late, too?" he asked, at the same time making a mental note of the fact.

"On three days in the week I give a lesson just at lunch-time, so I am glad to find that I am not the only one for whom the table has to wait."

"So am I, for I thought I was the sole transgressor, and I began to be afraid that I should exhaust even Mrs. Long's patience, although she seems to have a wonderful fund."

"I am sure she needs it. That is one thing I never could do," she added, emphatically.

"What?" he asked. "Possess a great amount of patience?"

"Oh no; I meant keep a boarding-house, although I do not know but the other would be quite as hard for me."

"It must be a veritable trial of patience for you to give music lessons. How can you do it?"

"How can you spend all your time going around visiting sick people?" she asked gravely.

Dr. Maynard laughed. "I suppose you mean that what we have to do, we do without thinking whether we like it or not; but that requires a great deal of bravery sometimes. For instance, I had a new piano sent here yesterday, and I should like very much to stay at home and play until dinner-time."

"A new piano! and I should be so much pleased to have you try it. If you have no engagement for this evening, will you and Mrs. Lane come into my room after dinner?"

"If my cousin can, I shall be very happy to do so," she answered; "but have you had no time to play on it?"

"No, I was out last night till twelve o'clock, and I thought if I serenaded you, the inmates of the house would rise up in revolt against me."

"I should have been delighted. How lovely it would seem, to be wakened by Schubert's 'Serenade,' or, I think, 'Traumerei' would be soothing."

"I wish I had nothing else to do this afternoon but play for you, and you could darken the room, and perhaps delude yourself into believing that it really was 'the stilly night.'"

"You forget that I have my duties also," she said, rising. "I am going now to give two lessons to the two worst children you ever saw."

"I am sorry for you."

"Oh, you need not bestow too much pity upon me; I have lived through it a great many times before, and I presume I shall to-day. Good-by."

"Until dinner-time," he added, as he too rose and went out on his round of duty, but several times that afternoon he found himself wondering how Miss Arnold was getting along with the naughty children, and if they had had the misfortune to come in contact with him, they would have received a lesson on the error of their ways that would have completely cured them of all evil propensities.

Happily Mrs. Lane had no other engagement, and so was graciously pleased to accept the doctor's invitation, and the piano was tried so effectually that if pianos were capable of feeling, it would certainly have wished itself back in the ware-room. They had a charming evening, and in the course of it, Mrs. Lane discovered that Dr. Maynard could sing as well as play, so she insisted upon Miss Arnold's bringing down her two-part songs that she might hear their voices together. Now, if a man has only a moderate amount of admiration for a woman, it is dangerous work to practice Mendelssohn together, for his songs seem to contain the very essence of the tender passion, and although he was not at all susceptible, Dr. Maynard felt that

"I would that my love,"

inflicted an irreparable injury upon him, and by the time they ended the concert with

"O wert thou in the cauld blast,"

he sang with such feeling that Mrs. Lane clapped her hands and encored so enthusiastically that they were obliged to repeat it, and as he sang

"The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen,"

he felt that he had never before half appreciated the beauty of the words.

From that evening, Dr. Maynard fell in love, as the saying is, with wonderful celerity, and so rapid was the march of the little winged god, that by the time the blossoms were fully

out upon the trees and the air was sweet with spring odors, he found that the thought of Lettice was interwoven with everything that he did; and as a great love increases the capacity for loving, so he went in and out among his patients with a new tenderness for them, as his heart seemed to overflow with joy and gladness that even the sick ones felt the influence and were cheered by it, and thus his love brought a blessing to others; and as for himself, he thought there never had been a spring when the grass was so green or the flowers so sweet, and he wondered if the sky had ever been so blue before, not realizing that the world was beautiful to him because it was brightened by "the light that never was on sea or shore." And yet he had never told Lettice that he loved her; he put it off from day to day, half dreading anything that should change their present relations, but he felt sure that she must know it, for had he not said so in every way except in words? His wooing had not been carried on without its disadvantages, and during its progress he had grown so heartily tired of Mrs. Lane that it would have been a relief to his feelings to have banished her into perpetual exile, for she was always present when he met Lettice, and he seldom could see her alone, even at the table. He had tried to be cool to Mrs. Lane, but she did not seem to resent such conduct, so he concluded that it hardly paid him for the trouble, and besides he was afraid that he might offend Lettice, who had the most intense admiration for her cousin. Unreasonable, Dr. Maynard called it, although he knew, for the girl herself had told him, that she was under great obligations to Mrs. Lane, for it had been through the latter's kindness that she had been able to come to New York for musical advantages, and yet, knowing all that, he thought it strange that she should evidently prefer her cousin's pleasure to his. Unreasonable, indeed! When was a man in love anything else? It was a pity that he had not taken Mrs. Lane into his confidence, for nothing would have pleased her better than to have had a veritable courtship progress under her patronage; but it did not occur to her that he had any special motive in his frequent visits to them; she simply thought that he had not many friends, and found their room pleasant and attractive, and if she had been questioned about it she would probably have said that he rather preferred her society to that of Lettice, for she had a great admiration for her own charms, and consequently was apt to underrate those of others. Miss Arnold, however, had had enough of the doctor's society to make her look forward to his visits as the brightest spot in the day, and if by chance when she was out, she saw approaching her a buggy drawn by a pair of white horses, her heart would flutter in the most foolish way imaginable, and yet, although she knew it was foolish, she did not chide herself as she ought to have done, for it gave a new zest to her daily walks to and from her lessons, and she too thought that spring-time was the loveliest season in the year, and that there never had been another spring half as pleasant as this. So the days flew by on golden wings to these two young people until June came, and Miss

Arnold's vacation commenced, and still Dr. Maynard had said no word of his love. A dozen times he resolved to tell her, but each time his courage oozed away before he had accomplished anything, until he came to the conclusion that he was the most arrant coward in the world. He had strong hopes that she would say yes to his suit, for he fancied that he could read something more in the brown eyes than merely a friendly feeling, and he wondered how he could ever have thought her cold, not reflecting that then she was like any one else in his eyes, while now she was to him the one woman in the world. At last the day came on which Lettice was to go home for three months, and on that morning the doctor sent to her a letter that he had spent half the night in writing, although at the same time blaming himself for his cowardice, but hoping nevertheless that she would overlook it. Mrs. Lane was in her element that day. She was to start for Newport in the afternoon, and she was too deeply absorbed in folding and packing her multitudinous gowns to notice that Lettice was quiet and abstracted, and that she made her preparations in as melancholy a manner as though she had been going to the ends of the earth instead of to her home, and to the simple people who loved her so well. Even when she had to go out for something that had been forgotten, the beauty of the June morning did not refresh her, for there was room for only one thought in her mind, and that was that she must have been mistaken in supposing that Dr. Maynard cared for her, for if he could let her go without saying anything, he could never have loved her at all. Ah! if she could only have seen that letter, but it came while she was away, and Mrs. Lane without glancing at it laid it on the bureau, so that she might be sure to remember it, but unfortunately she then proceeded to assort the contents of the drawers, and by the time Lettice returned, it was completely hidden by a heap of ribbons and laces, and the mere fact of its arrival had entirely slipped from her cousin's mind. So Lettice went away with a heavy heart, but the doctor's was still heavier when he came home at night and found that she had gone and left not a word for him. He was sure that she must have received his letter, for the servant said that he had given it to Mrs. Lane herself, and so he did not give up all hope of hearing from her, but every day he watched and waited, until at last his heart grew sick with hope deferred.

And in a quiet New England village a girl watched and waited until her heart also grew heavy and sad, and the kindly neighbors said: "Lettice must not go back to New York again, it does not agree with her," and she heard them, but thought she should never again care where she went, or what became of her. So Mrs. Lane was the only one of the three who really enjoyed the summer, and never a thought of the hidden letter came to trouble her mind until one day, in searching for a special bit of ribbon that she wanted, she spied it down in the bottom of her trunk where it had been lying all that time, while the want of it had been making so much trouble. She remembered all about it then, and for once in her life she was really distressed, as she drew

it out and read the direction. She had seen the doctor's handwriting before, and when she recognized it now, she acted on the impulse of the moment, and instead of forwarding it to Lettice, sent it to him, telling him how it had happened to slip into her trunk, and that in the confusion of leaving she had entirely forgotten it, and adding that she hoped he had not been seriously inconvenienced by its loss. It was an extremely graceful, lady-like note, but when Dr. Maynard read it, he gnashed his teeth, and said something under his breath about the pretty widow, which was not at all flattering, but as she was at that moment dancing at Newport, it did her no harm, and before he had fairly finished the note, he was rushing around like one distraught, and in an incredibly short time he had written to his partner, packed his bag, and started for the depot. When the cars were fairly in motion, and he had time to think connectedly, he remembered that he would not reach his destination until after eleven o'clock, and thinking that he should be considered as bordering on lunacy if he went wooing at midnight on Saturday in a staid New England village, he was finally compelled to give up all idea of seeing Lettice until the next day, though he came to that conclusion with great reluctance, and the night dragged itself out so slowly that he thought the sun would never rise; but at last the fair summer morning dawned, and at an early hour as he thought would be proper, he started out, having previously ascertained where she lived. Early as it was, however, the bells were ringing, and he began to be afraid that he should miss her, for there were already a number of people on their way to church, and if he had not been so much preoccupied, he would have seen that he was the object of many inquiring glances; but he saw nothing and thought of nothing but Lettice, for she came out of the house just before he reached it, and walked in the opposite direction toward the church. Mechanically he followed her, and quickening his steps as they reached the building, he entered and boldly walking up the aisle, sat down by her side in the old-fashioned, square pew. Although it was in church, and Lettice was usually a model of propriety, she could not keep back the happy flush that flooded her face as she raised her eyes to his, and when they stood up together, and sang from the same book,

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,"

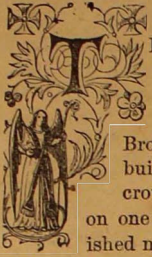
she did not try to hide the glad love-light that shone in her eyes.

Not a word was said as they left the church, but they walked home together, not through the street, but across fields that were lying fair and golden in the summer sunshine, and there he gave her his letter to read, and waited in a silence broken only by the singing of the birds and the humming of the bees until she had finished it, but then as he read his answer in the sweet face upturned to his, he put his arm around her, and drawing her to him, said softly:

"My darling, our love shall make our lives one grand, sweet, two-part song, as long as we both shall live, and the melody begun in our hearts to-day shall gladden us without ceasing until death do us part."

A Granite Carver's Romance.

BY GEORGE J. VARNEY.



THE roar of the vanishing train died away, and the sharp clinking of multitudinous hammers drew my attention. Broad spaces between the rude buildings near the station were crowded with blocks of granite on one hand, while on another, finished monuments of the same material in various colors stood about, and near by long tapering shafts, of half-hewn stone lay prone on their blockings.

"These inert masses, recently forced from their beds and the repose of centuries, are sooner or later to be fashioned, by patient labor, into forms of beauty; but how monotonous and discouraging such labor must be!"

Even as the reflection was passing, a melodious baritone voice within one of the sheds burst into a love song, and that in the smooth tongue of Italy. Curious to penetrate the mysteries of the "stone-yard," I turned toward the quarter whence the voice proceeded. Ere I could open the door the song ceased, and a young man, of dark but pleasant countenance, in a workman's dress, and hammer in hand, met my gaze. In the center of the apartment stood a rough pillar of white granite. Upon its surface the workman had marked off, with chisel and chalk, in proportionate points and spaces, the different members of the body—head, hands, elbow, feet—with the more prominent folds of the garments. A measuring tape and huge calipers hung over his arm, by means of which he had transferred to the pillar those exaggerated dimensions from a plaster figure so diminutive as to be amusing in comparison.

After a few remarks and questions regarding his work, I make the inquiry—"You are a native of Italy, I think?"

"Yes, of Tuscany."

"A Florentine perhaps, or a Pisan?"

"No, I am a borderer. My home was at Caraya, a little north of Lucca."

"I know the place: just where the Apennines come down to the sea, then turn finally away from the Gulf of Geneva toward the Adriatic."

"Yes."

"I suppose that you learned your trade of granite cutting there?"

"No, I worked on marble—in the quarries."

"Did you carve the marble in the quarries?"

"Oh no! we only split off the blocks there, and smoothed them a little. It was statuary marble."

"It seems a pity to smut the fair white marble with burnt powder, though I suppose it would readily wash off?"

"Oh! we never blasted, as we do with granite here. It would shatter the marble to bits. We just drilled holes and drove in iron wedges."

"I see. In that way you could split off the blocks of such size and shape as you desired."

He had been in the country long enough to speak in American idiom without painful effort.

There was nothing curt nor rough in his politeness; but I heard his hammer and chisel rapidly at work on the salient angles of the granite as I walked away.

Several weeks elapsed before I again visited our musical friend; a time sufficient to effect a considerable change in the appearance of the granite pillar. It had assumed the form of a woman in drapery—the figure still rude, it is true; but readily to be recognized as a representation of Hope. At this time, however, it was only a suggestion—not an expression—of the sentiment, requiring, certainly, an artist's eye and a vivid imagination to see in it anything more than—stone.

I could, therefore, only compliment the workman on the progress of his work. The young man was not in a cheerful mood, and seemed to grow more depressed as my stay continued. He had come to a point where anatomical knowledge and artistic genius are indispensable; for, as I previously remarked, the plaster model was too diminutive for the best workman to effect a perfect copy by measurements alone.

"Do you not weary of this incessant hammering?"

"My hand often does; my heart does not. Before I get weary of the work I grow to love the object."

"Like Pygmalion," I suggested, involuntarily.

"Yes," replied he, with a bright glance and a smile.

"Granite is a hard subject for art," I continued. The smile faded from his face, and he assented with a sigh.

The statue before us was a depressing subject. Its maker himself saw its defects too clearly to expect any praise, or to be encouraged by it if uttered; and I took refuge from silence and a flattering tongue in some further inquiries relating to his native land. Indeed, I was a little curious to know the manner in which a marble quarryman of Italy had been transformed into an American carver of statues.

"A quarry of fresh white marble must be a beautiful sight."

"Yes, it is. It was pleasant to see it gleaming through the trees as I went back from the port where we hauled it. I remember that I used to wish that I might work there wholly, and drive wedges and drills instead of donkeys. After a while, when I was about nineteen, I did."

"A little below, separated by a belt of laurels and a high wall, was the nunnery of St. Marie. It was all a beautiful sight."

"You spoke of driving donkeys. You seem to have been a teamster as well as a quarryman."

"Yes; I drove two donkeys on a truck with marble to the quay where it was shipped. But they had oxen for the larger blocks."

"And which occupation did you enjoy the most?"

"Ah! the teaming was the best after all, though I liked to see the long rifts open in the marble ledge, and it was quite a triumph to

watch and see the blocks safely placed upon the trucks."

"Yet you found donkey-driving less monotonous than driving drills and wedges?"

"No, I liked to make my mark upon the rocks. It was rather owing to the sights at the port, and the company I sometimes had on the road."

"And which chiefly?"

"Probably the pupils at St. Marie," replied he, laughingly. "I was pretty sure to have one or more with me every day."

"Ah! your chief enjoyment was love-making, it seems."

"No," he answered soberly. "We both knew that we must do nothing indecorous, or the nuns would find it out, and the girls would lose their rides and I my company. We sang a great deal."

"I have heard that the Tuscan girls are handsome and sprightly."

"Not always. Only one of my road companions was especially charming. Her figure was as graceful as the forms of the angels in the paintings in the cathedrals at Florence. Sometimes, when coming down without her, I used to imagine how she would look in marble."

"Perhaps her name is the same as yours now?" said I, with elation; for I began to scent an elopement of the most romantic style. He gave me an affrighted look.

"No," was his late-uttered reply. This answer gave intimation of a love that did not run its true course. I would not venture to probe his wound.

"I wonder why, with your fine perception of beauty, you did not become an artist in Italy." I had forgotten for the moment his complete failure as an artist in the work before us.

"Perhaps I might, if I had not come away."

He had yielded to my questioning the secret of his affection, and, finding relief in sympathy, he proceeded voluntarily to further unbosom his sorrow.

"Her family discovered our intimacy and prevented our meeting." He spoke in a low, soliloquizing tone, pausing between sentences to be assured that my interest continued. "Her father owned a cloth-mill in the glen, while my father was only foreman at the quarry, though his grandfather had been a nobleman when Napoleon changed the government of Tuscany."

"But if you had stayed you might have overcome the opposition. Your musical abilities are superior."

"Yes; I sang in the choir, and Catharine was the best soprano in the congregation; but her parents forbade her singing. My voice somehow grew different, uncertain, without those familiar tones. The others grew unfavorable to me, and I found it best to leave the choir. After that I had no heart for singing."

"Oh! but faint heart never won fair lady, you know."

"I have not told you the worst," he replied sadly. "The son of a neighboring nobleman paid his addresses to Catharine; her mates envied her and her friends flattered, until at last she told me that she must obey her father and close our intimacy. She wept as I em-

braced her, but she always avoided me afterward, and I often heard of her being in company with the young count." He closed with husky voice and eyes flashing.

"So you soon left Italy behind you?"

"Yes; nothing seemed pleasant to me about Caraya after this, and I thought I would see more of the world. A younger brother and a married sister would still remain near our parents. A shipmaster who came to the port needed a hand, and offered me the place, promising to aid me in getting work in the stone business in America. So I came with him to Boston, and a few days later a steamer carried me to the Penobscot. A letter from the captain at once procured me a job at Fox Island. My work there was dressing granite, which was about the same, but much more tedious than smoothing marble. I never lost but one day's work by fracturing a block.

"A few months later there was a call from H. for cutters for plain monumental work, and I was glad of the opportunity offered me to escape from a place so rough and dreary. Here I have been rapidly advanced from plain work to statues."

His triumphant expression in closing this recital quickly gave place to depression again as he looked upon the unsatisfactory figure before him.

"Have you studied works on sculpture?"

"Very little. I ought to know about my own countrymen, but I have only read the lives of Michael Angelo and Canova."

"Have you ever practiced drawing?"

"A little since I came here. I used to draw sometimes on the broken blocks with a burnt stick, at the quarry in Italy."

I left a life of Rossini, the musical composer, for him at the hotel where I stopped, and which he also made his home. I hoped it might turn his thoughts to improving the gift of music, which he surely had.

A few weeks later I was at H. again. Meeting one of the proprietors of the granite works, he showed me into an apartment where the group called "Damon and Pythias" was being cut in granite. The figures were scarcely life size, and the piece quite complicated. The execution was mechanical, and the beholder would not, for a moment have held the impression from it of any fabric lighter than stone in the drapery, nor of life in the figures.

On entering the room of our musical granite cutter who wrought on the statue of Hope, I instantly observed an astonishing change in the work. My thought was that some one of America's best sculptors had been called in, and that this life-like, almost speaking, entirely beautiful figure had been finished under his direction. A few moments' conversation undeceived me. My friend was in the most cheerful spirits. He had a fortnight's more work to do on the figure, he said; but I could not see where. The simple stone-cutter had at once developed into a sculptor, the mechanic into the artist.

It was not the conventional figure of Hope that stood before us, but a fresh conception, its attitude showing—not the assurance of trust, but hope on the lifted face, and passionate longing in the hands folded at the breast.

"My friend," said I, enthusiastically, "you ought to work in marble from your own designs. You should commence the study of the masters in the art at once."

I had entered the apartment determined to urge him to give up his plan of becoming a sculptor, and to devote his fine musical powers to some practical use; but the purpose fled from that beautiful presence.

"The design is my own," replied the sculptor, nodding his head toward the miniature plaster. "I had no clay, and I worked up the cast from a plaster block."

"How did the inspiration come to you on the granite? It was a discouraging piece of stone when I last saw it."

He hesitated a moment, looking coldly upon me; then his frown passed away, and he replied softly:

"It came to me by a woman."

My question had been a mere expression of wonder, rather than an actual quest for knowledge; but the answer awoke my liveliest curiosity. He noted the expression, and though I uttered no further query, influenced by the regard he had shown toward me from my first visit, he proceeded, with characteristic ingenuousness, to relate the incident which had been of such advantage to him.

"At the time of your previous visit," said he, "I was utterly discouraged. I suppose my eyes and mind were confused by so many strokes and never a correct line attained. Anyway the clear image which was in my mind at first had all vanished away; and at that stage of the work the model ceased to be of use. It was so small that measurements were inadequate to convey the proportions perfectly, in fact, it was itself imperfect. Therefore, as I have said, I was utterly discouraged in regard to becoming a sculptor. In this mood I one day stood in my door, there, when a young lady passing up the street caught my gaze. There was something peculiarly beautiful in her figure and movement, or my attention would not have been attracted. She looked about upon the rough stones as, with the carriage of a princess, she stepped along the walk. Coming to a convenient block she sat down, playing a few notes on an accordion as a small boy carrying a tambourine approached. The boy, beside the tambourine, carried a small valise. He was evidently her companion, but was disinclined to use his tambourine, and sat down at her side. Pretty soon she arose, and skipping over the blocks to that high one, she stepped upon it, and stood like a statue upon its pedestal. She seemed trying to look over the hill, as though her heaven lay behind it. Her hat had fallen off as she stepped upon the rock, so she stood with head bare in the declining sun. She was too far away for me to distinguish her features, but the general figure was distinct, and her attitude grew more and more expressive of the very subject of this statue. Her face turned toward the hilltop, her hands were folded at the breast; head, neck, and shoulders, were clearly defined; and a large square shawl hung in such elegant folds as could be possible only over a perfect form. 'Ah, my Hope!' I exclaimed, under breath, as the conception sprang into

perfection in my mind. This was at the first assumption of this attitude. The curves about the head and breast became more decided; the drapery below conformed more to the figure, which now apparently increased in elevation. Had she unfolded hidden wings and flown away, I should then hardly have been surprised. At that moment the little boy spoke to her. With a startled glance toward these sheds she turned away, and stepped proudly down. The pair immediately resumed their walk, and I turned to my work."

"I should have thought you would have followed them and made the lady's acquaintance."

"That would have been to abandon my good fortune. I should have lost the image which, every time I shut my eyes, I seemed for days after to see upon the rock. It has enabled me to delight you with this statue."

I thanked him warmly for the narration, and said, "Keep your job here, devote much time to drawing, modeling in clay, and study the masters' works. You will find a good field in granite; for out-door statuary is in increasing demand, and granite in our climate is better suited to this purpose than marble."

It seemed strange to me that the sculptor had no personal interest in the lady who had so unwittingly served him as model; but such seemed to be the fact. It was not so with myself.

Soon after this visit, a friend of mine in the suburbs entertained me with an account of a beautiful female minstrel who had passed that way several weeks before, accompanied by her little brother. My friend was much pleased with their performance at her door, which seemed to have been the only halt they made. I had no difficulty in identifying the minstrel as the person who had furnished my friend with his inspiration. It was, certainly a great pity that the sculptor had not made the acquaintance of his model; for she might have brought him a permanent inspiration of artistic skill.

A month later I visited the place again. The statue of Hope was gone, and my friend's apartment was deserted. I learned at the office he had gone to C., to supervise the erection of his statue.

"Oh, I have got something interesting to tell you!" exclaimed my friend before mentioned, as she ushered me into her boudoir.

"I have made the acquaintance of the beautiful minstrel, and have her little brother, Pietro, in the house. It is quite a romance."

"Indeed! Tell it to me while I am recovering breath lost in climbing your everlasting hills."

"Well, the little boy was taken sick the very night I first saw them. They stopped at a house a mile or more toward W., from the quarries; and the boy, who has had a fever, only got so as to be moved two days ago. I happened out there a week since, and heard of them. Being very much interested, as you were, I called to see if I could be of any service. Don't you think they are Italians? and the girl had come here in search of her lover, who was a stone-cutter. As soon as she and Pietro could find their way from the cars

to the stone-yard she began to sound her accordion. No one was in view, and she could not perceive that there was any office; and, knowing herself to be unacquainted with American customs, she could think of no way so proper as to call with the music the attention of some one who would give her information. At the sound of the tambourine a boy came out of one of the buildings and began to talk to her in a haughty manner. She could understand very few of his words, but readily comprehended that he was ordering them not to play in the vicinity of the stone-works. She inquired in as good English as she was mistress of, whether Bernard Cardona was there. She understood his reply to be that he was not, but might be seen at night."

"The hard-hearted wretch!" cried I. "He was, no doubt in his room at the moment. Bernard Cardona is the carver of that marvelous statue of Hope."

"Oh! what a shame! And so much sorrow might have been prevented if she had only known. But all the charms of her person and voice were lost upon that office boy. But there was a well-dressed stranger sauntering by who observed them. He stopped; and as she turned to leave the spot he addressed her with: 'My fair girl, your friend is doubtless out to the quarries just now. If you allow me I will show you the road.' She expressed her thanks, and he walked along with her. The presence of the boy seemed to annoy him. As they reached the hotel her guide said to her in an insinuating voice, 'You are too lovely to be allowed to walk so far. It is nearly three miles to the quarries, and the rough people you must meet on the way will be sure to insult you. You must let me carry you.'

"Startled by these statements she again expressed her gratitude. Asking her to walk slowly along the street while he went to the stable for his team, and saying that he would overtake her in a few minutes, he left the pair just commencing their walk up the street on the opposite side of the stone-yard. It must have been at this time that she stood upon the rock, and unconsciously became the model for that noble statue. Presently the man who had thus taken her in charge approached in a covered box-wagon. Alighting, he offered to assist her in, advising that her brother had best go back to the hotel, as the carriage afforded room for only two.

"No," she replied, 'Pietro must not leave me.'

"It will be impossible, Miss, for three of us to ride in this small space; we would upset," insisted the scheming cavalier.

"Then we will go on foot," replied Catharine, firmly.

"Just as you please," retorted the villain, with an oath, and hitting his horse a severe blow with the whip, he went off up the hill.

"It was late when they reached the quarries, and the boy so tired and sick that she could not make inquiries that day. And they had to go a mile before they could get supper and lodging. From that night she never left Pietro's room for half an hour until within a week. Then she learned the truth about her lover. She sent word to him, but he had gone to C. She had a deed of some land there which

needed to be looked up; so she thought best—as she got explicit directions where to find Bernard—to go while he was there, and I undertook to take care of little Pietro while she was away."

"What was her name?"

"Catharine Olgati."

"The very one! Bernard came away from Italy because he thought she was going to marry a nobleman's son."

"Yes, she told me about it. It's the nicest little romance. It was the son of Count Brusini, whose estate lay on the shore southward of Caraya, who paid her attentions. Her family were very desirous that she should make them such a high connection. Indeed the young Count had come to be treated as almost a member of the family by her father. One day the young man wished to see M. Olgati's deed of his mill property along the stream, and he took the young gentleman up to his private room, and opened the iron chest in which he kept his most valuable treasures. Several weeks after, while M. Olgati was absent at Florence, selling his cloths and buying wool, the young Count paid Catharine a visit. After he had gone, as she thought, she went to her room. On looking out an hour later, she saw the housemaid let him out of the door again, when the precious pair parted with an embrace. After this, of course, she refused to see him. It seemed that he did not now care much, as her father, after a while, found out. Times were growing hard for the cloth manufacturer, and he was in great need of money; but Count Brusini, to whom, in better times, he had made large loans, professed to be unable to pay anything. Then Catharine's father, being sorely pressed, demanded payment. The Count now replied that he did not owe him anything, that whatever small sums he had borrowed in times past had been repaid long ago. The manufacturer now went to his iron chest for the notes, in order to commence legal proceedings, when, lo! they were not to be found. In consequence M. Olgati failed, and soon after he fell out of a high window of his mill into the rocky stream and was killed. This was a year or more after Bernard went away. The family were in great straits for a long time.

"Finally, the relatives of her elder brother's wife secured the factory, and her brother became the manager of the business.

"The housemaid had been dismissed soon after the discovery of her amour with Catharine's gallant. At length, being upon her death-bed, she confessed to a priest that she had been bribed to let the young Count Brusini into M. Olgati's private room, and to keep him from being interrupted while there. With this evidence the family succeeded in frightening the Count into a settlement by accepting, for a chief part of their claim, deeds of certain tracts of land in this country. Catharine had learned from his sister where Bernard was located. Having accepted the American property as her own and Pietro's portions, she set out in search of her lover and her fortune. She had a small sum of money, and to secure her in case of the loss or exhaustion of this fund, she took her accordion—a fine instrument in her hands, as you would confess—and sailed for

America, with no companion nor friend except her little brother. They soon found their way here. The rest is already known to you. She was in time to bring her lover an artist's inspiration. Oh! why could they not have known each other then? But their eyes were holden; the evil powers which met her and drove her away on her first approach seemed still to have found other obstacles to interpose."

"So," said I, "they have set this new Evangeline to take up again 'the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor,' to wander alone and to cry,

'O Gabriel! O my beloved!
Art thou so near to me, and yet I cannot behold thee!'"

It was in no very amiable mood that, in going down town a little later, I met and saluted the overseer of the granite works.

"We heard from your friend Cardona yesterday," said he; "the statue is placed all right, and is much admired. We have a newspaper in the office with a notice of its erection, and praising it highly."

"I am glad to know that his work is appreciated," replied I coldly. "At what time will Mr. Cardona return?"

"That is a little uncertain yet. He is going to Italy before coming back."

"Going to Italy!" cried I, excitedly. The man looked surprised. Recollecting myself, I inquired when he would start. The overseer did not know.

Having obtained his address in C., I hastened to the telegraph office, and sent a dispatch of inquiry. Two hours later I received the reply that he had left—whither was not known.

"Oh dear, that happiness should come so near, and they miss it after all," lamented my friend, as I communicated to the family this intelligence.

"If he had only stuck to his job here, as I advised him, instead of rushing off to Italy in search of a doubtful advantage, he might have won happiness as well as fame and competence."

"Don't you suppose that he went to meet Catharine rather than to study art? He must have heard from his sister of her changed circumstances, and her interest in him."

"Possibly. It is a thousand pities that he had not recognized her upon the rock. But he was so absorbed in his work that he saw only a model; and now, may be, he can only think of his lady-love."

"Perhaps they have met after all. We never can tell."

"I hope so."

The next day the New York dailies brought to town an account of the arrest of an Italian calling himself Count Brusini, for robbing a lady of her satchel. He had been paying unwelcome attentions to the lady, a beautiful young Italian, in the car; and as the passengers left it at the depot, he snatched the lady's portmanteau from her hand and hastened away. A gentleman named Cardona had been watching him, pursued, and seized the stolen satchel; and when the robber turned upon him, knocked him down. The police and the lady came up together, and the facts quickly

became known. Brusini was taken in charge, and the lady, accompanied by the rescuer of her property, went on her way rejoicing.

This could but be regarded as another act in the little drama we were watching with such interest; for surely the lady with the satchel could be no other than Catharine.

"The villain has followed her to this country to rob her of those deeds, as he did her father of the notes," was my comment on the item.

Of course there were two persons who were highly delighted at this *denouement*, without counting the little brother; and we eagerly looked for the return of the happy pair.

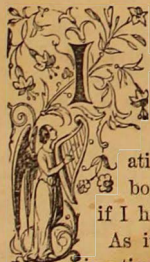
We had not long to wait; they arrived next day, coming directly to my friend's house.

"She shall be my guest until she has a home of her own," said my generous little lady. "It is my right as well as my duty to be her chaperon until she has a husband to protect her."

Our friends now occupy a pretty cottage within sight of our home, and are speedily becoming favorites in our village society. Mr. Cardona still plies his chisel on the finer granite work. Several choice models and finished statuettes have already proceeded from his hand to decorate his own home or those of his friends; while the granite company are gaining patronage from the work of the sculptor whom they have had the wisdom to retain in their service.

Mignonette.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.



WAS married at last. Strangers who knew but little of me, wondered that I had not been married before. My relatives, friends, and our neighbors would have wondered more if I had been.

As it was, they congratulated me in a timid, half-hearted manner, while I knew in their secret souls they were pitying the "poor dear man" who had been attracted by my pretty face and lady-like manners, and had married me after a month's acquaintance. The fact was, that I was subject to fits of passion or temper, that sometimes amounted to a fury. I seemed to have no command over myself at these times. A seemingly trivial thing would bring on one of those "onaccountable spells," as grandmother had it, that sometimes almost seemed like insanity.

My husband was a widower, with one child. A tender, good man, subdued in manner, a rare scholar, and a perfect gentleman.

I loved him with my whole soul, and had reason to think my love was fully reciprocated.

To the surprise of my friends, months went on and failed to bring about a recurrence of my strange fits. True, a pang of jealousy often rent my heart when my husband dwelt

upon the beauty and sweetness of his "little Mignonette," who lived with her grandmother, and whom I had not yet seen.

But I kept these feelings a secret. My husband had never seen in me yet anything to alarm him as to my temper.

I prayed night and day that he might not, ever.

Little Mignon, as I choose to call her, was to come home to us the next week.

I said to myself, I will try to love her for her father's sake. I hope I have nobility of soul enough in me not to be jealous of a child, even if she does bear a likeness to her sainted mother, as my husband was in the habit of calling his first wife.

Little Mignon came. She was a lovely child, about eight years of age, with beautiful blue eyes and rich tresses of heavy auburn hair.

Her father appeared at first to be a little disappointed in her. She seemed to have entirely forgotten him in the three years that he had absented himself from her. She looked upon him as a stranger. His grave, serious manner awed her. But her little heart went out at once to me.

She called me her "pretty mamma." She followed me about like my shadow, till I grew to love her as myself.

Oh, we had happy, happy hours together! Happy months and years.

But there came an evil day. Evil days will come, some darker than others. This one had the blackness of the pit. This one seemed to shut out the mercy of God.

Mignon was sixteen now, and had grown to be a beautiful woman. She had many suitors, but I, with my jealous eyes, could not see that she favored any of them. I, who had not a child of my own, could not bear to think of parting with her—could not bear to think of her loving any one as well as she had loved me. My husband was failing in health. His physicians declared that he could not last long. This sent a pang to my heart, but I rejoiced that in the eight years of our happy wedded life, he had never seen an exhibition of the terrible temper that had been the curse of my youth.

If he must leave me, Mignon would be left. Sweet, patient, loving Mignon, so much like her father in temper and disposition.

My evil day dawned as brightly as did the first morning in Eden.

Mignon came into my chamber quite early with her white apron filled with flowers. Her face was radiant with beauty, health, and girlish happiness.

"These are all for you, mamma," she said, dropping the fragrant mass into my lap. "Let's arrange them." Then putting her white arms about my neck, she cried, "Oh I have such a surprise for you! Papa knows all about it! But it will keep until this afternoon; so have your dear little ears wide open for news!"

She blushed scarlet at my eager, inquiring look, and ran out of the room, but not until I had caught sight of a sparkling ring upon her finger.

The truth came to me in a minute. She is

engaged, I thought, and without asking my consent! The demon within me that I thought was exorcised had only slept.

By the time that we had assembled in the drawing-room, after our noon dinner, it had taken complete possession of me.

We sat in silence for some time after the dessert was removed, when all at once, Mignon arose, kissed her father, then coming over to me took both my hands in hers, hid her pretty, blushing face in them, and said: "Mamma, I am engaged to Paul Darrow; we are to be married Christmas day! Will you give me your blessing?"

At these words such passion as I never knew before shook me as a forest tree might be shaken by a tornado!

I rose from my chair and in my blind fury struck Mignon to the floor! I not only prostrated her, but beat her with my clenched fists; the cruel blows rained down on the dear sweet face that I loved so madly, and on the slender form, till all semblance of life seemed gone forever.

My poor weak husband took his child in his arms without alarming the servants, and carried her to her room.

I was found in one corner of the dining-room in a heap, "overcome," so the servant declared, "by the heat and in a faint!"

For two weeks I lay in the delirium of fever!

In my ravings I called, so they said, incessantly for Mignon! My sweet daughter! My poor lamb!

My husband visited my room but seldom. When he did his face was very pale, and he never gave me a smile!

He would afford me no satisfaction about Mignon.

Once when I questioned him and begged him to let me see her, he asked me if I would like to look upon her *dead face*?

I shrieked, and from that time never asked after her. We lived together for years, in spite of his delicate health, but we were no more one in spirit.

All I could find out was that Mignon was taken away in a close carriage the next day after my fiendish cruelty, but whether she was dead or alive, or where she went, I knew not!

* * * * *

Twenty years have passed since my evil day, and I am a lonely old woman, widowed and childless! But I have had to-day the greatest earthly vision that God ever permitted a mortal to enjoy. Mignon, my Mignon, a beautiful woman of thirty-eight, came to see me in my lonely home, bringing her son and daughter, well grown and sweet mannered like their mother.

I fell upon my knees and asked her forgiveness for the past, and she, angel that she is, rained kisses and tears on my face and hands: the cruel hands that had caused her such suffering!

She had been sent back to her grandmother, and in one year after had married Paul Darrow and settled in the West.

The demon is dead!

The Philosophy of Punning.

"Puns, new and old,
Glitter like gold."



SOME of the sayings of our humorists are so full of vitality they palpitate with life, and "almost bleed if you touch them." The comical comes of the "sudden relaxation of the serious pressure upon us." Now the weight of a great sorrow presses tears out of the heart, then an awkward speech, or ridiculous gesture, provoke irresistible laughter. The quick jolting out of the rut of ordinary sensation and experience shakes the risible faculties in spite of the frigid attempts to maintain a cold feeling of nonchalance, and the icy indifference, mistaken by some persons for true dignity and lofty loyalty to aristocratic emotion and culture. Aventine laughed himself to death at hearing an absurd story. Holmes said he dare not be "as funny as he could."

Lowell made Massachusetts grin from the Connecticut line to Cape Cod (a broad grin) over a humorous song, which revolutionized the politics of the "Old Bay State." John G. Saxe excused himself for disappointing a lyceum audience by telegraphing to the president of the association that a misadventure on the railroad had detained him; and that he could not go without "the locomotive—the only motive for riding on a rail." A good double pun: and it is of puns and punning I wish to speak. Punning is not the highest form of wit: and he who constantly uses it, says the witty Boston doctor, "is like a business man who pays his debts with pennies or postal currency, and disburses small change on all occasions; because he keeps no bank account, and has nothing valuable on deposit." The distinguished poet and humorist adds: "A punster is like a boy putting pennies on a railroad track; he may upset a whole freight train of conversation in his efforts to flatten a witticism." The habit of coining puns is almost as bad as literary larceny, because it debases the currency of language, and encourages the circulation of counterfeit thought and diction. It must be admitted, however, that some of the most brilliant writers and orators, and some of the greatest wits and humorists, have succeeded in putting a vast deal of meaning into a pun. Hood said that if he were "punished for every pun he shed he would not have a *puny shed* in which to hide his *punished head*." Again he said, he "told the sexton and the sexton *toll*ed the bell." Daniel Purcell, the famous punster, was desired to make an extempore pun. "Upon what subject?" said Daniel. "The king," answered the other. "Oh, sir," said he, "*the king is no subject*." A London bookseller advertised the "Memoirs of Charles the First, with a *head capitally executed*." A facetious man of the name of Bearcroft told his friend, Mr. Van-sittart, "Your name is such a long one, I shall drop the *sittart* and call you Van, for the future." "With all my heart," said he; "by the same rule, I shall drop *craft* and call you

bear." "What is the matter?" inquired a passer by, observing a crowd collected around a black fellow, whom an officer was attempting to secure to put on board an outward-bound whale-ship from which he had deserted. "Matter—matter enough," exclaimed the delinquent—"pressing a poor negro to get *oil*." "I live in Julia's eyes," said an affected dandy in Colman's hearing. "I don't wonder at it," replied George, "since I observed she had a *sty* in them when I saw her last." The attempt to run over the King of the French with a cab, "looked like a conspiracy to overturn monarchy by a *common wheel*," exclaimed a wit. A person speaking of an acquaintance who, though extremely avaricious, was always abusing the avarice of others: "Is it not strange that this man will not take the beam out of his own eye before he attempts the mote in other people's?" "Why, so I dare say he would," cried Sheridan, "if he was sure of selling the *timber*."

Fun is a fine art, and demands the use of esthetic taste—of fine feeling, of sound sense, of delicate fancy. Coarseness will spoil a witticism or a sunburst of humor. Wit is full of spirit and will not yield to the bit and bridle of tyrannic rule. It leaps over, or breaks through the fences of philosophy and rhetoric, as untamed horses do through or over hedges, to get into good clover. You cannot reduce a pun to rules. It cannot be weighed and measured like parcels in a drug store. A joke analyzed, taken apart, and put together again, is like an addled egg shaken in the shell—it is unmarketable and dangerous to *crack*. The risible faculties have little respect for logic and mathematical calculations. It is impossible to limit a laugh by the use of a yardstick, or to ascertain its weight by the employment of grocers' scales. The genuine pun may span both wit and humor, or it may embrace only one of these intellectual qualities. Its point may stick out, so to speak, in a word having a double meaning, in a sentiment which half reveals and half covers incongruity of thought and speech. Wit laughs at everybody, and as John Van Buren would have said, "it can whistle at a funeral." Humor laughs with everybody and leaves no sting behind it. Hazlitt says, "it is closely allied to pathos, and seems to secrete tears." Harry Clapp, who was the king of the New York Bohemians, speaking of hard times a score of years ago, said that "beef was never so high since the cow jumped over the moon." That was a genial sunburst of good nature, hurting no one, not even the man in the moon, and if he has a particle of mirth in his make-up he must have laughed when he heard it, although he is cold and distant. Wit is cranky and scornful, and it seems to take delight in hitting one with quotations and pricking another with invidious contrasts. "It tosses analogies in your teeth, and it shoots its feathered shafts before you can lift a shield." Humor carries a benediction in its face, its voice cheers like music, and it has a smile and a good word for every one. The punster often carries the stiletto of wit and the mask of humor. He employs his intellectual pyrotechny for the amusement and for the edification and not

infrequently for the punishment of others. "I will *spit* upon the Whig platform," said Horace Greeley. "Then you will not *expect-to-rate* as a Whig," said a wag. Foote, seeing a violin player in front of his house said, "one *scraper* at the door is enough." Charles Lamb who stuttered with his tongue but not with his pen, seeing a man playing at cards with hands that needed washing, said, "If dirt were trumps what a *hand* you would hold." Herold, an egotistical scribbler, once met Douglas Jerrold, and said to him, "You are an author, so am I an author; we are both rowing in the same boat." "Yes, but with different *sculls*," said Jerrold. Theodore Hook seeing the sign of a bear in front of an inn, said to the landlord, "I suppose what you have to drink is of your own *bruin*." Sheridan went to a public meeting before it was organized, and failing to get a seat he cried out, "will somebody *move* that I may take the chair." Some one advised the use of lager as a *tonic*. "It is *Teutonic*," said a wit. A student in a Latin class asked his teacher for a goose, but he got no *anser*. The younger Adams's were disappointed because their father, Charles Francis Adams, failed to get the nomination for President, whereat a wit exclaimed, "the Adams's never did take stock in anything above *Pa.*"

"How have you escaped the catastrophe of the Commune?" asked the Russian ambassador of Rothschild. "We Israelites," said the great financier, "have the privilege of *crossing the Red Sea dry shod*." It has been said of Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes,

Although his profession runs into the ground,
And some of his patients sleep under the mound,
His wit could awaken their risible cough,
Though their spirits had gone where the Croton's cut off.

When Sheridan solicited the votes of the shoemakers of Stamford, England, he exclaimed, "May the *trade* of Stamford be *trampled under the foot of all the world*." The shoemakers did not see the point, and they were deeply offended. They did not follow the *thread* of his speech, they *waxed* wrathful and he did not get *awl* their support, their *soles* were lifted with disgust, their *last* respect for him was exhausted.

Sydney Smith says "that our pleasure arising from a 'bull' proceeds from our surprise at suddenly discovering things to be dissimilar, which we have thought to be similar." Pure wit, not always put into puns, is born of sense and imagination, and like pure poetry it is the offspring of genius; and yet it is a humbler child of the same royal family. Wit changes the tone and tenor of a thought as a flash of lightning reverses the polarity of the mariner's compass. It dissolves dissimilarities and incongruities, so that they fuse and flow into moulds of fancy to suit the wish of the caustic surveyor of events and of human history. The pun either touches "two ideas with one expression, or it touches two objects with one idea."

Henry Ward Beecher said, "You *dam* the river of my speech with your applause, and I do not want to be *dammed*." An Irishman remarked that a toper's nose was like a *volcano because of the eruptions of the cratur*. Goldsmith's Maid is a "*musical mare* (said some

one) because she beats her own time." He is a gentleman and a sculler was said of one of the Harvard boatmen. A sailor kissed a young lady, she boxed his ears and he exclaimed, "That's my luck, I am wrecked again on the coral reef." "Are you building a castle in Spain?" said a lady to her guest, who was looking seriously into his coffee cup. "Only looking over my grounds in Java," was the answer. A young lady of fortune would have accepted the hand and heart of her beau if he had promised to give up his habit of smoking.

"But he, when thus she brought him to the scratch, lit his cigar, and threw away the match."

There are puns that buzz and sting like angry wasps; and there are puns that hum as musically as golden bees that bring honey and leave no stings. An old gentleman who had seen better days, but who still retained a considerable stock in family pride, called my attention to a valuable team of four mules, the property of one of his relatives. "They are my brother-in-law's," said he. Some one speaking of a certain school of politicians, who manipulate ward and city politics to suit their own convenience, said that they were born with their fingers in rings. It may have been the same writer who was alluding to a committee of city magnates, said, "They put their heads together to make a wooden pavement." "Why was it so hard and difficult to get Andy Johnson out of the presidential chair?" inquired a curious individual. "Because he went in tight," was the answer. Not unfrequently the imitative faculty helps to illustrate and enforce a witticism; it is like feathers added to the Parthian arrow. "Can you tell me the way to Cork?" inquired a traveler of an Irishman named Kenny. "No," said he, "but this is the way," lifting a bottle to his lips, "to Kilkenny." Perhaps the benevolent gentleman who solicited aid for the poor did not think of punning when he said, "Every cord of wood given to a poor widow is recorded in heaven." Sydney Smith, who will be remembered for his wit when the wisdom and eloquence of his sermons and essays have been forgotten, told a missionary who was going to preach to the heathen, that "he hoped he would agree with the cannibals who would eat him." There is more ill manners than wit in the following farewell of two lovers (!): "Good night, my deer," said the man; "Good night, my boar," said the young woman. Another lover, who was courting a very rich and very ugly woman, said it was not her face but her figure that attracted him. The following is fresh and sparkling: a young lady arose and took an early walk in the meadows on summer mornings before she sat down to breakfast: "Let her have dew on her," remarked a wag. It was an Irishman who said love is a tinder sentiment before it becomes a flame.

Here is a proof that the ruling sentiment of humor was strong in death. A soldier had been shot down in our late civil war, and his cheek had been torn away; while he was prone and bleeding on the ground, one of his comrades asked him if he could do anything for him. "Well," said he, in a whisper, "I should like a drink of water if I had the face to ask for it." This is a pleasant play upon

words: "When women vote we shall have a handsome majority." If long-winded orators will read and heed the following, it may relieve a suffering people: "A smooth bore of a speech scatters like a needle gun." Another said that "the organ of speech was an organ without stops." And this is good advice: "Hem the morning with devotion and the hours of the day will not unravel." "Women will be ciphers, while men are vulgar fractions," said a gallant reformer. "Some books are like Acts of Congress, to be read by their titles and then passed." "It is dangerous to go to church when there is a cannon in the doctrines, a great gun in the pulpit, and a strong man to make the charge." "Wanted the life of Napoleon, with or without cuts." This has a sting in it: He has an ought on the wrong side of the digit, and the multiplication of figures does not add to his importance. The wit of Archbishop Whately, especially his after-dinner wit, sparkled like salt in fire; his facetious sallies and happy hits were unstudied and apropos. When Dr. Gregg, who had been made Bishop of Cork, was dining with Whately, the wine stood untasted before him for a considerable time, when the Archbishop quaintly observed: "Come, though you are John Cork, you must not stop the bottle here." The answer of Dr. Gregg was just as apt: "I see your Lordship is determined to draw me out." The brilliant wit of these gentlemen had a substratum of common sense, large intelligence, and sensitive conscience.

Now and then, here and there, we find the kernel of wit in the nuts of toasts cracked at dinner parties. Some printers, the men of the "art preservative of arts," uttered this sentiment: "May you have plenty of small caps for the heads of original articles." In the bar-room quarrels over politics the eyes and the nose decide the disputes, that is when they are spirited.

When a good lesson crops out of a pun, its flavor of wit or humor has a direct tendency not only to amuse and please, but to improve and benefit society. Tack a good moral to the tail of the kite you fly in the pure air of good manners and good principles, and it will encourage the good habit of looking up at the sky. The manager of a theater in St. Louis offered a silver cup to the person who would give the best conundrum. This won the prize: "Why is the man who presents the cup at this theater like a liquor seller?" Here is the answer, bristling with pointed puns: "Because he presents the cup which brings many to the pit, while those above are in tiers." Here is another in the same vein, too good to be omitted, only it comes in the form of question and answer, and not in the puzzling mist of a conundrum: "If the devil should lose his tail, where could he get another?" "Where bad spirits are retained." Oliver Wendell Holmes, seeing a small thin man courting a large fat woman, said: "Parva scintilla magnum ignem incidit"—in plain English, "A small spark kindles a great flame." This flash of humor in Latin reminds of another from the same source. A meeting-house had been torn down, and its doors and pews were used by the sexton or some one else as a fence for his yard or garden. The poet and wit, seeing

the uses to which this portion of the old building had been turned, cried out, "Proh pudor" (for shame).

The recent discoveries made by Dr. Schliemann led to some conversation about the battles between the Greeks and the Trojans, and the trick of getting into Troy in a wooden horse. The conversationists happened to be near Troy, when a gravel-train passed along. One of the speakers coolly remarked, "In these times the Greeks can enter Troy every day behind an iron horse." Lord B—, who sported a ferocious pair of whiskers, meeting Mr. O'Connell in Dublin, the latter said: "When do you mean to place your whiskers on the peace establishment?" "When you place your tongue on the civil list," was the rejoinder. Horne Tooke, being asked by George III. whether he played at cards, replied, "I cannot, your majesty, tell a king from a knave."

Curran, when opposed to Lord Clare, said that he reminded him of a chimney sweep, who had raised himself, by dark and dusky ways, and then called aloud to his neighbors to witness his dirty elevation." A certain clergyman, famous at one time in Unitarian pulpits, and noticeable for his self-esteem, for reasons best known to himself suddenly stopped preaching, and began to show sympathy with the Episcopal form of worship. "Is S— intending to leave his church?" inquired one of his friends of a noted critic. "I think not," was the answer. "Well, what is he waiting for?" continued the questioner. "I suppose he is waiting for a vacancy in the Trinity," was the sharp rejoinder.

One asked another why learning was always called a republic. "Forsooth," quoth the other, "because scholars are so poor that they have not a sovereign amongst them." Longfellow, the poet, was introduced to one Longworth, and some one noticed the similarity of the first syllable. "Yes," said the poet, "but in this case I fear Pope's line will apply:

'Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow.'

Theodore Hook once said to a man at whose table a publisher got very drunk, "Why you appear to have emptied your wine cellar into your book seller." The mere play upon words is not wit; besides, it is tiresome, and, when persisted in, it becomes disgusting. A pure pun needs three qualities: a body of speech, a heart of feeling, and a spirit of sentiment. Nine out of ten of the puns that are coined lack those qualities, hence they are bogus and unfit for general circulation. Only those puns that have been coined from the crags of thought and emotion, and stamped with the mint-mark of genius, are worthy of deposit in the sub-treasury of memory. He who tags an odious comparison to the name of an individual may make a sensation, as the cruel boy does who fastens a tin kettle to a dog's tail and sends him rattling along the street, but he wins no honor, while he gives proof of a heedless lack of mercy. In North Carolina a Frenchman unfamiliar with the English language, and who gloried in the name of Frog, had a son born to him, and was persuaded by a wicked wag to name his heir for the governor of the State, and the governor's name was

Bull. The writer is acquainted with a minister who has a habit of punning on all occasions. In the street, in the pulpit, everywhere, the pun must come the moment it is suggested. "How do you do, doctor?" said a friend to him. "Don't doctor me," was the response. "You are a doctor of divinity, are you not?" "No," said he, "I had rather be a *horse doctor*—it is more stable." This minister wears a scratch, or wig. A friend hastening to overtake him in the street, said, "Hold on, sir, if you please!" "Come along, young man," said the witty divine, "I like to call men of your age young." "Yes," continued the friend for whom he waited, "I was addressing a Young Men's Christian Association the other evening, and I referred to the young men with gray hair, and the young men without hair." "Yes," remarked the minister, "I depend on the old scratch for my hair."

Of punning it may be said it is the champagne of conversation, sparkling and spirited; but it does not impart vigor and strength, and, when moved by the vinous fermentation of wit, it may become offensive and dangerous.

In the Morning.



WHILE morning glories trail the sky,
And round the waking world
A thousand jeweled banners lie,
By guardian hands unfurled;
My spirit waits in grateful calm,
For all things good and fair;
O, angels, bear my greeting forth,
And, Father, hear my prayer.



BLESSING be on those I love!
Their day be good and fair!
O, angels, bear my greeting forth,
And, Father, hear my prayer!

ROSE GERANIUM.

Children.

BY A SUFFERING AND IRATE BACHELOR.

"Look on this picture, and on this."



POETS and painters in all ages have combined to laud and magnify the matchless virtues of children. They represent them as little cherubs who have left their wings in heaven, angels of milk and cream, whom contact with the world can never turn sour. They have deluded many unoffending innocents into assuming the duties of paternity, and—*horresco referens!*—it is a crime not provided for by law.

For, unfortunately, the real child does not in the least resemble these flights of fancy. He is simply a two-legged animal, with a big head, who is forever in mischief, and horrifies the company with astounding questions:

"Mr. Smith, who *will* set the North River on fire? My mamma says *you* never will. Mr. Brown, look at my legs; they are not like knitting needles, are they? Sister Helen says yours are."

A certain great man, being asked whether he liked children, replied:

"Yes, madam, at eight o'clock, for then they are sent to bed; and when they are naughty, for then they are taken out of the room."

Even sweet and genial Charles Lamb, when asked *how* he liked babies, answered:

"Boiled, madam."

What unspeakable trouble; what unparalleled disorder is occasioned by these baptized little demons? One can neither think, work, nor converse, when they are present. They choose the moment when you are battering your brains for a rhyme to "uncle," to sound a deafening blast on their tin trumpets; they beat their drums and hurrah when you are solving a problem; they scratch the furniture with pins and nails; and take as much pleasure in upsetting your fine china and listening to the crash as monkeys, to which family, in fact, they belong. If the portrait of your affianced rests upon the easel, they will watch their opportunity and paint a mustache upon her face with the French blacking. To make a paper boat, they will help themselves to your railroad bonds, your family deeds, your most private and valuable papers. In spite of your watchfulness, they will run off with your false hair, to show to the minister in the parlor who has come to visit you; and loudly clamor for a set of teeth set in gold, "which can be taken out and put in at pleasure, like auntie's," for a Christmas present. They will tie a tin pan to the tail of your favorite dog, and carry the cat round by her caudal appendage, or, as they call it, "by the handle." They will pull a hair out of your horse's mane to fasten to their fish-hooks, and escape being kicked to death by a miracle. If you take a small boy to a place of amusement and say that he is six years old, my ambitious gentleman will shout out, "No, no; I am seven; I am not a child," and you have to pay full price for him.

But this is not the worst. Children are our spies, our enemies, our denunciators. They observe everything with watchful eyes. Nothing escapes them. The monsters! One learns to tremble at their vicinity! With their pretended innocence and candor, they betray the secrets of the kitchen, the parlor, the boudoir, the toilet. Bridget in the kitchen hides away eggs, flour, and sugar, to take to her family, and gives a bottle of her master's ale to the policeman at the area door. Does she think that no one sees her? Futile idea! Little Johnny tells all about it that same evening at the dinner-table. Afterward, in the drawing-room, he discovers to the disenchanted, discouraged lover the little box from whence is derived the lovely bloom on his sweetheart's cheek, and chuckles as he betrays the cotton lies of her corsage. He pulls out of the lover's pocket the whisker dye, which makes the admired whiskers and the curling mustache so glossy and black; and he takes infinite care to tell every visitor all the depreciating things

which have been said of him on previous occasions.

What indignation, what separations, what direful catastrophes, have not these handits in jackets and petticoats caused by their startling and unexpected tattlings! And how much do *they* care? Children are naturally ferocious—they delight in cruelty; they pluck out flies' wings; they bury rabbits alive; they play at hanging; they stab their dolls, and dance around with glee to see the saw-aust blood flowing; and thus, naturally, it is never of an unimportant subject that they babble; it is always of something dangerous, as they sit on the lap or dance on the knees of their victims.

Everybody has read the anecdote of the fond mamma, who called her little daughter in to play on the piano for the entertainment of the great Dr. Johnson:

"That piece was very difficult of execution," she simpered, as the child finished.

"And would to God it had been impossible!" roared the irate Dr. Johnson.

Make a note of this, ye exhibiting mammas. Call your drawing-rooms "Tommy Tiddler's Ground;" invasion upon which will be followed by consequences too dire to specify. Padlock the nursery door when you have company to dinner, and talk in unknown tongues when the children are present, if you wish to communicate anything confidential. These rules, with frequent washings, occasional whippings, and keeping *entirely out of sight*, are all that is needed to make your darlings as charming to others as they are to you.

Bachelors.

BY AN INDIGNANT YOUNG MOTHER.

"Look on this picture, and on this."



POETS and painters, who do not indulge in "flights of fancy," have a solemn duty set before them, when they undertake to "hold the mirror up to nature;" the nature of a crusty old bachelor; the man who thinks that *he* knows, better than any other, the superlative way in which to govern a wife, and to bring up children.

I have an old bachelor uncle, who, returning home after many years of absence in the capitals of Europe, made me a visit of a fortnight. The description of this "curios" may prove a cap, which many another old bachelor might try on, and find an uncommon good fit.

He arrived late in the evening after a long railway journey, but looked as if he had just stepped out of a band-box, trim, snug, and dapper. His hair was parted in the middle with such mathematical precision, that he might have raced in a paper boat or shell, for the correct trimming of which, I am told, that

hair parted on one side would cause an upsetting and utter defeat.

The children had been long abed and asleep, which met with the bachelor's approval. "They should go to bed with the chickens, and eat nothing but bread and milk, till they are ten years old," said the oracle, with a snap in his voice and a singular *squirm*—if I may so describe it—of all his features; even his ears and hair made a little sideways twist back and forth. But we talked pleasantly enough after that. He had traveled far and wide, and was full of caustic humor and graphic description, and it was quite late when we bade each other good night.

Two minutes after I heard a crash overhead, and then a furious peal upon the bell in his room. The servants had retired, and I rushed up, wondering if the bedstead had tumbled to pieces. "What the dev—," he screamed, as I opened the door; then seeing that it was I, and not a servant, his voice assumed a lofty sarcastic tone, while every feature went meandering. "Who am I to thank, madam, for this array of chairs upset, over which I fell and hurt myself? As the gas was not sufficiently turned on for me to see your unexpected style of furnishing your guest chamber, it would have been as well to have informed me of this idiosyncrasy of yours."

"Oh, dear!" I exclaimed, "I am so sorry. The room was in perfect order when I left it this afternoon. I—I am afraid," I stammered, half laughing, half crying, "that Artie and Louis came in afterwards to play horse. It looks like it, certainly."

"They ought to be whipped!" he snapped out. They ought to be made to know better," rubbing his "barked" knees and twisting all his features at me.

"Yes," I admitted faintly, "they were very naughty." Then I put up the chairs, and went into the nursery, persuading myself that I was very angry with my little hindering, mischievous boys. There lay my darlings, sleeping, with the angels whispering to them, for a lovely, an almost divine smile, rested like a benediction on each sweet little face. I kissed them, and asked God to bless and keep them, and secretly resolved to put off the whipping *sine die*.

The next morning, at breakfast, Artie and Louis began to chatter to us and each other, as usual, when these words were uttered by the bachelor uncle in so appalling a tone, with such a fe-fa-fum ring in them, that the boys stopped, open-mouthed and staring: "*Children should be seen, not heard!*" Then turning to me with an extra contortion of nose and eyes, "You seem to have precious little government over your children." The eating of the rest of the breakfast passed nearly in silence, for the poor little fellows read from my eyes such mute appeals, and received on their plates such prompt relays of suppawn and syrup, that, save for the grumpy deliverance of the oracle: "Those children eat too much!" all went serenely.

We were invited out to dinner that evening, and very nearly stayed at home. I was hastily called into my uncle's room, and found him literally dancing with rage. Six shirts lay on the carpet, all more or less rumbled.

He seemed to have rubbed the bosoms between his hands, and then wrung them as a washer-woman wrings the water out of her clothes.

"Look at these confounded shirts!" he vociferated, "all ironed crooked. See here," and taking up a shirt he measured one edge of the bosom against the other, and held it under my nose.

"Why, what is the matter with it?" I asked.

"Matter!" he screamed. "Can't you see? What's the matter with your eyes? Look here," and violently pulling at the bosom. I saw that one side was the sixteenth of an inch longer than the other.

"Why," I said, "surely that little difference does not affect the set of the shirt, does it?"

"Much as you know about it. Of course it does! ruins it!" and his features seem to be trying to turn a somersault. "They are all alike. Can't your servant dampen one, and iron it correctly?"

"Yes," I said, quaking for the result. I took the shirt, and Mary and I dampened and ironed—and damped over again and ironed, till not a thread of disparity could be made, at which, on receiving and measuring it with utmost precision, the oracle declared himself satisfied.

Oh that never-ending fortnight! How I longed for it to be over. My dear little "hang-about," who wanted to be with me always, and whom I dearly loved to have with me, were banished to the nursery, when that "cwoos old unkey" was in the house. My husband had "business engagements" almost every evening, and I was left to the tender mercies of the Philistine. I sewed a button on his glove, and altered it four times. A poor little fly, balancing itself on his bowl of milk, cautiously dipped its head in for a taste, but losing its balance, tumbled in altogether, and he commanded the milk to be thrown away and the bowl to be washed with hot water. If he discovered the tiniest nick in the edge of his plate at dinner, it was instantly ordered out of his sight. He desired to have all the gas lighted in the chandeliers every evening, as sitting near any one else at the table to read with its pleasant neighborly drop-light, was "very wrong; their atmosphere might be magnetically pernicious." He questioned me closely, and derided all my plans for my children, my servants, and my charities. He declared that parents were the worst possible guides and guardians for their own offspring, and he called my lovely boys "unregenerate brats." Brats! Think of it! and said, I ought to keep a cat-o'-nine tails under my chair all the time.

He had six different kinds of pocket-handkerchiefs for different occasions. One kind was for business hours; one for social calls; one to put under his pillow at night; one, a large colored assortment, in case he had bleeding at the nose, which he never had had, or was likely to have; one of a common sort to wear in his coat pocket behind in winter, which if stolen, would be of no consequence, and the sixth pile, all with holes in them, to lend to his friends, "who generally forgot to return them." All these he displayed, and

explained their uses and destinations, while I was suffering tortures from suppressed laughter. He possessed three hundred and sixty-five neck-ties, one, as he said, for every day in the year; forty-seven pairs of trousers; sixty vests, and twenty-nine coats. He had, and used, six hair-brushes, "some hard for brushing, some soft for polishing;" a mite of a comb for his eyebrows, one a little larger for his mustache; a third for his whiskers, and three for his hair. It took him full two hours and a half to dress (Ah, tell me are *only* women vain?), using during the process tongue-scrappers, nail-scrappers, ear-pickers, and endless polishers and beautifiers, all laid out on his table, and looking like a set of dentist's instruments; and woe unto that woman or child who altered the exact sequence in which they were placed. He was fidgety, meddling, pottering, and petulant; restless as a hyena; never satisfied, *nulla dies sine lineâ*; forever making sarcastic remarks about my dress, my servants, my children, or my friends. At the end of his fortnight's visit, he seemed to consider that the valuable gift of silver ware bestowed upon me, with a short speech, which twisted his features all awry, had squared every obligation on his side, and should have left me overwhelmed with delight and gratitude, while I, on the contrary, felt an inelegant, but almost irresistible desire, to fling his silver ware at his head as he went out of the front door, and to cry aloud: "Long live the darling children, mischievous, riotous, distracting as they are, and may old blackberry fly away in a balloon with all the horrible old bachelors, anywhere, *anywhere* out of the world."

FANNY BARROW.

Home, Sweet Home.

S. B. STEBBINS.

THE sailor on the ocean;
The soldier in the strife;
The worker 'mid his toiling,
With the same dream sweeten life!

ON maiden in youth's gladness,
On women never wed,
On wife, and tender mother
That precious dream is shed!

AMID gold's alluring glitter,
Amid ambition's scope,
This sacred dream still lingers,
A memory or a hope!

THE worst man and the noblest
Have dreamed this happy dream;
A glimmer 'mid sin's darkness,
Or life's bright, guiding beam!

THIS given unto mortals,
A blessing from above!
'Tis an angel in the spirit,
And born of holy Love!

THIS the sweet, sweet dream of Home!
A dream of peace and rest;
Of a place that gathers in
Earth's holiest and best!

Johann Wolfgang Goethe.

BY LYDIA M. MILLARD.



HE clock struck twelve one August noon, a hundred and thirty years ago, when an infant, black and almost lifeless, was laid beside its pale young mother, on a bed in one corner of a "low, heavy-beamed room in the beautiful, busy old town of Frankfort-on-the-Main." The kind-hearted grandmother bent over him in despairing agony, while friendly hands tried to wake to life the almost silent heart. As the young eye opened at last—*Rätthin er lebt!* He lives! He lives! said the old lady, smiling through her tears.

A hundred and thirty years have gone, since the old clock chimed the boy's birthnoon—when first those young eyes opened, and still the world says he lives! The dear old grandmother's words will echo through all the August noons through all the lands the sun ever shines on.

They named the child Johann Wolfgang Goethe, after his gentle, genial old grandfather Texton, whose feet the boy so early delighted to follow, as in dressing gown and slippers, he moved among his garden paths, weeding and watering his dearly-loved flowers. Eighty-two years did Goethe's eyes look out upon the world. Forty-seven years since, they closed upon its glories, and many great men still declare him, the "most splendid specimen of cultivated intellect ever manifested to the world." His words have given the German literature a world-wide value, and the wings of our highest, sweetest American song are tipped and veined with his golden thought.

And we all, traveling that thought's imperial realm, bear away with us the golden dust tracked from his far journeying.

Goethe's father, Johann Wolfgang Goethe, was a "cold, stern, formal, pedantic man, of vigorous mind and rigid will, strongly built, above the middle height." After studying jurisprudence, and graduating at the university, he traveled through Europe, and returned to Frankfort with a great taste for art and many beautiful pictures of the scenes he had so delighted in. He became imperial councillor in Frankfort, and married in August, 1748, Catharina Elizabeth Texton, daughter of the chief magistrate of Frankfort.

He was thirty-eight, and she only seventeen.

The next August, little Wolfgang was born.

The young mother was a joyous-hearted and affectionate girl, one of the loveliest pictures in all German literature. She was the favorite of "friends and servants, poets and princes," and dearly loved by all children. "I and my Wolfgang," she would say, "have always held closely together; that is because we were both young, and not so wide apart from one another as Wolfgang and his father." Her letters are full of soul and heart, many of them written to persons of rank. She made all Goethe's home-life charming, and pleased all with her grave, hearty, and dignified manner. Goethe

early loved everything beautiful—he never would play with any but pretty children. When at a neighbor's house one day, when he was only three years old, he suddenly began to cry and exclaim that "black child must go away. I can't bear him." He cried so loudly, he was carried home, where he was "slowly pacified." One little sister, Cornelia, grew up by his side; she was his little idol, he would sit for hours guarding her cradle, and be very angry if she was taken from his care. "The ground floor of his father's house consisted of a great hall, where the vehicles were housed. This floor opened in folding trap-doors for the passage of wine-casks into the cellar below. In one corner of the hall, there was a sort of lattice, opening, by an iron or wooden grating, into the street. This is called the *Gerämo*. There the crockery in daily use was kept, here the servants peeled their potatoes and cut their carrots and turnips, here the housewife sat with her knitting or sewing, giving an eye to what passed in the street, or an ear to a little neighborly gossip. This place was a favorite with the children. One fine afternoon, when the house was very quiet, little Goethe was here all alone, with nothing to do, looking out into the silent street and telegraphing to the young Ochsensteins who dwelt opposite, and he began to fling the crockery into the street, delighted with the smashing music which it made, and encouraged by the approbation of the brothers Ochsenstein, who chuckled at him from over the way. His mother came in and saw her plates and dishes flying about; she looked upon her broken household treasures with great horror, but at last "melted into girlish sympathy" as she hears the little fellow's shouts of laughter, and his young neighbors heartily laughing at him. This escapade was probably never repeated to the "stern and order-loving father." In one of Goethe's mother's letters, she writes: "Order and quiet are my principal characteristics, I have to do the most disagreeable always first, and I gulp down the devil without looking at him. When we are content and cheerful, we wish to see all people gratified and gay, and do all we can to make them so. I have it by God's grace," she wrote, when thirty-six years of age, "that no living soul ever went from me dissatisfied, of whatever rank, age, or sex. I love humankind—old and young feel it. I go without pretension through the world, and that pleases all the sons and daughters of earth."

What a beautiful motto for all of us—of how few of us can it be said. Again she writes: "I never bemoralize any one. I always seek out the good that is in them, and leave what is bad to Him who made mankind and knows how to round off the angles."

This was Goethe's mother, who used to pass off his early poetical manuscripts as exercises, when his critical father might disapprove his verse-making. She would tell Wolfgang and his little sister many stories evenings. "Air, fire, earth, and water, she represented under the forms of princesses, and to all natural phenomena she gave a meaning." When she, as she says, thought of paths which led from star to star, and that we one day should inhabit the stars, and of the great

spirits we should meet there, she went on each evening with some new improvisations. There I sat, she says, and there Wolfgang held me with his large dark eyes, and when one of his favorites was not according to his fancy, I saw the angry veins swell on his temples, I saw him repress his tears; when I turned the story as he liked, then he was all fire and flame, and one could see his little heart beat underneath his dress."

His grandmother would find out in the daytime little Goethe's ideas as to how the story should turn out, and repeat them secretly to the mother, and in the evening, Goethe's mother continued her story, to Goethe's delight and astonishment, as he saw with glowing eyes the fulfilment of his own conceptions, and listened with enthusiastic applause.

When Goethe was a little over four years, his grandmother surprised him and his little sister on Christmas eve, with a puppet show, which, Goethe says, "created a new world in the house." In *Wilhelm Meister*, we can see how greatly the puppet show was prized, and how vividly it impressed Goethe's young imagination.

Says Goethe, "I inherit my life and the steady guidance of my life from my father, from my dear little mother my happy disposition and love of story-telling." He also says he gets his "devotion to the fair sex from his great-grandfather, and his love of finery and gewgaws from a great-grandmother."

The city of Frankfort-on-the-Main has, perhaps, more beautiful promenades than any other city in the world. Little Goethe never tired of its picturesque streets, the river, the bridge, the city walls, the old houses with the storks looking down from their overhanging gables. He gazed reverently on the "spots hallowed by the presence of greatness, the hall in which emperors had been crowned, and the site of the castle once occupied by Charlemagne."

Besides these charms without, Goethe tells us his father had adorned his house with some beautiful Italian views. Here, he says, "I saw daily the Piazza del Popolo, the Coliseum, as well as the interior of St. Peter's." These views of Rome, these classic pictures, were always linked with his German thoughts, and gave him an early love and longing for Italy. His usually taciturn father took delight in occasionally and vividly describing these Italian scenes, and giving the boy some of his delightful memories of beautiful Italy.

His father was a "rigid disciplinarian," and early taught him the classics and modern languages. Before he was eight years old, Goethe wrote in German, French, Italian, Latin, and Greek, as his published exercises testify. His exercises and moral reflections in Latin and German, written in his sixth, seventh, and eighth years, are preserved in the Frankfort library. He says he learned Italian in this way: "My father taught my sister Italian in the same room where I had to learn Cellarius by heart. As I was soon ready with my task and obliged to keep my place, I listened over my books and mastered Italian, which struck me as a pleasing variety of Latin, very quickly."

When Goethe was nearly six years old, the

great Lisbon earthquake spread consternation over Europe. When the boy heard of a "magnificent city suddenly smitten, churches, houses, towers falling with a crash, the bursting land vomiting flame and smoke, and sixty thousand souls perishing in an instant, it shook his faith in a divine Providence." Coming home from church one day, after hearing the minister trying to justify God's goodness in the terrible calamity, his father asked him what impression the sermon had made upon his mind? "Why," said he, "it may be a much simpler matter than the clergyman thinks. God knows very well that an immortal soul can receive no injury from a mortal accident." What an answer for a boy of six to give! A wonderful solution to a puzzling doubt.

In his tenth year, he was startled by the "sound of the warder's trumpet from the chief tower of Frankfort. The troops were approaching; it was the beginning of the Seven Years' War in 1759. Boys gathered in the streets and women hurried to the windows to see the long line of French troops and hear the rolling drums. "The whole city was a camp. In Goethe's house the king's lieutenant, Count de Thorane, was quartered. These troops were at war with Frederic, whom Goethe and his father worshipped. The old councillor hated this king's lieutenant," though a man of taste and munificence. "Around him gathered artists and celebrities," and little Wolfgang soon learned to love and admire the man. The marching and parading, the music, the café, and the theater, which the French brought with them, interrupted Goethe's studies. His grandfather, the magistrate, gave him a free admission to the theater, which he visited every day. Visiting the theater, and talking with a young French boy, one of the company, made him soon quite familiar with the French language. This young companion, Derontes, took him, greatly to his delight, behind the scenes; he longed so much to see how "all these fascinating representations were gotten up." He went often into the green-room and into the dressing-room of the actors and actresses, now only ten years of age. He wrote then his first play, which Derontes so mercilessly criticised, and keenly mortified the young author, with his high-sounding talk about the "sovereignty of French taste." The French soon left Frankfort, but this knowledge he had acquired of the ways of actors and actresses, he made good use of afterward, when, in his forty-ninth year, he published *Wilhelm Meister*. The hero of *Wilhelm Meister* is a stage-struck youth, who falls in love with an actress; and we are told by Goethe that he spent more time upon this than upon any other work. In the second part, in the first four or five chapters, there are beautiful pictures of the holy family. Mignon is an exquisitely poetical creation—the "successive artistic touches" heighten to the end the mysterious interest hanging around her as charming as her song,

"Knowest thou the land where the citron apples bloom,
And golden oranges in leafy gloom?"

Mr. Carlyle tells us, in *Wilhelm Meister* there are hints or disquisitions on almost every

point in life or literature. Sir Walter Scott copied Tenella, "in *Peveiril of the Peak*, from Mignon, and Byron's harper, in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, has much in common with the harper of Goethe." For the next four years, from ten to fourteen, Goethe studied English, Hebrew, drawing, music, dancing, riding, mechanics, and natural philosophy. He also gained knowledge from every possible source. He talked with the mechanics altering the house, with the artists employed by the count; he frequented often the quaint old Jews' quarter in Frankfort, the Judengasse. He learned their language, manners, accent, appearance, and customs, went to their ceremonies and schools, admired their cleverness and geniality, and the bright smiles of the pretty Jewish maidens. He watched the jewelers making "bouquets of jewels," the old lame man making his baskets. He learned the process of many a handicraft, and helped at it. He was a great favorite with many an artisan, and from every field of humanity he gathered flowers to bloom thereafter in the garden of his song. His fondness for rhyming and story-telling made him a favorite with all classes. At a little supper party with some not very select companions, when Goethe was in his fifteenth year, he met the fair, sweet maiden, Gretchen, whose portrait, forty years after, he placed so beautifully on the canvas, and surrounded with such a "bewitching atmosphere of song"—the wonderful Marguerite of his immortal *Faust*. He saw her at fifteen. At fifty-six, his picture of her is fresh with its never-forgotten early bloom.

He gives in his autobiography this account of her first impression upon his boyish mind at the little supper party: "At a repeated call for more wine, instead of the servant, appeared a maiden of uncommon and, seen in her position, incredible beauty. The servant girl, she said, after a smiling salute, is ill, and has gone to bed. Can I get you anything? We want wine said one of them; if you would fetch us a couple of bottles, it would be very kind of you. Pray do, Gretchen, said another, it's only a step. Why not? she replied, and took a couple of empty bottles from the table and hurried out. Her figure, seen from behind, was still more elegant. The cap sat so nicely upon the little head, which a slender throat charmingly connected with the neck and shoulders. Everything about her seemed exquisite, and one could follow the whole figure more calmly when the attention was no longer enchained by the calm true eyes and the lovely mouth. The maiden returned with the wine, drank to their healths, and took her leave. But thereafter," says Goethe, "her form haunted me go where I would. It was the first fixed impression a feminine existence had made upon me."

Goethe was after that very frequently thrown with her, but she treated him as a child, and never permitted the slightest familiarity. Says Goethe, "through the aspect of this maiden, through my inclination to her, was a new world of the good and beautiful opened to me." One night, after a sight-seeing day, "Goethe with a merry party were all sitting together, when the clock suddenly struck twelve, and Goethe

found that he had forgotten the door-key, with which he had hitherto been able to evade 'paternal knowledge of his late hours.' Gretchen proposed that they should all remain together, and pass the night in conversation. At last most of the company, tired out, fell asleep, some leaning upon the table. Goethe and Gretchen sat by the window, talking in low tones. Fatigue conquered her too, and she fell asleep, and her head drooped upon his shoulder. With tender pride he supported that delicious burden till, like the rest, he gave way and slept."

It was broad day when he awoke. Gretchen was standing before the window, arranging her cap. She smiled on him more amiably than ever before, and tenderly pressed his hand as he departed. But some of those joyous companions, unknown to Goethe, were guilty of forgeries of documents, and Gretchen and Goethe, or his friend, were involved, though falsely, in the accusation. Wolfgang had to undergo a severe investigation, but was proved perfectly innocent, and Gretchen "said in her deposition concerning him: I will not deny that I have often seen him, and seen him with pleasure, but I merely treated him as a child, and my affection for him was that of a sister."

Goethe was then in his fifteenth year, and was very angry at this. He resolved never more to mention her name. He threw himself into study, especially of philosophy. He went often to wander among the mountains and fill his mind with lovely images. To please his father, he diligently applied himself to jurisprudence.

He was not sad long, though, as he says, the image of Gretchen hovered before him very often, and it may be traced in many of his beautiful creations, and in the *Cläscher* or *Eg-mert*, besides in the heroine of *Faust*.

His lively young friends almost worshiped him, forgetting all his offense of manner in the irresistible fascination of his nature, "his overflowing liveliness, his genuine interest in every individuality, however opposite to his own."

Goethe was glad to leave Frankfort, where everything reminded him of Gretchen. In 1765 Goethe, aged sixteen, went to Leipsic to begin his college life. Not long thereafter, he fell in love with the daughter of the lady with whom he boarded.

This charming daughter, who had often helped cook the dinner, would bring in the wine. This daughter was the Anna Katherina, called by Goethe, in his autobiography, Anchen and Annette. Her portrait, still extant, is very pleasing. She was nineteen, lively and loving. Goethe says she was young, pretty, gay, and lovable, deserving to be set up in the shrine of a heart as a little saint, the object of all that adoration which it is often pleasanter to offer than to receive. They saw each other at dinner and evening, when her brother played on the piano and Goethe accompanied him by playing on the flute, and in private theatricals Goethe and Annette always played the lovers.

They loved each other, but Goethe, sure of her love, teased her with trifles and plagued her into quarrels, until her love was washed

away in tears.* Too late he tried by fondness to regain it, but in vain.

From this romance sprang the oldest of Goethe's surviving dramatic works—one entire play in pastoral, a poetic representation of these lovers' quarrels, his earliest personal experience in his song.

Growing ill soon after, he went home, having learned but little in law, disappointing his father, but his mother and sister welcomed his pale face with warmest sympathy. He had seriously offended the professor of jurisprudence, by drawing caricatures of the big-wigs in his book during lecture hours, and absenting himself occasionally to partake of "some delicious fritters, which came hot from the pan precisely at the hour of lecture." He remained home a year, and at twenty went to Strasburg, to renew his studies of jurisprudence. "A more magnificent youth, perhaps, never entered the Strasburg gates. Long before celebrity had fixed all eyes upon him, he was listened to as an Apollo, and once when he entered a dining-room, people laid down their knives and forks to stare at the beautiful youth. His features were large and liberally cut, with the fine sweeping lines of Greek art. His brow was lofty and massive, and from beneath shone large, lustrous, brown eyes of marvelous beauty, their pupils seeming of almost unexampled size. His slightly aquiline nose was large and well cut, the mouth full, with short, arched upper lip, very sensitive and very expressive. The chin and jaw were boldly proportioned, and the head rested on a handsome and muscular neck. He was above the middle size, not really tall, yet his presence was so imposing he had the aspect of a tall man, and is usually so described. His frame was strong and muscular, excelling in all active sports. He was almost a barometer in sensitiveness to atmospheric influences." Goethe learned enough of law to pass an examination, and fell in love with the daughter of a dancing master, who was herself already engaged—her sister, who was not engaged, falling in love with him. "This affair only ended in a little sentiment."

At this time Werder, already famous and five years older than Goethe, became his friend. His friendship expanded the horizon of Goethe's mind, awakened in him a profounder sense of the grand poetry of the Hebrew Scriptures, and inspired him to read and to love Shakespeare, Homer, and Ossian. Goethe translated Ossian's *Selma*, and afterward "incorporated it in his *Werther*." Upon the broad and lofty gallery "of the beautiful Strasburg Cathedral these two friends often met to salute the setting sun with brimming goblets of Rhine wine." The calm, wide landscape stretched on before them, and they pointed out the spots endeared to each. "One spot has the deepest interest for us—Lesenheim, the home of Frederika"—the loveliest of all Goethe's loves. We cannot read her beautiful story without loving her ourselves, and forever after wondering how Goethe could have helped wearing the jewel of her love forever on his heart.

* He had recently destroyed many of his poems with which he was dissatisfied, and in his uncomfortable moods would show his ill-nature by teasing Annette.

At Lesenheim, five leagues from Strasburg, lived a Protestant clergyman, with whom and whose family Goethe was made acquainted by a fellow-student. One of the daughters, Frederika, was a bright girl of sixteen, who, when Goethe first saw her "wore the national costume, with its short, white, full skirt and furbelow, not concealing the neatest of ankles, a tight bodice, and black taffeta apron. Her straw hat hung on her arm, and the beautiful braids of her fair hair drooped on a delicate white neck. Merry blue eyes and a piquant little nose completed her attractions. Goethe tells us that her neck seemed almost too delicate for the cluster of fair hair on the elegant little head. Frederika was one of the sweetest, simplest figures in the whole panorama of Goethe's life.

In the open air, she sang for him her Alsatian and Swiss song:

"I come from a forest as dark as the night,
And, believe me, I love thee, my only delight.
Ei ja ei ja ei ja ei ei ja ja."

He saw her again in November, returning to Strasburg her accepted lover.

The beautiful poems inspired by Frederika are called the little Lesenheim Song-books, and many are scattered through his works.

Every shade and transition of love, from its early dawn till its fading, may be traced in them. The two lovers rode, and sang, and sailed, and walked, attended parties, and made neighborly calls together. Goethe wrote several songs to well-known melodies for Frederika. But Goethe "wounded this most beautiful, noble heart to its very depths." After all—sharing so many pleasures with her—after all, he could not resolve to marry her. In 1771 he left the university, with his doctor's degree, and "tore himself away from the bond and the attachment."

This same year he wrote a play, *Götz von Berlichingen*, a dramatic version of the story of Götz of the Iron Hand.

Götz was written when Goethe was twenty-two, a rapid-stirring drama, in which the hero falls in and out of love with Maria. *Götz* was the "outburst of a new national literature, a new generation of genius." "It helped into being the most brilliant and universally successful development of literature ever known." It seems to have been the "sign-post" which directed Scott's genius to his hitherto untrodden way. This heroic drama, was "the German pioneer of all those *Marmions*, and *Ivanhoes*," "long since almost obliterating and superseding it. Till its advent, Germany for us, "lay silent in a rich chaos"—"a Memnon's head, quivering with sounds suppressed, which as yet no sun-touch had called forth." This clear, powerful, and picturesque drama excited the greatest enthusiasm. Meanwhile, Goethe wandered through the Rhine country, and fell in love with Charlotte Buff, who was then betrothed to Bestner, to whom she was afterward married. Near Lottie he lived away one splendid summer—a real German idyl—her light, erect figure, her pure, sound nature, breathing a serene atmosphere all around her. "He mastered this love as soon as he had got all the imaginative and mental sweetness possible out of it," and wove some of the incidents of this passion into a power-

ful novel called *The Sufferings of Werther*. This took the world by storm. Great men were charmed by it, and the "common people carried away with its eloquence and pathos." The same year he wrote one drama and projected two others, already revolving in his mind his *Faust*. Two love engagements, one with Anna Sibylla Munch, and the other with Anna Elizabeth Schonemann, immortalized in his works under the name of Lili, diversified the experiences of this period."

Lili was sixteen when he fell in love with her, and after a betrothal, relinquished her love at last, after going through much the same comedy of "love, rapture, wavering, and indifference to affection once attained" marking his other youthful passions. Goethe was now twenty-six; the fame acquired by *Werther*, brought Goethe under the notice of Charles Augustus, Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who, in 1775, invited the poet to spend a few weeks at his court. He went with the Duke to Saxe-Weimar, forming a friendship with him which lasted till death. On his thirtieth birthday the Duke created him a Privy-Councillor of Legations, at a salary of 1,200 thalers a year. His "principal duties seem to have been to superintend the artistic pleasures of the court." Here he found another love in the Baroness von Stein—the Frau von Stein, a wife and mother of seven children. She was thirty-three years of age and Goethe twenty-six, seven years younger. She was one of the most refined and fascinating high-born ladies in all the little court of Weimar. For ten years Goethe was entirely devoted to her, and saw and wrote her daily. When thirty-seven years of age, in 1786, he went to Italy to gratify his life-long yearning.

There he began *Meister*, and wrote *Iphigenie* and *Tasso*, besides other prose and poems. After nearly two years he returned, and soon after his relation with the Frau von Stein was broken off.

Early in July, 1788, when Goethe was walking in the park, a fresh, rosy, bright young girl, with round, full face, long hair, small nose, pouting lips, graceful figure, and pretty, dance-loving feet, came with many reverences, handed him a petition to exert his influence to procure a post for a young author, her brother, then living at Jena. From this began his acquaintance with Christiane Vulpius, lasting until her death, twenty-five years after. After the birth of her son, August von Goethe, she came to live at his house. Goethe always regarded this connection as a marriage, but the world blamed him for this defiance of its social laws. This half marriage will always stand in the way of a right appreciation of his character."

Eighteen years after their first intimacy they were legally married. For ten years thereafter Christiane was his honored and devoted wife. She inherited from her father habits of intemperance, developing occasionally in her later life, and causing some domestic sorrow, yet Goethe most sincerely mourned her loss. He "knelt at her bedside seizing her cold hands exclaiming: 'Thou wilt not forsake me! No—no, thou must not for-

sake me!" On the day of her death he wrote these lines:

"Der versuchst O Sonne vergebens,
Durch die düstern wolken zu scheinen!
Der ganze Gewinn meines Lebens,
Ist ihren Verlust zu beweinen."
"Through the dark clouds to shine,
O Sun, you strive in vain;
For to bewail her loss,
Is all my life's whole gain."

Or not so literal, but perhaps more musical:

"Through the dark clouds to shine,
Vainly you strive, O Sun;
While all my life's whole gain,
Bewails her presence gone."

One year before Goethe's marriage his beloved friend Schiller died, after one of the most enduring and beautiful of friendships in all literary annals, and lasting eleven years, during which Schiller had ennobled and stimulated Goethe to produce the grandest works of his life. During Schiller's illness Voss found Goethe pacing up and down in his garden, crying by himself. At his death Goethe wrote, "the half of my existence is gone from me."

"Everywhere great, Goethe is greatest in his songs and ballads. There is the perpetual freshness and bloom about them of new spring flowers. Even when they seem most trivial, they ring through us like snatches of music—some as simple as a child, or wild, grotesque, and unearthly; others are lofty, proud, defiant, like the words of a Titan heaping his scorn upon the gods."

The novel called *Elective Affinities*, is the monument of a lost love for Minnie Herzbel, the original of *Otilie*. As a child, a pet of Goethe's, the fascination increased as she grew into womanhood, and Goethe was sixty. The story shows the fervor of his passion, and the strength with which he resisted it. Goethe says of it: "In it, as in a burial-urn, I have deposited, with deep emotion, many a sad experience."

Minnie was sent to school and absolute separation saved them both, but Goethe long carried the error in his heart. At sixty-two Goethe began his autobiography, translated for us by Parke Godwin. Three years before he lost his mother, when he was fifty-nine. She died in her seventy-eighth year. "Her love for her son, and his for her, had been the glory and sustainment of her happy old age."

Had Goethe no poetic fame, as a man of science he deserves a high reputation. The father of botany, a great writer calls him. In his *Metamorphoses of Plants*, he advanced the theory, in his 41st year, that the entire plant, including fruits and flowers, is evolved from the leaf, or is a modification or transformation of it. Now all botanists pronounce him right, and now every scientific botanical work has its chapter on "Metamorphoses."

He also added to anatomical knowledge, by arriving at the cerebral structure of the skull, and discovering the intermaxillary bone, the center bone of the upper jaw in man, the existence of which, long so fiercely contested, he proved beyond a doubt. Goethe was the acknowledged primate of all German literary dioceses; sage as well as poet, the beautiful Park at Weimar was his creation, and he was thirty-seven years President of the Chambers.

He did better work and more of it than was ever done. Goethe's majestic and graceful intellect had freely unfolded in the sunshine of leisure, friendship, and appreciation at Weimar; his imagination was rekindled or invoked by his occasional wanderings, refreshing himself in the sublimest of Switzerland, or losing himself in the beauties of Italy. "Goethe was great in the greatness he had inspired; how many great minds he has roused, as if by the touch of his finger."

In his last days he was surrounded by a new generation, taught from their earliest breath to adore Goethe. His "way to the grave was softly carpeted with the mosses and flowers of love."

In his own words, "Whatever he undertook, he went at with such zeal as though that alone engaged all his activity, and as though he had never brought anything else to pass." A good rule for all of us.

He retained in old age all his sensibility unimpaired. In his seventy-fourth year he loved and was loved by Fraulein von Lewejou.

If his earlier loves were brief and changing, his friendships were loyal and lasting. His charities were munificent and constant. If his inconstant, forsaken loves, like dark spirits, dim the orb of his fame, the sunshine of his greatness, the grandeur of his soul, beams and blazes through all. Whatever his heart's weaknesses or waywardness, some of his words are the sweetest and purest ever penned or sung.

"Each soul has its own religion; must have it as his individual possession; let each see that he be true to it, which is far more efficacious than trying to accommodate himself to another's." This was his creed, and these lines, as well as I can render them, seem to express the same idea:

Within us is a universe unknown,
In whose strange realm all souls sincere,
Each for himself must one best being own,
And call him God, to honor and revere.

There are sixty printed volumes of Goethe's works, perhaps more, and more than forty English translations of *Faust*. It has also been translated into other languages. One of the last is a translation of *Faust* into Swedish, by Oscar Frederick, King of Sweden and Norway. Taylor's *Faust* is a "masterpiece of translation." Carlyle has translated his *Wilhelm Meister*, and Parke Godwin his autobiography. Goethe wrote elegies, epigrams, ballads, songs, odes, satires, novels, biographies, translations, essays, tragedies, and books of science, most of them with "peculiar and exquisite skill." His poems modulate through all the keys, his prose is the most graceful and transparent in German, but "Mephistophiles in *Faust*, is perhaps the most wonderful creation in all fiction. Unlike Milton's magnificent Satan, he is a true devil, without one mitigating feature, one compunction, one feeling, good or bad, the remorseless master of the perishing soul.

The meaning of *Faust* seems to be this: "In all the earth and all the air, there is nothing that can satisfy the wandering, yearning, passionate soul, which is a stranger in the world and a sojourner like its fathers; there is a struggle between the true and the false, and a desperate attempt to snatch some su-

preme flower of satisfaction out of universal chaos."

Goethe's eighty-first year found him still busy at *Faust*, and writing the preface to Carlyle's *Life of Schiller*, and deeply interested in an essay on the question of the unity of composition in the animal kingdom. Every morning in the autumn of 1830, he had a music lesson. This consisted in Felix (Mendelssohn) playing to him an hour pieces by all the great composers in chronological order, and then explaining what each had done to further the art. He would sit all the while in a dark corner, his old eyes flashing fire. Thackeray describes him as he saw him the next year, when he was only a boy of nineteen. He says Goethe was a very handsome old man, his eyes had an awful splendor, his voice was rich and sweet, his complexion very bright, clear and rosy; he was dressed in a long gray or drab redingote with a white neckcloth and a red ribbon in his button-hole. He kept his hands behind his back, as we see him in Bauch's statuette. His house was all over pictures, drawings, casts, statues, and medals.

Thackeray saw him once in his cloak with a red collar, going out in the sunshine to step in his chariot, caressing his little golden-haired granddaughter, over whose fair, sweet face the earth has long since closed too.

Jean Paul tells us that Goethe's house was a Pantheon full of pictures and statues, his face massive and animated, his eye a ball of light. That Goethe read to him one of his unpublished poems, and as the flames of his heart burst through the external crust of ice, his reading was like deep-toned thunder blended with whispering rain drops.

In November, of the same year, came Goethe's last crowning affliction. Tidings came from Rome that his only son, who had gone thither for his health, had died on the 28th of October. The effort to calm this great grief nearly cost him his life, bringing on a violent hemorrhage. He rallied, and once more began to finish his autobiography and continue his *Faust*. The year after the death of his wife, his son had married Otilie von Pogwisch, a brilliant and lovely woman, who had brightened Goethe's home, and after her husband's death, she watched most tenderly over Goethe's last years.

"Sitting in his chair, holding her hand, at noon on the 22d of March, 1832, he passed away; his last audible words were, 'More light!' The final darkness grew apace, and he whose eternal longing had been for more light, gave a parting cry for it as he was passing under the shadow of death," dying like the Ajax of Homer:

"Give me the light of Heaven to see,
And Ajax asks no more."

Around the memory of Goethe breathes the perfume of all the world's flowers. Sweeter than all the sermons and psalms a hundred years between, come back to us the wonderful words, the truest ever said, "God knows very well that an immortal soul can suffer no injury from a mortal accident." These words from the noble boy Goethe, over whose head only six summers had shone, come back to us all to-day with celestial balm and benediction.

AN APPLE LEGEND.

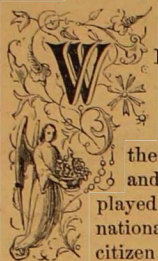
BY AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

AN old New England kitchen. Time, before the birth
Of that great genie of the lamp, King Kerosene.
Two flickering candles, neatly molded, light the scene,
And show the "setting" of the play. Upon the hearth
A blazing wood fire. Grandpa in his chair,
And grandma knitting blue yarn socks that quickly grow
Each night (like mushrooms)—first a leg, then heel, then toe,
Until all "rounded off" they then present a pair.
A plate of red-streaked apples on the table near
Flanked by a mug of apple juice, new pressed, and sweet;
And wooden bowl of well-cracked nuts, whose plump, white meat
Looks all inviting, prove that grandpa loves his "cheer."
Young grandson, Joe, with eyes upon the "eating time,"
Counts the slow swings of the old pendulum's tardy beat,
And wishes: "papers were not; or that grandpa's feet
Were half as long, so's grandma'd say: 'The cider's prime;
Come, fill your cup up, father.'" Then the old clock rings
Its cracked bell, and—two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight—
Strikes slow and solemn, heavy and deliberate,
As though the voice within was telling Time wise things.
"Come, father," grandma speaks, and lays her needle down
To draw the table near, and lift the earthen jug
From out whose gurgling, frothy mouth she fills each mug
Until it bubbles over. Each one takes his own
And quaffs the nectar. Joe looks out behind the rim
Of his and sputters: "Who beats this? I'd like to know;
Guess there ain't no farmer round here who can grow
More juicy apples, or such nuts! Just show me him!"
Then grandpa's eyes flash brightly, and a proud, glad smile
Creeps up along his wrinkled face, as he replies:
"I planted all those apple trees, when 'bout your size:
'Twas something of a job, too, for a juvenile
Just turned o' twelve, to plant an orchard of such trees,
Whose fruit—(well do I mind me now of saying,
As I followed father, helping him, and playing
As I helped)—'Perhaps some day my grandson's taste may please!
And now, d'ye hear that, mother, what Joe says to-night?—
These juicy apples here, and nuts, and cider sweet,
In his opinion, would be rather hard to beat!
You see my boyish guess was not so far from right!"
Grandma looks up, and smiles, and answers with a nod:
"If Joe fulfills as well the rest of prophecy
You've given idle word to, then your progeny
Will prove he's worthy of the fruit whose seed you sowed."
"Aye, aye," says grandpa, looking proudly down on Joe,
Whose teeth are busy cracking nuts like any squirrel,
"I'm glad this 'coming generation' ain't a girl,
Else," with a glance at grandma's needles, "she'd but sew,
And brew, and bake; and, 'stead of holding up the name
I've borne so proudly always, she would lay it down,
And, for the asking, take another—Smith or Brown—
Perhaps! I'm glad Joe ain't a girl!" "It's all the same
To me," laughs grandma, "if my great grand-chicks to come
Be Baldwins, Browns, or Smiths, or Jones, but, for *your* sake,
I wish Joe was a girl! Your apples then he'd bake
In goodly pies, and brew your cider 'mulled,' like some
I heard you wishing loudly for to-night! You see
I'm thinking of your pleasure now, and not your pride!"
And grandma's needles through the blue yarn slip and slide
As slyly she gives vent unto this heresy!
"Tut, tut! My pleasure, mother, 's not a thing of pies
And cider! Joe, *you* know what I would have you do
To please your grandpa, Baldwin. Be a man so true
In all your speech; so honorable, good, and wise
In all your actions, too, that you may worthy bear
The name your fathers bore before you!" "Yes, I know

What I can do to be remembered well," cries Joe,
Between great boyish gulps of apple, core and pare
As good as juice or pulp for eating, to his taste.
"What is it, dear?" asks grandma, with a half-born fear
That in his answer she some startling thought shall hear
Of "goin' to sea." Joe reads of "Life before the Mast;"
And calls out, "Larboard," "Starboard," strange, mysterious speech,
When he's asleep; and grandma thinks, awake, he seems
Sometimes as though he still was living in his dreams.
She motions grandpa then to listen. Silent each
Awaits Joe's answer. "Well, grandpa, to make my name
Revered and well-beloved, as yours has been, shall be
By your descendants to my unborn progeny,
I, too, would leave a lasting mem'ry: and my aim,
With your consent,"—(within their earnest looks Joe sees
They serious wonder what he'll say; his laughing eyes
Anticipate their afterburst of glad surprise:
"Is now—to plant an orchard of such fruit as these,
For *my* grandsons to eat some day and loudly praise
The kindly thought of him who was their good grandsire,
When they drink new sweet cider round their winter fire!"
"You rogue!" cries grandpa, stooping down to fix the blaze
Of the great backlog, while a flash of flame—or pride—
Lights up his pale old face, then with a hearty laugh,
Says he: "I thought your words held seed—'twas only chaff!"
"Nay, father, Joe's quick word rings well: I wouldn't chide
A boy like him for saying he would like to do
As you've done; make his children glad! and as for me,
I think it keeps one's name as green to plant a tree,
Or such an orchard of them, as that avenue
Of walnuts, or of red-streaked apples, over there,
As when a father leaves a carved monument
Behind, to speak of deeds he's done all eloquent.
One gives a stone—the other leaves something to share!"
"And I, sir," warmly speaks up Joe, "would like to be
One just like you, whom little children, *grand* ones too,
Will always kindly think of; when the spring skies blue
Bring out the apple blossoms, then they cry with glee
'My grandpa's pretty flowers!' and when the shining leaves
Blow on the branches, and the green balls 'gin to shoot,
And when the boughs hang heavy with their autumn fruit,
Then they remember you. Please let me plant some trees?"
"You shall, my boy, and unto you I leave this trust:
Hereafter all the Baldwin boys who follow you,
Shall plant an apple orchard, or the old renew;
Then shall our name live on, though we lie in the dust.
And," with a merry, ringing laugh, continues he,
"The Baldwins then shall bear the name we've ever bore,
'Fair,' (rosy too, eh, mother?) staunch unto the core!
We'll flourish too, not like the *bay*, but apple tree;
We'll never die, though we lie in the ground like dead."
"What crazy talk," cries grandma, rolling up her sock,
And pinning in the needles, "why, just see the clock!
It's almost ten! Come, Joe, it's time to go to bed."
"Eh? so it is," says grandpa, poking out the fire.
Joe rubs his eyes, they're full of boyish hopes and dreams,
All vivid with his new-born thoughts and plans and schemes,
For the great Baldwin trust he holds for his grandsire.
Has Joe not kept it well? Is there a finer fruit
In any land, than that New England apple rare,
"The Baldwin?" What then with its taste will you compare?
Nay, none! It is the best of all none will dispute.
Then when you bite in one again, in memory
Of him, who helped to leave so *good* a name behind,
That it should never be forgot, oh, bear in mind,
The kindly planter of the Baldwin apple tree!

Etiquette Run Mad.

BY C. A. HALBERT.



WE, in this easy-mannered republic, can have little conception of the tyranny which etiquette has exercised in all the great courts of the world, and the imposing part it has played in the adjustment of grave national questions. Here, all our citizen kings can attend a reception at the White House without invitation, and with no forms of courtesy beyond those of ordinary good breeding. We feel only a sense of the ludicrous when we read of the fume and passion into which courtiers used to fall when offered a stool instead of a chair, in some royal drawing-room; placed at a feast, opposite the carver, or below one whom they assumed to outrank.

During the reign of Louis XIV., while a tremendous war was raging between France and Spain, the grand monarch and his favorite courtiers were amusing themselves with fêtes and balls among the marvelous groves, lakes, and fountains of Marly. One morning, the Duke of Villeroy, hot and dusty, came spurring to court with army dispatches. News of a decisive battle was hourly expected, and everybody awaited the opening of the papers with feverish impatience. But, unhappily, the minister whose duty it was to break the seal and present them to the king, was absent for the day. They might contain news of a defeat, of instant necessities, and changed instructions, but no matter, *etiquette* must not be violated though the heavens fall, and the haughty Louis, though dying with anxious suspense, went on with his childish masqueradings with serenest countenance. The courier was obliged to skulk out of sight and affect not to exist till the return of the proper functionary, when he suddenly resumed himself and presented his dispatches, as if he had that moment arrived.

When Marie Antoinette, that charming, though somewhat volatile young princess, came over from simple-mannered Vienna to be the bride of the dauphin, she chafed much under the tedium of French etiquette. Her daily toilet was an affair of the most elaborate ceremony. Had she ventured to wash her own face or clasp her shoe-buckles, the whole court would have stood aghast with horror. Here is an example, one of many, showing how cruelly the rich, free life of the young princess was tortured and pressed into the iron mould of court ceremonial. On one occasion, a lady in waiting was about lifting the royal chemise over the royal shoulders, when the door opened and a second lady, superior in rank, entered. So the uplifted garment had to pause in mid air till number two could pull off her gloves and take it, and this happened thrice before the shivering young creature could be got into her clothes!

The making of treaties has often brought out the absurdities of hyper-etiquette in the most amusing manner. Indeed, the settlement of the order of ceremony and precedence of rank has frequently been the most perplexing part of the business. Take, for example, the congress assembled at Ryswick, in 1696, to arrange a peace between France and the allied powers. Before any serious business matter could be thought of, the rank and state of each power must be settled. The ambassador of Austria loftily demanded to sit higher at the council board than the ambassador of Spain, and also taking the right of way when their carriages met in the street. Two of these diplomatic fools, as Macaulay tells us, were mainly occupied in watching each other's legs. In their stately calls of ceremony, each was chiefly anxious not to advance more rapidly than the other, and if one "perceived he had inadvertently stepped forward too quick, he went back to the door, and the stately minuet began again."

There was endless wrangle as to how many horses each should be allowed, how many pages and servants, and whether these might carry canes and swords. "If you don't call me 'your Excellency,'" piped a little German state—with a territory about as big as a pocket-handkerchief—"we will call home our troops instanter." "If anybody crowds my horses from the spot I select," thundered Austria, "it'll be the worse for him," and forthwith the whole august body fell to debating on which particular rood of court-yard the imperial horses might stand. While the soldiers were dying in pestilent camps, and all Europe was faint under the exhaustion of a tremendous war, this tom-foolery went forward unblushingly month after month; and one cannot see how the mincing, and prancing, and bullying would ever have ended, had not William of Orange—the noblest Roman of them all—sent his envoy on the sly to meet the French envoy in an obscure little village, and there, walking up and down, under the apple-trees, they arranged the conditions of a peace which all the nations welcomed with a delirium of joy.

Earlier in the century, when England sent to arrange a marriage between Prince Charles and Henrietta of France, everything came to a halt on the mighty question, whether His Eminence, Cardinal Richelieu, should give his right hand to the ambassadors, and how many steps he should advance in conducting them out of the room. A messenger was about to be dispatched to consult the king of England in this grave difficulty when it fortunately occurred to somebody that if the cardinal would receive in bed, *etiquette* would be suspended. Accordingly he feigned sickness, went to bed, and without further diplomacy the marriage settlements were made.

Few things in the records of the olden centuries are more amusing than those which relate the entanglements of court ceremonial. The office of Lord Chamberlain or Master of Ceremonies required the nicest diplomatic tact and the discretion of a prime minister. One noble guest demanded that his note of invitation should be the exact fac-simile of some other, and a second high gled about the precise

inch of tablecloth upon which his plate should stand!

But in no court has the spirit of punctilio been carried to such absurd lengths as in the Spanish. There was a time when His Most Catholic Majesty's ambassador at St. James blustered because at some court ceremonial the Dutch ambassador was allowed to stand in the next room, "with only a thin wainscoat board between, and a window which might be opened." One Spanish monarch actually fell a martyr to *etiquette*. He was sitting before the fire when it began to roar furiously, and he ordered an attendant marquis to dampen it; but that *grande* was an even greater devotee of *etiquette*, and refused to do it—somebody else, then absent, being lord of the poker. The king would not budge an inch, if he died for it—to move his own chair not being allowable—and so he sat with stubborn courage before the furnace till the blue blood of Castile boiled in his veins. Erysipelas set in and the royal fool was soon gathered ingloriously to his fathers.

Disraeli relates another curious and almost incredible instance. The royal palace was on fire, and a princess of the blood stood unrescued in her apartment. Neither prince nor noble volunteered to peril his own life for hers, till at last a plain rough soldier rushed up the burning staircase and brought her down safely in his arms. But alas, *etiquette*, august, sacred *etiquette* had been outraged, and the brave fellow was condemned to death, neither prince nor noble remonstrating, and he would have been executed had not the rescued lady at last besought his life!

But the despotism of *etiquette* is vastly mitigated in this nineteenth century. The sanctity of punctilio and the "divine right of kings" are, happily, buried in one grave. The monarchs of Christendom are, as a rule, high-mannered gentlemen, and walk about in plain clothes with neither diamonds nor aureoles on their heads. A princess may wear a "russet gown" and ride in a public conveyance, and the most august female sovereign in the world, although clinging pertinaciously to the traditions of courts, does not think she stoops when she teaches a Sabbath-school class and reads the Bible in the cottages of the poor.

Who that saw the Brazilian Emperor moving among us three summers ago, so bright, manly and purposeful, choosing the top of an omnibus to a sumptuous carriage if thereby he might grasp a thought or an impression to carry home and work into the civilization of his own people, did not say, "here is the true divinity that hedges kings."

♦♦♦
A BLACK LILY.—A recent traveler in Syria found what he calls a black calla. It had a leaf exactly like that of a calla lily, and a flower nearly the shape of the blossom, only not quite so open and flaring. It had a large and long pistil the color of the inside of the flower, which was a rich, velvety black, or, in some lights, dark maroon, while the outside was green. It was a superb plant, and he tried to get up a bulb to bring home, but failed in the attempt. He saw two specimens.

Correspondents' Class.

"ALICE H."—1. There are two kinds of water-color painting in general use. We prefer using moist colors for landscape painting, and the dry cake colors for flowers. The moist colors are put in little earthen pans, and fitted into a tin box, with a palette, all complete for painting out of doors or on the table. The materials to be procured for water-color painting are, colors, sable brushes, paper, a drawing board, an eraser, an old silk handkerchief for wiping out lights, a small bottle of gum water, a soft sponge, a one-and-a-half inch flat camel's hair brush, a china palette or a set of saucers.

2. The paper most desirable for landscape in water color should be rather rough on the surface, as if it is too smooth, the painting loses much of that boldness which characterizes the English school. Whatman's paper is considered the best. *Stretching and preparing the paper.*—The painting side of Whatman's paper is known by holding up the paper between your eyes and the light, and reading the name in proper position from left to right. This must be the outside. Place the paper on a table, and moisten the back well with a soft sponge and clean water; let it remain a short time, if the paper is thick, so that it may become saturated; then place it in the frame of your drawing board, confining it with the cross-bars. Sometimes the paper, after being damped, is put upon a plain clamped drawing board, fastened down with glue round the edges. This mode of straining causes a little more care, and is not so expeditious.

3. The effective handling of the brush requires rapidity and experience in covering large spaces with flat washes of color. It is well to commence brush work after making suitable proficiency in outline, with India ink or sepia; you then have but one color to deal with, and, with a little practice, all the mechanical difficulties of floating the color evenly will soon disappear. As a general rule, the brush for broad shades should be pretty full of color; for finishing, all the colors are worked much drier, and the brush worked chiefly on the point. A complete set of brushes comprises a one-and-a-half inch camel's hair, one each of swan, goose, duck, and crow; best sable brushes; select those that come to a point when charged with water, and when bent a little on one side, will spring back to the proper position without splitting.

4. *Wiping out Lights.*—The parts of a picture (after the color is on) that require half lights, should be treated as follows: Mark out with your brush and clean water, the parts you wish lighter, and then apply a little blotting paper to absorb the moisture; next wipe it hard with a silk handkerchief, and if not sufficient, repeat it; if you desire it still lighter, use the rubber.

5. *Scraping.*—Before using the eraser for any extra high lights, the painting must be perfectly dry.

6. *Rays of Light.*—Such as occur from an opening in the cloud, through windows, etc., can be successfully produced by placing a straight-edged piece of paper in the direction of the rays, and gently washing the exposed part with the damp sponge.

7. *Outline.*—We will suppose that the paper has been properly strained on the drawing board, and allowed sufficient time to dry; the outline is then commenced. In making a sketch for water-color landscape, it is best to sketch very lightly at first, so that the marks can readily be removed if required, as by hard rubbing the surface of the paper is liable to be disturbed. Proceed with all the minute details, sparing no pains in the sketching; the time is by no means thrown away, for you are repaid for it when painting, as you can work with perfect confidence up to your sketch-

marks. The appearance of a good sketch should be lightness in the extreme distance, working a little stronger as the foreground is approached. In the foreground, boldness, observing a fineness of line on the light side, and breadth and depth on the shade side, so that even the pencil sketch may be suggestive of what the picture will be. In commencing to color, the drawing should be elevated a little at the back, to allow the color to flow downward. Moisten all your drawing with the flat brush, press your blotting paper upon it to absorb superfluous moisture.

"COR. CLASS:—1. Can you give me some suggestions for mixing and blending colors in water-color painting?"

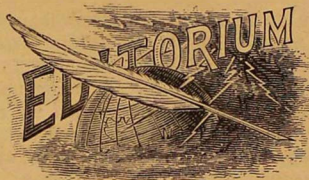
A. HAMMOND.
"COR. CLASS:—Will some one inform me how to make the back of an engraving book elastic, so that it will hold any number of your beautiful pictures?"

MRS. G. E. D.
"COR. CLASS:—How are colored pictures transferred to wax, muslin, wood, and glass?"

N. P. B.
"COR. CLASS:—Will some one tell me how to improve or make beautiful two walnut shelves, sawn out of the natural wood?"

"COR. CLASS:—Will some one tell me how to clean a valuable oil painting? It has been painted eighteen years, but has never been varnished, and although it has been taken good care of, it is very much soiled. Now I would like to know what to clean it with, and what varnish to use after it is cleaned."

MRS. B.
Slice up a potato and boil to a thin starch, use warm with a very soft sponge. Clean off with clear water as fast as the dirt is removed. Ordinary picture varnish, to be obtained in any artist's store in large cities.



The Children's Party.

(See full page Oil Picture.)

EVERY one will recognize the naturalness of the beautiful oil picture which we present to our readers under the above title. The group of merry children are variously engaged in active games, in the pleasures of a very attractive table, and in "dressing up" the happy fairy, who, proudly trailing a long skirt, looks quite conscious of her added dignity, while two little ones are roguishly employed in an attempt to close the door upon a stout little urchin, whose determination to make a raid upon the pie, which his sister is cutting, is very evident. The meek little girl in canary color, is watching the latter operation with clasped hands, as if it was the most momentous of the occasion, and the table-cloth, too short for the play-table, and which is, in fact, only the nursery towel, and the small tea-set, scattered at regular intervals, shows plainly what is indeed the case, that this is not one of the grand, high-toned, kid-gloved, and regularly killing children's parties, but an improvised affair—just a little spontaneous gathering in a very hospitable house after school, where a good-natured Bridget, in the absence of the mother, has furnished a left-over pie from her baking, and a few apples and oranges from the yesterday's dessert, and which with the "white tea," makes an abundant feast. Such little unexpected events are often pleasanter to look back upon than the more elaborate affairs upon which much time and money are expended, and which yet sometimes end in cruel disappointment.

A Beautiful Painting.

MR. B. F. REINHART, the well-known artist, has just completed a picture which has attracted the attention of connoisseurs, and is pronounced one of the most brilliant and successful efforts to put a human interest into an ideal study that has ever been achieved by any modern painter. Mr. B. F. Reinhart's reputation as a figure artist is established; but in this picture, which is entitled *Consolation*, he has essayed the difficult task of materializing a group of angelic visitants in different degrees of distinctness, until the foremost members of the shadowy assemblage reveal the distinct outlines and lovely forms of etherealized and wondrously graceful women.

Their errand is obvious. The tender arms of one encircle the body of a child which has just left the earth, and the pitying eyes are bent sympathetically and sadly upon the weeping mother, who is lying prone upon the bed in the dim and indistinct corner of the room the child has just quitted.

The sense of reality which is imparted to the reception of the child by the angelic visitants, the varied expression and intensity of emotion, the care and delicacy of treatment required in the grouping and detail of the receding forms, the admirable management of accessories, and distribution and employment of light and color are all singularly happy in their freedom from exaggeration and meretricious effects. The painting is now on exhibition at the studio of the artist.

Summer Sweetness.

WE all want to get the best we can out of life, but we are apt to complain very much of its conditions, and charge upon them the difficulties for which we alone are responsible. The natural conditions and resources for human happiness remain always very much the same: the sun shines, the earth is clothed with beauty, the fruits ripen, the sweet air plays with the leaves upon the trees, the water ripples musically over the white and glistening pebbles, just as it has done for hundreds of years, and these things are as productive of profound pleasure, of pure enjoyment, as they were on that first morning when the stars sang together.

The great element of enjoyment in summer is a sense of quietude. The warmth is enervating, so that great activity or violent exertion is out of the question, and the only way we can take in the beauty of nature, the orchestral grandeur of the symphonies made up from the great quartette, earth, air, sea and sky, is by getting rid, as far as possible, of personal cares, and placing ourselves *en rapport* with the unseen forces forever operating, but not always in utterances so sweet, tuneful, and melodious.

The test of a great work of art is its power of absorbing the individuality of the spectator; that is to say, from a conscious looker-on, more or less alive to his own personality, he becomes lost in his contemplation of a something in the work greater than himself, and which gradually seizes and holds him with more or less intensity. This is how the communion with the marvelous phenomena which we call Nature acts upon us. The more we separate ourselves from what is petty and personal, and ally ourselves with its great heart—not to the exclusion of human sympathies, but to the building up of all that is noble, sincere, and true in the formation of character, and the acquisition of strength in the performance of duty—the better the use to which we put the golden opportunities the summer affords us, and the more get out of life that alone which is worth the having.

Summer Eating.

THE annual exodus of city residents to the rural districts would be infinitely more beneficial to body and mind, if common sense in regard to eating were a little better understood, and sanitary laws better observed by those who preside over the destinies of country boarding-houses and country hotels.

At fashionable summer resorts, there is little difference between the fare of their tables, and those of city hotels; in fact, one is modeled on the other, and the only difference observable is in the absence of the abundance of fresh fruit, which in summer is so plentiful in all large American cities. There are soups, meats, vegetables, poultry, game, fish, bread of a half a dozen different kinds, pastries, and to crown all, and generally eaten on top of all, ice-cream every day in the week, but fruit, except in scant quantity and of some very ordinary kind, is nil.

Hardy men with the stomachs of ostriches could not digest such a bill of fare day after day, yet delicate women try to do it, fail in the attempt, and come home from their summer sojourn more miserable, more exhausted, more depressed, body and mind, than when they started out.

The country boarding-house is more restricted, but not more sensible, or more wholesome. You can make a choice at the hotel table of such things as best suit you, and if you have strength of mind, put away from you that which is hurtful. But in a boarding-house there is little or no choice; it is "neck, or nothing," that is to say, ham or nothing, or custard pie or nothing, or something equally obnoxious to some, though they may suit others. The point is, however, that there is no originality, no effort to mark a distinction which ought to be made most emphatically between the diet of the winter and that of the summer, between cold weather and warm, between city conventionality and country sweetness, honesty, and simplicity. Of course it is not altogether the fault of the country people, or the proprietors of hotels; they yield to what they consider a popular demand in providing the great variety of heavy meats, and food which can be obtained in January at the Fifth Avenue Hotel; and obviously obtaining these with trouble, labor, and expense, they cannot afford another large outlay for special summer fruits and dishes. But our opinion is that summer hotels and boarding-houses would find themselves amply recompensed by a more restrictive in some respects, enlarged in others, yet altogether more simple, and special system of diet. They want less variety, and less quantity of meats, and fish, and poultry, more fruit, and simpler desserts. Ice-water should be drunk in smaller quantities, and between or before meals, rather than while eating heartily of food, and ice-cream as a refreshment after a walk or a ride, but not as a means of lowering the temperature of the stomach far below its natural state at a time when all its strength is needed for the work of digestion.

Sweetened drinks are a great mistake in summer, as they only aggravate thirst, and create carbon or heat in the blood; in fact, the whole system of eating and drinking in summer acts and reacts in a measure injurious to the healthful condition of the stomach, for the highly seasoned meats create a thirst which it is attempted to satisfy by strongly sweetened drinks, and these only tend still further to intensify the desire for something to allay what shortly becomes chronic feverishness and derangement of the vital organs. Let us learn to eat to live, and enjoy life, not live to eat, and thus endure living death.

How to Meet Hot Weather.

ACCORDING to the calculations of eminent scientists, the present summer is to be marked by unusual heat, and this excessive warmth is to extend far over into the fall, and be followed by an unusually mild winter. The heat of an ordinary summer, in this latitude, though less overpowering than it is found farther south, is still quite as much as people can endure, who have to keep steadily at work during the long days, especially if they are employed in any avocation which exposes them to the direct influence of the sun. It is therefore a matter of some importance, in these days of hurry and drive, when neither heat nor cold is allowed to stop in the way of the thousand and one projects that everybody has on hand, that we should use a little common sense in regard to meeting an extra draft upon vitality and nervous force, and thus, perhaps, prevent disastrous consequences.

It is very well known that the accelerated speed, the frightful rush of modern life, is rapidly crushing out whatever human forces are incapable, either by the exercise of strength or wisdom, of enduring the struggle. The numerous cases of insanity, the sudden deaths, the frequent suicides, are in large proportion due to the constant and enormous strain upon the complex human organization. There is no special enlargement of the physical, mental, or nervous power to meet these greatly-increased demands. The only additional resource, to meet the emergency lies in the larger and more correct knowledge we have acquired of the laws upon which the exercise of these forces depends, and the adaptation which we can secure of the conditions of our lives to meet these circumstances.

We are much better informed now than we used to be in regard to sanitary requisites, the qualities of foods and their influence, the action of violent emotion upon the vital forces, and the necessity for regularity, as well as moderation, not only in work, but in enjoyment, if we intend to live out our days, and leave a margin to draw upon in cases like the present.

It will be best, therefore, during the present summer, for those who would retain their health and strength, to reduce somewhat the amount of labor they are accustomed to perform, and make it as little exhausting and burdensome as possible. Reduce, also, the amount of food they are accustomed to eat, and make it as little inflammatory, and nerve exciting as can be procured, and especially avoid agitation of disagreeable subjects, indulgence in heated discussion, or violent altercation.

Let the dress be simple and cool, without much reference to what is supposed to be fashion, drink but little even of water, allaying thirst by sips, and the juice of lemons, rather than by drowning the digestion in torrents of ice-cold liquid. Avoid sweets of all kinds, which create carbon in the system, precisely as fatty matter does, and use the berries and fresh summer fruits with as little sugar, and as near an approach to natural flavor, as can be made palatable. The acid of the currant is superior even to that of the lemon in its cooling action upon the blood when taken directly into the system fresh and unalloyed by masses of concentrated carbon in the form of sugar. But it is usually so lost in sweetness that but little of its natural quality remains.

Nothing is gained either by absolute laziness, and inaction. There are none who are so little alive to temporary discomfort physical or mental, as those whose minds and bodies are constantly and usefully occupied; and there are probably no persons who suffer more from changes of temperature and little physical annoyances than those

whose chief business in life it is to avoid them. Serenity, cheerfulness, a happy faculty for getting good instead of evil out of every-day occurrences, thoughtfulness for others, with a little patience with ourselves, are great helps to the maintenance of an equable state of body and mind, even during the prolonged strain of a hot summer.

The Shakespeare Memorial Building at Stratford on Avon.

THE Shakespeare Memorial Building which was opened 23d of April, consists of a theater capable of holding nearly 1,000 persons, a school of acting, a library of dramatic literature, and a picture gallery. The ground surrounding the theater is delightfully situated on the banks of the Avon, and will be cultivated as a garden.

The first stone of the building was fittingly laid on Monday, the 23d of April, 1877, the anniversary of the poet's birthday, with full Masonic ceremonial, in the presence of the Mayor and Corporation of the town, and a distinguished assembly.

The style of the memorial is early Elizabethan, which will harmonize with Shakespeare's house and other old buildings in Stratford. Its length from north to south is 94 feet, and from east to west 79 feet, inclusive of projections for tower and turrent. At present the theater only is completed; when the library and picture gallery are added the building will extend a further distance of 54 feet to the west. This latter portion will be a handsome building 74 feet by 36 feet, with a height of 54 feet to the ridge, and joined to the theater by an arch having a span of 20 feet. This arch is to form a covered way to the principal entrance, and above it will be an elaborate saloon on a level with the dress-circle.

In the tower will be three rooms, and a large iron tank 10 feet by 13, and 4 deep, will afford provision in case of fire. The topmost room of the tower, which will be 82 feet high, affords a commanding view of the lovely scenery of the locality. The auditorium is to be lighted by a sunburner, and a perfect system of ventilation will be afforded through a small turret over it.

The building is constructed of red brick of a special make, with stone dressings. The amount of subscriptions as yet received is not sufficient to complete the whole of the memorial building, but the theater is now finished, and was opened on the 23d of April, by an inaugural festival which occupied four days—the 23d, 24th, 25th, and 26th of April. There was to be a *déjeuner* on the afternoon of the 23d, the mayor, Mr. Flower, in the chair; it was this gentleman who revived the project of a Shakespeare Memorial in 1874, who presented the site, and expressed the desire that the monument should take the form of a memorial theater.

The first play in the new theater on the evening of the 23d was "Much Ado About Nothing," Mr. Barry Sullivan and Mrs. Theodore Martin (Miss Helen Faucit) as *Benedick* and *Beatrice*. On the following evening "Hamlet" was given, with Mr. Barry Sullivan as the prince, and this was repeated on the 26th. On the 25th there was a concert of the music set to Shakespeare's words, at which Madame Arabella Goddard, Mrs. Osgood, Miss Kate Field, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mr. W. Shakespeare, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Santley assisted, Sir Julius Benedict being conductor. Our countrywoman, Miss Kate Field has labored heroically for the success of this tribute to Shakespeare's genius, and Mme. Antoinette Sterling will also be remembered as a famous American vocalist.



My Housekeeping Class.

BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

(Continued from June number.)

"I HAVE just had a lecture on house linen from an old Scotch lady that reminded me of our last discussion, and I wish you could all have heard it," says Jeannie, entering in her breezy manner, and nodding, in a general way, to all of us.

"I heartily wish we could have heard it," say I, bidding her good morning with the warm welcome we always give to Jeannie. "But, as we did not have the privilege, why won't you tell us what your Scotch friend said?"

"Oh, she said just about what you did the other day, about the care of the linen closet, and looking after the sheets, and tablecloths, and other things. The greatest difference was in the enormous quantity of everything she advocated. She said every well-regulated family ought to have at least six dozen linen sheets, nearly as many tablecloths, and an untold amount of napkins, towels, etc."

"Is such a quantity necessary?" asks Miss Kittie Van Rensselaer, who doesn't like to feel that her mother's elegant mansion is not as well supplied as any one's.

"I do not see any need for it," I say, "unless one lives in a place where no replenishing is possible; but, I believe, in good families in the old country it is customary to accumulate vast stores of plate, china, and linen. I had an English seamstress once who expressed so much contempt for the small stock of linen which I had considered quite sumptuous, that I was conscious of a very mean and withered feeling."

"Well, I don't call her very polite," says Sophie Mapes, soberly.

"Not very polite, certainly," I assent, "but then we don't always find good manners among the lowly."

"Or the lofty, either," amends Sophie.

"My Scotch friend gave me one idea that I liked," says Jeannie, "but perhaps you would not."

"What is it, dear?"

"It was about marking," answers Jeannie. "She says great big embroidered initials on napkins and other linen things actually deface them. She told us, with the greatest disgust, about spending the night with a lady in Boston, and wiping her face upon a towel which had an immense interlaced B. D. O. embroidered upon it in vivid scarlet. Her first idea was that she had been stricken with nose-bleed; her next, that some small, unwary wild beast had been caught and slain in the folds. When she examined the carmine stain by her spectacles' aid, and found it a harmless ornamental device to enable the owner to prove property, great was her contempt for American taste."

"What a funny way you have of telling a story," I say, as we all laugh at her drollery. "But what kind of marking does your friend advocate? I agree with her in despising large red letters."

"She says there is but one proper way to mark linen, and that is with what she calls sample letters, cross-stitched in with red cotton or black silk. The letters are large or small, according to the fineness of the cloth."

"I understand," I say, "that among the revivals of old-time customs, people are going back to that style of marking, although it is not fair to call it

a revival, as, in such families as your friend's, it has never been abandoned."

"I will show you," says Jeannie, taking out a pencil, "what she puts on her linen; she knows every stitch by heart, and she worked it on a piece of rag in about half a minute, speaking strictly within bounds, to show me how it was done."

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"Of course the number under the letters is different on every article, and she says the outer line may be a diamond, or a square, or any other shape; but, whatever it is, the same thing is used on all the linen. She says that some people work the letters on a line, and then put a little crown or other device in the same stitch just over them."

The paper is passed around the class, and we all declare ourselves quite in favor of the quaint style of marking. All except Miss Kittie, who asserts that her mamma's linen is so very fine that it would ruin any one's eyes to count threads on it for marking.

"Do you think," says one of our members, after a little more discussion upon marking, "do you think a girl ought to be required to take care of her own room when the family keep plenty of servants?"

"Indeed I do," is my answer, given with emphasis.

Some murmurs of surprise, not to say dissatisfaction, come from some of the girls as I say this, and Miss Grafton, a new comer, with very decided opinions, exclaims:

"Well, I think it is degrading for young ladies of good family to do menial work."

"You degrade the work by such a misapplied epithet," I say, with some spirit. "It is no more menial to take care of the room you occupy than of the clothes you wear, and very few girls are above doing that."

"I am not ashamed to say that I take all the care of my room," says Lucy Little composedly.

"And I should be ashamed of not taking care of mine," says Sophie Mapes bravely; "if I did not do it myself nobody else would."

"I would be very willing to take care of mine if I could do it decently," remarks Miss Bebee.

"It doesn't require a very large amount of intelligence to keep one room in order," is my comment upon this remark. "If a girl has the privilege of a whole room to herself, she ought to be willing in return to take the whole care of it, and it ought to be kept in such beautiful order, that, no matter who enters it, she should never have need to apologize for its condition."

"I know," I continue, "that for those of you who are still in school it is hard to spare much time in the morning, and it takes stern resolution to get up early to gain time for a duty which may be irksome at first; but the practice will soon become a habit, and then the great struggle will be over. As soon as you leave your bed, throw back the clothes, shake it up, and leave it to air. Then, after you are dressed, dust the room and put everything in its place, having of course, according to the excellent, if old-fashioned rule, a place for everything. If possible, leave making the bed until after breakfast, and let the window be left open while you are out of the room, that the mattress may have an opportunity to be thoroughly aired. If I were speaking only to those whose school-days were over, I should say, do not dust until after the bed is made, but time before the school hour is so limited, that the other plan must be resorted to by those whose mornings are

not their own. But on Saturday mornings the room may have full justice done it, and be attended to in the most orthodox and highly approved manner, getting its grand weekly sweeping, and an exhaustive dusting and clearing up, and the bed not only a prolonged airing, but a change of sheets and pillow cases.

"I would not venture," I go on to say, "to offer advice upon so simple a point as bed-making to some young ladies; but as I am afraid that, with some honorable exceptions, my class is not composed of proficient in that important accomplishment, I will take the liberty of telling how I think it should be done. After the bed is sufficiently well aired, turn the mattress and place it evenly upon the bed. Then spread on the lower sheet, and tuck it smoothly under all sides of the mattress. Lay on the bolster, if one is used, after shaking it well and smoothing it into shape. A bolster should have a case, but if it should chance to be minus a cover, the lower sheet must be untucked at the head and drawn over the bolster to serve for one. Put the upper sheet on next, and be very particular to tuck it well under the mattress at the foot of the bed, for it is very disagreeable to have it pull out in the night, and allow the blankets to come in contact with the sleeper's feet. The blankets may be put on next, tucking them in at the foot and making them very smooth. Then spread on the counterpane, making it as even and unwrinkled as possible, tuck in quilt and blankets together at each side of the bed, and fold the top sheet over all at the head of the bed. Then beat the pillows into good shape and put them in their places, and lay on the pillow shams if any are used, if not, place the pillows so that the open ends of the pillow cases will be turned outward. In old times, when feather beds were used, bed-making was a fearful and wonderful thing, but as with our present better knowledge of the laws of health we are not likely to revive the condemned fashion, it is not necessary for us to seek information on the subject, but be thankful that the performance as now conducted is such a very simple one."

"Well, simple as it is," says Jeannie, "I don't think it is very generally understood by chambermaids. I know mamma has had some girls who made the beds so wretchedly that I never was comfortable. Sometimes the clothes were one-sided, and sometimes they came untucked at the bottom; and did all sorts of things that well-conducted bed-clothes never ought to do."

"All the more reason then for your taking care of your own room and learning how to make your own bed," I say for a closing argument, "and let me tell you, a girl who takes the whole care of her own room will soon begin to take great pride in its neatness, and think no effort too great to beautify it. Many of her idle moments may be well spent in making some of the pretty trifles which will add so much to its attractiveness. Money can give any amount of elegance in the way of furniture, etc., but taste, industry, and neatness give a charm to a girl's room that will make it more worthy of its youthful mistress than any extravagant expenditure can do."

The Care of Carpets.

ALTHOUGH the price of carpets is so much lower than it was, it requires, nevertheless, considerable outlay to purchase a carpet. This, if no other consideration, makes it incumbent that carpets should be taken care of, as a neglected carpet is never lasting.

In many houses it is usual to keep the carpet down the entire year. Housekeepers know, of course, that a carpet laid away for the summer

lasts twice as long as one that is subjected to sun, dust, and feet the year through. White bare floors are undesirable for many reasons, straw matting is not only appropriate, but economical. White matting is apt to turn yellow after the first season, but the colored, either red and white, or the variously colored, serves the purpose longer and looks pretty on the floor. It is not a good plan to keep the matting down under the carpet in winter. It subjects it to unnecessary wear, and fills it with dust. It is said that a thin coat of white varnish applied to straw matting will keep it fresh and render it durable.

In the spring, when the house is cleaned for the summer, the carpets should be taken up and thoroughly beaten out, neatly folded, and carefully packed in tobacco and stored in a dry place. Tobacco is preferable to camphor, as the smell is more easily dissipated.

When the carpets are put down for the winter, paper (which can be purchased for seven or eight cents a yard in the carpet stores) should be laid first on the floor; this proves a very great protection to the carpet by keeping it from coming in contact with the hard and sometimes rough boards of the floor. Care should be taken to tack the carpet down smoothly, and not leave it in ridges as is sometimes seen.

If carpets are left down in summer, they should be taken up once a year at least (twice is better), and thoroughly beaten out. It is astonishing the quantity of dust which accumulates under a carpet, and which not only grinds it out, but rises every time it is walked over. Only careless and slatternly housekeepers allow a carpet to remain even as long as a year without being shaken.

Steaming a carpet may clean it, but the process is undesirable, as it thins the fibers, and there is never as much substance in the carpet afterward. Tapestry carpets can be cleansed by first having them well beaten out, then spread on a clean floor, and thoroughly swept. Remove the grease spots with ox-gall mixed with water, and put on with a small scrubbing brush. When this has been done, wipe the whole carpet somewhat lightly with a weak solution of ox-gall in warm water. See that the carpet is thoroughly dry before using it, as dusty shoes will make its last condition worse than its first.

Soiled carpets are sometimes cleaned in the following way: First, thoroughly beat them, then make a mixture of two gallons of water with half a pound of soft soap dissolved in it, and four ounces of liquid ammonia. Rub this on with a flannel, and then wipe the carpet dry with a coarse cloth.

Grease spots may be removed from carpets by first washing the place with a mixture of warm water, soap, and borax, the proportions being a gallon of water to an ounce of borax. Wash the spot well with a clean cloth dipped in this mixture, and the grease will disappear.

It would seem superfluous to give any advice about sweeping carpets, and yet there are many people who need a little counsel on the subject. In the first place, the windows should be closed, not opened, when the carpet is getting swept; this prevents the dust being blown back where it has been swept from. After the sweeping is over, then raise the windows. The strokes of the broom should be short and near the surface of the carpet. In sweeping carpets the dust can be kept down by scattering on them small bits of wet newspaper, which answer the purpose better than tea-leaves, which sometimes stain very light carpets. Carpets should not be swept every day, as they do not require it unless in constant and hard use. A broom used in sweeping carpets should not be called into requisition for anything else.

Gardening.

BY BUSY BEE.

ALL the readers of Demorest who know by experience the pleasure and sanitary benefits of gardening will be certain to peruse these brief bits on the subject, hoping to find in them some useful hints.

But I wish to appeal to those who have never engaged in this sort of work or recreation.

Make the experiment for yourselves, and after a fair trial let us know if you do not find in it a zest, and from it stronger muscles and better health.

June is the month for transplanting, and apropos of this let me say, that as roots absorb food, not by the whole of their surface, but by their new-formed extremities (termed spongioles), in transplanting the plant will fix itself in the soil if the spongioles are uninjured. And the reason it is better to transplant in moist weather is, that there is not so much loss by evaporation. June is the time to plant that curious bulb, the colchicum if you want a supply in October. I know of no other plant whose seed like this, instead of ripening in the autumn, comes to perfection in June, just in time to plant again. How deep? About two inches. This is the month to set out dahlias, to take up spring bulbs, whose leaves now turn yellow, and to prune fruit-trees and shrubs. Among flowering shrubs I have a great partiality for the

Pyrus Japonica,

sometimes called Japanese crab. It cheers us with its blossoms so late in the fall, when so few plants are in bloom, and the fruit is said to make finer marmalade than the quince, although I have never tried it. Although usually a shrub, it can be trained over a lattice.

There is also a shrub wistaria which does not grow higher than twenty feet, and bears fragrant blossoms. There is a white variety of wistaria too.

The brooms, especially the gold-striped, with its brilliant yellow flowers, and the Persian, a bush six feet high, are fine shrubs.

July.

In this month geraniums should be pruned, and all roses that have done flowering, cutting out the old wood and shortening the shoots to a good bud, as the wood that grows after this will ripen perfectly. It is the month to layer verbenas and pinks. These latter are propagated by pipings, which is performed by preparing the cuttings of young shoots having two joints, cutting off close under the second joint. Put the pipings in a vessel of soft water, fill it with sand and place them under a glass.

By the end of this month evergreens may be removed.

Changing Stock

is as important in flowers as in vegetables. Do not repeat the same things in the same soil, or use your own seed.

Roses

require rich soil but not wet, and for manure burnt earth is highly recommended by one rose grower who experimented with six varieties, and found this to be the best of all. Guano for manure has a favorable effect on the foliage, but not on the blooms.

In pruning, remember this, the weaker the rose the more pruning it will require; too much pruning on a vigorous tree tends to shoots rather than flowers.

Open-Air Effects in Mural Decorations.

A NOVEL feature of mural decoration, of which the source is English, is what are called "open-air" effects.

An apartment, for this kind of decoration, requires a deep wainscot of dark wood. If carved, this wainscot must be in harmony with the mural decoration to be placed above it. For example, above a wainscot carved in imitation of brushwood, the wall-painting gives beautiful wild flowers and wild laurel bushes, which seem to rise above, and, as it were, out of the carving. A carving representing a low growth of field-grass has a decoration representing field poppies, blue corn-flowers, wheat, field and meadow weeds, buttercups, dandelions, etc., while—and hence the name "open-air effects"—above the flowers is a sky painted with the utmost faithfulness to nature, and reaching to the ceiling, where it continues and which it overspreads. Carelessly distributed over this sky, and rising toward the ceiling, are, here and there, birds, butterflies, and dragon-flies. If these birds be swallows or storks, the painting on the wall must represent old-time house-tops—the "early English" style—and with storks' nests in the eaves or chimneys. Cranes require Nile lotus and Egyptian designs. Nothing can be more beautiful than these mural paintings which will, it is promised, be attainable, later, in wall-paper, imitated from these designs, all of which are by the best artists.

A residence being constructed near London has among its "open-air effects" of mural decoration, a "sunrise room" and a "moonlight room." The sunrise room has a brilliant atmosphere, so to speak, and using the word atmosphere as applied by artists to canvas effects, consisting of rosy and golden clouds against a blue sky, from which the gray mists float up toward the ceiling. Over this glorious background, full of the joy of the morn, floats here and there a yellow butterfly. Birds, so perfect that they would seem to have flown in, mistaking the apartment for some lovely garden, rise up from grasses and ferns glittering with morning dew.

In the "moonlight room," all is pale and cold. Dark blue hangings heighten the effect of mural painting, representing a somber sky with a moon going slowly up, as tells the "Ancient Mariner," "a star on either side." Far off, a dove is winging its way home, and the pale lilies above the wainscot catch only here and there a gleam that defines and enables the occupant to see them. A dream-like room, in which to dream!

JAPANESE CABINETS.—Japanese cabinets for boudoir-decoration, and intended to use for jewels and trinkets of various kinds, in the drawers and upon the shelves, etc., in their present style, a novelty. The size is about three feet and a half in width to the same in height. In this space are shelves, drawers, and sometimes a sort of closet. Upon the shelves are set *bijouterie*, exquisite oddities in the finest Japanese and Chinese ware, and in the drawers, which have keys, are sections for bracelets, rings, necklaces, etc. The whole cabinet being of the light Japanese wood, over-lacquered, it is easy to transport it, and to place it in a wardrobe or safe under lock. Nothing could be more dainty as an article of boudoir furniture than these exquisite cabinets. Upon the shelves it is customary to place small figures representing the different members of a Chinese or Japanese family engaged in smoking opium, in drinking tea, or in fanning themselves. These figures are highly colored and correctly costumed. Some of these cabinets are so small that two can be placed upon the two slabs of a dressing-stand upon which they form an ornament equally odd and attractive.

CARVED AND SCULPTURED HANDS.—Among the

new Parisian whims—is to have your hand carved in ivory, or sculptured in marble, life size, then laid upon a slab of ivory, marble, or onyx. This you present to your wife or betrothed, your son or husband, your nearest and dearest. Ladies obtain these of the most noted sculptors, and the present from a gentleman to a lady is looked upon as equally acceptable if it prove that the sender happens to have handsome hands. The first cause of this fashion arose in the marvelous beauty of the hands of a young Englishman of noble family. A noted sculptor implored him to permit him to model his hands. In gratitude for his consent, he presented him with a beautiful bust. When the statue appeared on which the sculptor had been at work, all Paris recognized the faultless hands. Since this time came up the fashion which the same sculptor introduced—and of which the first origin is Italian—that of marble tables upon which are sculptured three hands, that of the wife, the husband, and the child laid out as if resting lightly upon the table. One of these exquisite tables was made to order for an American lady. The three hands are incorporated with the white marble top. In another the white marble hands and wrists lay upon a surface of black marble. The grace, beauty, and sentiment of the idea cannot be fully appreciated till one of these exquisite tables is seen. The wonderful hands are full of expression.

ROMAN HEADS.—A young Italian of remarkable talent as a sculptor, executed, not long ago, an exquisitely beautiful and wonderfully carved Roman head, upon a cherry-stone. This singular *bijou* being displayed by the lady for whom it was done, and exciting enthusiastic wonder among sculptors, the young man has been overwhelmed with orders, from the first ladies in Paris, to furnish heads of a similar kind, for which they pay cheerfully the most enormous prices. No emerald is costlier, it is said, than have become these "Roman" heads.

MENU-HOLDERS.—New menu-holders are birds' heads, with eyes of precious stones, and form a part of the *châtelaine* ornaments. Eccentric models are grinning heads, between the teeth of which the *menu* is slipped. Cranes, storks, and little fat sparrows are other designs comically arranged so as to admit of the same use. The passion for hanging a vast quantity of fanciful objects to pendant chains about the waist has so gained ground that they now hang, in Paris and London, chains on both sides, and from these a greater number of odd objects than ever before. An eccentric lady startled the guests at a reception by recently appearing with what appeared to be the skull of an infant pendant from her *châtelaine*. It turned out to be that of her pet monkey, properly polished and furnished with nice little crystal eyes. Another lady of fashion wears a gold box or *étui*, in which she has a small powder puff and a little rice powder, also a small mirror. One of her whims is to use these to arrange her complexion "before folks."

WALL-LAID PICTURES.—A foreign fashion of considerable import threatens to invade our peaceful abodes, and bring the house carpenter and plasterer about our devoted walls. In a short time, all owners of purchased residences, in which it is settled that a family has a chance of permanently abiding, will find that "wall-laid" pictures, especially if these should be family portraits, are *de rigueur*. The wall is partly demolished, into it the picture, frame and all, is set, and around the frame is built up plastered surface, to be overlaid with painting or paper, thus incorporating the picture with the wall. It becomes impossible thus to steal a picture, but in case of fire, how is a valuable portrait, an heirloom, to be removed? Whatever may be the course to pursue in such a case, to save the picture, it would not, thus far, appear

to be known to those who are making arrangements to have certain pictures "wall-laid." The most desired are portraits, especially old ones.

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL PLAQUES.—Plaques upon which are delineated Japanese figures in full costume, present the singular feature of having these groups upon an outlined section, as though a picture distinct in itself were superimposed upon the plaque, the remaining space of which is filled in with oriental flowers. The effect is very beautiful.

Other plaques—and these it is customary to insert in a square frame of black, blue, or dark crimson velvet—have magnificent birds, single or in groups of two, and either about to fly, flying, or having seized upon the moment some insect. Birds, as now chosen for art representation, will invariably be found in an attitude indicating action. A parrot will be found about to rest; a mackaw extending its head and ruffling its wings in anger at some imagined foe; a dove just taking flight. Mere repose upon a bough is no longer chosen. Two angry swans, or ducks frightened by a fox, two quarreling sparrows, also are favorite subjects. But the theme of plaques is simply inexhaustible, and the beauty of some is unsurpassed, and, it would seem, unsurpassable in subject as in treatment.

"CARYATID" BIRDS.—A feature entirely novel, and of which the source is Parisian, is the introduction of very life-like and beautiful birds of the larger kinds—owls, eagles, storks, pelicans, cranes, and peacocks—at the sides of the mantelpiece, serving as caryatides. These birds are of wood, carved so exquisitely and with such faithfulness of expression and detail, that every eye is at first deceived. Eyes of crystal are introduced, and, though the material chosen be merely wood, let it not be supposed that these singular mantel supports are either a low style of art or the work of inferior artists. On the contrary, the subject being life, they would, if given to artists of any low grade, be failures as birds; while, on the contrary, their success is such that the idea has straightway taken hold of public fancy, and bids fair to be largely introduced where the purse admits of the gratification of that desire for change, that feverish restlessness, which has so much to do with the success of all that is new in art. Prepare, therefore, to meet the owls of Pallas Athene, the eagle of Jupiter, and Juno's splendid peacock, for, if Paris has them for a year or so, America will bring them over, even as "Sir Charles Coldstream" proposed to "bring over St. Paul's."

TAPER-SUPPORTS.—Entirely novel taper-supports, in which the ornamented tapers are displayed to excellent effect, are oriental figures of *terra-cotta*. These offer many different subjects, being in pairs, as, for instance, a couple of Moorish slaves with garments elaborately decorated with gold filigree, and poised as if about to run forward. They hold in their hands sockets, in which the wax taper being lit, it has the effect of a torch. Other styles represent Syrian women bearing the taper, like a water-jar, upon their heads above their turbans. Still another style of these *terra-cotta* figures is that which gives Japanese and Chinese females and males with full robes and holding up both arms, making each taper-support double. This style requires four candles. Then again there are figures in antique costume, and others in armor colored to resemble bronze.

Another style of taper-support is a cluster of five figures embracing one another, the arms being wreathed about the waists. The tapers, in this instance, rest upon the heads of the different figures. Another style has all the figures in china and the candle is of china also, provided with a wick. Oil, perfumed and very costly, is used in these supports.

Women of Yesterday and To-day.

BY L. P. L.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

HARRIET MARTINEAU was descended from an old Huguenot family who settled in England on the occasion of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and was born in Norwich, June 12th, 1802. In early childhood, sight, hearing, and touch were perfectly good, but the sense of taste was very defective, and that of smell was altogether wanting.

Though as a child, shy to painfulness of every human creature, she was never afraid of God, and she was constantly longing for Heaven, a place she fancied to be gay with yellow and lilac crocuses. She was early taught to sew, and long before she was fully grown, made all the clothes she wore except her stays and shoes, so that she was saved from being a literary lady who could not sew; indeed, for some months she earned her livelihood by her needle.

When seven years of age, she was detained from church one Sunday afternoon by some slight ailment. As the house door closed on the chapel goers, she turned to look at the books on the table. The ugliest-looking one, a plain, clumsy, calf-bound volume of *Paradise Lost*, was turned down open. For months after, that book was never to be found except by asking Harriet for it, and there soon came to be scarcely a line in it to which she could not instantly turn. She would crow herself to sleep, repeating passages from it, and its descriptions of heavenly light rushed into her mind when her curtains were drawn back in the early morning.

Amid the restrictions of her early youth, Miss Martineau was most fortunate in one regard. Her strong, intellectual powers were committed to the training of a school-master who was a scholar, and in companionship with his boy pupils. These circumstances insured her the inestimable advantage of a thorough classical and mathematical groundwork of education, freed from the mistake that there is a special female road to knowledge. Studies not usually permitted to women at that period, either in England or the United States, were planned for and encouraged by Mrs. Martineau. Her own superior mind bore to her unmistakable inward witness that the education good for her sons must be no less beneficial to her daughters, and Harriet profited by that conviction to the utmost, while cultivating to the highest degree every household accomplishment and fulfilling every domestic duty.

Her health, always poor, became very bad as she grew into girlhood; and her mind, sympathizing with her body, was ill at ease. The great calamity of her deafness was opening upon her, besides which constant indigestion, languor and muscular weakness made life a burden. Her best loved hour of the day, during that period, was when the cloth was removed after dinner, and she stole away from the dessert to read Shakespeare by the drawing-room firelight, a breach of good table manners which her mother, usually so rigid in her requirements, overlooked.

When sixteen, the state of her health and temper made a change desirable, and she was sent to Bristol to school. The domestic rule of Miss Martineau's mother was stern and unsympathetic, and so many causes of unhappiness had arisen, and her temper was so thoroughly ajar, that nothing else would have done any effectual good. Be-

fore she went to Bristol she was a prey to three annoyances, her bad handwriting, her deafness, and the state of her hair. She wrote a cramped, untidy scrawl till past twenty, until authorship made her forget manner in matter, and gave freedom and legibility to her hand. From her deafness, she obtained no relief; but her third misery was cured by the advice of a friend who assured her that her hair would do well if she would be content with less combing and give it more brushing. So ended one of those trifles "which make up the sum of human life."

She returned to Norwich in 1819, just before the marriage of her elder sister, after which she was naturally more of a companion to her mother, who became more cordial and sympathetic, as her daughter's mind opened and her deafness increased. At that time it was not thought proper for young ladies to study conspicuously, even Jane Austen being compelled, whenever visitors appeared, to cover up her manuscripts with a large piece of muslin kept on the table for that purpose. The rule in Mrs. Martineau's house was that the daughters of the family should appear at the work-table immediately after breakfast; that they should go out walking before dinner in winter, and after tea in summer, so that any time for special objects must be taken from either the early morning or after bed-time in the evening. She had, in those days, a passion for translating, which proved a good preparation for the subsequent work of her life. She also studied the Bible incessantly, both by daily readings and by aid of all the commentaries and works of elucidation she could lay her hands on.

In 1821, she made her first appearance in print. She had had early aspirations after authorship, which had been checked by a jest of her elder sister. But when her brother James, then her idolized companion, found how wretched she was during his absence at college, he advised her to take up some new pursuit, desiring her to write something and send it to the "*Monthly Repository*," a small, insignificant periodical, then struggling for existence. James's word was her law, so the bright September morning of his departure found her at her desk, beginning an article on "Female Writers on Practical Divinity," taking the letter V as her signature.

Her heart beat prodigiously to find her article in the place of honor in the next issue of the magazine, with a request to "V, of Norwich," to write again. There is something peculiar in the sensation of seeing one's self in print for the first time. The lines burn themselves in upon the brain in black in a way of which ink is incapable in any other mode. All day long Miss Martineau went about with her secret on her heart. Her eldest brother, whom she greatly revered, was just married, and he asked her to go home with him after chapel. (It was Sunday.) After tea he said, "We have had enough talk, let me read you something now," taking up the *Repository* as he spoke. Glancing over it he said, "They have a new hand at work. I have not seen anything so good for a long time. Listen!" Miss Martineau sat mute while he read, but upon his exclaiming, "What a fine sentence!" two or three times, and receiving no response, he said, "What is the matter, Harriet? I never knew you so slow to praise anything before." She then replied in utter shamefacedness, "The truth is, I wrote that paper."

Her brother said nothing, but read on in silence till she arose to go away. Then laying his hand on her shoulder he said, gravely, "My dear" (it was the first time he had ever called her dear), "leave it to other women to make shirts and darn stockings. Do you devote yourself to this!"

She walked home in a sort of dream, the squares of stone pavement seeming to float before her eyes, and the whole earth transfigured before her.

In 1826 her father died, leaving his business affairs much complicated and depressed by the troubles then brooding over the whole nation. Shortly after, while rumors were afloat that the family was ruined pecuniarily, a friend who had been too generous to ask one whom he supposed to be rich, to become a poor man's wife, offered her his home and name. While she was luxuriating in the beauty of his goodness and devotion, he suddenly became insane, and after months of illness of mind and body, died.

Miss Martineau's first story was called *The Rioters*, and was sold for five pounds. It met with such marked success that some hosiers and lace-makers of Nottingham sent a request that she should write a tale on the subject of wages, which she did. A copy of Mrs. Marcet's *Conversations on Political Economy* falling into her hands, she was greatly surprised to find she had been teaching it unawares in her stories upon wages and machinery.

In 1829, Miss Martineau, her mother, and sisters, lost nearly all they had in the world by the failure of the firm which held their money—Miss Martineau, in fact, being left with exactly one shilling in her purse. But the effect of this calamity was almost enjoyable upon her, for there was scope in it for action, whereas in the long, dreary series of preceding trials nothing had been possible but endurance. Many times, in after years, she and her sisters congratulated themselves upon being thus thrown upon their own resources, for by it they had gained friends, reputation, and independence; had seen the world at home and abroad—lived, in short, instead of vegetated!

But it was a serious question as to how she should gain her livelihood, for she was altogether precluded from teaching by her deafness. The sale of a ball dress brought her three pounds, and she could earn a trifle by fancy work, in which she was very expert. She wrote to the editor of the *Repository*, telling him that her changed circumstances would compel her to render less gratuitous service for his paper than formerly. Mr. Fox replied by apologetically placing at her disposal the sum of fifteen pounds a year, for which she was to do as much reviewing as she thought fit. This proposal delighted her; but many times during that winter both heart and bodily forces were near sinking. All day long she was bending over fine fancy work, only going to her literary work after tea; then writing steadily till two or three in the morning, yet never failing to obey the rule of the house to be present at the breakfast-table as the clock struck eight. Many a time she was in such a state of nervous exhaustion as to be scarcely able to put on paper the last half sentence of an essay or review.

In the spring of 1830, the Central Unitarian Association offered three prizes for essays presenting Unitarianism to the notice of Jews, Catholics, and Mohammedans. All three prizes were won by Miss Martineau, and it was a great event in her history, for she discovered by that success that she could really write, and concluded that she might rationally believe authorship to be her legitimate career.

She now began to lay plans for her Political Economy Series, and she wrote to several publishers placing her scheme before them, but all declined to have anything to do with it, on the ground of the disturbed state of the public mind. The condition of England was at that time a frightful enigma. Bloodshed and famine in the East Indies and slavery in the West; 25,000,000 people shut up to starve in the British Isles; exhausted by war, and taxed up to war point after the peace; dying from want of bread, while hindered alike from producing and from importing grain, as well as from going to live where it grew. Manufacturers were compelled to witness the destruction of property by

starving workmen, when they attempted to economize by means of machinery. Class wrought against class, and every man's hand was against his brother. In this crisis, Miss Martineau thought it possible all might be led to feel for each other as brothers, so she set herself to the task of bringing out the noble, holy, and heroic principles which she felt sure had not yet died out in British hearts.

After manifold rebuffs from publishers, one Charles Fox, a young bookseller, offered to print the series, but under most unreasonable stipulations. It was a time of great perplexity and sore distress, especially when, after all arrangements were concluded, as she had supposed, Fox made still further demands. She then took into her confidence an old uncle, who, upon hearing the case, said in a gracious and gentle manner: "You are a better judge of this scheme than I, but I know your industry and energy are the pride of us all, and ought to have our support," subscribing for fourteen copies of the series on the spot, and slipping a package of bank-notes and gold into her hand as advance payment. These kind words and substantial sympathy were more soothing to her worn and wearied frame than any medicine. And she records in her journal how she slept through the whole of that night, awaking a new creature the next morning.

Demarara, the first of the series, was a brilliant success. Her publisher wrote her, sending a copy of the first edition, asking her to make all the speed she could with any corrections she might have to make; adding, that the demand led him to propose they should print two thousand copies. A postscript said that, since he had written the above, he found they would need three thousand; a second postscript proposed four thousand, and a third five thousand. From that hour Miss Martineau never had any other anxiety about employment than what to choose, nor any real care about money. The wise and benevolent felt they were comprehended by a master spirit; leaders of parties struggled to get possession of the new influence. Members of Parliament sent her blue books through the mail till the postmaster sent word she must send for her share of the mail, as it could not be carried without a wheelbarrow, an announcement which, spreading through the town, caused her to be much stared at as she walked the streets.

She now found it would be necessary for her to remove to London permanently, and she took lodgings in Conduit Street. But this arrangement lasted but a little while, for, in 1829, her mother and aunt joined her, and they hired a house together in Fluyder Street, Westminster, where she passed the remainder of her London life. No situation could have suited her better, it being in the midst of the people and libraries desirable for her to have close at hand, and on the verge of St. James' Park, which served as a place of exercise. Her society was sought by people of all conditions, and she made a profound impression on every one she met. One busy mother of a dozen children, cumbered with much serving, and with whom she had been taking tea one evening, followed her to the door when she took leave, and said: "I am so sorry—so very sorry—you came; for I cannot bear to have you go." An amusing instance, too, of her reputation as a philanthropist we must give. She received a letter one day, scribbled all over in the way lost letters are. It was addressed: "To the Queen of Modern Philanthropists." And the post-office had put in one corner, "Try Miss Martineau."

After the completion of the Political Economy Series, Guizot, then Minister of Public Instruction in France, established a new periodical for the promotion of education. He directed that each number should open with a biographical sketch,

and he ordered that of Harriet Martineau to be first; she affording, he said, the only instance on record of a woman having substantially affected legislation otherwise than through some clever man.

For some time all went well in her home, and then busybodies began to make her mother discontented with the lowliness of their home, suggesting that Miss Martineau should have a larger house and live in better style. The only way in which the change could be made was by her providing more money, and that she felt she could not conscientiously do. She considered it a duty to lay by for times of sickness and adversity, so she steadily refused to change the plan of life which had been settled with thought and deliberation. To all remonstrances her unvarying reply was: "If my acquaintances care for me they will come to see me in a small house and narrow street, and those who object to either may stay away."

Her acquaintance with Sidney Smith commenced in a somewhat whimsical way. They were both at a large musical party, where rooms and staircases were a continuous throng. During the evening the lady who had conveyed Miss Martineau there fought her way to her seat next the piano, to say that Sidney Smith had passed a message up the stairs to say that he understood they desired each other's acquaintance, and that he was awaiting it at the bottom of the stairs. He inquired if, as Miss Martineau was thin and he stout, could she not get down to him easier than he could get up to her? and that he would wait for her answer five minutes. She could not think of leaving her seat and Malibran, so Mr. Smith sent her a "good night," saying he would call on her. And he did, making her jump at the first sound of his immense voice.

In August, 1834, Miss Martineau sailed for America, where she spent two years, traveling as far south as New Orleans and west as St. Louis, receiving everywhere the greatest possible attention even from those diametrically opposed to her in thought. While here, some one told her that the abolitionists were unsexing women, so that good men found it necessary to republish good little English books on her appropriate moral sphere.

"But what is her appropriate moral sphere?" was Miss Martineau's natural inquiry.

"Certainly a special and different one from that of man."

"But, if so, she would have had a special and different Christ," urged Miss Martineau.

"But is it possible you think women have the same rights and duties as men?"

"I think their abilities ought to settle that question," was the final reply.

She wrote two books on her American travels, one entitled *Society in America*, the other, *A Retrospect of Western Travels*. The latter is the more popular book of the two, since there is more in it to amuse, and less of politics, than in the former. Her chapter on Washington has a capital heading, worthy to be remembered:

"He might have been a king,
But that he understood
How much it was a meaner thing
To be unjustly great, than
Honorably good."

In 1838 she was engaged to explore the topography of Shakespeare's plays, in order to annotate Knight's edition; so she went into Italy, walking Padua through and through, for the sake of the shrewish Katherine and the delectable Portia; seeking for Juliet at Verona; exploring the Jews' quarter at Venice, fixing on the very house whence Jessica eloped, and seeing, at the Arsenal, what Othello meant by his business at the Saggiatory.

She also went to Scotland to trace out the haunts of Macbeth, examining Cawdor Castle, lingering on the Witch's Heath, and going to Iona to see Macbeth's grave in the line of old Scottish kings.

In the latter part of the same year she started on another Continental tour with an invalid cousin, but was taken so ill as to be obliged to return to London by the most direct route. She remained there, however, but a day or two, before going to Newcastle to consult her brother-in-law, a physician. His verdict was the necessity of complete rest and quietness, and she took lodgings at Tyne-mouth, where she remained six years.

During the first three years of her illness she wrote much, filling in the chinks of time with fancy work. Much of this she sent to the United States for the benefit of the National Anti-Slavery Society. One remarkable piece was a table cover on which was wrought the four seasons in wool, which sold for one hundred dollars. *Deerbrook*, her only novel, was written during this "passive period," as she termed it; *The Hour and the Man*, *Feats on the Fiord*, a Service Series, one of which, *The Maid of all Work*, showed such a thorough understanding of the subject that it was currently reported and believed by many to be the actual experience of the author; but, during the whole six years of her illness, comforts and luxuries were so lavishly bestowed that it seemed almost as if the donors must have believed Sidney Smith's promise, when he said: "Whoever sends Miss Martineau game, or fruit, or flowers, will be sure of Heaven, providing they pay punctually the dues of the Church of England."

After her recovery she took lodgings in the Lake Country, where she was speedily indoctrinated into the morality of the lake dwellers, the first principle of which, so they told her, was never to work except in bad weather.

It was a charming season when she went there. The woods were full of sorrel, and anemones, and blue-bells. The meadows were emerald green, the oaks just exchanging their May golden hue for their pale green, and the sycamores growing somber in their massive foliage. Her lodgings stood at the head of the lake. The view from her window was wondrously beautiful, one feature being a prominent rock crowned with firs, which so projected into the lake as to be precisely reflected into the crimson, orange, and purple waters when the pine crest rose black into the crimson, orange, and purple sky at sunset.

Finding, after a few months, that though the outer world grew more charming day by day, yet her lodgings had no space for her bookcases, and that she needed her library; that the winter was at hand, yet she could not have a fire in her room without keeping a window open, so dreadfully did the chimneys smoke; that, lovely as was the young moon's dainty crescent, reflected in the dark waters of the lake, still it did not prevent the old house from swarming with rats—she decided to build a home of her own. And a fortunate resolve it proved to be. Strangers and friends agreed in saying, when, after a few years, the gabled, bay-windowed house was covered with ivy, roses, and passion-flowers, and the porch a bower of honeysuckles, that "The Knoll" was the prettiest dwelling in the valley. "It was," says Wordsworth, "the wisest step in her life, for"—his hearers all thought he was going to speak of comfort and respectability, of an elderly woman having such a retreat; but not so—"for the value of the property will be doubled in ten years."

Almost every object of art, picture, and piece of furniture in "The Knoll" was a token of family remembrance or of loving friendship. In the drawing-room was the collection of lighter and contemporary literature, mostly the gift of the authors. Across the hall was her study, two sides

of which were lined with the more useful of her books, from three to four thousand, consisting of books of reference, biography, art, general literature, geography, history, theology, and political economy. In the garden was a sun-dial in the form of an antique font, with the exquisite device: "Come, Light, visit me!" also a gift from a life-long friend. Miss Martineau's household management was admirable. All interests were harmonious and welded into one, for she could not help treating her servants as if they were her children, and their deferential duty was truly filial.

For some months she was kept awake at night by odd sensations about her heart, by hurried and difficult breathing, and once she had been surprised while reading to find herself unable to see more than the upper half of the letters or words she was looking at. These symptoms growing more frequent, she went to London to consult a physician who frankly told her that her heart was much enlarged, and too feeble for its work, and that she was liable to die any moment.

Quite undisturbed by this verdict, she set herself to make ready for her final journey, arranging her affairs in the most minute manner to save trouble to those who were to follow after her. But twenty-one years of busy life were still before her—years of constant toil and thought for others. The work of this period of her life is so various as to be classified with difficulty. The Harriet Martineau Cottages at Ambleside stand as a witness of the movement she initiated for the creation of comfortable, economical homes for the working class. She gave several winter courses of free lectures for working men and their families, and they were so carefully prepared and so effectively delivered, that they furnish still a subject for conversation and grateful remembrance to the country about Ambleside. She also attempted farming on a small scale, and put her experiences in a small book, entitled *My Farm of Two Acres*. An old peasant in the neighborhood, who watched this experiment with great interest, said, "I should ha' liked she for my good woman, for she would ha' plowed."

During these twenty-one years, too, of "waiting," she wrote much—a *History of the Thirty Years' Peace*, a condensation of Le Comte's *Philosophy*, and sixteen hundred articles of value and depth for the *London Daily News*, contributing six leaders each week, for some years. She also did a quantity of fancy work, which excited a smile in many who wondered how the great authoress could endure such a frivolous occupation. [But it was not merely for rest and amusement, these clusters of flowers, and fruit, and forest leaves were wrought. They each represented a gift of solid money value to some worthy charity, in this country as well as in England. She also aided by word and pen, by purse and busy fingers, the effort making in Edinburgh, to secure complete medical education for women, after the persecution to which the lady students had been subjected there.

Though for a long time unable to leave her two rooms, she was up and dressed every day until two or three before her death. She kept her household books, and gave orders for the direction of the household to the last, enjoying everything, even to the woolen-lined basket of young ducklings taken to her bedside with a comic quatrain in their bills.

June 27th, 1876, she died as the sinking sun glistened the Westmoreland hills, aged 74, in full possession of all her mental powers. During that last night while she lay at the Knoll, her coffin was heaped with flowers by unknown hands, as if to symbolize the multiplied blessings with which she had filled the valley. She lies buried in the old cemetery at Birmingham, in the midst of her kindred, the north wind softly singing a lullaby over her ashes.

What Women are Doing.

Lady Anna Gore Langton left one thousand pounds to Girton College.

Mrs. Morehouse, of Liverpool, N. Y., has bestowed \$30,000 upon Syracuse University.

In Dublin the porcelain work at the Female Industrial School is very superior and widely sought.

"**Twist Wave and Sky**" is a new novel, by one of our contributors, Miss Frances E. Wadleigh.

Eight of the States now admit women to practice in their courts.

Princess Louise, of Canada, is at work on a portrait of Mrs. Scott-Siddons, which she intends to present to that fair woman.

Her Highness the Princess of Tanjore has signified her intention of founding a scholarship for Indian girls in memory of her late Royal Highness Princess Alice.

Miss L. C. Allen has just been elected Professor of Domestic Science in the Illinois Industrial University.

Miss Wordsworth, daughter of the Bishop of Lincoln and grand-niece of the poet, is to be lady principal of the college for young ladies which is to be established at Oxford.

Tourgénieff has been the recipient of two addresses from the ladies of Moscow, one asking him not to write any more novels, "because he has Frenchified himself," and the other earnestly begging him to forego his decision not to publish any more works.

Miss A. H. Jacobs has been raised at Groningen to the high academical degree of Medicinæ Doctor, owing to a medical dissertation "on the localization of physiological and pathological phenomena in large brains." This is the first promotion in the Netherlands of the kind.

Mrs. Florence M. Adkinson, who has been associated with Mrs. Mary E. Haggart as editor of *The Woman's Tribune*, in Indianapolis, publishes a card announcing her retirement from her editorial post.

Miss Orne, of London (whose sister is the wife of Professor Masson of Edinburgh), and her partner, have a large legal business through the lawyers with whom they studied, though they are not allowed to plead in court.

Miss Ella Dietz, who had won distinction as a poet before achieving a remarkable position as a reader, and whose "*Triumph of Love*" is one of the most charming collections of idyllic verse and sonnets in the English language, is about to publish a second volume of poems.

In Rome it is proposed to form a club for woman's advancement. The American residents are active, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe helped them by an address. The present queen of Italy, Humbert's wife, has long been interested in Roman schools, and her attendance at lectures makes them fashionable.

Miss Alice C. Fletcher has been made a member of the "Old Colony Historical Society," of Taunton, Mass. The society is twenty-eight years old, but had lain dormant for some time. It is now however roused to activity, for Miss Fletcher's membership was an entering wedge for all the sisters, cousins, and aunts of the male members, and within an incredibly short time its female membership of one was increased to twenty-five.

Medical Women.—*La Donna* has an article upon Italian medical women, from which it appears that Signora Matilde Desalles, who received her diploma two years ago in the Bologna University, has been following her profession with great success in that city. Signorina Velleda Farnè, who passed last year in the University of Turin with brilliant success, is now practicing there. Signora Ernestina Paper, another doctor, lives in Florence. She

is a Russian lady, but graduated in Pisa. She only attends women, and is spoken of as a most skillful physician, and is simple, tender, and feminine in manners.

Mary Hallock Foote, the illustrator of Longfellow, Whittier and Hawthorne, was born at Milton, N. Y., where she has since lived. She began her art studies in the Cooper Institute, under Dr. Rimmer, working three or four winters. Later she was a pupil of Frost Johnson, and William J. Linton gave her valuable counsel regarding her block work.

Mme. Berlinskaya has just received the degree of doctor of medicine at the University of Paris, after having defended at a public meeting her thesis, "On the Structure of the Arteries." This paper was spoken of in the highest terms by Prof. Charcot. Mme. Berlinskaya is the second lady who has received the degree of doctor of medicine at Paris, the first having been Mme. Goncharoff.

The New Law passed by the Massachusetts Legislature, which secures to the women of that State the right to vote for members of the school committees was carried not by bare majorities, but in the Senate by more than two to one, and in the House it lacked only nine votes of being two to one also. Its support was strong and given with good will.

Women at the West.—A correspondent of the *Women's Journal* writes:

Whatever the cause, no one can be blind to the fact that, at least in our Western communities, a large share of the public work is being done by women. Thus it is in this little city (Quincy, Ill.) of 40,000 inhabitants, on the banks of the Mississippi. Our charity hospitals, our orphan asylums, our relief societies, our temperance organizations, our Free Reading Room Association, with its lecture hall and appliances for musical and dramatic entertainments—all successful institutions—are without exception managed and officered by women.

The same may almost be said of the churches, for although men stand in the pulpits, and men hold the trusteeships, the real life of the church, its motive power, depends upon the women. This is true financially, as well as socially.

Practical Education for Iowa Girls.—In the Iowa Agricultural College, every girl, it is said, has learned how to make good bread, weighing and measuring her ingredients, mixing, kneading and baking, and regulating her fire. Each has also been taught to make yeast, and bake biscuit, pudding, pies and cake of various kinds; how to roast meat, broil a steak, and make a fragrant cup of coffee; how to stuff and roast a turkey, make oyster soup, prepare stock for other soups, steam and mash potatoes so that they will "melt in the mouth," and, in short, to get up a first-rate meal, combining both substantial and fancy dishes. Theory and manual skill have gone hand in hand. Vast stores of learning have been accumulated in the art of canning, preserving and pickling fruits, and they have taken practical lessons in all the details of household management, such as house-furnishing, care of beds and bedding, washing and ironing, care of the sick, care of children, etc. The girls are also thoroughly instructed in science, mathematics and English literature.

Women in Berlin.—Berlin is alive on the subject of women's advancement, and Fraulein Schmidt, of whom they are justly proud, has somewhat the magnetism of Mary Livermore. A Jewess is also doing a fine work there, and publishes a paper called the *Hausverein*, devoted to domestic subjects.

One lady is practicing dentistry, which by the advice of Dr. Abbott, the oldest American dentist in Europe, she learned partly in Philadelphia, where she obtained a degree by the intervention

of a professor, who threatened to resign if she could not receive the regular training. Without this she could not practice in Prussia, but with it she gives especial attention to children's teeth, and has the children of the Crown Princess Louise under her care. She first began dentistry when, forced to self-support by a dissipated husband's neglect, she found eighty applications for a single housekeeper's position.

Two Plucky Women of Maine.—One of these ladies is the wife of the former proprietor of a hotel in Boston. Her husband failed a year or so ago, and got a situation that barely afforded a living salary for two. The wife, a woman of good education, smart and active, conceived the idea of starting a stock farm at the far west. She had a niece, a young lady visiting in Maine, and the two together started for Oregon with some little money the older lady possessed in her own right. They secured two grants of land of 160 acres each, near Seattle, and went to work with a will. Recently the lady wrote to her husband to come out, and he is so pleased with the country and the success of the two ladies, he has induced several friends to come out from the East and colonize there. The two women have raised forty head of cattle, and have a very large flock of sheep, and have also raised all subsistence required. They have had the complete management of affairs, and are entitled to all the credit.

Women Nihilists.—Ladies who move in the highest circles of Russian society have joined the Nihilist conspirators. No fewer than three young ladies of high birth took a leading part in the late outbreak at Kieff. The policeman who was killed during the struggle fell by a ball aimed at him from a revolver, which was fired by Olga Raffowska. Two preliminary meetings of Nihilists were held before the affray, one composed exclusively of men, the other of women. At the latter, according to the same authority, appeared the daughter of General Gertsfeld, whose father lives in St. Petersburg and belongs to the highest official class of the empire, and also the enthusiastic Countess Panin. The name of the young Countess is inscribed on the books of the University of Kieff. She is a zealous student, and renowned for her singular beauty. Her mother is dead, but her mother-in-law is a court dame of the Russian Empress, and a power in St. Petersburg society. Her great-grandfather was a favorite of the Empress Catharine, and was the second imperial chancellor of the Russian Empire.

Oxford Lectures.—From the beginning of the next October term at Oxford, women will be able to avail themselves of lectures on all, and more than all, the subjects taught to under-graduates. Examinations will test their acquisitions, and exhibitions—that is to say, prizes—will reward their proficiency. The *London Times* very truly says: "The subjects of the Oxford lectures for women are, at least, more capable in themselves of being made instruments for cultivating the mind than the ordinary subjects of a boarding-school education. But even they will miss their aim, unless the instructors repress the modern tendency of university education in general to prefer the collection of facts to the faculty of drawing conclusions. The mental gift which has been least of all fostered in women by the education they usually undergo is the power of attention. It might have been supposed that some danger to the State or morality lurked in the concentration of women's minds on one point at a time. Little fragments, first of one subject and then of another, have been industriously doled out to them by their teachers, as if to guard against some overwhelming propensity of the feminine intellect to pursue the clew of a subject. Logic, and mathematics, and Greek fortunately cannot be so learned."

YOUNG AMERICA

That Little Oddity.

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

CHAPTER VII.

"Holy St. Francis! What a change is here!
Is Rosalind whom thou didst hold so dear
So soon forsaken? Young men's love, then, lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes."

THE first day of Penelope's stay in Boston was a never-to-be-forgotten one. Early in the morning they began to make a round of the principal wholesale "small wares" stores. Miss Prissy was sharp at a bargain, always, and she exercised unusual sharpness, on this occasion, as an example to Penelope, whose "trading bump" she wished to develop to its utmost capacity.

Penelope thought it "fun," at first, though the clerks made fun of Miss Prissy behind her back, and evidently looked upon them both as curiosities; but, after a while, the inspection of pins, and needles, and spools, and tape, and thimbles, and the endless variety of goods necessary to the success of the Shaftesbury fancy goods store, became very wearisome, and Penelope was heartily thankful when Miss Prissy announced that they had finished buying for that day, as she wanted Penelope to notice the fashions in the street, and tell her what would be most "taking" to the academy girls, before she bought any fol-de-rols.

They went to a queer, little, out-of-the-way restaurant for a lunch, Miss Prissy not approving of fashionable saloons, "where you had to pay for gilding and gimcracks, as well as for what you ate," and then onto the crowded streets to observe the fashions.

And here Penelope found that she was really of use to Miss Prissy. As little regard as she had hitherto possessed for dress, she found that she did know, at a glance, just what colors, and ruches, and ribbons, and sashes, and neck-ties, and other adornments, which Miss Prissy classed under the general name of folderols, would find favor in the eyes of the Shaftesbury girls.

A great many people in the street seemed to find the fashions as displayed by Miss Prissy worthy of notice, and their smiles, or open laughter, caused a flush to rise to Penelope's face more than once, but Miss Prissy's serenity was never ruffled.

Suddenly Miss Prissy was seized with "a dizzy spell," and they went into a picture gallery, to rest, and wait till she should have recovered from it, which was always in a very few minutes, she assured Penelope.

Penelope had a passion for pictures, but had not dared even to propose stopping to look into a window full of them, while business was in order, but now, as soon as Miss Prissy declared herself better, she gave herself up to the enjoyment of them, until suddenly her attention was attracted by a head, crowned with locks of the same "setting sun" hue as her own. It was not on canvas, but surmounting a pair of broad, manly shoulders. Surely, nobody but Stephen ever had hair just like that! thought Penelope, but the face was turned away from her. One glance at the young man's companion told her that it must be Stephen, how-

ever. The willowy, graceful girl, in the exquisite toilet, so simple yet so distinguished, was Rose Germaine. She was smiling archly up into Stephen's face, while a young lady, evidently of the same party, was trying vainly to draw her attention to a certain picture.

Instantly the same dreadful sense of her own ugliness and dowdiness came over Penelope which had seized her when she first met Rose Germaine. She had never felt the contrast between herself and anybody else before; she contrasted herself, at once, with Rose Germaine.

The other young lady, and a young man who seemed to be her especial cavalier, were devoted to the pictures. Stephen seemed to have eyes only for Rose Germaine. There was no danger of his seeing her, thought Penelope, a little bitterly. She shrank from meeting him—she who would have rushed up to him, with such a joyous feeling of good fellowship, if only Rose Germaine had not been there, or even if there were not that something about Rose Germaine which made her feel her own deficiencies.

She went over to Miss Prissy's side, on a distant settee, resolving to remain there until the party left, and thinking she would be quite unobserved. But suddenly Miss Rose seemed to be seized with a fancy to explore that distant corner. The party came within a short distance of her seat, and Penelope turned her face away, feigning extreme interest in a plaster cast that stood behind her.

But Miss Prissy's toilet was not likely to pass unnoticed.

Penelope heard a suppressed giggle from the party—it was not Miss Rose, she was far too well-bred and elegant to giggle!

There was a mirror in which Penelope could see them, without turning her head. Stephen started when his attention was called to Miss Prissy, and looked instantly at Miss Prissy's companion.

It was not of much use for her to turn her face away from Stephen, her carotid locks would betray her, thought Penelope.

But Stephen did not hurry eagerly toward her. He paused, as if irresolute, and his face flushed. Was he ashamed to speak to her, before his fine friends—afraid of that scornful curl of Rose Germaine's lips? Penelope watched him, in the mirror, with a strange apathy, feeling as if she were not herself, and he not Stephen; as if a great deal were, somehow, at stake, just then, yet it did not particularly concern her.

He said a few words hurriedly to his friends, and then came toward her. There were some signs of an inward struggle visible upon his face, and he did not look delighted at the meeting. His friends strolled away, Rose looking vexed and scornful, and not vouchsafing a glance to Penelope.

Miss Prissy received his salutation with the grim severity which never relaxed toward anything of the male species. He drew Penelope as far away from her as possible, and said, in a low tone:

"Penelope, you *haven't* been doing what Toote wrote me about—going into business with Miss Prissy? I couldn't believe that you were really going to do anything so absurd! Why, you don't realize, child, how much harm it will do you—you are so young, and you know nothing at all of the world; you ought to have consulted your friends. To think of you behind a counter! Why you might as well have gone into the mill to work!"

"I did think of it, at first," said Penelope, provokingly—she knew that she must treat the matter lightly or she could not keep back the sob in her throat which threatened to choke her utterance—"but this seemed to me to be better."

"Nothing could be much worse than this! Promise me that you will give it up, Pennyroyal, at once!"

"I couldn't, Stephen. I have signed articles of

agreement as long as my arm! And I came to Boston to buy goods, you know."

"Buying goods—you!" And Stephen laughed, in spite of his vexation. "The next thing we shall have Toote coming into town to regulate affairs at the State House, or to buy up Pacific Railroad stock, at least! You will be a second Aunt Ju, and I am ashamed of you!"

"If I could have done anything better I would have been glad, but I couldn't, Stephen," said Penelope, meekly. "And I couldn't be dependent on anybody! You don't know what it is to be poor. And if you are ashamed of me, and I think you are before your fine friends, Steph, you never need speak to me any more!"

"Ashamed of you, Pennyroyal! What a ridiculous idea!" But the young man flushed to the roots of his hair, and cast an uneasy glance in the direction of Rose Germaine. She was just disappearing, with her head haughtily erect, through the door, and evidently insisting upon her companions deserting Stephen, also.

"I must go. I have kept them waiting too long," said Stephen, hurriedly. "But how long are you going to stay in town, and where can I find you, Pennyroyal?"

"We are going home the day after to-morrow, and we are at No. — R— Street.

"Would Miss Prissy's hair stand on end with horror if I should propose taking you to a concert? — is going to sing in Music Hall to-morrow night."

"No; she wouldn't mind. She let me go to the theater, last night, with John Sylvester. And O, Steph, how good you are! I have longed so much to hear —!"

"With John Sylvester?" repeated Stephen, frowning. "When I wanted so much to be with you at your first play! Well, be ready at sharp seven, will you?"

And with an exceedingly respectful bow to Miss Prissy, who returned it only with a scowl, Stephen was gone.

They left the picture gallery, soon after, Miss Prissy having recovered from her dizzy spell, and Penelope made a heroic effort to fix her mind, once more, upon the fashions. But she was very glad when Miss Prissy announced their duties over for the day, and they returned to Miss Revere's hospitable roof.

Stephen had felt about her business enterprise just as she had foreseen that he would feel. That was a grief to her, but the disapproval of her friends was what she had prepared herself for, and was growing accustomed to. Stephen's ought not to be harder for her to bear than her own sister's, even though Stephen had always been her firm friend and ally in all her childish troubles.

And Stephen had been ashamed of her, on account of her looks; ashamed to speak to her when he was with Rose Germaine; that was bitter! Penelope plunged her red head into her pillow, and "howled," as she called it, when she thought of that. She had retired early to her room, leaving the two elderly ladies to a prolonged gossip over old times, over their tea, and was thinking of the events of the day. She raised her head, suddenly, from the pillow, and stood before Miss Revere's quaint old-fashioned mirror, turning the gas up to a blaze.

"Every girl is so fixed up! I wonder if anything could make me look any better," she said to herself.

It was not very encouraging to look in the mirror, for the pretty brown eyes—the prettiest pair of eyes in Rockingham County, Steph had said; she never forgot that!—were red-rimmed from her violent weeping, and the red hair was still short and unmanageable.

"Oh dear! The longer I stare at myself the

redder my hair grows, the bigger and yellower grow my freckles, and my mouth stretches from ear to ear! But, after all, I don't suppose Steph was ashamed of me because I was homely; it was because of my clothes a good deal, at least; they look so countrified and dowdy. Perhaps, after all, it is a good thing to be stylish. And I know just how I can fix my hat to look like the prettiest hats, and I will let my dress down—I can do that before to-morrow night—and if my hair is red, I will never cut a bit of it off again!"

The next day the "folderols" were bought, Miss Prissy leaving the selection entirely to Penelope. And then Miss Prissy took her charge on a round of sight-seeing, which was rather more in accordance with her own tastes than with Penelope's, as it embraced the Old Ladies' Home, a Hospital for Women and Children, the rooms and records of the Society for the Aid of Discharged Female Convicts, and a private Lunatic Asylum for Females. Penelope was forced to "sup full of horrors," while she was anxious to be at home imparting a little of the style which she had hitherto despised, to her habiliments.

When she had at last an opportunity to devote herself to that task, she could not escape either Miss Prissy's sharp eyes or Miss Prissy's sharp tongue.

"You could go to the theater with John Sylvester without being stylish, but when Stephen Ilsley is going to take you to a concert it's a different thing!" she said.

"Well, you know, Miss Prissy, that Stephen has stylish friends, and I don't like to have him feel mortified at being seen with me," explained Penelope.

To which Miss Prissy returned only a meaning "humph!"

But Penelope was too happy to care for Miss Prissy, or anybody else. The alterations in her toilet proved very successful. (Miss Prissy, though outwardly a scoffer, was inwardly rejoiced that Penelope was developing taste, which could not fail to be of advantage to the business.) She had discovered that red hair was not considered a disgrace, so instead of straining her own out of sight as much as possible, as she had hitherto done, she endeavored to make the most of it, and even went so far as to crimp it, to Miss Prissy's great disgust.

"I think plain hair is a great deal prettier, but it is only becoming to beautiful faces like Rose Germaine's" said Penelope, with a little sigh.

All her hope was that Stephen might not be ashamed of her. "Sharp seven," she had said; but long before that time, she was ready and waiting, walking up and down Miss Revere's parlor. Who could be calm in the anticipation of such delight as this!"

The queer, tall, old clock in the corner struck seven, and Penelope peered out into the darkness for the tenth time, feeling sure that a moment must bring him now—Stephen, who prided himself upon his punctuality!

But a moment did not bring him—nor an hour. Then Penelope was sure that something must have happened to him, and that he would send a messenger to her soon. But she waited and watched in vain.

"Humph! Didn't I tell you that Stephen Ilsley was a perfidious monster?" said Miss Prissy. "Just like the rest of his sex, child—just like them

all! But you silly girls are determined to find it out for yourselves!"

This was not especially comforting. But Penelope did not, by any means, believe that Stephen had willfully slighted her in that way. She cried herself to sleep, and dreamed that Miss Prissy and Rose Germaine were strangling Stephen with a rope made of red hair.

They were to leave for Shaftesbury by the early morning train. Penelope wished to wait for the next train, sure that she should hear from Stephen, but Miss Prissy understood why she wished for the delay, and was inexorable; business could not be neglected; the store was closed, and how much they were losing! Penelope's hope that Stephen might meet them at the station was also doomed to disappointment.

As the train bore her swiftly back toward home, my heroine muffled her face in her big green veil, and wept again. Not much of a business woman, Miss Prissy seemed to be thinking, as she gazed upon her with grim disapprobation.



THE UNEXPECTED RECOGNITION.

There were no traces of tears behind the green veil, however, when she removed it in the station at Shaftesbury, but Joel, who met her, "calculated that she didn't look nigh so pert" as when she went away, and had "probably caught the small-pox, or scarlet fever, or some o' them contiguous diseases that was always round in cities." He also confessed to having "hove a sigh of relief when the train come in, as it was five minutes late, and he had calculated, for sartin, that that rickety old bridge at Duncan's Falls had broke down, and her mangled corpse was now a layin' fathoms down in the briny deep." Joel's ideas were often a little mixed, especially when his imagination had furnished forth a catastrophe that just suited his taste.

Penelope was not too sorrowful to laugh at Joel, for all the tears that had been shed into the green veil, and she felt as delighted to be at home as if she was a mariner who had been buffeted by

adverse winds "round the world and home again."

Lily had been dignified and disapproving when she went, but her delight at having her back again—for Hollow Nest Farm seemed to its occupants but a dreary waste without Penelope—and her curiosity to hear her adventures entirely dispelled the dignity. Penelope related all her Boston experiences, to the minutest detail, with one exception—Stephen's invitation and subsequent neglect.

Sober second thought, the remembrance of Stephen's hesitation to speak to her in the picture gallery, and perhaps also Miss Prissy's constant harping upon the perfidy of the male sex, had made her a little less sure that only death could have prevented Stephen from keeping his appointment with her. She did not believe now that he had willfully neglected her, or that any slight cause had led him to do so; still the plain, unvarnished facts were not pleasant to tell.

"I'll wait until I hear from Stephen, and then I'll tell Lily all about it," thought Penelope, to whose frank nature such reserve seemed almost a crime.

But when, the next morning, she received a letter from Stephen, she did not tell Lily all about it.

This was Stephen's explanation:

"DEAR PENNYROYAL,—I know you must be thinking me the most unmitigated scoundrel that ever lived, and I suppose I deserve that you should, but the Fates, or Furies, or some other unpleasant females, that mix up the affairs of mankind, got me into the most horrible predicament that a fellow ever was in. You see I had invited Miss Germaine to go and hear—sing, and she had declined, because the dragons up at that school where she and Kitty are incarcerated wouldn't let her, but said if she could get off any evening, she would let me know. And just as I was starting for Boston last night, full of delightful anticipations of taking a sweet, fresh, little country Buttercup (tribute to your hair, Penny!) to her first grand concert, who should appear but a messenger from Miss Germaine, saying she had contrived to outwit the dragons, and would be ready at seven, precisely! Can you conceive of a situation more calculated to make a sensitive young man tear his hair? Respect for its resemblance to yours was all that restrained me from the desperate act, Pennyroyal. For such an unworthy and unpracticed squire of dames as I

to have two on his hands at once, was a most fearful thing, you will acknowledge. I felt like a wretch to think that you would be waiting and watching for me, but, Penny, Miss Germaine is a young lady, and you know you have often told me that you were not; you are my sweet, jolly, good-natured little crony, who will forgive me when a starched-up young lady never would! (Won't you, Pennyroyal?) Besides, Miss Germaine is a stranger, and you are just the same as one of my own family. And with all that, my invitation to her was prior to my invitation to you.

"Yet you may be sure that I didn't particularly enjoy that evening's entertainment!

"I didn't for a moment think that Miss Prissy meant to whisk you away before daylight, and I wended my way to R—Street as early this forenoon as I thought propriety would allow, only to find you gone.

"It is of no use for me to try to 'gush' and use

fine words about it, for it isn't in me; but you know how sorry I am, Pennyroyal, though I can only quote Mike, when he has fallen a victim to the big black bottle that he keeps in the haymow—"I humbly axes your parding!"

"Always yours,

STEPH."

He had taken Rose Germaine to the concert, instead of her! Penelope's vivid imagination had never painted any such solution to the mystery as that, and though she was ready enough with excuses for Stephen—readier even than he was himself—she was conscious of the same vague pain which she had felt when Rose Germaine had been at the Squire's, and Stephen had suggested that Mike should drive her home!

Stephen was right. Rose Germaine was a stranger, and she was his own "erony." He could not have neglected Rose for her; and yet that dull pain, away down in her heart, which she did not at all understand, would not let her rest.

But she forgot it, when a sudden summons came from Miss Prissy. She had been taken suddenly ill, and wanted Penelope at once. Penelope thought her illness was probably nothing more than one of the "dizzy spells," but was somewhat alarmed by the announcement of Timmy Flanagan, the small Irish messenger, that "the ould lady was spacheless, when she tould him to come over!"

Pegasus was harnessed, with all the speed of which Joel was capable, and Penelope soon reached Miss Prissy's bedside. It was more than a "dizzy spell" which had brought poor Miss Prissy to her bed; it was a paralytic shock, which had rendered her insensible for a time. Now, though she had recovered consciousness and speech, one side of her body was hopelessly paralyzed.

"I didn't get an 'and Co.' any too soon, you see!" were Miss Prissy's first words. "And I thank the Lord for sending you to me, child, for I don't mind telling you, that, though there is some little foolishness about you, you are after my own heart—after my own heart!" And Miss Prissy put out her little, wrinkled hand—the only one she would ever use again—and patted Penelope's affectionately.

This unwonted softness made Penelope think that Miss Prissy must be going to die.

"You are very much like what I was at your age; not exactly—there never was any nonsense about me, not a particle; but as much like me as I could hope to find a girl in these degenerate days. Still you're not so sensible as you ought to be, for a homely girl!"

Penelope began to think that Miss Prissy was going to live. "Is Stephen Ilsley going to marry that odd-looking girl, who came up here visiting, and who was with him in the picture store? It would be very suitable; they're both idiots, evidently."

"Stephen marry? What an idea! Why, he isn't old enough!" exclaimed Penelope, laughing, but looking rather startled also.

"Twenty-two, and graduates next summer," said Miss Prissy, promptly. "Well! well! who cares what Stephen Ilsley does? Paralysis affects the brain, of course, and if it hadn't affected mine, I shouldn't be troubling myself about Stephen Ilsley! When I have so much to say about business, too, and may lose my senses again, at any minute! The worst trouble that I know of about you, child, is that you are too young!"

"Seventeen next June," said Penelope, meekly, Miss Prissy's sharp tone making her feel as if it were altogether her own fault that she was not older.

"Well, can you take the whole charge of the business—with my advice, if I'm spared? That's the question," said Miss Prissy. "I don't know

how long I can lie here, as if I were bound hand and foot, and see another person managing my affairs, without being crazy; but it's the Lord's will, and I must try to keep my senses! I suppose it's my punishment for being such a self-sufficient old woman, and working too hard, when I knew I was going all to pieces. But I have had my eye on you, for almost a year—yes, for almost a year, as young as you were! I said to myself, if I've got to have anybody, she's the one I want. Now you are not going to fail me, Penelope Wentworth?"

"No, I am not going to fail you, Miss Prissy. I'll do my very best to keep the business as thriving as it is now."

"More! more! you'll make it more thriving!" said Miss Prissy, eagerly, "because you have more of an eye for the fashions than ever I had!"

And then Miss Prissy was too tired to talk more, but her little, dark, withered face had a look of satisfaction upon it, as she watched every movement of Penelope's.

Penelope felt half bewildered by this new turn of Fate's wheel. She was to be no half-way business woman, helping Miss Prissy to purchase goods, and looking over her books occasionally, but she was to fill Miss Prissy's vacant place, manage Miss Prissy's business, and—O what horror would thrill the bosoms of her friends—stand behind Miss Prissy's counter!

And if she wished to turn back now, she could not; her sympathy for Miss Prissy would forbid it.

She was to fill Miss Prissy's rôle, and when the years changed places, she would probably be an odd, withered-up, little old maid, with a strong liking for her own way, and a strong dislike of the opposite sex, like Miss Prissy. But then, and in the mean time, she would have independence, and freedom from the "carking care" of poverty; from the wearying, harrowing need of counting the cost of every trifling gratification. Penelope was not mercenary, but she failed to see in poverty the charms which sages have sometimes found.

All that day she spent in attendance upon Miss Prissy, and in taking account of and arranging the stock which had been sent from Boston.

Miss Prissy was determined that the store should be opened on the next day, and she could take no rest until Penelope had promised her that it should be so.

Lily seemed to have abandoned Penelope to her own devices, as a hopeless case, and heard of the new turn which events had taken with much greater resignation than Penelope had expected.

It was probably, or at least so Penelope fancied, because Lily was so engrossed in her own pursuits, for she shut herself up in her room, from morning until night, often not appearing at meals, and was growing thin and haggard. She was nervous and irritable, also—Lily, who had always been the soul of amiability.

Mis' Bumpus had come into Penelope's room after she had gone to bed, on the night of her return from Boston, to free her mind, as she expressed it, on the subject of Lily's mysterious conduct.

"I aint one o' them that pries, neither one o' them that inquires, when it aint my business, but I'm free to confess that I aint a goin' to see one o' your blessed ma's daughters a goin' crazy without sayin' nothin' to nobody! An' there she shets herself up, a writin' an' a writin', the table covered with them big sheets, all writ over, an' the chairs an' the floor half covered. An' when I knock at the door, and tell her dinner is ready, says she, 'I'm busy!' and says I, there's apple fritters that you're so fond of; and says she, almost unpleasant, 'Do go away, can't you?' and nothing more can I get out of her! At first I

thought she must have a beau in furrin parts, that I'd never heard of, but Joel says she never sends any of it to the post-office. Then I thought maybe she was practicing to be a writin' teacher, but la! she writes as beautiful as a lawyer now, an', besides, if it was that she wouldn't be so dretful underhanded about it. I never knew anybody to write stiddy so, but Elder Sanborn; when he was took up by the church he wrote a confession twenty-seven pages long. Of course I know one o' your blessed ma's daughters aint ben a doin' anything dretful wrong, but when I see all that writin' layin' round her room, I can't help thinkin' of Elder Sanborn, an' it's a preyin' on my mind most dretful!"

It was all that Penelope could do to keep from going into convulsions of laughter, but Mis' Bumpus was always offended when anybody laughed at her; so Penelope restrained herself, and said as gravely as possible: "Mis' Bumpus, I am going to tell you a great secret. Lily is writing a book!"

"A book? An' is it goin' to be printed?" said Mis' Bumpus, in a bewildered manner.

"Yes, of course," said Penelope (in the innocence of her heart). "And when she is a famous authoress, shan't we be proud of her?"

"Sakes alive! Well, I always said your father was an uncommon smart man; ignorant folks couldn't appreciate him, he was so dretful deep, but I always could. I was dretful literary, myself, when I was young. I read Pilgrim's Progress through, when I wan't but thirteen, and the Children of the Abbey, and Charlotte Temple before I was sixteen; and when Jerusha Simpson's baby died, I wrote some verses for the tombstone that Elder Prentice said was equal to Dr. Watts! Well, I'll kerry her victuals up to her, and she shan't be disturbed, the blessed creater!—but I so wish she'd go out a little more, an' not look so dretful wore out!"

Penelope went to sleep, wondering if everybody would look down on Lily when she was a distinguished authoress, because she had a sister who kept a store!

(To be continued.)

Wee Robbie's Letter.

BY MRS. H. L. VAN DYKE.

IT WAS the beau-ideal of a bright New Year's morning, And diamond-like pendants the trees were adorning,
The ground was all covered with beautiful snow,
And each bush hung with jewels a sparkle and glow
In the bright morning sun. Down by the old mill
The creek lay a captive, so silent and still,
In the chains of old Winter so icy and cold,
Where it shone in Sol's rays like a broad sheet of gold.

THIS scene from the window did Wee Robbie see,
And danced up and down in the wildest of glee,
For grandpa and grandma, aunts, uncles, and
cousins,
Were coming to see him that day by the dozens.
He had peeped in the pantry, the sly little elf,
And viewed with much pleasure each well-laden shelf,
There a fat turkey waited all ready to bake,
And a large chicken pie with a goose in its wake.

THERE were pies make of pumpkin, of apples and
mince,
And jellies of lemon, of currants and quince,
The greenest of pickles, the richest of cake,
And the puffiest biscuits his mamma could make.

And oh! best of all, a large pudding of plum,
And he longed like Jack Horner to put in his thumb.
But hearing some sleigh-bells, he ran out to see,
And stood kicking his little fat legs in high glee.

FOR there were his grandpa and big cousin Fred,
And grandma and aunts, and dear Uncle Ned.
Ah! did not he love him? this same Uncle Ned,
Who had sent him at Christmas the darling sled,
Which was made in the shape of a beautiful swan,
With a red cushioned seat on his back to sit on,
A wee string of bells round his long snowy neck,
And some bright crimson reins for to hold him in check.

THE greetings were over, and grandpa began,
How old are you, Robbie, my bright little man?
I's four years old, and I fink I can write;
I wrote a letter to Dod tozzer night,
And the stable boy, Ben, put it up on a tree,
Just where the angels could find it you see.
And for what did you ask him, you queerest of boys?
Did you ask him for sugar-plums, caudies, and toys?

O, deed, I's dot plenty; but poor little Jim
Hasn't dot any toys, and I want some for him.
He hasn't no papa; he's dead so they say,
And I know he's not dot a nice dinner to-day;
Dot no big fire, and the justy house leaks,
And the tears ran down Robbie's round red little cheeks.
I want Dod to send him some dinner and wood,
A nice drandpa and drandma, and everything dood.

OD will answer thy letter, grandpa tremblingly said,
And a tear-drop fell down on the brown curly head.
Not long after this little Robbie espied
On the elm by the stoop where its branches hung wide,
Tied fast to the lowest, a little white thing—
The letter he knew that the angels would bring.
Dod sendd my letter! Oh, papa! just see!
And two eager hands broke it loose from the tree.

THE brown eyes were lifted with innocent look,
As papa the letter from Wee Robbie took;
From the small dainty missive these gladsome
words read,
That Robbie would find all he wished in the shed.
The dancing feet hastened, and lo! there they stood,
A large covered box, and a huge pile of wood.
On the lid were the words, just as plain as could be,
Sent by the request of Wee Robbie Lee.

THE stable boy, Ben, and big cousin Fred,
Now loaded the things on a large heavy sled;
And with Robbie between them drove merrily on,
While the brown curls kept bobbing in time to their
song.
Very soon they drew up to the pale widow's door,
The box was unloaded and placed on the floor,
While Robbie, with smiles dimpling over his face,
Squeezed little Jim close in a loving embrace.

WRITED a letter, and I fink Dod is dood,
For he sendd this box, and that big pile of wood.
Cousin Fred now came forward with a bow and a
smile,
And explained the whole thing in his very best style.
The box was then open'd, and oh! such a treat!
Such a tempting display of nice things to eat.
In another compartment, cloaks, blankets, and shawl,
A plaid suit for Jamie, and boots, oh! so small!

DISPUTED possession, with candies and toys
That made little Jamie the happiest of boys,
The widow prayed God ever bless the sweet boy,
Who thus early maketh the heart sing for joy.
That night when our Robbie was tucked in his bed,
I's so full of happy, I tant sleep, he said.
But I's not afraid, mamma, Wee Robbie's all right,
Yes, darling, for angels do guard thee—good-night.

Climbing the Lightning-Rod.

"I WOULDN'T do it, Joe."

"Why not, Sam?"

"It is too risky. The rod is old and rickety, and if you should get up to the bell and ring it, it might be difficult to get down, and somebody might be needed to toll a bell for you. Why don't you show some sense in your fun?"

"Go away, Sam; you're getting old."

"I don't see the fun, Joe."

"Put your head out of the window to-morrow morning, and you may hear it."

The next day, being the Fourth, Joe Danforth was up earlier than any crow-biddy in his father's coop, and went down to the old meeting-house. It was a deserted building, weather-beaten and decaying. Up in its belfry, was a cracked old bell, about as useful for music as a coal-hod. The parish had voted to take this venerable relic down, but the only step taken toward its removal was the cutting of the rope.

Joe thought it would be fun to scale the lightning-rod, knowing that the front door of the meeting-house, back door and side doors were as securely closed as a miser's pockets on offering Sunday, and by means of this rod, he could reach the belfry. He planted his feet against the wall, grasped the rod, and began to wriggle his way up. The rod like the church was old. It would creak and groan in its joints as if it had the rheumatism. More than once, Joe wished himself back. He thought of Sam, but pride goaded him on.

At last, near the roof, he rested his feet upon an old fashioned wooden cleft that secured the rod to the wall. The cleft squeaked ominously as if it also had the rheumatism. Striving to grasp the rod higher up, he was startled to feel one place where evidently there was a break in the rod! He put his hands above the break, grasped a firm portion of the rod, and then sprang up from the cleft, giving the ancient fastening a push, meant to moderate. In his anxiety, the bound was a violent one, and under the impulse the cleft gave way! As for that rheumatic rod, it seemed to be visited with a combination of disorders at once, paralysis, apoplexy, epilepsy, especially "the falling sickness," for down it went, rod, cleets, everything tumbling to the ground! Everything tumbled except Joe. He was dangling in the air, holding on to the sound rod. "Never say die," he said, though he thought he was very near dying, and squirming like an eel in the hands of the fisherman, he wriggled his way over the cornice, on to the roof, and so into the belfry.

Now for his pay. Round and round he swung the bell.

"G—lah! g—lah! g—lah!"

"The disgusting old thing!" thought Joe. "She is so cracked that I am ashamed to ring her. I shall make a fool of myself, and I guess I'll stop and go down."

He intended to go down through the belfry scuttle, then into the church below, and get out of some window. The scuttle was closed and the door hasped on the inside!

"Comforting!" thought Joe. "I wonder if anybody heard that old coal-hod."

Certainly, from every window in the neighborhood of the old meeting-house at least two night-caps had been put out. The boys too were gathering. Joe looked over the belfry cornice and saw them.

"There he is," he heard a gruff voice saying. He recognized it as the property of Jenkins, the special police, and Jenkins had recognized somebody up in the belfry. Every mischievous boy hated Jenkins, for he had a peculiar knack at catching offenders. Joe drew back and hid away in the rear of the belfry, crouching on the roof of

the main building. The roof was after the gable style, with an easterly and westerly slope. Joe was on the easterly side.

"There he is!" said some one again. Over to the west side Joe scrambled to get out of sight. "There he is!" said a number now on the west side, and back Joe went. The boys took the hint, and first a chorus would come up on one side and then on the other. So they kept poor Joe scrambling away, vibrating like a pendulum that is having a hard time. It seemed to him as if he saw several sea captains down there with spy-glasses to aid in his interesting hunt.

"Well, he don't seem to want to come down," said one. "I guess we shall have to get him down."

"We could squirt him down," said a red-shirted member of the fire company that was to train that day. "Play away, Six!" he shouted through a speaking trumpet that had been dangling at his side. The crowd laughed, but Joe was almost scared out of his remaining wits, scanty enough in quantity now.

Said Jenkins, "Well, he can't get down hisself, and get him down we must." But Jenkins found the doors locked, windows fastened, and the man having the keys of the building had gone into the country with his boys, that he might ignite his fire-crackers without any fear of Jenkins. "As the belfry cannot be reached from within," said Jenkins, "it must be reached from without," and splicing together several ladders, he planted his handiwork with its long, long legs against the meeting-house tower. The next gratifying spectacle Joe saw, was Jenkins' head above the cornice, bushy as a cedar-top, and showing a grin broad as a monkey's who has found a roasted chestnut. Joe went down after Jenkins very sheepishly. He pulled his hat over his eyes to prevent recognition, but it was one of those old hats, the brim lessening with the years while the owner's face broadens.

"It's Joe Danforth! Joe Danforth!" they shouted. Joe wished his hat were a haymow big enough to cover him up. There was to be a reception that day of a great war-general, not the small militia kind, and the same wicked fireman, as Joe appeared, called out through his trumpet in anticipative notes of welcome, "Lo, the conquering hero comes!" That put an unbearable burden on Joe's back.

This closed forever the chapter in Joe's history devoted to the subject of lightning-rods. He now spends a decent share of the morning hours of the Fourth in bed, listening to bells, and not ringing them.

Hints for studying Languages.

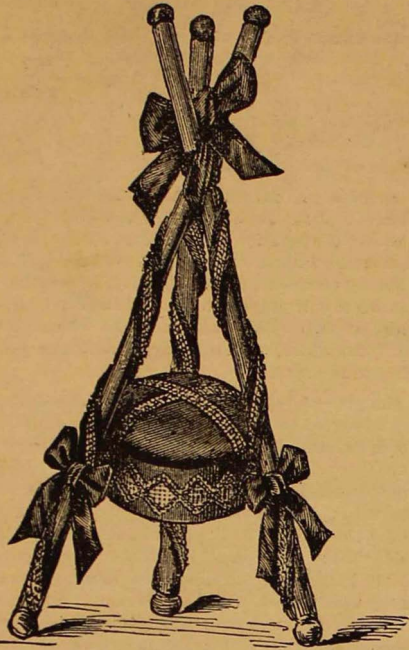
Is there not a better method of studying languages than the ordinary one of giving exercises to be corrected? For this reason: these imperfect compositions are taken for models, and accustom the learner to a defective style.

Suppose, instead, you give a student a dozen rules of grammar good for all languages. Then let him make extracts from the best writers beginning with the simplest and advancing from one style to another by degrees. If he has only what is good in his head, time, the recurrence of the same expressions, reading, will perfect him. If exercises are used, would not it be a good plan for the scholar first to translate the foreign tongue into his own, and then put the translation back into the original?

In France, ladies who study rules very little, speak excellent French.

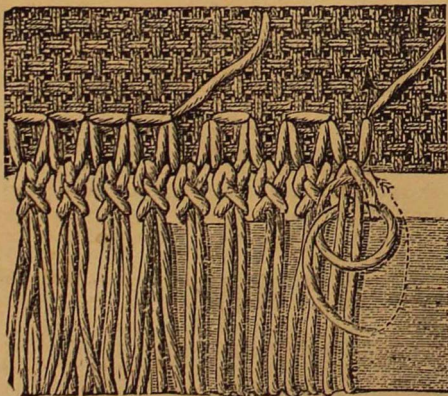
As far back as Rollin, some such method was advocated, as well as by the Abbé Sluché in 1750.

FANCY WORK.



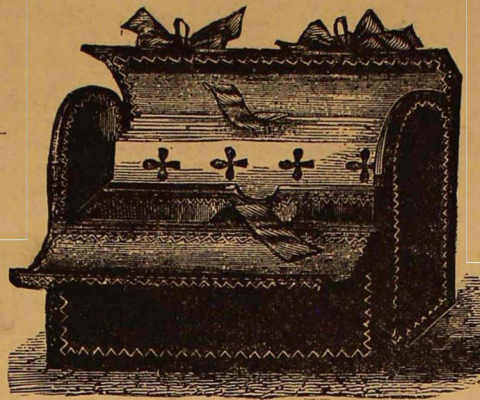
Fancy Pin-Cushion.

TAKE three small cane rods and put brass knobs at all the ends. Make the foundation of cushion of a large size collar-box, cover the sides with velvet, upon which diamond-shaped pieces of perforated board are placed, worked round the edge with colored floss. Fill the box with bran, and cover the top with velvet. The canes are wound round, and the pin-cushion is crossed by a narrow strip of perforated card laid on to a narrow blue ribbon. Bows of blue ribbon are then tied on, and the stand is finished. A sharp knife is needed to cut the card-board.



Fancy Pattern for Burlaps.

WORK each row a shade darker, and then commence with the light again, if a wider border is required. The fringe is for the edge of mat. By putting in a piece of cardboard the width the fringe is desired it is all even when cut. Pull the card along as you work.



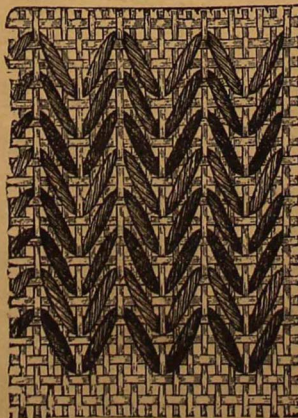
Box for Playing Cards.

MATERIALS:—Cardboard, wire, velvet, silk, ribbon, purse-silk or gold cord, and coarse sewing-silk.

The box is intended to hold two packs of cards. There is an inner case, into which the cards are placed. This case lifts out, if desired; but a little half-circle is cut out on each side of it to lift the cards out more readily. Both the outer and inner edges are worked round with a small zig-zag pattern (see design), or a row of herring-bone stitch will answer.

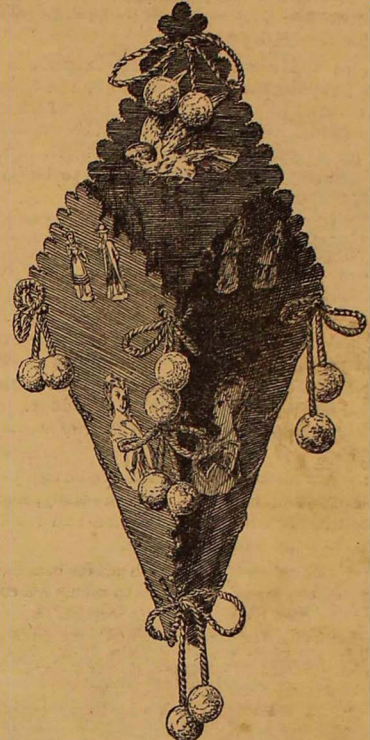
The inner case is covered inside and out with silk. The sides of inner case measure four and a half inches in width, and two and a half inches in depth, with the half circle cut in the middle. The ends are two and a half inches deep, and two and a half inches wide. The bottom is cut to fit. Cover all inside and out with silk the color of the velvet, and work round the top with a little pointed pattern. Ribbon is put on to lift the case out by, and the cards may be tied in to keep them in place.

For the outer case:—The cardboard ends are five inches high in the middle, and are rounded off toward the sides (see design). They are three inches wide. The front and back are each five inches long and six inches deep. The back is joined to the ends four inches in depth. Previous to covering, the cardboard must have a cut made in it, so that it will bend, and wire must be sewn on to the part above the cut, so as to give it a proper curve to fit the arch of the ends. The front is joined to the ends two and a half inches in depth, and the card must here be cut. If by accident it is cut through, some hinges of ribbon must be glued on. The wire is put on from this part, and must be bent to the exact curve of the

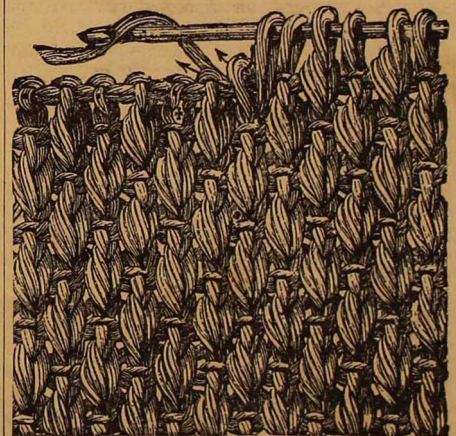


PATTERN FOR BURLAPS.

ends. The bottom is cut to fit. When the separate parts are cut, they are all lined with silk, covered with velvet, and bound with ribbon. Ribbon is laid on flat, and worked down with the embroidery pattern at the hinges of the lid. The box is fastened at the top with two buttons and loops of cord placed under the ribbon bows.



CATCHALL.



Design in Tricot.

MAKE a chain the length required. Work up and off in tricot.

2d Row: One chain, * put the hook under the chain between the two next tricot loops, pull up a loop, work up the next tricot loop; now pull through two loops on the hook together, work up the back perpendicular loop of next tricot loop; keep the loop on the hook. Repeat from *.

3d Row: Coming back pull through each loop separately.

The 2d and 3d rows are repeated for the entire length.

Thoughts Selected and Arranged from Miss Mullock.

BY LYDIA M. MILLARD.

MAN AND WOMAN were made for and not like one another. One only "right" we have to assert in common with mankind, and that is as much in our own hands as theirs—the right of having something to do.

FROM THE HOUR that honest Adam and Eve were put into the garden not to be idle in it, but to dress and to keep it, the Father of all has never put one man or one woman into this world without giving each something to do there, in it and for it, some visible, tangible work, to be left behind them when they die.

MAN HAS TO GO and seek out his path; woman's path usually lies close under her feet.

PLEASURE is the mere accident of our being, and work its natural and most holy necessity.

DO YOUR WORK thoroughly and completely, never satisfied with less than completeness; be it ever so great or small, from the founding of a village school to the making of a collar, do it with thy might, and never lay it aside till it is done. "Labor is worship," also, aye, necessarily so, labor is happiness.

LET THE SUPERSTRUCTURE of life be enjoyment, its foundation be in solid work—daily, regular, conscientious work in its essence and results as distinct as any business of men.

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY, with all its benefits and harmfulness, is gone by for us women. We cannot now have men for our knights errant, expending blood and life for our sakes, while we have nothing to do but sit idle on balconies and drop flowers on half-dead victors at tilt and tourney. Nor are we dressed-up dolls, pretty playthings to be fought and scrambled for, petted, caressed, or flung out of a window as our several lords and masters may please.

WE ARE NEITHER goddesses nor slaves; they are neither heroes nor semi-demons. We just plod on together, men and women alike, on the same road, where daily experience proves Hudibras's keen truth, that

"The value of a thing
Is just as much as it will bring."

And our value is exactly what we choose to make it.

THE HABITUAL FACULTY of usefulness will give to woman that obvious value which will forever prevent her being drifted away like most old maids down the current of the new generations even as dead May-flies down a stream.

AN OLD MAID, who deserves well of the world by her ceaseless work therein, having won her position keeps it to the end, often a higher and more honorable position than of many a mother of ten sons. An old maid may be universal referee, nurse, playmate, comforter, and counsellor, her life a goodly chronicle, the title page of which you may read in her quiet countenance.

DEPENDENCE is in itself an easy and pleasant thing—dependence upon one we love, being perhaps, the very sweetest thing in the world.

TO RESIGN ONE'S self totally and contentedly in the hands of another, to have no longer any need of asserting one's rights or one's personality, knowing that both are as precious to that other as they ever were to ourselves, to cease taking thought about one's self at all, and rest safe at ease, assured that in great things and small, we shall be guided and cherished, guarded and helped, in fact, thoroughly "taken care of," how delicious is all this! So delicious, that it seems granted to very few of us, and to fewer still, as a permanent condition of being.

DIAMONDS OF THOUGHT

A ship ought not to be held by one anchor, nor life by a single hope.—*Epicetetus*.

Watch; stand fast in the faith; acquit yourselves like men; be strong!—*St. Paul*.

Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'erflourished by the devil.
—*Shakespeare*.

To fear the foe, since fear oppresses strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
—*Shakespeare*.

Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly longed for death.
—*Tennyson*.

Jealousy is blind to Truth,
And sees but with a jaundiced eye;
Rends Friendship with its wolfish tooth,
And forces truest Love to fly.
Oh! doubting heart! thy conduct mend,
Else lose thy best, thy dearest friend.

Love Virtue; she alone is free;
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the sphere's clime;
But if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven, itself, would stoop to her.
—*Milton*.

Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasure, revel and applause, transform ourselves to beasts!—*Shakespeare*.

It is the action of an uninstructed person to reproach others for his own misfortunes; of one entering upon instruction, to reproach himself; and of one perfectly instructed, to reproach neither others nor himself.—*Epicetetus*.

They are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing: it is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.—*Shakespeare*.

Be assured that there is nothing more tractable than the human mind. You need but will, and it is done, it is set right; as, on the contrary, you need but nod over the work, and it is ruined. For both ruin and recovery are from within.—*Epicetetus*.

Shabbiness.—Shabbiness is one of the most contemptible of qualities, and indicates a certain narrowness and meanness of mind which displays itself in the effort to do things by halves, and in the wrong way to make things appear better than they are.

MAXIMS.

If you cannot speak well of your neighbors, do not speak of them at all.

A cross neighbor may be made a kind one by kind treatment.

The true way to be happy is to make others happy.

To do good is a luxury.

If you are not wiser and better at the end of the day, that day is lost.

Practice kindness, even if it be but a little each day.

Learn something each day, even if it be but to spell one word.

Do not seem to be what you are not.

Learn to control your temper and your words.

Say nothing behind one's back that you would not say to his face.

SPICE BOX

A Delicate Parcel—A lovely young lady wrapped up in herself.

One of the Worst.—"Julia," said Augustus, as they were looking over some shawls, during the honeymoon, "why are these Cashmere shawls like deaf people?" Julia thought the idea was absurd, but Augustus enlightened her by saying, "These Cashmere shawls are like deaf people, because we can't make them here."

An Object of Interest.—A man irresistibly concludes that it must be a very pleasant world in which every passer-by regards him with a pleasant look and a smile; but his satisfaction is leavened when he discovers, upon his arrival home, that he has been carrying on the tail of his fur-trimmed overcoat two white camphor bags which "madam" thoughtfully pinned there when she put it away in the spring.

Caught.—A young man at a draper's was showing a lady some parasols. This young man has a good command of language, and knows how to expatiate on the best points of goods. As he picked up a parasol from the lot on the counter and opened it, he struck an attitude of admiration, and, holding it up so the best light would be had, said, "Now, there, isn't it lovely? Look at that silk! Particularly observe the quality, the finish, the general effect. Feel it—pass your hand over it. No foolishness about that parasol, is there?" he continued, as he handed it over to the lady. "Isn't it a beauty?" "Yes," said the lady, stuffing her handkerchief into her mouth. "Yes, that's my old one. I just laid it down." The young man was immediately seized with a severe attack of quickened conscience, and passed right off the subject of parasols to the weather.


Too Literal.—There was one minister's son, now ordained—and a very faithful and useful pastor he has been—a member of a large ministerial family, who in his academic days was as full of mischief as the proverbial minister's son is supposed to be. He taxed the well-known elastic patience of the "Doctor," as the head master was called to the last degree. Finally, the doctor said to him, after a capital act of misconduct, "You must prepare yourself for a severe whipping." When the appointed time came, the doctor was on hand, very much more affected, apparently, than the irrepressible mischief-maker. After a solemn discourse in that most melting tone of voice that no one can forget who ever heard it, the doctor drew his rattan and laid it with considerable unction upon the boy's back. Nothing but dust followed the blow. The subject of the discipline was entirely at his ease, and evidently quite unconscious of the stroke. "Take off your coat, sir!" was the next command, for the doctor was a little aroused. Again whistled the rattan around the boy's shoulders, but with no more effect. "Take off your vest, sir!" shouted the doctor. Off went the vest, but there was another under it. "Off with the other!" And then, to the astonishment of the administrator of justice, he exposed a dried codfish, defending the back of the culprit like a shield, while below there was evidently stretching over other exposed portions of the body a stout leather apron. "What does this mean?" said the doctor. "Why," said the great rogue, in a particularly humble and persuasive tone, "you told me," doctor, to prepare myself for punishment, and I have done the best I could." It was out of the question to pursue that act of discipline any further at that time. And it is doubtful whether it was ever resumed again.

MIRROR OF FASHIONS

THE BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE AND THE PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE

SPECIALITE OF FASHIONS.

We invite the attention of ladies particularly to the original and special character of the Designs and Styles in Dress furnished in this Magazine. In this department it has always been acknowledged unrivaled. Unlike other Magazines, it does not merely COPY. It obtains the fullest intelligence from advanced sources abroad, and unites to these high artistic ability, and a thorough knowledge of what is required by our more refined and elevated taste at home. Besides, its instructions are not confined to mere descriptions of elaborate and special toilets, but embrace important information for dealers, and valuable hints to mothers, dressmakers, and ladies generally, who wish to preserve economy in their wardrobes, dress becomingly, and keep themselves informed of the changes in the Fashions and the specialties required in the exercise of good taste.



ALWAYS FIRST PREMIUM.

CENTENNIAL AWARD OVER ALL COMPETITORS,
 MEDAL OF SUPERIORITY AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION,
 And the Medal of Superiority at the late Fair of the American Institute.

Review of Fashions.

A GREAT deal of brightness has been imparted to the general thoroughfares and the places where ladies mostly congregate, by the amount and variety of color which has recently been put into street dress, or rather, by the effects which are produced by striking ornament or skillful combination.

Dress is nothing now, if not effective, and it depends altogether upon the taste of the *modiste* and the wearer, as to whether these effects are kept within the line of good taste, or degenerate into vulgarity. As a rule, the more striking the contrast, the less of it there is to show, for what is perfectly admissible in small quantity becomes glaring if used in large proportion. The difficulty no doubt is to select from the enormous variety that which will harmonize and suit, at the same time, the pocket and the individual.

This is rendered all the more difficult by the increased richness of all fashionable fabrics. Summer materials were formerly comparatively inexpensive, and freshness of toilette was considered the great desideratum. Now, the grenadines, those which are called the greatest novelties in style and pattern, are as rich and expensive as the most costly damask and brocaded silks. In fact, they only differ from them in the small amount of silk open-work introduced into one of the stripes or a part of the figure. Then, the elegance of the fabric necessitates its combination with one that will not discredit it, and so, the whole *toilette* becomes a matter of such importance as to absorb a dozen ordinary ones in its outlay.

Last season the rich grenadines were of silk open-work with raised velvet stripes or figures, in a single color, dark blue, brown, black, gray, and garnet. This year they are in far lighter and more delicate colors; the satin stripe of gold, or mastic, alternating with an open-worked stripe of silk, in which all the purer colors of the rainbow are blended.

There are also dark grenadines with a very fine stripe of satin or velvet, nothing more than a cord, alternating with hair lines of open work, in which gold, garnet, and mastic shades are twisted into the dark ground. These are very pretty, and

very effective, and not at all so expensive as those first named. Still they range at about two dollars and a half per yard, and when made over silk, or in combination with silk or satin, cannot by any means be construed into cheap dresses.

A charming innovation for garden party costumes consists of madeira embroidery in the piece, for over-dresses. It is a yard wide, and executed in invisible stripes, which prevent a bulky appearance, which a needlework design covering the surface would otherwise possess. The trimming is always needlework bands, and narrow satin ribbon in one or more shades of color. It is prettiest arranged as a princess polonoise, or a princess dress with a color underneath, and is very distinguished put in combination with the new chintz satines.

Perhaps the most popular combination which has been effected this season, consists of a union of plain cotton or woolen materials with plaid or check of different kinds, colors, and sizes. The plain dark blues and wine colors are always combined with plaids into which these dark colors enter, and are united with a great deal of gold color of different shades. The paler materials, on the contrary, such as mastics and very light stone color, or ash gray, are combined with checks, made up of pinks and blues, with lines of olive and brown or black.

Dresses of unbleached sheeting, which have been for some time a rage abroad, have been adopted this season, and are trimmed with checked gingham in these colors. Linens are trimmed with stripes, the more narrow the better, or with narrow braids which produce the same effect.

Costumes of a single color, are by no means excluded, but a contrast is always introduced into the trimming. The peacock shades have reappeared, and peacock costumes are very fashionable trimmed with a stripe of gold-colored satin, clustered with the darker shade of peacock. The bonnet to accompany such a dress will be leg-horn, trimmed with peacock satin ribbon, with a clustered stripe, a shirred lining of peacock satin, and natural wheat.

There is nothing more notable in fashion than the beauty and variety of the shapes in bonnets, the novelty of their style and manner of trimming, and the distinction which they impart to the en-

tire costume. The new departure has given an impetus to millinery such as it has not received before in many years. We have had many very beautiful designs, many revivals of art models, and these are still retained; but added to them are others which give variety and piquancy to even the most commonplace toilets, and with a mixture of their flower and lace trimmings, a delicacy peculiarly appropriate to the season.

Another very striking feature of the summer fashions, is the enormous amount of hand-made lace and embroidery used in decoration. The Breton lace, so-called, has become more popular within a few months than even its predecessor, *torchon*, although a great mistake is made in using Breton for many purposes to which *torchon* can be applied. Breton lace is preëminently adapted to exterior decorative purposes, that is, to such parts of the clothing and to such garments as do not require washing. But for underwear, and whatever involves hard usage or real service, *torchon* is infinitely better and more appropriate.

With the use of lace for under-clothing, needle work seems to have advanced a step, and taken a place which it never previously held as a trimming for dresses and outside garments. No other trimming has been used so much this season for chintzes, cambrics, gingham, and all the superior class of washing materials, as white needlework edgings and machine embroidered bands. The facility with which these are now made, and the great reduction in prices has doubtless contributed to this end. The yard of needlework, which formerly cost fifty cents, can now be obtained for two dollars the dozen yards, and of course, a dozen are purchased where one was formerly.

Models for the Month.

AMONG the seasonable illustrations of the present month is the "Brighton" ulster, a combination of the ulster with the duster, which gives more freedom and greater protection than is found in the ordinary close-fitting, long cloak. The sleeves are loose, and at the back impart the effect of a cape set into the side seams at the back. The middle of the back folds over with a double stitching, and is further ornamented with a row of buttons on each side. The pockets are

set well back, and have flaps which button over on the lower part. The front is double-breasted, and ornamented with two rows of large buttons. Only stitching is used as a finish, in addition to the buttons.

A pretty scarf for summer wear, which can be made in any light material as well as silk or cashmere, will be found in the "Vivien." It is cut in one piece, and the upper edge turned over so as to form the straight cape which encircles the shoulders. It may be very stylishly made in linen or woolen, and embroidered in crewel stitch to match a dress. Or it may be made in white dotted muslin, and trimmed with muslin platings or ruffles of lace. The scarf was formerly considered a very useful accessory to a lady's toilet, as it could be thrown about the shoulders when a more elaborate garment was out of place. But of late years it has been little used, and the revival is opportune.

The "Iona" costume is a combination of the styles of twenty-five years ago with those of today. The many-flounced skirt recalls the "robe" dresses which were then fashionably worn over hoop-skirts, four yards round, while the vest and jacket, and draped overskirt, are in accordance with the received ideas of the present time. The draping of the overskirt gives the *panier* effect, and variations may be made upon this design by trimming the skirt upon a lining, instead of making an overskirt, and using kilt plaiting divided once or twice as preferred, and inserting it as gores, excepting as it is required to complete the length of the skirt.

The "Nerissa" overskirt is alluded to in the

fashions for house dresses. As a style it is exceedingly well adapted for washing materials, because the draping can be executed with drawing strings, and pulled out straight for washing. But it is also a very suitable design for grenadine, summer silk, summer camel's-hair, bunting, and other more or less thin tissues, which are not washable. It would be very pretty for white bunting or white barege, trimmed with narrow gold braid, or with made folds of white or gold-colored satin.

The "Berenice" walking skirt consists of a draped apron over a short skirt trimmed with flounces, and completed by a festooned facing in a contrasting color or fabric, which is caught together with a bow in such a way as to assist in forming the drapery at the back. Side *revers* are buttoned back to the edge of the *tablier*, the lower edge falling as scarf ends upon the back of the skirt.

The "Lucille" casaquin is a novelty of the present season, which can be made in a rich silk, or figured fabric, cut away over a plain vest. The sides are rounded, and gathered up into the square lappel at the back, this last being finished with quaint little pockets. It may be made in chintz satine, and trimmed with plain French cambrie and *torchon* lace, or in chintz *foulard*, and trimmed with Breton lace.

The "Aline" sleeve is a very perfectly fitting sleeve, cut all in one piece, the outside seam extending only from the elbow down. The cuff may either be trimmed with an embroidery upon the plain fabric, or with brocaded gores.

Fashionable Parasols.

(See Illustrations.)

No. 1.—Parasol of medium size, covered with garnet *pékin*, the stripes alternately of satin and *gros grain*, and lined with plain silk of the same color.

No. 2.—Carriage shade covered with black *pékin*, the stripes rather wide, and alternately *gros grain* and satin, the edge pinked and finished with a gathered row of black lace falling over white lace of the same width. The lining is white silk, and the handle is adjustable, so that the shade can be placed at any desired angle.

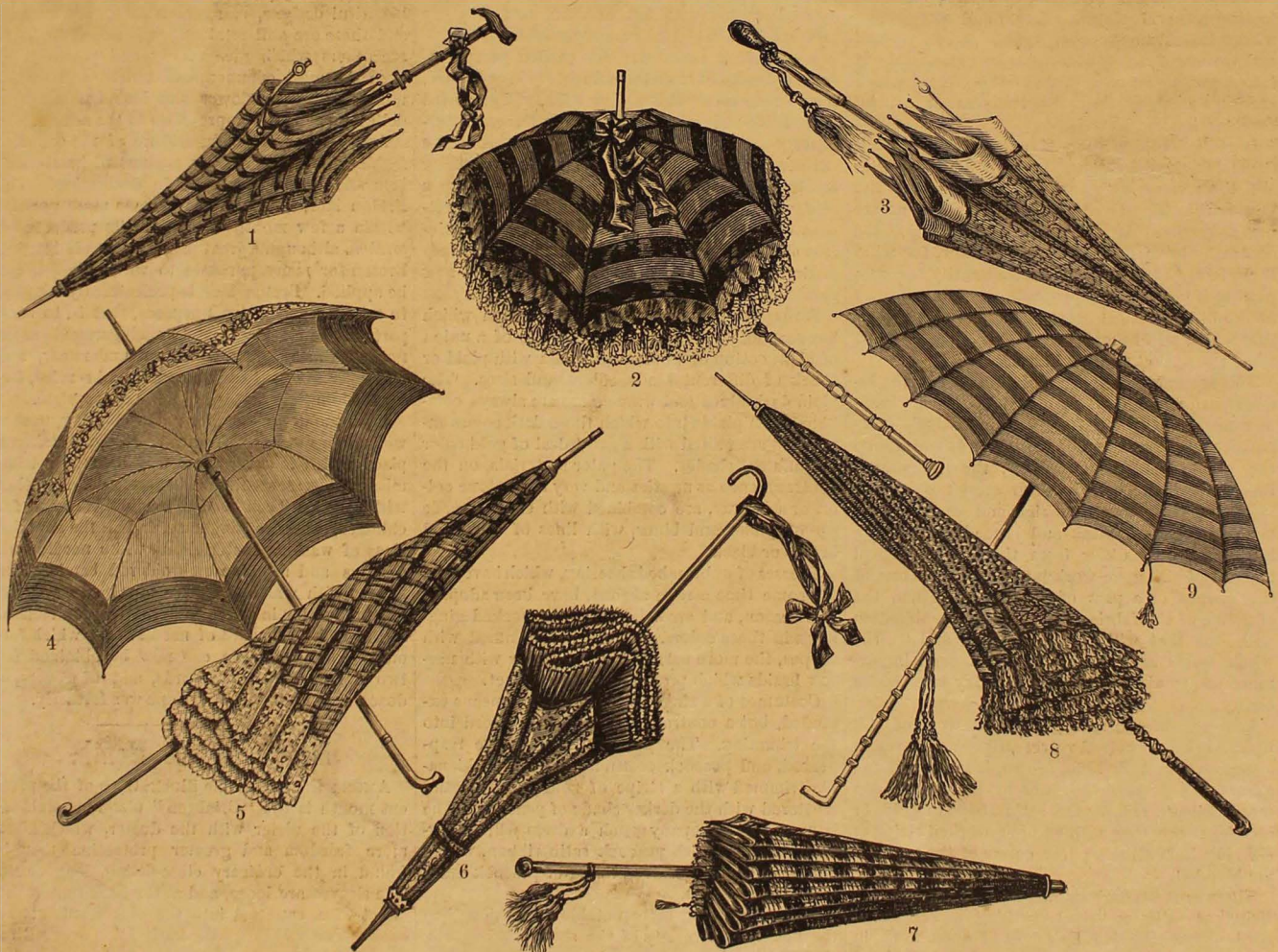
No. 3.—Parasol of medium size, covered with cream-colored *damassé*, bordered with pale blue silk, corded with a darker shade, and lined with pale blue.

No. 4.—Parasol of medium size, covered with *écru* pongee, bordered with a garland of flowers embroidered in natural colors, and lined with white silk, having a broad border of cardinal.

No. 5.—A large-sized parasol, covered with bandanna gingham, edged with a broad fall of Irish lace.

No. 6.—A parasol of medium size, covered with *foulard* to match a costume, the ground pale cream-color with a floral design in blue, pink and pale green. This is bordered with a *Marguerite* plaiting of pale pink silk, and is lined with pale pink.

No. 7.—A parasol in Japanese shape, flat, with sixteen ribs, covered with Scotch plaid satin, and lined with old-gold color.

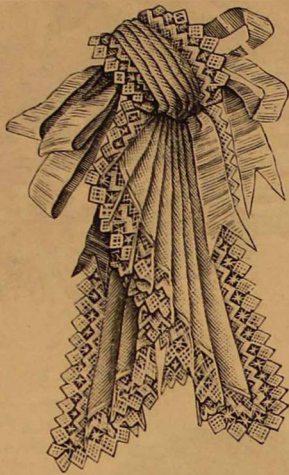


FASHIONABLE PARASOLS.

No. 8.—A large parasol, covered with brocaded silk, black, with the design in black and white, polka dots, and a border in floral pattern. This has a white lining, with a broad, black border, and the edge is trimmed with a rich fringe, black and white.

No. 9.—A parasol in Japanese shape, covered with satin *pékin*, the stripes alternately old gold and cardinal. It is lined with cardinal color, the ribs gilded and placed inside the lining, not between the lining and outside, as is usual.

Stylish Jabots.



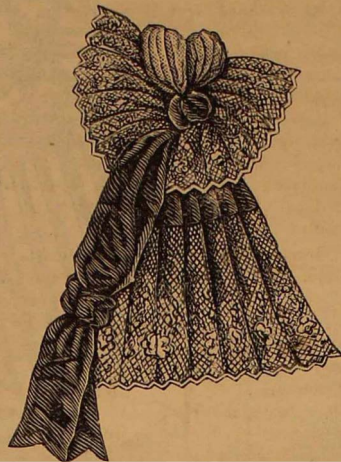
A stylish *jabot*, made in Breton lace, trimmed with plain satin ribbon. It is arranged so as to form three-fourths of a *rosette*, with a puffed center of plain net, and a square end, also in Breton lace, plaited. Price, with plain satin ribbon of any desired color, \$1.25.

A lovely *jabot*, made of organdy trimmed with Smyrna lace. It is arranged with a large plaited knot, from which depend two pointed ends, also plaited and edged with lace, and is ornamented with graceful loops of pale blue *gros grain* ribbon. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, \$2.25.

Made in the same design, and trimmed with Italian lace, \$1.75.



An exquisite *jabot* made of *crêpe de Chine*, trimmed with silk *Valenciennes*. It consists of a deep plaited point, edged with *Valenciennes*, and a *coquille* of the same lace, ornamented with loops of narrow pale blue *gros grain* ribbon, and a small bouquet of field flowers with foliage. Another bouquet is placed nearly at the bottom of the pointed end. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, and flowers to suit the taste, \$2.25.



Summer Costumes.

FIG. 1.—The "Coral" blouse, made in white nainsook, trimmed with fine Smyrna lace, for a girl of six years. Pattern in sizes for from two to six years, price twenty cents each.

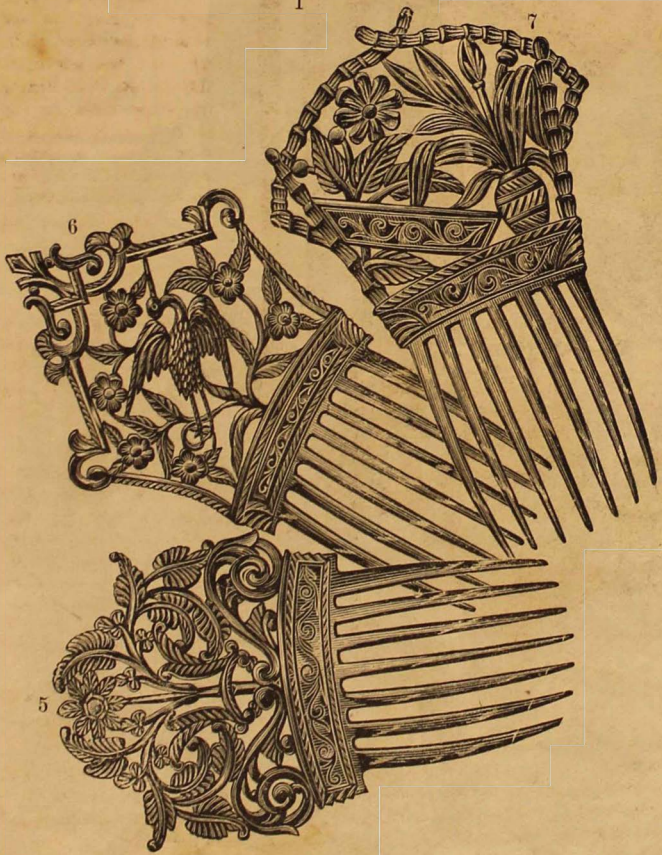
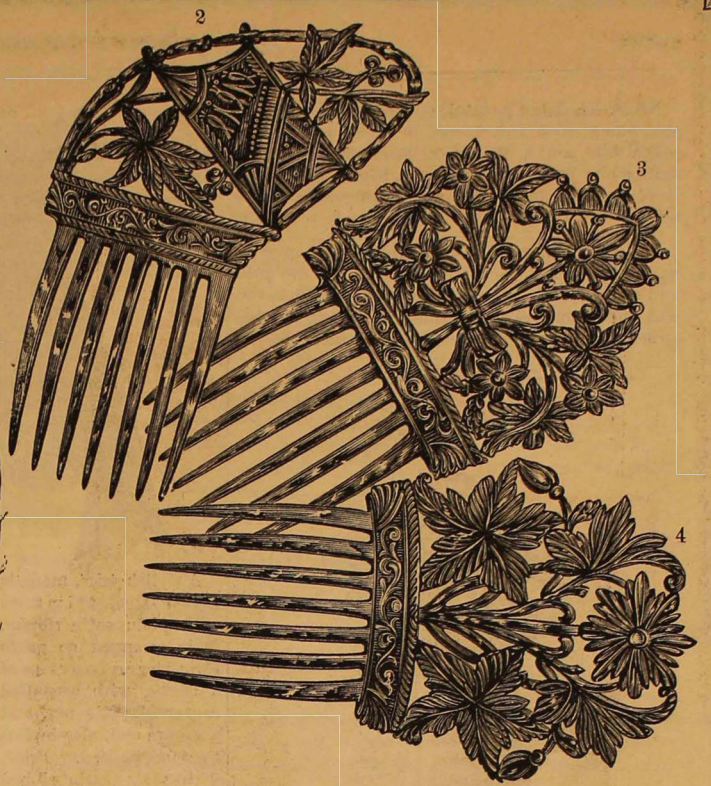
FIG. 2.—Dress of black *gaze de laine*, trimmed with watered silk. The design is the "Ilona" costume, which will be found illustrated separately elsewhere. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

A NEW METHOD of fastening gloves has been patented, and is likely to do away with the annoyance of ill-sewed buttons. It consists of lacing, effected by a fine silk cord and two rows of small, strong, gilt hooks, which are riveted in each side of the glove, and look like tiny ornamental buttons.



SUMMER COSTUMES.

H. Goetze



Fashionable Coiffures and Combs.

Fashionable Coiffures and Combs.

No. 1.—A stylish *coiffure*, suitable for evening wear. The hair is parted in the middle of the front, combed loosely back and disposed high on the head in finger puffs, from which depend two loose curls. A silver ornament, and a cluster of shaded leaves and small drooping flowers are placed at the right side.

No. 2.—Novel in design this handsome "gipsy" comb is carved so as to fit between finger puffs, and is in very dark tints. Price, 87 cents.

No. 3.—This handsome comb is tall and pointed, and is in medium tints. Price, \$1.

No. 4.—A stylish comb, beautifully carved in the form of flowers and leaves, and in very dark tints. Price, 87 cents.

No. 5.—An elegant comb, very handsomely cut, in medium tints. Price, 87 cents.

No. 6.—A very graceful comb, in dark tints. It is tall and pointed, and the pattern is very open. Price, 87 cents.

No. 7.—A n effective comb, in medium tints, cut in an original design. Price, \$1.

No. 8.—A simple *coiffure*, easily arranged with natural curling hair of medium length. The hair is parted in the middle of the front, and all combed plainly back behind the ears, then arranged in four or six curls, the ends of which are lifted up and fastened about midway of the head by a bow, or small ornamental comb.

The fashion of wearing handsome combs in the hair is increasing as the *coiffure* becomes lower, and this season the plain styles are discarded for those that are elaborate in design and workmanship. The newest kinds are narrow and tall, and the irregular design, known as the "gipsy" shape, is very handsome when placed carelessly between puffs and frizzes.

French shell has been so perfected that it is often almost impossible to distinguish it from the real article. The combs illustrated are of French shell, very beautifully carved by hand; the teeth are also hand finished, and are smooth, and shaped so as to fit the head. They are beautifully tinted, and are an essentially handsome ornament for the *coiffure*.

Traveling Costumes.

FIG. 1.—The "Brighton" ulster, made in dark gray cloth of light quality, and worn over a short dress of *chine* summer silk. The ulster is finished in "tailor" style, with rows of machine stitching, and is ornamented with large horn buttons. Bonnet of black rough-and-ready rice straw, trimmed with black tips, black watered ribbon, and red



TRAVELING COSTUMES.

roses. Pattern of ulster in two sizes, medium and large, price, thirty cents each.

FIG. 2.—The "English" ulster, made in mixed gray cloth, finished with rows of machine stitching, and trimmed with hard wood buttons, for a miss of ten years. This is worn over a dress of dark blue bunting. Hat of dark blue straw, trimmed with satin ribbon and a tip of the same color. Pattern, in sizes for from eight to fourteen years, price, twenty-five cents each.

Our Purchasing Bureau

Has become the center of a very active movement which has grown up with the constantly increasing resources of the great metropolis. Twenty years ago scarcely anything worn by a woman could be purchased, excepting in the raw, and the making to order was the work of such time and expense that few dared to undertake it. Now all clothing worn by women can be purchased the same as for men, and ladies resident in remote districts are finding out how much easier and simpler it is to purchase such goods as can be bought ready made with safety, than to pay high prices for material, and run the risk of having it spoiled by inferior workmanship. Underwear of all kinds can be purchased cheaper in New York than anywhere in the world, and so, also, can ordinary suits and dresses. Every year the style of these improves, and it is becoming the habit of the best houses to bestow more attention upon this medium class of manufactured clothing, and only make up expensive dresses and costumes to order.

We have filled at least twice as many orders, both for goods and made-up suits and garments, this season than during the same time in any previous year, and have been pleased to receive such expressions of approval as the following, in acknowledgment of the reception of almost every order:

"JACKSON, OHIO.

"The goods arrived by mail to-day, and give *splendid* satisfaction. No such can be got in this section.

"MRS. H."

Our millinery orders have been especially large, and have won the highest approval, our resources enabling us to furnish all the novelties in material and trimming, and the most elegant made-up designs, at much less than the price charged at fashionable millinery stores.

SMALL LACE SHAWLS, black or white, are brought up on the shoulder in folds, and the corners belted in on the front, the point hanging loose only just below the line of the waist.

A PRETTY LACE PIN is a well-curb, with the bucket pendent from it.

LACE AND EMBROIDERY are among the chief elements of ornamentation.

Summer Hosiery.

FRENCH and English manufacturers vie with each other in the production of new designs and fanciful styles of ornamentation in colored hosiery, which has now been accepted in the place of the white and "unbleached," which in different degrees of fineness formerly constituted the sole choice of this department.

The hair stripes retain the popular prestige which they at once acquired; but they are no longer confined to the simple contrast of dark and light lines of color. Worked in between are still finer threads of gold and garnet, which enrich without imparting any striking effect of color.

Quite new and very fashionable designs consist of vertical stripes of silk in light color, edged on both sides with a button-hole stitch of tinted white, and alternating with a dark stripe of Lisle thread. This style of hosiery washes and wears equal to spun silk, is almost its equivalent in appearance, and costs less than two-thirds the price. The Roman stripe is horizontal, and consists of clustered lines in Roman colors, alternating with a solid dark stripe.

A new and pretty English stocking is of Lisle thread in *écru* tints, open-worked vertically, and embroidered with small dots which alternate in different colors, blue, garnet, brown, and black.

Another style consists of broad ribs, extending from the top to the toe, and alternating with lines of fine open-work. Some of these are in solid colors, others have speckles and dashes of color, a sort of chene mixture upon the solid ground. The shades are very delicate, such as pale blue, with a little infusion of pink or pale olive with blue or tinted white. Many are in solid *mastic* shades, and others have little lightning strokes of



VIVIEN SCARF.

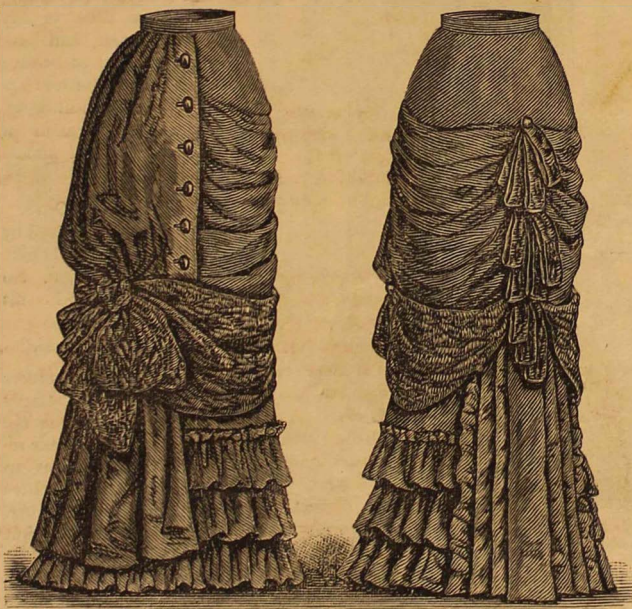
Vivien Scarf.—A particularly stylish scarf for summer and *demi-saison* wear. It encircles the shoulders and reaches to the waist at the back, and the fronts are long and tied loosely at the waist line. The design can be suitably made up in silk, cashmere, any of the lighter materials used for summer wear, and many classes of suit goods, and can be either of the same, or of a different material from the costume with which it is worn. It is appropriately trimmed with fringe, lace, platings, or ruffles, according to the goods it is made in. Pattern in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.

brown upon the stone color or *mastic*. Among the most fashionable are very pale blue, in delicate open-work patterns, and with little pale pink dashes, which are used for indoor wear with the pompadour colors in dress or trimmings.

The richest silk hosiery has insertions of exquisite real lace, extending from the toe to the instep, and some of which are very finely embroidered in colors. This is, of course, executed by hand in the very finest style, and the cost per pair is from forty to fifty dollars.

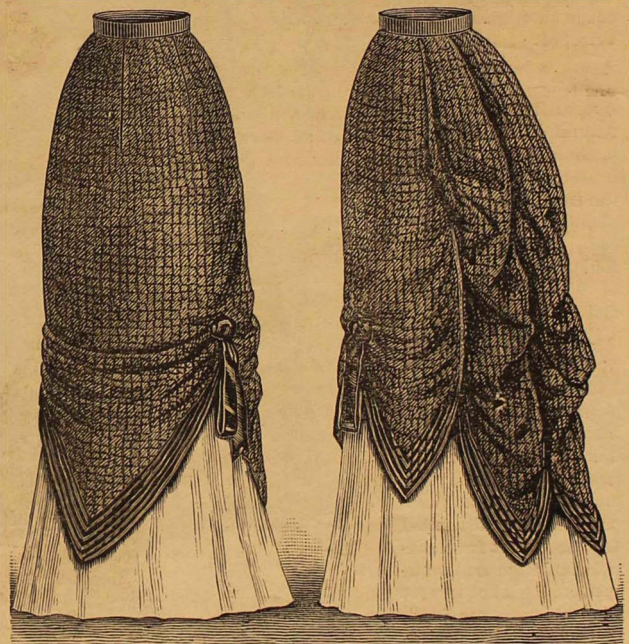
A Summer Luxury.

THERE is no doubt that cold water is not only a luxury but a necessity in a climate like ours, and it is of the greatest importance not only that the water should be good, but that the means for keeping the vessel clean in which the ice-water is kept should be instantly available. The old-fashioned ice-pitchers, in which the porcelain lining was made fast to the silvered outside, were very difficult to manage in this respect, and the recent improvements made by Reed & Barton are therefore as important to health as to household convenience. Their new ice-pitcher, recently patented, is artistic in shape and design, and has a lining of fine stone china, which can be easily removed for cleaning, and thus prevents all accumulation between itself and the outside wall, does not mar the silver, and is as readily washed as any ordinary china pitcher. It is not only more cleanly and more beautiful, but it saves much trouble and all possibilities of that disagreeable odor from ice-pitchers which sometimes arises after they have been in use for a time.



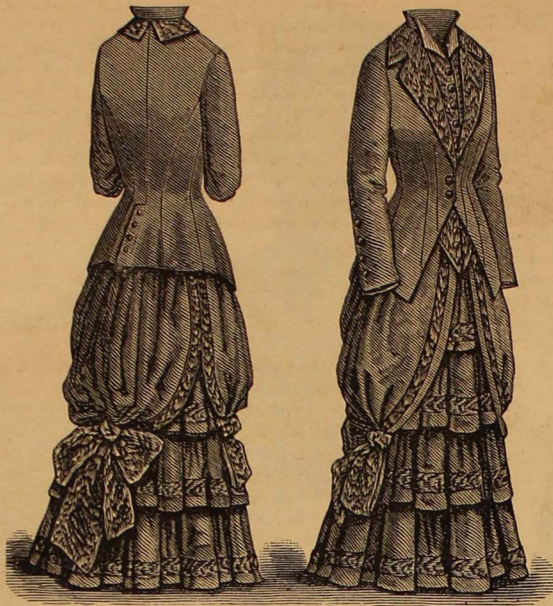
BÉRÉNICE WALKING SKIRT.

Bérénice Walking Skirt.—Novel and stylish in design, this skirt is sufficiently short to escape the ground all around, and has a graceful draped apron turned back with *yevers* over a skirt trimmed with a very deep triple box-plait in the middle of the front, and three narrow flounces around the back and sides. The drapery in the back is *bouffant*, and falls nearly to the bottom of the skirt. The design is desirable for a great variety of dress goods, and is especially appropriate for a combination of colors or materials. The trimming, if any be used, must be selected to suit the material. This design is illustrated *en costume* on the full-page engraving. Price of pattern, thirty cts.



NERISSA OVERSKIRT.

Nerissa Overskirt.—Graceful and stylish, this overskirt has the apron draped rather low, and falling in a deep point in the middle, and a smaller point on each side; and the drapery in the back moderately *bouffant* and describing two points. The design is appropriate for a great variety of dress goods, and is especially desirable, in virtue of its simplicity, for washable materials and fabrics of light quality. The trimming can be chosen to suit the fancy and the goods employed. This design is illustrated on the full-page engraving, in combination with the "Lucille" casaquin. Price of pattern, thirty cents.



ILONA COSTUME.

Ilona Costume.—Decidedly novel in design, this stylish walking costume is short enough to escape the ground all around, and consists of a tight-fitting basque with cut-away fronts showing a pointed vest above and below the waist line, and a walking skirt trimmed with deep box-plaited flounces placed one above the other. There are full *paniers* on the sides that are gathered at the bottom and finished with large bows, and the *bouffant* drapery in the back is arranged to correspond. Both the vest and outer fronts are fitted with the usual number of darts on each side; and there are side gores under the arms, and side-forms in the back rounded to the armholes. The design is desirable for a great variety of materials, and is also adapted to a combination of colors or fabrics. The trimming need not be elaborate, and can be selected to suit the taste and the material used. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

Lucille Casaquin.—Especially novel in design this "casaquin" has a tight-fitting vest over which hang loose fronts very much cut away, and arranged in *panier* style on the sides, while the back is like an ordinary half-fitting jacket. The vest is fitted with a single dart on each side, and has side gores under the arms; it can be joined in the side seams of the jacket, or can be made entirely separate with a back extending to the waist line, if desired. The outer fronts have deep darts taken out under the arms, and the side-forms in the back extend to the shoulder seams. It is suitable to be worn with trimmed skirts or overskirts, and is especially desirable for cambrics and washable goods, though it is very stylish when made of other materials of light quality. The trimming can be chosen to suit the taste, and according to the material used. This design is illustrated *en costume* on the full-page engraving. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.

Aline Sleeve.—A very desirable sleeve, perfectly fitting, and very peculiar in cut, being all in one piece, having a seam the entire length on the inside of the arm, and a short seam on the outside from the elbow

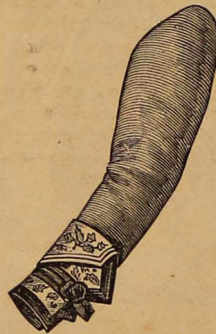


LUCILLE CASAQUIN.



BRIGHTON ULSTER.

Brighton Ulster.—This stylish ulster is long, and partially fitting, with loose, double-breasted sacque fronts, and side-forms in the back extending to the shoulders. Shoulder capes are joined in the side-form seams, and form the outer parts of the sleeves in front, the under parts of which are peculiar in cut, being wide and turned up inside to form a round sleeve. The design is appropriate for all the materials usually selected for outer garments, and is especially desirable for driving or traveling purposes. It is also an excellent design for a waterproof cloak. Pattern in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.



ALINE SLEEVE.

down. It is not quite full length, and the necessary addition is made by the bottom of the cuff, which extends below the sleeve and is left open at the outer seam, turned over at the top in a broad *revers*, and ornamented with folds and a bow. Price of pattern, ten cents.

"BENGALINE" is a new material for capes and mantles, and trims beautifully with fine jet and fringe. It is a sort of lustrous camel's-hair, very pliable, and drapes so beautifully that it will be a favorite for street overdresses in the Fall.

A NOVELTY IN SUMMER TOILETS consists of a white flounced or trimmed skirt, in thin wool, gauze, and muslin, and high, sleeveless bodice of dark wine color on ruby silk or satin. The sleeve is of the same material as the bodice, but has a puff at the elbow, of the thin fabric. A necklet made of numerous little chains, with a pendent locket, is worn at the throat, and the same effect is produced at the wrist by a many-stranded bracelet, the sleeve being longer than the ordinary elbow sleeve, but fitting close, and allowing the space upon the wrist necessary for long gloves and ornaments.

BROWN CAMBRIC costumes are very fashionable with short kilted skirts, and *Lovense* tunics trimmed with *écru* embroidery dotted with brown.

SMALL MASK VEILS have reappeared in both white and black Breton lace. The patterns are clusters of small dots, and they are edged with one or more rows of narrow plaited lace.



SUMMER WALKING COSTUMES.

FIG. 1.—Costume made in *foulard*, plain and figured combined, the plain "Marie Louise" blue, and the figured cream color, with the small design in blue matching the plain material. This is made with the "Bérénice" walking skirt, the drapery, bows, and narrow plaitings of the plain *foulard*, and the rest of the figured; a plain, round waist of the figured, with *revers* and simulated vest of the plain; and "Vivien" scarf of the plain blue, trimmed with plaitings edged with cream-tinted lace, and narrow embroidery above

the plaiting. Blue chip hat, trimmed with cream-colored satin, cream tips, and pink roses. Skirt pattern, thirty cents. Pattern of scarf, twenty-five cents each size.

FIG. 2.—Miss's costume made in *gendarme* blue camel's-hair goods and satin *pékin*, the stripes alternately blue and old-gold color. The "Ninette" skirt and "Claire" basque are combined to make the costume, the *revers* of satin, and a plain plastron of satin replacing the plaits in front.

(See the separate illustration elsewhere.) The vest, *revers*, and cuffs of the basque are also made of the satin. Leghorn hat, trimmed with blue satin, gold braid, blue flowers, and a bow of blue and old-gold satin ribbons. Skirt pattern, in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years, price, twenty-five cents each. Basque pattern, in sizes for from eight to sixteen years, price, twenty cents each.

FIG. 3.—The "Lucille" casaquin, the "Nerissa" overskirt, and a walking skirt are com-

bined in this costume, which is made of *monie* cloth, a deep *éru* tint, with the design in browns, trimmed with Irish lace and bands of plain brown cambric. Both the casaquin and overskirt are illustrated separately elsewhere. Dunstable straw hat, trimmed with *éru* and brown satins, and pink roses. Pattern of casaquin, twenty-five cents each size. Overskirt pattern, thirty cents. Pattern of skirt, thirty cents each size.

Summer Morning and House Dresses.

LIGHTNESS, delicacy, and freshness are the most desirable characteristics of summer indoor toilets. No amount of cost will compensate for the absence of comfort or cleanliness to a really refined person, and therefore the home dress for summer wear must be selected and made, not only with reference to the fashion, but also to the time and facilities for executing laundry work.

A very elaborate design is always out of place in a simple material, and this is much more emphatically the case when it is a simple washing material. All the pleasure of compassing even an admired style is taken away when one finds that it stands in the way of necessary renovation, but cannot be washed without incurring a considerable part of the cost of a new dress, or running the risk of complete spoliation.

Probably the best method of making washing dresses, in accordance with the present style, is with two skirts and a jacket or blouse waist. The round waist attached to a belt is still more simple, and is largely used by the young daughters of the very best families. The easiest method of draping is with drawing strings, and the tying back should be effected with tapes, instead of straight bands of elastic. Variations may be introduced by turning up or facing the *tablier* in front in the *Laveuse* style. But the side effects, and those requiring intricate manipulation, should be reserved for silk or woolen fabrics.

There is an infinite variety of pretty materials in the fine ginghams, the soft-finished cambrics, and the new satines. But the prettiest of all, those most to be recommended for coolness and service, are the linen lawns, which wash so beautifully and give the wear of cast iron. They are the coolest of all summer fabrics, and, the colors being perfectly fast, are best adapted for the long-continued heat of southern or any sheltered climate.

English ladies are wearing for indoors a long plain dress, something like the "Esma" wrapper. The plain princess dress is also a very good design for ginghams or cambrics for morning wear, and the "Watteau," set into a square yoke, a very graceful style for a breakfast dress in country houses.

For dresses to be made in cambric, gingham, or figured cotton, and draped in the manner before described, the "Muriel," the "Athalia," the "Lilca," the "Laveuse," and the "Nerissa" may all be recommended as practical styles. With these may be used either the plain round waist, a blouse waist such as the "Valentine," the "Ariel," or the "Alicia," or a basque such as the "Floy," which is made for sixteen years, and therefore adapted to the wear of young ladies, though not for older women.

The "Beulah" costume, which comprises a blouse waist, and the "Lucille" skirt, is a very good design for country-house dresses for girls between the ages of twelve and eighteen, and is also as well adapted for the street and school wear as it is for indoors.

Afternoon Reception, and Evening Dresses.

SUMMER life at Newport is of a much more home-like character, than that of Saratoga, and the toilets prepared for the warm season are as varied as those required for the winter campaign in New York, only the fabrics are thin and light, instead of thick and heavy.

Perhaps the principal charm of them lies in their freshness, and the delicacy of color and in the massing together at afternoon receptions and garden parties the freshness and loveliness in dress, which are usually characteristics of refined women at home.

Among the prettiest dresses, prepared for afternoon receptions, are *foulards* with *éru* ground, and small olive and blue figures, tiny leaflets, acorns with stems, and the like. The small design containing several shades of olive brown and green, with lines of blue, black, and a deeper shade of yellow to bring out the dark tints.

These *foulards*, and others of chintz pattern and more decided coloring, are combined with plain silk, the *foulard* forming a sleeveless overdress, which is draped at the side with a cluster of ribbon bows over an olive silk skirt, trimmed with gathered ruffles. A vest or collar of the dark silk is trimmed upon the bodice, and elbow sleeves are finished with a small turn-up cuff of the foulard, and gathered ruffles of Breton lace.

A more elegant design for a Princess dress is of rich striped grenadine, brocaded in a pretty stalk and flower pattern, with an alternating stripe of satin in the solid color. The brocaded stripe has an openworked foundation, and this is really its only claim to being called grenadine. The color is a light wood or mastic shade, alternating with a very dark wine color, and the striped dress is exquisitely draped over a skirt of plain satin of the mastic shade. This is made entirely without flounces, but the satin is repeated in a double vest and collar, which gives the effect of being turned back from the front and forming a cut-away vest, and revers. The elbow sleeves are also of satin, trimmed with brocade and real Mechlin lace.

A very pretty, but less expensive dress, is made of fine French lawn, in a pale, moonlight blue shade. The trimming consists of a border printed in a close embroidery pattern, in the darker shades of the color, put on flat, and bordered with Breton lace. The dress consists of two skirts and a close fitting jacket, which is usually belted in with ribbon. Narrow satin ribbons of the different shades of color are used also for the draping. The skirts are trimmed with gathered ruffles, three on the lower skirt and one on the upper, edged with narrow Breton lace.

The white dresses prepared for afternoon and evening wear, are principally of two kinds, thin wool, barege, or gaseline, and dotted muslin, trimmed with Breton lace and ribbons.

The first named are usually combined with satin, or rather, *trimmed* with it, for a very small quantity is used, and to this, which appears in peacock blue, dark brown, and garnet, is added narrow gold braid, and either gold buttons or clusters of narrow satin ribbons which combine gold color with the brown, blue, or garnet used in the trimming.

A very pretty design has an insertion of satin, like a narrow gore down the front in the *tablier*, the folds simply disclosing it and being fastened down to it, instead of covering the front. The striking shade of the satin reappears in only one other part of the skirt, and that is in long flat loops at the back.

Some of the white muslin dresses are made most attractive by being used simply as overdresses to

very short-sleeved washing silk slips, and being trimmed with quantities of fine Valenciennes lace. The Princess or Watteau styles are used; the bodice is cut a very low square back and front, and the lace which outlines it is so deep as to reach nearly to the waist. The sleeves are short like those of the silk slip, and consist merely of a ruffle of deep lace set into the straight band with scant fullness. Round the bottom are lace or muslin flounces which fall over the top ones of silk, the lower one coming below them.

Simpler afternoon dresses for girls are made of dotted muslin, or striped nainsook, trimmed with scant ruffles of the same, gathered and edged with lace, and supplemented by some simple ribbon garniture. The mixture of colors is usually confined to combination dresses, or to elaborate toilets. It is never used upon plain dresses of white or black.

Excursion Toilets.

ONE of the uses of modern life has been to naturalize among us certain useful styles of costume for special occasions, which in some respects are as simple and practical as those of men.

The essentials which form the basis of these serviceable dresses consist very much of those laid down for men, namely; that they be dark, simple, of genuine material, compact in design, and having plenty of pockets. These are the suits used for voyages, excursions, boating parties, and the like, and this season they are made of indigo blue English flannel, with two vests, cut deep, and trimmed with two rows of small chased gold buttons. One of the vests is of the flannel, the other of gold-colored satin, and this, with the buttons, constitutes the trimming. The costume is composed of a trimmed walking skirt—the two vests, and jacket—and is very stylish though quite plain and simple.

Another *costume d'excursion*, is composed principally of bunting, dark blue, or *éru*, trimmed with plaid. A white straw gipsy hat should accompany this suit, trimmed with plaid ribbon containing the colors, folded across the crown, and tied at the side. The brim would have a lining of plain silk or satin, in dark blue, wine color, or *éru*.

For short excursions, picnics, and the like, when no exposure to violent changes of temperature is expected, suits of the pretty checked gingham, consisting of two skirts and belted blouse waist, are extremely pretty and serviceable. They may be trimmed with a bolder plaid, or with plain needlework bands, or with ruffles of the gingham edged with lace. Or later, and perhaps more fashionably still, by bands or plaitings of plain gingham, in one of the solid colors of the check.

A hat of gipsy straw with a wreath of daisies round it would complete such a costume, and there are parasols of gingham, and other washing fabrics to match, or very nearly match, dresses; but this, of course, is not essential. A sun umbrella of *éru* linen, which can be used in case of a sudden shower is a suitable accompaniment for all kinds of washing dresses.

Very pretty light leather bags, with belts to match have been introduced this summer, but are principally worn with black, or *éru* dresses. A bag, as an attachment to a belt, is now considered an indispensable adjunct to a traveling or excursion dress, and is found very useful for change, tickets, fares, and the numerous requirements of even a short journey. The cost of these has been considerably reduced, so that they are now within the reach of most persons who indulge in the luxury of travel at their own expense.

Children's Fashions.

LET no feeling of vanity prompt mothers to dress little children in summer so that they cannot run and play all they want in the grass and in the sand. Stout shoes and stockings, and linen play-aprons made by plaiting the linen into a straight yoke, and adding sleeves loose at the wrist, and rather short, are better than all the pretty ruffled dresses in the world to lay a foundation of health and strength to serve when the battle of life has, may be, to be fought alone. People, both young and old, are tied up enough sooner or later; do not curtail the children's chances of getting a little blood and muscle to start upon. The latest fashion for children consists of aprons of twilled washing-silk, made in the way described for linen, only the yokes are outlined with a ruffle of *torchon* or Breton lace, and the sleeves made to come not much below the elbow, and finished with ruffles of lace.

This may do for Saratoga or Newport, where the very paving-stones are clean, and the romping is confined to a decorous walk with the maid to the old mill, or the spring, or to croquet, or play with doils upon the lawn. But if the children go into the *real* country; if they fish, row, climb trees, chase cows out of the yard, run under fences, crawl up into hay-lofts, and get wet, dry, sun-burned, scratched, bruised, and frightfully obstreperous, like some children we wot of, then washing-silk aprons would be nowhere in less than no time. Children always look pretty if they are healthy, their bright eyes and rosy cheeks going far to redeem even a slight amount of that "matter in a wrong place," which we stigmatize as "dirt," and the natural affinity which all children have for it, shows that the scientific definition is the correct one, and that it is not because it is hurtful, or contemptible in itself, but only because it is out of place, that "clean dirt" is objectionable.

Our illustrations for the present month furnish some reasonable styles, of which the "Ninette" skirt and the "Sara" blouse waist are examples. The blouse waist is particularly adapted to thin summer materials, while the skirt, which is very novel in arrangement, is a suitable design for fall, as well as the present season, and may be combined with a basque instead of a blouse, if that style is preferred.

The "Claire" basque is one of the prettiest and most stylish of the season, the combination of stripe with a plain fabric having had the greatest popular success of any combination of styles for years. The stripe is always used for the vest and trimming, and reappears upon the skirt as facing, or trimming down the front.

The "Clarissa" dress is a simple design for striped gingham or cambric, to which a *Laveuse* effect is given by a broad facing which is turned up and forms a heading to the flounce.

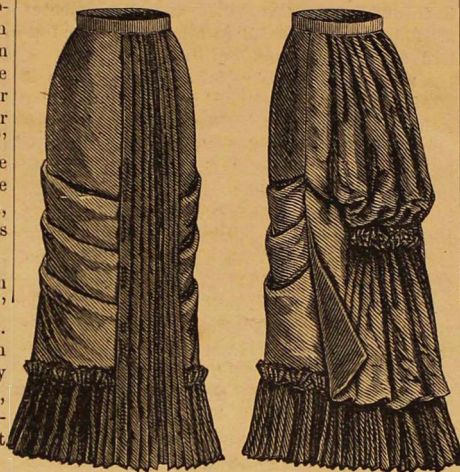
The pretty "Coral" blouse is a dainty little design for children from two to six years. It may be made in pale pink, blue, or ivory twilled washing-silk, trimmed with insertion and lace, or it may be made in muslin and trimmed with Italian Valenciennes, which is the prettiest of all lace for children's wear. One piece of lace and one piece of insertion will trim it, with care, each twelve yards in length, the yoke being made entirely of insertions and lace.

The prettiest bonnets which have appeared for little girls this season have been the white straw "Gipsies," trimmed with wreaths of flowers, May-blossoms, and the like. The colored straws that flooded the market have been ruined by the attempt at infinite variety. The mixture of dingy blue, dull red, or deep green with white in straw braid, is fearful to contemplate, and the peaked,

octagonal, and rhomboidal crowns have added to the crazy appearance which they presented in the mass. A judicious mixture of black and white in straw is neat, and not without a certain degree of elegance; but, with this exception, tinted white, solid black or brown, are the only variations which are consistent with permanent usefulness and good taste.

Boys' hats are made to differ as much as possible from those of girls by avoiding this mixture of color and by their absolute plainness. The Harvard is distinguished by a coarse braid, straight brim, and very narrow *éeru* band of silk galloon. The interior of boys' straw hats is always finished with a band of leather, to save them from being discolored by perspiration; and if the manufacturers, in the same way, added a rim of oiled silk to the lining of straw hats for girls, they would be vastly improved.

Shade hats for country wear show little change from year to year. Their beauty depends altogether on the fineness of the straw or leghorn, and the flexibility of the brim. A wide, stiff, straight brim is becoming to very few persons, either old or young, and so far as the very cheap hats are concerned, cheapness and protection from the sun being the only objects, there is little or no variation in them from year to year.



NINETTE SKIRT.

Ninette Skirt.—Novel in arrangement, a very *distingué* in effect, this graceful skirt has a plastron of fine plaits down the middle of the front, the sides laid in plaits, and the back very *bouffant*. It can be made up in a great variety of dress goods, and is a desirable pattern for a combination of colors or materials. Pattern in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Children's Knee Protector.

SINCE the long stockings came into vogue for boys and girls there has been a constant outcry in regard to the rapid wearing out at the knees, and the alarming proportions of the cost which this simple item has assumed.

What is true of hose is also true of knee pants. Children cannot be kept from creeping and crawling about on all fours. Their plays and games compel them frequently to assume kneeling positions, and, in fact, these seem fully as natural to them as standing upon their feet. Of course the strain, in addition to the friction and contact, wears out clothing "in less than no time," and

mamma, or somebody, is kept eternally mending garments which were only recently purchased, and which ought to be as good as new.

The knee protector is a simple square of thin black leather, lined and fastened by elastic straps with patent clasps. They are very durable as well as very easy of adjustment. They can be put on and removed instantly, and take away all fear of injury to the knee part of the clothing during play hours. Each pair would probably save ten times its cost in the wear and tear of clothing.

Dressmaking.

It is stated that the trained girls of Vassar and other colleges are the only ones that are in demand for teachers of schools, especially in country districts, and that they are gradually running out all the less competent and less well-instructed teachers. Still, every young lady does not want to teach; some have capacities in other directions, and not a few have the natural love of design, and mechanical aptitude necessary to success as first-class dressmakers and manufacturers of ladies' clothing. The popularization of fashion, and the increasing variety in styles render it essential that a higher and more educated class of workers should take hold of this department than are ordinarily to be found in its workers, who will know something about true principles of art, and who will not butcher rich material as so many pretenders do and have done. There are dresses for which enormous prices are charged for the making, which when sent home "finished," are mere things of shreds and patches—points, squares, and arches will all be associated in one design, so that the different parts have no more relation to each other than if they had been cut at different periods in the world's history. Quantities of beautiful fabrics have been despoiled in this way—in fact, it is so common that the remark is frequently made by ladies that they enjoy looking at dress goods which they have purchased until it is made up, and then their pleasure in it is all gone.

The reason is, that ignorant pretension does not know how to select or adapt designs to material, and has no more sense of unity of ideas, or the harmony of relation which should exist between the different parts of a costume than of the scientific composition of the everlasting hills. Let educated young women apply the laws of proportion, which they have discovered to be essential in other departments of mechanism, to dressmaking; also, the laws which govern quantity, and which do not admit of piling one imperfection upon another, in order to make a complete whole, and they will quickly obtain possession of the field to the exclusion of many of those who now occupy it.

Beginners, and inexperienced persons, will do well to confine themselves at first to simple designs, and not attempt what is beyond their powers. Be exact, even precise at first, at the risk of being a little formal; do not try high flights until the wings are full fledged. The whole aim of artistic modern dressmaking is to show as little as possible of the means whereby the results are achieved. Trimmings, instead of being mere patches, are made part of the design, and the whole is as complete in its way as a picture.

Great advances have been made since reliable models have found their way into every household; but there is a fine opportunity for young women to acquire fame and fortune in the carrying out of details, and we hope some will take advantage of it.



CLARISSA DRESS.

Clarissa Dress.—Simple, graceful, and practical, this dress is in princess style, tight-fitting, with side-forms back and front extending to the shoulder seams, and sides gores under the arms. The front is turned up *à la Lavense*, showing a kilt-plaited flounce, and the back has the necessary fullness imparted to it by plaits formed by extensions cut on the side-forms and back pieces, and is ornamented by a large bow and ends. It can be suitably made up in all the fabrics usually selected for children's wear, and the trimming should be simple and in accordance with the material used. Pattern in sizes for from eight to twelve years of age, price, twenty-five cents each.



CORAL BLOUSE.

Coral Blouse.—This simple and graceful little dress, suitable for either a boy or girl under six years of age, is a loose blouse with a box-plait in the middle of the front and back extending the entire length, and has the sides finished by a narrow Spanish flounce. It can be made with a yoke, real or simulated, as the pattern is marked. The sides are confined by broad belts, which are secured under the box-plaits. The design is appropriate for white goods, but would look very pretty made up in silk or cashmere. For white goods, the yoke is most effectively made of lace, or embroidered insertion, and the belts to match; but the trimming can be chosen to suit the taste and the material used. Pattern in sizes for from two to six years, price, twenty cents each size.

SMALL CAPES are fashionably worn, made of black Brussels net, mounted with rows of lace, and edged with a deeper row, which forms a scant ruffle.

Bathing Dresses.

BATHING is becoming much more of an accomplishment of late years than it was formerly, at least among the feminine part of the pleasure-seekers at the sea-side summer resorts.

Perhaps it is the more general out-door activity among women, and especially among young girls, that has made this change, which is certainly a salutary one. At any rate, that it has really taken place, any visitor to Long Branch, Newport, and the famous metropolitan resorts, Manhattan and Brighton Beaches, can testify. A bathing dress for the summer is almost as much a *sine qua non* as a morning dress, for few ladies like to subject themselves to the chances of such as can be hired from the proprietors of bathing houses, while for those who spend the summer near salt water, the cost of the material would be absorbed in a very few days.

Last year a great innovation was attempted in bathing dresses by cutting them almost close to the form in Princess styles. The clinging dress simply made another skin, which covered the one beneath, but revealed every line and curve of the form. It was the adoption, under very different circumstances, of an exaggerated European style, which, in Europe, has the excuse of being seen by no one, for bathing houses are little wheeled machines which are trundled out into the water to the edge of the sands, and from which the bather steps down into the surf, and which is wheeled out again when she is ready to return.

Here, where women, as well as men, have to walk a distance of perhaps one to three hundred yards, subject to the searching gaze of eyes and opera glasses, such a costume is certainly not suitable or proper, and it is not true to say that it is as decent as the long blue skirt and trousers, for the former, though occasionally disarranged, is easily restored to position on coming out of the water, and gives an appearance of ordinary drapery, which is reassuring at least.

There is no doubt that the less cumbersome the clothing, the more beneficial the bath, and ladies who are fortunate in having private bathing places, will find a flannel dress made with a loose blouse waist, and short closed drawers, very nearly perfection; but for the ordinary bather who has to take her chances with many others, there is no better design than the one which serves also as a gymnastic suit, and consists of a sailor blouse, skirt and trousers. The skirt is plain in front, and there is no more fullness in either blouse or skirt, than is necessary to its good appearance. This will be obvious from the amount of material required—less than nine yards for the entire suit.

Another style of bathing dress is the "Brighton." This has short sleeves and a skirt, which is cut all in one piece with the body, which is plaited into a yoke. This is made with a belt, and is a very pretty style for young ladies, much more dressy and quite as easy to manage as the other, perhaps more so, for it only consists of two pieces and does not require as much material by one or two yards.

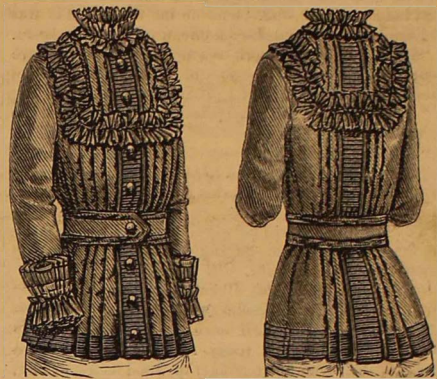
An excellent model for misses is the "Undine." The trousers of this design are gathered into a band; the blouse which is less full than the "Brighton," is gathered into a straight yoke at the back but is cut out square in front, and all in one piece in the Princess style.

Twilled flannel, dark blue or Russian gray, is the best and most serviceable material for bathing dresses, as it does not chill, does not hold water, nor cling to the body so much as other materials. White, black, or red braid are the usual trimmings, put on broad and in clusters, or simply as bindings, according to taste.

It is best not to use shoes when it can be avoided, for the first and natural impulse is to kick

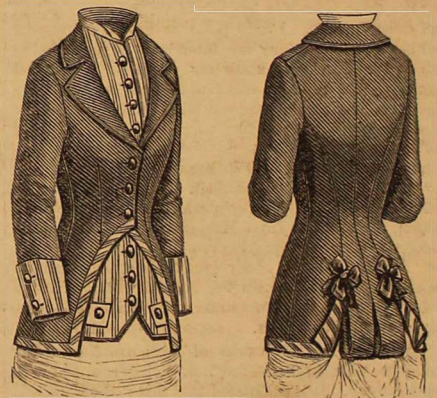
them off. But if needed to walk through the sand, plain white duck with cork soles are the simplest and best, as they are easily rinsed off, dried, and pulled into shape.

There are fashions in caps and hats, but nothing has superseded for popular use, the light, coarse, large-crowned straw hat, with deep brim, which is tied gipsy fashion under the chin. The oiled silk caps are neither so protective from the sun, nor so healthful for wear, and are only desirable for young ladies who wish to preserve under them the crimps that are to make them beautiful for the evening dance.



SARA BLOUSE WAIST.

Sara Blouse Waist.—The "Sara" blouse is a novel arrangement of the simple plaited waist, and is especially becoming to slender figures. It has a quadruple box-plait in front, and a triple box-plait in the back; and it is confined at the waist line by a belt. The trimming is disposed in Pompadour style. The design is suitable for a great variety of materials, and is particularly adapted to washing goods. The trimming can be chosen to suit the material used. Pattern in sizes for from ten to sixteen years of age, price, twenty cents each.



CLAIRE BASQUE.

Claire Basque.—Especially stylish and becoming, the "Claire" is tight-fitting, with a Louis XV. vest fitted by a single dart in each side. The outer fronts are also fitted by a single dart in each side, and are closed below the bust to the waist, showing the vest above and below. It has side gores under the arms, and side-forms in the back rounded to the armholes. The back pieces are turned up on the inside to form two loops, and the back edges of the side-forms are turned back to form revers. The design is especially appropriate for a combination of colors or materials, but it can be made in one material if desired. Pattern in sizes for from eight to sixteen years, price, twenty cents each size.



"DEAR DEMOREST:—It has been a long time since I sent any chat to the Ladies' Club—I have been so busy. I am trying to farm. It is late in life for me to begin farming. I am forty-seven years old. But the acres have just fallen to me—hundreds of acres of worn down, slavery killed, Virginia land. In the old times we did not set a very high value on our lands. Our slaves were our most valuable property, or were so considered, and to wear fields out, throw them in the commons, and clear new lands, was the way. I never felt how good it was to have land, and own one's home, until the war closed.

"Having nothing better to employ me now, I have concluded to try if it is possible for a woman to get these acres in the shape of a productive farm.

"Some horses, cattle, sheep, and swine came with the acres—also some debts.

"Last fall I had sown twenty-five acres in wheat, buying fertilizers and grass seed to be paid out of the crop of wheat when ready for market. I also sowed ten acres in rye.

"This spring I put in twenty-five acres in oats, seeding the same in clover—buying chemicals and making guano from the cow yard.

"To-morrow, May 12th, I shall begin to plant thirty acres in corn. It will take about four days with the labor at my command. I have the ground all nicely prepared, and marked, ready for checking. I have made for the corn-hill a fertilizer of wood ashes, plaster, refuse from the swine pens and cow yard. What I shall make when my crops are all garnered, I cannot say.

"I have to pay for labor, and tax—Virginia tax. One thing is certain, I have to live very economically now. I can only look at the fashions and patterns in 'Demorest,' hoping for the future, that I may be able to buy some nice No. 2 boots, and No. 6 gloves. I am one small woman, and love nice boots and gloves. My shoes are coarse now, and my gloves—sheep-skin, of my own tanning! Yet I am content; for oh, the beauty of this land is a perpetual feast! with its hills and dales, its many clear streams of pure water gushing from the foot of every hill, and running in laughing brooks until they meet in the Colville, which sweeps in a broad creek around the north side of the plantation. I have some chickens; and the prospect for fruit is good. If any ladies of the Club should 'come my way,' I can give them a glass of rich milk, with the traditional Virginia corn bread and fried chicken. I have potatoes growing, and peas and beans. And if any are interested in my farming affairs, I will let them know my progress. Successful farming is the prize of constant thought, and untiring vigilance. I arise at dawn, see all animals fed, see the laborers to their work, directing every move, visiting the fields frequently in the day—and the fields are a distance apart, with timber belts between.

"I now own the pines wherein Daniel Shay built his cabin and hid himself (by permission of my grandfather), when he fled from Massachusetts, after his unsuccessful attempt at playing rebel.

"Demorest' is one of my greatest comforts, and the link that connects me with the refined world. I laugh and say that I should grow to be a barbarian if it were not for our Ladies' Book. M. I. H."

"ENQUIRER."—The works of reconstruction at the Hotel de Ville, in Paris, are now being resumed with great activity. It is calculated that this vast edifice will be finished in three years. At present, the administration is considering the best manner of filling the numerous niches of the façades, in which are to be erected statues of great men born in Paris. The selection of those who are to be thus honored is a very difficult and delicate matter. It is reckoned that not fewer than two hundred and fifty-four statues, and one hundred and forty-one bas-reliefs are necessary for the decoration of the new buildings, and the estimates amount to \$180,000 for the statues, and \$57,400 for the bas-reliefs.

"CURIOSITY."—1. At present, France has no divorce law, and a strenuous effort is to be made to induce the French parliament to vote a law of divorce. Such a law was voted in 1792, on the ground that an indissoluble tie was at variance with the principle of individual freedom; and it remained in force until the Restoration. This law gave rise to great scandals, and under its operation there were about thirty thousand divorces in a year. At present, the law only allows of separation.

Some statistics recently printed show that in the course of twelve years there were 36,492 demands for separation—3,099 on the part of the husband, and 32,763 on the part of the wife; and this in spite of the unjust position in which a separated woman is placed.

2. The "Angel Guardians" is a chartered society of Paris. Its object is to aid and protect drunken people, and take them home. Only men of approved temperance habits are admitted to membership. On holidays and Sundays these guardian angels may be seen around the drinking places and elsewhere. They carefully guide any drunkard they may encounter, take care of his money, and turn it over to his family.

"STUDENT."—1. A Chinese translation of the Pentateuch is about to appear at Yeddo.

2. The large lecture room of the British Museum was lately illuminated by eight electric lights, which made the rooms lighted by gas look dim by contrast. In future the new light will be used throughout the building, and the public will be admitted at night.

3. Mr. Quaritch, the well-known London bookseller and antiquarian, is about to publish a catalogue of English literature which will be a curiosity in its way. It embraces five Caxtons, several books by other early English printers, the four folio Shakespeares, fourteen of the early quartos of single plays, and the volume of poems of 1640, as well as first editions of many of the poets and dramatists.

"GEOGRAPHER."—The French Geographical Society has determined to appoint a committee with a view of promoting exploration in Africa, the main object being to dispatch three expeditions simultaneously from Algeria, the Senegal, and the Niger, which would all meet at Timbuktu. It is hoped that all the other geographical societies will co-operate by appointing delegates to represent them on the committee.

"ARTIST."—The new Sévres Museum seems to be doing its utmost to afford valuable instruction to those interested in studying the history and the progress of ceramic art. During the last few months a methodical classification of all the examples exhibited has been accomplished, and each one is classed according to its historical and geographical position, as well as with regard to its technical worth. For this purpose labels are attached to all the pieces, giving the date and place of manufacture and the marks on various pieces, so that a wide knowledge can often be gained of a subject merely from studying these labels, four thousand of which have lately been affixed.

"JAMES."—The largest bridge in Europe will be completed next year. It will cross the Volga in the government of Samara, Russia, on the Siberian Railroad line. The Volga at this point is about four miles wide in the spring season, and in autumn is 4,732 feet. The bridge will be supported by 12 piers 85 feet high, with ice-cutters 35 feet high, at intervals of 364 feet. The ice-cutters are covered with granite. The iron work is from Belgium. Two thousand men are employed. Three steamers and seventy barks are used for forwarding wood, stone, iron, and other materials. The bridge will cost 4,630,000 roubles, or about \$3,500,000.

"CHESTER, S. C.

"DEAR LADIES' CLUB:—In accordance with the request made by a correspondent, I give a few hints regarding the culture of house plants.

"First, the soil should be light, rich, loose earth, such as could be obtained from the top of the earth, just under the leaves in the forest, which is adapted to all house plants, particularly geraniums. I have quite a variety of the most beautiful house plants in cultivation, the majority of which came from Messrs. Storrs, Harrison & Co. My hot-pit is very much like the one that has already been described in your L. C., only mine is larger and crowded to its utmost capacity.

"The culture of my callas, both large and dwarf, is the same also, and they bloom profusely.

"Camellia japonicas should occupy a cool place in the pit, but not entirely excluded from the sun. It is best to let them receive their sun through another bush, or a thin branch of evergreen. While growing, the quantity of water should be very copiously given, but when the buds are forming, it should have just enough to keep the earth moist, as much water at this period would cause the buds to fall. The sun also injures the buds seriously, by its rays falling directly upon them.

"Azalea japonicas should also have a partially shaded situation, and an abundance of water, particularly while blooming. I. W. S."

"VIOLET, SYBIL, ESTELLE, IVY, AND OTHERS."—The "Blind Girl of Castle Glulë," is arranged for recitation,

and you will find it in *Choice Readings*, by Anna R. Deihl, price, \$1.50. "Story of Zekel, etc." is in Jas. Russell Lowell's *Poems*. "A Child sits under the Rose-bush," I do not find. Charades and Tableaux, you will find in *Amateur Amusements*, price, \$1.25.

"PENNYROYAL."—A gypsy hat of white straw would be the most suitable for you; the brim lined with pale pink or ivory silk, the exterior ornamented with a half wreath of apple blossoms, and an Alsacian bow of soft silk or ribbon, corresponding with the lining. Your skin trouble is, probably, something hereditary. Try sulphur internally, and when you go out to drive, protect it from irritation by putting on a little of Colgate's Vaseline and fine violet powder used for infants. When you return, wash it off with a little oatmeal in tepid water, and dust it with a little of the oatmeal flour, carefully wiped off with a handkerchief. Rub the scalp well with castor oil to remove the dandruff, allowing it to remain for several hours; then comb it and brush it out thoroughly, and repeat the operation, if necessary. When you have once got rid of it, keep clear of it by washing the skin of the head carefully, at least twice a week, with water into which a few drops of ammonia has been put. Girls of seventeen do not wear puffs on the top of the head. They comb the hair back to the nape of the neck, leaving a narrow frizz or fringe across the front; twist it in a Grecian knot, or arrange it in a single braid, or two or three thick curls; tie with ribbon.

"E. W. L."—We should like to see the prescription.

"SUBSCRIBER."—It is always safe to have gloves to match the dress, provided the dress is black or of a neutral tint. But for ceremonious occasions it is more elegant to wear gloves of a light shade, or pale tint, such as ivory, cream, mastic, and pale stone color. Lisle thread are used for summer traveling, and are made with stocking wrists, in the English style; kid finished, and with buttons, American style; and with elastic wrists, French style. Almost all the gloves worn by adults can be duplicated in miniature for children; both lisle thread and kid are much longer at the wrist than formerly.

"IGNORAMUS."—If a gentleman wears a full dress suit at a wedding, he should wear a white neck-tie. If he wears light pants and frock coat, in the English style, he may wear a black or colored neck-tie. "I congratulate you," is rather bald. You might say, "I congratulate you sincerely," or, "accept my hearty congratulations." You can get a black damask silk from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per yard.

"SUBSCRIBER."—Correspondents should select some more distinctive name than "Subscriber" as a signature, to prevent confusion. Make your linen as a walking suit with the "Nerissa" overskirt. The fullness in this overskirt may be drawn up underneath with drawing-strings, and pulled out straight when washing is necessary. It may be cut straight across the front if preferred. For a thin person, a blouse waist would be suitable; but if stout, select a close-fitting basque. The "Camille" polonaise would be a very suitable design for your organdie, and will be very prettily trimmed with a facing of silk or plain lawn, or wide tulle lace. The skirt of this should be a demi-train, with two flounces at the back, and a deeper one in front. Make your brown cashmere with the "Adelina" basque and trimmed skirt, the "Litta," for example. The most suitable and convenient dress for your little boy of five years, consists of pants, and shirt waist, over which a linen coat, blouse, or ulster, at any time makes a complete costume for the street, or for traveling.

"B. G."—*The Cooking School Text-book and House-keeper's Guide*, by Miss Juliet Corson, is a very good manual for the inexperienced. Mrs. Croly's, which we send for a premium, and which is sold by the American News Company, is also one of the best and most reliable general cook-books there is.

"ROSEBUD."—Books on botany are not mere lists of names, they are descriptive of the qualities of plants. Names are always being added to, and the botanical name, which is generally given, would mean nothing to one who is only acquainted with the common name. It is not necessary to say anything which is not true. You can avoid speaking at all. No special instrument has been invented to pick up beef with, that simple *viamde* in its crude form being rarely seen on fashionable tables. It might be managed, however, with a small pickle fork. J. R. Tilton, of Boston, have published a very reliable manual on wax flower making. Your old scrap-book might be prettily covered with a small delicate pattern of chintz cotton. A spread of fine Nottingham lace, lined with a color to match the pillow shams, would be the most suitable with such covers as you describe.

"M. L. S."—A very handsome model for such a dress as you require, will be found in the "Cecelia" demitrain mounted upon a lining; this does not require a large quantity of the fabric, and trims very handsomely with fringe, which festoons the sides and apron. The front breadth is filled upon the lining, and gathered into shirrings, which form the pretty hour-glass pattern. The back is very simply yet gracefully draped. This design will be good for a year to come, and can then be readily re-arranged in a new form. It should be accompanied by a basque, the "Adelina," for example, or the "Claudine," which is very stylish.

"THROWING THE HATCHET."—This expression is sometimes used in the same sense as the more common one of "spinning a long yarn," and seems to have had its origin, as far as I can learn, from an eccentric Englishman, who always drew from his pocket a card with the delineation of a hatchet upon it, whenever any person present related an improbable story.

"SPINSTER."—The term "spinster," as a synonym for old maid, arose from the fact that every maiden was required to spin herself a set of body, house, and table linen before she could wed. If this rule was enforced at the present day, it would prevent many of the miserable matches which now take place.

"TO THE LADIES' CLUB."—In answer to 'Dixie' I saw recently a statement from a lady of a method of removing hair from the face, which she says she has tried repeatedly. Take soft blotting-paper and singe the hair; cover the eyes and nostrils and there is no danger. She had singed the hair from a lady's face three years ago, and it had not grown again; a second, five years ago, and had repeated the operation the second time.

"MRS. A. E. D."

"BELLE."—One of the prettiest ways to make a lawn dress is with two skirts, a round waist, open V shape, sleeves demi-long, and finished with ruffles edged with lace. A narrow double ruffle of the same kind should finish the neck, and a scant frill of valenciennes be sewn into the interior. A ribbon belt is the most suitable finish for this dress, to which can be attached a fan, suspended also by ribbons.

"GREENEST."—A walking suit of summer *debeige*, trimmed with raw figured silk, and made with a vest, a washing suit of dark blue, trimmed with a stripe, one white dress of figured satine, trimmed with embroidery, a pretty lawn, two print morning dresses, and a summer silk for church wear, would constitute a very good outfit. Three hats would be required—one a sort of bonnet, gypsy shape, trimmed with flowers and an Alsatian bow; one shade hat, and one dark straw walking hat, to accompany walking suits. The polonaise "Camille" is a very pretty style for a simulated vest, the skirt to be trimmed with kilt plaiting, or a box-plaited flounce. See answers to other correspondents for arranging the hair; invisible nets are still worn.

"C. D. M."—The prettiest and simplest way of making up percales for girls of ten and fourteen is with two skirts and a blouse waist, belted in. For ten years there are simpler designs, the "Clarissa," for example, the "Christabel," and the "Flora." The price of the decalcomanie pictures, purchased separately, depends upon the style and quality. A complete box of decalcomanie material, including pictures, costs two dollars.

"Mrs. G. T."—Make your linen suit after the pattern of the polonaise "Camille," trimming the walking-skirt with kilt plaiting, or a box-plaited flounce. Linen lace and ribbon velvet for bows are the most fashionable trimming, but a narrow black and white stripe would also trim it fashionably.

"K."—Orange-flower water is recommended for freckles, but we do not personally know of its efficacy.

"Miss M. R. M."—Your blue silk is not a fashionable shade, and will require a combination of some kind to look well. A trimmed demi-trained skirt and deep basque will be the most useful way to make it, and the garniture should be black and white lace, the white put underneath the black, or a narrow striped black and white silk. A vest of the stripe would improve it.

"Miss M. A. S."—Pearl and silver arrows can be purchased in imitation materials, from seventy-five cents to one dollar and a half.

"BETTY."—Samples will dye black best.

"SUBSCRIBER."—Will some one tell who wrote the song of the "Mistletoe Bough," and where it may be found, the first line beginning:

"The mistletoe hung in the castle hall."

"READER."—It is a condition of the blood, and there-

fore not removable by outward applications. We should advise sulphur internally and externally, under the direction of a physician. Comb your hair back to the nape of your neck, arrange it in three large curls, which tie together with a string, and fasten with a broad shell pin. Or braid it in one strand, turn the ends up to the top, and surmount with a low, square comb.

"Mrs. Dr. B."—Garnet silk would combine with gray-stripe very handsomely. Make it up after the "Roda" or "Patrice" pattern. The former you will probably consider the prettiest, but you will have to decrease the size, as the smallest pattern we have, of this description, is for eight years.

"VIOLA R."—An all-wool *debeige*, which can now be purchased very cheaply, or one of the new, open-worked buntings, which can be bought for seventy-five cents per yard, would make you a very pretty dress, either with or without a combination of silk. If made up of the simple material, trim with ribbon bows down the front, and upon the back of the cuffs.

"LORNA."—It is only by searching, and embracing an opportunity, that the rare and desirable pictures and statues can be obtained, and the cost is always high. You could not get a small copy of the "Venus of Milo" under twenty-five dollars, and a steel engraving of the "Death of Priam" would cost very nearly as much. The large photograph of Murillo's "Holy Family" would also cost from fifteen to twenty dollars. The only way you can become familiarized with the Episcopal Church service is by going to church and following the lead of the congregation.

"MISS OPHELIA."—The only free School of Design in New York, at present, is the Cooper Institute. There is a much better and more practical one in Boston. The cost for board and clothes would be about the same in either city. The lowest sum upon which a young lady could maintain herself respectably is five hundred dollars per year.

"VIV."—Your story was consigned to the waste-basket in the absence of stamps and address. It had no pecuniary value.

"Miss M. G. E."—The prettiest mantelet of the season is the "Justine," and it would be very suitably made in black silk, with handsome trimming of lace and *passementerie*, and may be worn with any dress. It is an elegant little garment, requiring only two yards of silk, twenty-four inches wide. Muslin mantelets, matching the dress, are frequently made, and are very stylish. They are usually trimmed with white lace. The "Kathleen" is a good pattern.

"Miss ANNIE S."—It probably referred to Sir James Douglas, who fought with Bruce at the battle of Bannockburn.

"E. V. H."—You could say: "Please render this little gift valuable by accepting it," or, "I hope you will experience the pleasure in eating, that I do in sending this watermelon," or basket of peaches, or whatever it is. There is no way of throwing the glamour of a vivid imagination over the mere acceptance of an ordinary invitation, and the simplest form in which it can be done is the best. The only answer that can be made to a remark of that description is, "Thanks."

"S. F. B."—The sort of dresses you want—simple, of good material, stylish in design, but not elaborate—are just such as it is most difficult to find ready made. Your best plan is to buy good material, silk, cotton, or wool, and make it up yourself. The new washing goods described as looking like raw silk, is "mummy" cloth. It is a flowered fabric, and only suitable for young women for garden parties, croquet, or country wear, or ladies who can afford a great variety in their wardrobes. The foulard finished cambrics or percales are less decided in appearance, and more permanent in style and pattern. They make very pretty summer morning wrappers and house dresses, and are suitable any time for plain country wear. The very best inexpensive thing you can get for useful summer costumes, which will answer for the street, for visiting, and for church wear, is dark summer silk in tiny broken check, or Chene pattern. Or, if you choose a hair-stripe, the style of last season, it can be purchased at a reduction, even from its low price of seventy-five cents per yard.

The very prettiest cotton goods of the season are the delicate figured satines, but the same remark applies to them that was made in regard to mummy cloth, only the satines are really prettier, and charming for young ladies' and children's wear. We should not advise you ever to select light colored materials. A stout figure, and a complexion that, as you say, bears the marks of age, should

restrict itself to the black and dark shades. Use only a small quantity of trimming, and let it be of the richest quality. Black striped grenadine would be very becoming to you over a demi-trained silk skirt, flounced and faced, but not lined throughout. The American silks are excellent for the purpose. Grenadine should be made in a Princess polonaise. The "Renira" is a good design, but instead of the folds, a full cascade of black lace might be substituted, with bows of satin ribbon terminating in a cluster, like the illustration in the pattern. You could get a very pretty wrapper for about two dollars and a half, and a hat of white chip, trimmed to match your suit, for ten dollars.

"LILY S."—The most fashionable way in which you could trim your *gros grain* silk would be with a small quantity of forget-me-not blue brocade in a small embroidery pattern. This should compose a vest, real or simulated, and cuffs, bands, straps, or what-not upon the sleeves and skirt. The most suitable bonnets would be white chip with crowns of the brocade, surrounded by a wreath of forget-me-nots. A shirred lining of blue satin in the interior of the brim, and small coronet of the brocade would be the only other trimming required.

"IDA M. S."—Trim your grenadine with a somewhat lighter shade of the primrose in the stripe. If you succeed in getting the right color, and the dress is well made after a pretty Princess polonaise design, it will make a very good summer suit.

"A. E."—The fashionable way of wearing the hair, that is combed straight back with a fringe across the front, and tied low in a thick braid or curls, is as becoming a way as you can find for a full face.

"EVER GREENE."—Your sample is mummy cloth of probably American manufacture. For a young lady it would be prettiest made up with a round waist, half long sleeves, and two skirts, the lower one flounced, the upper one trimmed with a band, but not with ruffles. The "Lucille" style of skirt would be the most suitable. The most permanent way to make a black silk costume is a trimmed demi-trained skirt and basque, the "Henriette," for example. A small lace mantilla may be worn with it, made after the Justine pattern.

"STELLA."—Best mummy cloths are forty-five cents per yard, foulard finished cambrics thirty and thirty-five. A hat of gypsy straw (white) trimmed with a full wreath of small pink-tipped daisies, and faced upon the interior of the brim with pale blue silk or satin, shirred, would be pretty and distinctive with any costume.

"DAISY."—A handsome summer camel's hair, very dark brown in shade, and trimmed with silk or velvet to match, or with velvet and satin bows, is the most suitable combination for a traveling dress of that season, and will be handsome all through the fall and winter. A tulle veil will be the most suitable, unhemmed, plaited up, and finished with a half wreath of orange blossoms or small white roses, and fastened at the sides, so as to fall over the back of the head and skirt with a round pearl pin. Veil, flowers, and pins need not cost over ten dollars. Why get so many dark silks? Black, brown, prune, and garnet ought to be sufficient. Warm wine color would be more becoming to you than prune, and if you think you must have two more silks, we should advise a dark crimson, and also a wine color instead of garnet. Serpent rings are very different in quality, and style, with real ruby eyes; they are very expensive.

"HULDAH."—The Duke of Connaught's marriage is the seventh of the Queen's children. Previous royal weddings having been as follows: The Princess Royal, January 25, 1858, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's; Princess Alice, July 1, 1862, at Osborne; the Prince of Wales, March 10, 1863, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor; Princess Helena, July 5, 1866, also at Windsor; Princess Louise, March 21, 1871, at Windsor; and the Duke of Edinburgh, January 23, 1874, in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg. The Duke settled upon the Duchess £1,500 a year; provision is made for an annuity of £6,000 in case her Royal Highness is left a widow; and her dowry is fixed at 300,000 marks (£15,000), one-half of which is to be considered as the special gift of the German Emperor. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, are, from a worldly point of view, the poorest of the Queen's children.

"ANNA ABEL."—Indiscriminate reading is of very little value, in fact it is a great waste of time, and almost as hurtful as indiscriminate and continuous use of food. It is much better to read a few of the very best books, than a great many poor ones; the mass of printed rubbish that is now thrown upon the market produces a sort of mental cholera, and the best way is to avoid it,

and stick to that which is known to be good and sound. Read Shakespeare, Milton, Scott; George Eliot among modern novelists, and Macaulay as historian. Taine's English Literature (two volumes) will give you, in some respects, a most valuable insight into modern English authors, and though he is not fair to all, and looks at them a little too much from the Frenchman's point of view, yet take it for all and all his work presents a wonderfully clear and exhaustive analysis of the best writers of which modern literature can boast. You should also read Harriet Martineau's "Autobiography," but do not read too much at a time, and make sure you thoroughly understand what you read.

"F. M. E."—Gold and silver jewelry could be worn together in the way you mention. There is nothing arbitrary in rules which prohibit jewelry on the street. It is a matter of taste and convenience. It would be generally considered wanting in respect to the memory of a wife for a widower to show "marked" attention to a lady within a few months after her death, and good taste would prevent the exhibition of the feeling until a certain time had elapsed, even if they did, as you say, love each other. Twelve months is the shortest period that can elapse before decency permits a man to take unto himself a second wife. It would doubtless relieve the hostess from a source of difficulty, if her guest would insist on having her clothes laundered out of the house; no matter how willing she may be, there is no family but finds the regular weekly washing more or less a source of discomfort, and a considerable addition cannot of course be made, without emphasizing the annoyance.

LITERATURE

"Old Point Lace."—No. 2 of Tilton's Needlework Series is devoted to an illustrated exposition of this beautiful and fascinating art, which is just what any learner needs. It is not a history, or an account of celebrated lace-makers, or pieces of lace; but it is a manual of the most refined and graceful of all the industries, one that reaches art through its possibilities, and teaches exactly how to do the mechanical part of the work. Of course distinction in this, as in all other fields, depends upon the quality of worker. All the aid that can be given, however, will be found in this useful little work, which is gotten up in the same attractive style as others of the series.

The last one of Designs in Outline for Art Needlework, contains, in addition to detailed instructions, six full-sized patterns on tinted paper for dress or household decoration.

The first is "flax" for a "croquet dress;" second, "tobacco flower" for a "smoking coat;" the third, "myrtle and maiden-hair" for a "parasol;" fourth, "cowslip and primrose" for a "table-cloth;" fifth, "pomegranate" for a "border," and sixth, "poppies and corn" for an evening dress.

The instructions comprise full directions for drawing, tracing, and transferring patterns, for making the correct stitch, and also for properly coloring and shading.

"Practical Instruction in Animal Magnetism." By J. P. F. Deluze. Translated by Thomas Hartshorn. Samuel R. Wells & Co., publishers, New York.

A hint or two as to the plan of dealing with the subject in the arrangement of the book may, perhaps, give the best idea of its nature. In the beginning the author considers the principles of magnetism, and indicates the various processes employed in magnetizing. He next supplies information concerning the auxiliaries by which the force of magnetism may be augmented. Next he treats of somnambulism and the procedure of the somnambulist. Then he discusses the precautions that a patient should take in choosing a magnetizer; further on, the application of magnetism to various diseases and its association with medicine. He does not overlook the dangers of magnetism and how they may be prevented, furnishing suggestions on the method of developing and strengthening the magnetic power in one's self, and what agents would aid in the acquisition.

"Light in Dark Places," is an attempt to weave in the form of a story all sorts of teaching of an ethical and hygienic nature. Of course the story suffers, and the conversations become a series of lay sermons, which have not the point of direct teaching. We consider such efforts at "mixing up" a great mistake. The publishers are S. R. Wells & Co.

"How to Grow Handsome." By D. G. Jacques, author of "The Temperaments," etc. With introduction by Editor of *Phrenological Journal*.

This is a valuable book on the subject of physical culture and development, of interest and importance to all.

It consists of a series of chapters, upwards of one hundred illustrations elucidating the structure of the human body, and including in brief a system of anatomy and physiology. A very important chapter is that on embryology or heredity, showing that conditions are transmissible, the moral and emotional influences as affecting beauty, the influences of the fine arts, social conditions, and occupations, with the various causes of deterioration, the effects of climate and locality. Then comes the department of direct physical culture, including proper positions for sleeping, sitting, standing, walking, running, skating, riding, swimming, rowing, dancing, gymnastic exercises, and all of the best means of physical culture, with directions for remedying the defects usually found. Practical hygiene shows how air becomes impure, the abuses of the stomach, what to eat and what to drink, rules for diet, exercise and rest, cleanliness, etc. A chapter devoted to womanhood contains a strong word for mothers, the marriage relations, etc. The secrets of longevity show the perils of life, what constitutes vital power, human capacity for life, or how long we may live, etc. The chapter on the art of beauty is exceedingly interesting; among the receipts we find: how to acquire a beautiful form, how to promote plumpness, how to improve the features, how to acquire a beautiful complexion, how to obtain rosy cheeks, how to beautify the hair, how to improve the arms and hands, etc. Dress is discussed, with hints on colors, ornaments, etc.

The "Quarterly Elocutionist," edited and published by Mrs. Anna Randal Diehl, contains in its spring number for 1879 twenty-five selections of prose and poetry, which range truly from grave to gay, from lively to severe. Among them is the famous "Royal Princess," by Christina Rossette; the "Charity Dinner," "Rena," and the "Cataract of Lodore," by Southey. There is no publication of this description that so well fulfills its purpose.

New Music.—Mr. George D. Newhall, the enterprising Cincinnati music publisher, has just issued a beautiful paraphrase of "Mary to the Saviour's Tomb," and a charming melody, "Listen to the Old Church Bell." Among his recent songs are "Tommy's Awful Bashful," and the "Water-Mill," the words by General McCullum, the music originally composed for Knight's "Otto," but dedicated to, and sung by Mrs. Zelda Seguin. "How Easily Things Go Wrong," has music by Lotta; "The Cabin on the Hill" is a song and chorus. "All Hands Ahoy!" is dedicated to W. T. Carleton of New York; and "Bonnie-Wood" waltzes, to a "little nut-brown maid." "A Mulish Idea," introduces imitations of a mule, which are very ludicrous if well done; it is from the operetta of "The Blacksmith's Treasure."

"Meg: A Pastoral."—A volume of poems, of which the above forms a part of the title, was announced some time ago, as in press, and has recently been issued in very handsome style by Lee & Shepard of Boston. It consists of well known poems, by Mrs. Zadel B. Gustafson, collected from various publications, and three new ones, put in print for the first time in this volume. The charming grace and sweetness of Mrs. Gustafson's work is well known, and in "Meg, a Pastoral," the author is at her best. Its truth and tenderness are idyllic, and make it seem like an English classic put into verse. Some of the shorter poems have a rhythmic melody like those of Mrs. Hemans. This is particularly noticeable in the "Evening Hymn," and "My Father's House." The "Tribute to William Cullen Bryant" marshals the sweetest and strongest forces of the deceased poet, and is so thoroughly appreciative, as to be its own evidence of the poetic and sympathetic nature of the writer, who has furnished a graceful and very interesting addition to modern poetic literature.

"The Back of the Moon."—This small, mystic volume, whose title gives no indication of its contents, is also from the press of Lee & Shepard. It is in reality a satire in verse of the social life, the politics, the sectarian divisions, and literary pretense of the present day. All the real names are transposed, and by being read backward are discovered to be very familiar. "Notsob," for instance, is easily changed to Boston, and "Wen Kroy" to New York. "Ecnocis" in the Moon, stands for science, and so on through the various habits, opin-

ions, and topics, which are very keenly and cleverly discussed. Probably A. Lunar Wray—the author—will not accomplish much real good by his work, but it serves to show, at least, how transparent those pretenses are, in which our modern life strives to cloak itself, and which are only tolerated because every one is interested in keeping up the deception.

"Head-Gear."—This little work is scarcely worth the pains which have been bestowed upon it. Its forty pages give a few examples of the different head-dresses worn at different periods, but seem principally to have been put together to serve as an advertisement of a Boston millinery house.

Personal.

ANOTHER OF THE SERIES of interesting articles "From Kent to Devon," will be found in the present number.

WE GIVE with the present number the first of a series of illustrated articles, taken from "Notes of Swiss Travel," by the author of "Just One Day."

Good Words.

"CLAY COUNTY, KANSAS.

"W. J. DEMOREST:

"DEAR SIR:—I must thank you for my premium, 'Ivanhoe.' It is a wonderful novel, by the greatest of novelists. Its motive, like that of 'Kenilworth,' is strong, and its working out worthy of a great artist. I must also thank you for my club premium, 'Moore's Poems.' I am very much pleased with the book.

"And, now, permit me to thank each one of the editors of 'Demorest's Magazine' for the many good things which are being served to subscribers this year. The oil pictures are gems, the steel engravings are very fine (some of them invaluable), the illustrations are good, and the literature is better than ever before. That pathetic story in the April No., 'Joey,' is so true that the incidents might have happened actually.

"I must also express my admiration for 'Elizabeth.' I should like to shake hands with the author. Chapter twelve is exceedingly fine. I regard it as the grandest love incident that I have ever read. But Elizabeth's soliloquy at the beginning of the chapter cannot be purely imaginary—it is too real for fiction.

"With best wishes for your future, I subscribe myself,
"Miss E. M."

THE following are among the kind and suggestive words received recently from subscribers in different parts of the country. One lady writes:

"I have collected the numbers of my Magazine for three years to make a book for the parlor table, and when bound it will be far more interesting to while away a half hour than the album. Several foreigners have told me lately, on examining your periodical, that they have never seen a book of its kind so elaborate and finely finished, and withal so economical and minute in all its details.
BELLE H.—"

Another says, "I have been a reader of your most excellent Magazine for several years. I think it far surpasses any other I have ever seen. It is improved beyond my expectation this year. The oil pictures are perfect little gems of beauty."

From a third we have: "This is the second year I have taken your Magazine, and I have neglected to thank you for the beautiful pictures (my premium last year) and the 'binder,' which pleases me very much indeed.

"We all like the Magazine much better than any one we know of; the chromos and steel engravings are alone worth much more than the money paid for it.
"C. W."

From a fourth: "I have taken 'DEMOREST' for two years, and it would be impossible for me to do without it, and to tell you just how highly it is prized in our home; it is read by every member of the family. I have often thought that you must possess a world of patience to answer the many questions asked you, and with so much kindness."

The following comes as a "P. S.:" "I am writing this for my mother, and please allow me to say that I admire the 'DEMOREST' very much. We were going to try and do without it, but it was impossible.
H. D."

Up the Hudson.

THERE is no river trip in the world that offers greater attractions to the tourist than that up the North, or what is called the Hudson River, from New York to Albany. Travelers agree that its scenery surpasses the most celebrated rivers of the Old World, even that of the famous Rhine, and though it lacks the picturesque and historic associations connected with the ruins of the latter, yet in natural grandeur, in variety, and atmospheric charm, it is quite its equal.

Whatever question there may be, however, in regard to the comparative merits of this and Old-World rivers, there is none as to the superior beauty, comfort, and elegance of the North River steamboats, as compared with those of Germany, and of these, for which all over the world America is famous, the "People's Line," is the most distinguished for size and possession of every modern accessory to comfort and security. Traveling is not always a pleasure. It is frequently the dreaded price which we have to pay for coveted experience. But a ride up the Hudson by the *Drew*, or the *Dean Richmond*, on a sweet summer evening, the calm delight, followed by sleep as sound and undisturbed, and much more cool and enjoyable than in a city home, is one of the things to be remembered, and constitutes a part of the pleasure of an excursion to Saratoga or Niagara that no one who has once experienced it would willingly forego. All the arrangements, all the appointments, are equal, and in some respects superior to those of a first-class hotel, and in addition, there is the music, and an air of festivity, as if each separate person was expected, and made to feel him or herself the special guest of the occasion. No one who has the opportunity should miss this trip, at least once during the summer, and as many times thereafter as circumstances favor, for it is always with increased pleasure that they will find themselves being booked for a trip up the Hudson, on the "People's Line" to Albany.

Our Premium Pictures.

As we shall shortly withdraw the five superb oil pictures from our premium list, we make this announcement that our subscribers and their friends may avail themselves of the few remaining copies, as they will not be reproduced after the stock on hand is exhausted.

A selection of any two has been given to each three dollar subscriber to Demorest's Monthly, and those who desire to avail themselves of the opportunity to complete a full set can do so at the following rates:

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Premiums Due.

THOSE of our subscribers to whom premiums are due, both single and for clubs, more particularly those entitled to single premiums, are requested to select the same from the extensive list on the second page of our cover for this month. Our business the past season has been burdened with so much of the demand for back premiums as to entail considerable disappointment to subscribers for 1879, the supply of some articles becoming exhausted (*Button Hooks, Knives, and Scissors*) by the unexpected demand from subscribers of 1878. We have now a full supply of every article on our list, and we hope you will select your premiums without delay. Those who have already selected oil pictures that have not been received in consequence of the requisite sum of fifty cents not being forwarded for postage, can change their selections to any other article. To those who desire the pictures, we would say that the stock on hand is small, and when exhausted will not be renewed.

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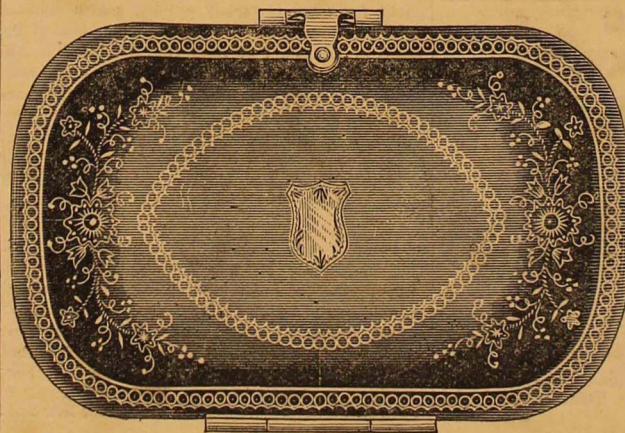
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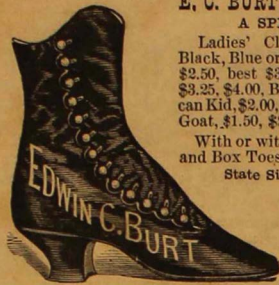
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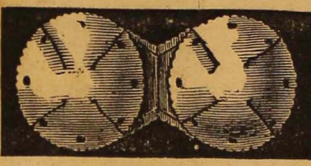
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